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TWO LITTLE FRIENDS.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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THE OPERA IN NEW YORK.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

IT was in the year of grace 1825, that Italian opera was first heard on the Island of Manhattan. The opera was Rossini's masterpiece, "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," and it was given by the famous Garcia Company at the Park Theatre. The cast included Angrisani as *Basilio*, Garcia as *Almaviva*, and the Signorina Garcia—afterward destined to electrify the world as Madame Malibran—was the *Rosina*. Garcia, an unrivaled tenor, took it into his impassioned head that Italian opera ought to make a hit in America. On the 25th of June Maria Felicita, his

THE OPERA IN NEW YORK.—THE OPERA HOUSE, CASTLE GARDEN.

daughter, aged sixteen, had created a furore in London as *Rosina*, having stepped from out the chorus to replace the celebrated Pasta. On the 29th of November in the same year, she took New York by storm in the same *rôle*, crossing the Atlantic minus steam, minus electric light, minus French cookery, and "all the luxuries of the season," and buffeted and beaten on the wide, wide ocean for weeks. The success of the venture was phenomenal, and the performances continued twice a week—to the end of August, 1826. Maria also appeared in "La Cenerentola," "Otello" "Semiramide," and the immortal "Don Giovanni," scoring a triumph in each and all. She was a contralto, with the full command of three octaves, and even more. She was a charming actress; was the possessor of wondrous dark eyes, glittering teeth and red, ripe lips, while her figure was simply perfect.

Her career was begun and shaped in New York, and in Gotham her talent was first recognized and awakened her to the consciousness of the possession of sustained power. In New York, too, she met her fate in the shape of a French merchant in shaky financial condition, M. François Malibran, aged fifty, who desired her money-spinning power more than her person, and who wooed and won her, despite the furious opposition of her passionate father. Garcia, sooner than give his consent to the marriage, broke up his opera company, and, with his family, repaired to Mexico. Maria Felicita, now Madame Malibran, pluckily studied English, and English song, and after a time appeared at the Bowery Theatre, then the "New York," and brand new to boot. She sang in the "Devil's Bridge," and then in "Love in a Village," operas dearly loved by our grandparents, and warbled to reedy tin-toned pianofortes. She also sang in the choir of Grace Church, then at the corner of Rector Street and Broadway. Monsieur Malibran, with true French financial "ardor," secured his particular plunder out of his wife's receipts, and behaved so very commercially that she broke away from him, repaired to Europe, bounded into the seventh heaven of fame, became a refulgent star, having only Sontag for rival, and at the age of twenty-nine was flung from her horse, dying of her injuries.

Mrs. Austin, a Spanish-Hebrew *prima donna*, came to us two years after Madame Malibran's departure, singing at the Park Theatre. She was of the Anglo-Saxon style of beauty, with blue eyes, golden hair and no angles. She appeared in "Artaxerxes," "Oberon," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Cinderella," "Tancredi" and "Dido." Mrs. Austin's rival appeared in the person of Madame Feron, who crossed the Atlantic, bringing a European reputation. She made her first appearance at the Park Theatre in November, 1828, as *Floretta*. Her style "united boldness, flexibility and finish." Her appearance was dark to swarthiness. Her last appearance was in 1833, as *Cinderella*, the *Baron Pompolino* being Master Burke, a boy of most extraordinary histrionic power, who, at this writing, and still a boy, vibrates between his picturesque farm and homestead at Batavia, N. Y., and his home in Washington, D. C. He is hale and hearty, and to those who enjoy his friendship the most charming and interesting of companions. As a violinist he reached a position to which few of the heaven-born craft dare to aspire.

A French opera company warbled in the Park Theatre. This was in 1830. They gave Boieldieu's "Jean de Paris" and Auber's "Fiancée." After this we had Mrs. Austin and Madame Feron in English opera, and then! hey! for Richmond Hill. The first complete Italian opera was given at the Richmond Hill Theatre, at the corner of Varick and Charlton Streets, on the night of the 6th of October, 1832, by the Montressor Company. The opera was "La Cenerentola." *The* sensation was the appearance, on the 17th of October, of Signorina Pedrotti as *Elisa*, in Mercadante's opera "Elisa e Claudio." She was a mezzo soprano, full of sympathy. She was handsome, superbly made, and had eyes. The town went wild over her. With this *prima donna* sang a *primo-basso*, a heart crusher, Signor Fornasari, handsome as a Greek god, with a noble voice. If the men of New York brain softened over Pedrotti, the women followed suit over Fornasari. The saying was that the Montressor Company "has taught the belles the road to Richmond Hill." The performances of this company, however, were so deplorably incomplete that it went to pieces. A Scotch *prima donna* now drew the town, Mrs. Wood, who had won some laurels in London as Miss Paton. She was a *bravura* singer, with a cavernous mouth and stalactite teeth. She had been married to a notorious scamp, Lord William Lenox, whom she divorced for brutality, to marry Joseph Wood, some time a prize fighter, but whose tenor voice lifted him over the ropes of the P. R., and on to the footlights. J. W.'s having given Lord William a "hiding" led to admiration on the part of the 'faire ladye.' The Woods became very popular, and brought out an English version of "Sonnambula," which became the rage, till its leading songs, "Still so Gently o'er me Stealing" and "Take now this Ring," became as ubiquitous as "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring" or "Here's a State of Things" of our to-day's Mikado. A row, in 1836, with a New York actress named Conduit, led to dire results, for the Woods were driven from the stage of the Park Theatre.

One Lorenzo Daponte, an Italian poet, a friend of Mozart, next succeeded in establishing Italian opera in New York. An association was formed, money subscribed, and an opera-house built on the corner of Church and Leonard Streets, and opened in 1833 by the Rivafinoli troupe. "The house," says Mr. Richard Grant White, in his admirable work, "was decorated by some of the most skillful artists of the day, who were brought from Europe for this special purpose. The scenery was painted by similar hands. It was crowned by a dome, and lighted by a splendid chandelier. In this house, first, there was a parterre (since queerly called a parquette) entered from the first balcony, so that ladies might sit in this part of the auditorium, which was not to be thought of when it was the old "pit." The seats in the parterre were mahogany chairs, upholstered in blue damask. In the first balcony the seats were mahogany sofas, upholstered in the same manner. The whole of the second balcony was occupied with private boxes, which ran from the front quite back to the vestibule, and which were upholstered alternately in crimson and in blue silk, the fronts being decorated with crimson silk curtains, caught up by gilt cords and tassels. The price of these boxes was $6,000 each. The house was carpeted throughout. The audience was composed of the most exquisite people in the city—"exceeding soft society." A writer in the *Mirror* of the day, remarking upon the audience, said: "As we looked at the pit at the opera, we drew a comparison between it and the House of Representatives, as we recollected to have seen it, and the result was unfavorable to the latter. For orderly demeanor and true gentlemanly breeding, the pit of the opera might be a pattern to our hat-crowned locomotive guardians of the public weal." Into the sacred precincts of the second tier the general public was not admitted.

That was reserved for subscribers, each of whom owned a box—it might be for one night, or it might be for ever. It was told of a man who had suddenly risen to what was then great wealth, that, having taken a lady to the opera, he was met by the disappointing assurance that there were no seats to be had.

"What! Nowhere?"

"Nowhere, sir; every seat in the house is taken, except, indeed, one of the private boxes that was not subscribed for."

"I'll have that."

"Impossible, sir! The boxes can only be occupied by subscribers and owners."

"What is the price of your box?"

"Six thousand dollars, sir."

"I'll take it."

And, drawing out his pocketbook, he filled up a check for six thousand dollars, and escorted his lady to her seat, to the surprise, and, indeed, to the consternation of the elegant circle, which saw itself completed in this unexpected manner."

The first performance took place in this Opera House on Monday, the 18th of November, 1833—the opera "La Gazza Ladra," with Fanti as *Ninetta*, and Schneider Maroncelli as *Pippo*. Madame Maroncelli won the day, or, rather, the night, and was known and welcomed for many years afterward as a teacher of music in Gotham. Her husband was the friend and fellow-prisoner of Silvio Pellico. This company faded away after giving sixty representations of various operas, and with the company faded the gorgeous Opera House, which passed into the hands of James W. Wallack, the father of John Lester Wallack. It was destroyed by fire in 1839.

English opera now had its innings, and a first-class second-class singer—Caradori Allan, a delicious soprano, and a beautiful blue-eyed, golden-haired woman—became the rage. She sang in "The Barber of Seville," "The Siege of Rochelle," "The Elixir of Love," and other light operas. Says Mr. White: "She often performed one little musical feat without making much fuss about it, as to which, nearly twenty years afterward, Jenny Lind's managers blew trumpets and beat drums—that of so mingling her voice with a flute accompaniment that it was difficult, indeed almost impossible, to tell one from the other."

To Caradori, succeeded the Shireff, Seguin & Wilson English Opera Company in the National Theatre, *alias* the Rivafinoli Opera House. Jane Shireff, the *prima donna*, was a very fascinating singer, and a clever, well-built actress. Wilson, the tenor, was a trifle fat, but his voice was rich. The company appeared in "Amilie; or, the Love Test," and won its way to considerable popularity. At Niblo's Garden, Jane Shireff sang in "The Masked Ball," and other frothy operas. Where is the New Yorker in the fifties, or the New Yorkeress of uncertain age, who has not had a good time at Niblo's? *Ah! ma douce jouvance!* Fifty cents! No reserved seats! "First come, first served."

From Niblo's and Miss Shireff we are led to Beethoven's "Fidelio," produced at the Park Theatre in 1839. The *prima donna* was, save the mark, a Scotch woman named Inverarity, nearly six feet high, and, like Mr. Winkle's steed, displayed "great symmetry of bone." She was, according to dude language, "a stunning fine woman," but a little mature. Miss Inverarity was listened to on account of Miss Poole, the contralto, "a pretty, black-eyed, mischievous minx, as plump as a partridge, with a deliciously rich voice." The baritone, Giubilei, or, as he was vulgarly named, "Jew Billy," albeit he squinted, became as popular as Miss Poole. The little tenor, Martyn, was dwarfed in every way by the towering *prima donna*. This company gave "Fidelio," *ergo* they stand forgiven.

The Park Theatre, in which this grand opera was performed, is thus described. Read and inwardly digest, ye sensuous loungers on the velvet caressing cushions of to-day: "Its boxes were like pens for beasts. Across them were stretched benches, consisting of a mere board covered with faded, rotten moreen, a narrower board, shoulder high, being stretched behind to serve for a back. But one seat in the three or four benches was without even this luxury, in order that the seat itself might be raised upon its hinges for people to pass in. These sybaritic inclosures were kept under lock and key by a fee-expecting creature, who was always half-drunk, except when he was wholly drunk. The pit, which has in our modern theatres become the *parterre* (or, as it is often strangely called, the parquet), the most desirable part of the house, was in the Park Theatre scarcely superior to that in which the Jacquerie of old stood upon the bare ground (*par terre*) and thus gave the place its French name. The floor was dirty and broken into holes; the seats were bare, backless benches. Women were never seen in the pit; and although the excellence of the position (the best in the house) and the cheapness of admission (half a dollar) took gentlemen there, few went there who could afford to study comfort and luxury in their amusements. The place was pervaded with evil smells; and not uncommonly, in the midst of a performance, rats ran out of the holes in the floor and across into the orchestra. This delectable place was approached by a long underground passage, with bare whitewashed walls, dimly lighted, except at a sort of booth, at which vile fluids, and viler solids, were sold. As to the house itself, it was the dingy abode of dreariness. The gallery was occupied by howling roughs, who might have taken lessons in behavior from the negroes who occupied a part of this tier, which was railed off for their particular use." For ten long years, 1840 to 1850, this was the principal theatre of New York! In this classic house the poetry of motion was exhibited by Fanny Elssler, and Celeste and Augusta. Our old boys will recall the dancing of these earthly fairies.

The new National Opera House now beheld a fusion of the Inverarity and Seguin companies. Mrs. Seguin, soprano; Miss Poole, contralto; Mr. Horncastle, tenor; Guibilei, baritone; Mr. Seguin, bass. The venture was a success. "La Gazza Ladra," "La Cenerentola" and "Don Giovanni" drew immense and enthusiastic houses. It was in the same year—1840—that John Braham, then in his sixty-sixth year, visited the States. His supremacy as a tenor had not been questioned in Europe for decades. "*Non e tenore in Italia come Braham.*" He appeared at the Park Theatre in "The Siege of Belgrade," and failed. His daughter, after four tilts at matrimony, made a widower of Lord Carlingford. As a widow she was known in the crême of society, with the big S, as Frances, Countess Waldegrave, and to her hospitality, both at far-famed Strawberry Hill and the Chief Secretary's Lodge, in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, the writer even at this late hour maketh grateful obeisance. Signor Guiseppe de Begnis, the great *buffo*, held New York in admiration. He *was* a funny man, and "tickled to death" in "Il Barbiere" and "Il Fanatico per la America." He was so ill crossing to this country, that he never would re-face the voyage. He died worth $50,000, which Uncle Sam quietly pocketed, the worthy *buffo* being alone in the world.

HENRIETTA SONTAG.

GIULIA GRISI.

MAX MARETZEK.

JENNY LIND.

MARIA PICCOLOMINI.

ANNA BISHOP SCHULZ.

A French company *en route* to La belle France from New Orleans took us in, to our great gratification, and Mlle. Calvé, the *prima donna*, became a favorite. This company gave us "Le Domino Noir," "La Fille du Regiment," "Les Diamants de la Couronne," and other sparkling little operas.

The next venture in Italian opera was made by one Ferdinand Palmo, a restaurant-keeper on Broadway,

PAREPA-ROSA.

CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG.

near Duane Street. He got hold of Stoppani's Arcade Baths, in Chambers Street, between Broadway and Centre Street, and having converted the building into the semblance of a theatre, boldly opened in February, 1844, with "I Puritani," the *Elvira* being intrusted to Signora Borghese, of whom it has been quaintly remarked, "One might be content never to hear a better *prima donna* if one were secured against hearing a worse." A tenor who produced a great impression, Antognini, made his appearance at Palmo's on the 13th of March, 1844, as *Oronubello* in "Beatrice di Tenda." His voice was delicious and of great power, while as a dramatic singer his only peer was Ronconi. Mr. White observes, "I have seen the blood fade not only from Antognini's cheeks, but from his very lips as he strode slowly forward to interrupt the nuptials in "Lucia di Lammermoor," and then flame back again as he broke into defiance of his foes." His voice, however, could not be depended upon, and he disappeared.

At the age of forty-three, the eminent French *prima donna*, Cinti Damoureau, appeared—July, 1844—at Palmo's. It was for this singing bird that Auber wrote "Le Domino Noir" and "L'Ambassadrice." In this year, too, Signora Pico, a swarthy, buxom contralto worked her way to public favor.

In November the Park Theatre rejoiced in the cabalistic "Standing Room Only" on account of the production by the Seguins of "The Bohemian Girl." Its success was phenomenal. It ran through the whole season, and through other seasons. Its airs became so popular, that they were heard from rosy morn to dewy eve—ay, and through the dark watches of the night. "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," and "The Heart Bowed down with Weight of Woe," even penetrated to the wigwam of the Red Man.

Forty-seven was a red letter year for opera in New York. Palmo announced Clotilde Barili, a soprano; her brother, Antonio Barili, *maestro* and conductor; Benedetti, a tenor; and Sanquirico, a *buffo*. The Barilis were children of Catarina Barili, a *prima donna* of the old school. Catarina became the wife of a tenor named Patti, and by him, was the mother of Carlotta and Adelina Patti, *now* Madame Nicolini. The tenor, Benedetti, although possessing a Tartar-Chinese face, sang his way into the hearts of New Yorkers: "The women worshiped him, and the men forgave him this, and admired him." His *Edgardo*, in "Lucia," filled the house every time it was announced—filled? yea, crammed it to suffocation.

April brought us a company to the Park Theatre from Havana. With this company came Arditi and Bottesini. As a musical director, Arditi has no peer. The very rap of his *baton* on the desk has music and power and cult in it. Tedesco was the *prima donna*, "a great, handsome, ox-eyed creature, the picture of lovely laziness." "Ernani," "I Due Foscari," "Norma," "Mose in Egitto" and "Saffo" were produced by these artists.

Madame Anna Bishop next appears upon the scene. She was a little mature but well preserved, and gave us the great *scena* in "Tancredi" in superb style. In 1847 Palmo "busted," and in 1848 the Opera House became Burton's Theatre. To-day, the site is occupied by the establishment known as the American News Company.

The Astor Place Opera House rose, metaphorically, upon the ruins of Palmo's. Fashion took it up in the form of a corporation, and it was built on the eastern end of the triangle formed by Astor Place, Eighth Street and Broadway. It opened on Monday, the 22d of November, 1847, with "Ernani," the cast being: *Elvira*, Signora Teresa Truffi; *Ernani*, Signor Vietti; *Carlo V.*, Signor Avignone; *Silva*, Signor Rossi. It is asserted that so elegant and socially impressive a spectacle as that presented by the house on the rising of the curtain had not been seen before in New York, and has not been seen since. To the Astor Place Opera House is due that form of opera toilet for ladies, which is now peculiar to New York and some few other American cities: "A *demi-toilette* of marked elegance and richness, and yet without that display, either of apparel or trimmings, or of the wearer's personal charms which is implied by full evening dress in fashionable parlance."

The ladies of the audience who introduced this mode of apparel, as well as their cavaliers, became fascinated with Teresa Truffi, a beautiful warbler, who wafted her hearers away on a wave of emotion. She was magnificent in tragic parts, and is estimated as the greatest *Lucrezia* the American stage has ever seen. Rossi, of the handsome legs, sang the *Alfonzo* to her *Lucrezia*, and the "pair," not the legs, always filled the treasury in this opera. The Astor Place opera lasted a single season and up to bankruptcy. The Havana Company returned in 1848, and appeared at Niblo's, Arditi wielding the baton. A new tenor, Salvi, made his bow; his voice "had that mingling of manliness and tenderness, of human sympathy and seraphic loftiness, which, for lack of any other or better word, we call divine." Signora Steffanone, a soprano, also came to us with this company.

Max Maretzek rose in the musical world in 1848, and has since made name and fame as director and operatic manager. The Havana Company, who now paid us regular visits, were compelled this year to go to Castle Garden, the Park Theatre having been burnt to the ground just half a century after its opening. At Castle Garden, that gate to fortune of the surplus population of Europe, Italian opera was given by the Havana Company, and in its ranks sang Angiolina Bosio. New York recognized this gem, and set it right worthily. Bosio obtained a London engagement, and Grisi having refused to sing in "I Puritani," Angiolina undertook the *Elvira*, when modern Babylon pronounced her a great artist. Her *Zerlina* so delighted the subjects of the Czar, including the autocrat himself, that she was appointed *première cantatrice* to the Imperial Court. She died in St. Petersburg, in April, 1859, in the very prime of her life. Badiali, the great baritone, the musical manager of the Havana Company, received his first recognition in New York. He remained with us for a long time, and when wooed to London, and having created a *furore*, naïvely exclaimed, "I wonder that I never thought of coming to London before."

The year '51 heard Catarina Barili-Patti for the last time, and the "eminent mother of a still more eminent daughter, uttered the last notes of an expiring school, and closed her own career in the town in which Adelina Patti, her child, but not her pupil, began her splendid career of triumph as the most brilliant vocalist of the day."

Teresa Parodi would have made a greater impression upon New Yorkers had not every ear been strained to hear Jenny Lind, who sang in Gotham from May until June in 1851, but only in concert. All interest was centred in her, and any star in the musical firmament paled in comparison to this great luminary.

On the 23d of June, 1852, Alboni appeared at Metropolitan (or Tripler) Hall in "Semiramide." Before the end of the first act she had won New York. This gifted *cantatrice* was probably the greatest singer since Malibran. She sang great contralto parts as they had not been sung since the time of Pisaron, the finest con-

tralto and the ugliest woman that ever trod the Italian stage." She was very, *very* stout, and the jokers had it that "she was not all bony, but all fatty." Another joke of the period was, "Why is Jenny Lind like a good mutton chop?" "Because she is neither Alboni nor Grisi." Alboni sang at the Broadway Theatre in "La Cenerentola," "La Figglia del Reggimento" and "La Sonnambula." The stage did not increase her attractions. She was a superb singer, the finest singer of half a century; but no actress, no great opera *prima donna*. In "The Daughter of the Regiment" she has been compared to a young Falstaff in short petticoats. New York has the honor of having witnessed Alboni's only performance of "Norma." "Excepting Malibran," observes White, "no singer, not even Jenny Lind, did so much as Alboni did to elevate and purify the taste of the higher class of music lovers. She became the model, the standard by which others were to be tried." Alboni left these shores in '53 to marry the Conte di Pepoli, and later on to retire into private life.

It was on the 27th of September, 1852, that Sontag, the rival of Malibran, made her first appearance in America at Metropolitan or Tripler Hall. She was born in 1805, so it will be easily perceived that she was not a "flower of Spring." Married secretly to Count Rossi, a Sardinian noble, she retired into privacy, only to burst forth after a seclusion of twenty years, with a voice not a whit impaired. The Revolution of '48 ruined Rossi, and the "Countess" stepped back into the "Henrietta Sontag" of the olden, golden time. Sontag was forty-seven when she came to delight us. Her voice was "an absolute soprano, of full but not of extraordinary compass or remarkable power. Its peculiar beauty lay in its quality, that angelic tone which it had exhibited in her childhood." It is told of her that at eight years of age she stood upon a table, and there sang the grand aria of the "Queen of Night in the Zauberflöte," doing this in childish simplicity, "her arms hanging beside her, and her eye following the flight of a butterfly, while her voice, pure, penetrating and of angelic tone, flowed as unconsciously as a limpid rill from a mountain side." In her person she resembled her voice, "not grandly beautiful, but very pretty, bewitching in her ways, and always elegant." Her complexion was fair; her large eyes were a soft, pale-blue; her hair a light auburn, and her hands and feet were American. The young violinist, Paul Jullien, appeared at her first concert. Sontag appeared in opera at Niblo's, and looked older on the stage than in the concert-room. *Rosina* was her best character. Her dramatic powers were in nowise great, and she failed to impress an audience. She died of cholera in Mexico, in June, 1854.

The 4th day of September of the year that beheld Sontag pass away in the halls of the Montezumas, proved a remarkable date for the music-loving people of Gotham, as it witnessed the first appearance, after the heralding of fifteen years, of Mario and Grisi. It was at Castle Garden, and the opera was "Lucrezia Borgia." The price of the seats had been raised to three dollars, and the choice of them put up at auction. Grisi was received with enthusiasm, but there was a queer little misunderstanding between her and her audience. Mr. White thus describes the *scene:* "*Lucrezia* enters upon the scene masked, and, as often as Grisi attempted to go on with the performance, such applause broke forth as made it impossible for her to do so. She had to courtesy again and again profoundly before her audience ceased this demonstration of welcome. The case was that the people who gave her such an unusual welcome thought that courtesy would dictate to her the removal of her mask for a moment, that she might receive and acknowledge their greeting in her own person." It was in "Norma" that Grisi "caught on," and although the great Tietjens trod upon her kibes in this majestic *rôle*, Grisi has never yet been eclipsed.

And now we come to the opening of the Academy of Music, which took place on the 2d of October, 1854, the opera "Norma," with Grisi and Mario transplanted from Castle Garden. Strange to say that on this opening night the audience was neither very large nor very brilliant. The operas "La Favorita," "Don Giovanni" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" were given. To hear and *see* Mario sing "Spirto Gentil" or "Fra Poco" was laying up a delicious memory for ever. Mr. James H. Hackett, father of the late Recorder Hackett, imported Mario and Grisi on spec. He made his contract with the managers of the Academy (a few New York gentlemen who had stepped in to sustain and conduct the new enterprise), and was secured, as were the artists, against loss. But notwithstanding the celebrity of the artists, the money received at the performances was not sufficient to meet the expense involved, It was found that "even with a continued succession of the largest audiences which had yet gathered in the Academy (and they had been large as well as brilliant), the management would be a loser of about $2,000 weekly. The Academy was opened with Grisi and Mario on the 2d of October, 1854; by the middle of December the virtual bankruptcy of the management was admitted, and the artists were withdrawn. Boston was fascinated by Grisi, while the daughters of the Hub went wild over Mario. The pair returned to New York and gave "Norma," "La Favorita," "Don Giovanni" and "Semiramide" at the Metropolitan Theatre. Grisi's semi-barbarian Assyrian queen was considered by New York as being almost equal to her Arch-Druidess. Mario "died but yester e'en," at Rome, as a whisper of the world sadly told us. A noble, one of the handsomest men who ever trod the stage, and one of the most superb and sympathetic tenors. His children by Grisi were facetiously termed Marionettes.

Signorina Vestvali, six feet in her stockings, caused a tremendous sensation by her rich contralto and superb appearance as a martial *Arsace* in "Semiramide." Señorita Soto, a young, dark Spanish dancer, full of lazy coquetry, attracted the town by her lithe dancing in this same opera. The 19th of February, 1855, saw the portals of the Academy of Music swing open under the management of the Norse violinist Ole Bull. In his corps of artists were Clotide, Patti, Vestvali, Brignoli and Badiali. Ole Bull's management lasted nearly two months, then—closed doors and empty exchequer.

English opera came to the front in '54. Miss Louisa Pyne appeared on the 9th of October at the Broadway Theatre in "Sonnambula." Her voice was a light soprano of exquisite quality, more than common compass, and very flexible, while her execution was delicate and finished to the hightest degree. She was not beautiful—she was colorless. Miss Pyne sang in "The Bohemian Girl" and Wallace's "Maritana," Wallace conducting, as did Sir Arthur Sullivan a few weeks ago the "Mikado," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. A sojourn of two years in the United States made for Louisa Pyne many admirers and many friends.

Does it appear thirty years since "Il Trovatore" was produced at the Academy of Music? *Eheu!* Such is the fact. The curtain rose upon this bouquet of *immortelles* on the night of the 30th of April, 1855. Amodio, a fat baritone, the voice of almost unexampled richness

ADELINA PATTI.

MINNIE HAUK.

and sweetness, made his first bow with it, and became one of New York's standing favorites. The *Leonora* was Signora Steffanone; the *Azucena*, Signorina Vestvali; while the *Manrico* was Brignoli, whose sweet little tenor still rings in the hearts of many of our youthful matrons and uncertain aged maids. His voice has been compared to the bleating of sheep made musical.

The La Grange Company took the boards at the Academy, Mme. La Grange being a soprano of extraordinary compass and very pleasing quality. A notably good tenor came with the company, Mirate. The Academy was closed on the 31st of December, 1855, and reopened in March, 1856, with La Grange, Amodio, Brignoli and Badiali. The season of 1857–58 produced two veritable artists—Mme. d'Angri and Carl Formes. Mme. d'Angri scored a success as *Azucena* in "Il Trovatore."

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

CAMPANINI.

MINNIE HAUK IN "CARMEN."

Formes scored *Leporello* in the "Don." The season was closed, and it was one of the most prosperous that the Academy had as yet seen, by the production of Mr. William H. Fry's grand opera, "Leonora," a work containing much promise.

At Burton's Theatre in Chambers Street, *née* Palmo, in the Spring of 1858, Ronconi made his first appearance as *Dr. Dulcamara* in "L'Elisire d'Amore." He leaped with one bound into favor. He also sang in "Il Barbiere" and in "Linda di Chamouni." "His singing and action were alike, in the largest, noblest style; his every accent, his every gesture was simply and nobly pathetic." He has been named the Salvini of the operatic stage. We now come uptown from Burton's Theatre to the Academy, and find that the season of 1858 opened with a very strong company, under the *baton* of Maurice Strakosch. Among the members of the company were: Mme. Gazzaniga, Mme. Patti-Strakosch, and Signor Brignoli. This season also rejoiced the hearts of the men of New York—alas! the immaculate waistcoats of those nights will not button now!—by the appearance of one of the most bewitching of that nearer, dearer, clearer heaven of stars, yclept woman, in the person of Maria Piccolomini. She was eighteen on the night of the 20th October, 1858, when she gave her first cough as *Violetta* in the "Traviata," a cough that caused every man in the audience to wish that he were running a drugstore filled with never-failing drops and lozenges. She hadn't much voice; her soprano was light, but then—she flirted with every one of us. "She played the coquette on the stage; she played the coquette with her audience; her very grief was coquettish; she was tragic with an alluring glance; and she died in the most piquant manner." I repeat, that she flirted with every man of us, and not one of us that did not flatter himself—well—that he was more killing than he had heretofore imagined himself to be. In "La Figglia del Reggimento" her "Rataplan" set all our hearts beating the very "devil's tattoo"!

In 1858 the first complete performance in America of Mozart's "Zauberflöte" was given.

In 1859, on the night of the 24th of November, Adelina Patti made her *début* at the Academy of Music as *Lucia* in the "Lammermoor." "Her *début*," I quote Mr. Richard Grant White, "it need scarcely be recorded, was a very remarkable performance, considering her age—she was but sixteen years old. Her voice was a flute-like, flexible soprano, which she delivered with purity and managed with great taste and skill. Still, she was not, even in vocalization, a *prima donna;* moreover, her voice lacked amplitude, richness, power; and her manner, although not awkward or constrained, was that of a very young girl." But her capabilities were at once recognized by her audience, and her future was foretold by her critics. It has been remarked of her that she was "one of those rare singers who appear at long intervals on the musical horizon, to revive not only the hopes of managers, but the enthusiasm of the public." Of Patti it is needless to speak. She commands $5,000 a night. This "fixed fact" knocks criticism to smithereens.

In 1860 New York witnessed the *début* of one who had been justly characterized as "the most distinguished artist that any one of the United States has yet given to the lyric stage," Clara Louisa Kellogg, who appeared as *Gilda*, in "Rigoletto." Miss Kellogg's voice has been noted as high soprano, very clear, very pure, very fine, close and firm in quality, and capable of the most exquisitely delicate and tender inflections. Miss Kellogg is the only *prima donna* of celebrity that may be properly called American, adding, however, Miss Phillips, Miss Cary and Madame Nevada. But Canada has given the world one *prima donna*, who made her *début* at the Academy of Music in December, 1874, whose position is second only to that of Patti, namely, Albani.

Madame Nilsson came to us puffed as a Jenny Lind. Her singing was never either very astonishing or very touching, but it was always correct in expression, always in good taste. Her *Margherita* in "Faust" is a most finished performance, but she shows her powers at their highest and best as *Elsa* in "Lohengrin." On her second visit to us she appeared in this *rôle* with Signor Campanini, a tenor, who was the best of his time, and is still a fine dramatic singer, albeit his voice is worn and never was very sympathetic in quality. I am told by a most intimate friend, who visited him last August, that the year's rest has brought back that richness to the great tenor's voice which of late it has so sadly lacked. Pauline Lucca has charmed us with her large, luscious voice, so full of warmth. Her saucy *Cherubino* was delicious, but she was no *Margherita*. Her *Carmen*—I heard her in Vienna in '82—was simply perfection.

The Autumn of '65 brought Mlle. Parepa before the New York concert-going public, her conductor being Carl Rosa, afterward her husband, and a little later, a widower. She sang in opera, "an ample dame, copious of voice and of person."

Madame Tietjens came to us when she was already under the shadow of her fatal illness, and she sang in the concert hall when she should have "torn passions to tatters" on the operatic stage. Her *Norma* was on a par with that of Grisi's, as was also her *Lucrezia*, while her *Semiramide* was a performance that riveted itself in the memory, becoming part of its most treasured dainties. There is no *prima donna* of the present day who could hold a candle to Tietjens when dramatic action is essential to operatic *rôle*.

The greatest living *impressario*, Lieutenant-colonel Mapleson, who has discovered all the talent that has charmed the world for the last twenty years, took possession of the Academy in the Autumn of 1878, and opened with Bizet's opera "Carmen," Arditi wielding the *baton*. *Carmen* was Minnie Hauk, who has only one rival in the *rôle*, Lucca. The music has a character of its own—a rhythm and a swing which captivates. Madame Gerster made her first appearance at the Academy on the 11th of November, as *Amina* in "Sonnambula." She took the town by storm. Her voice is a true soprano, with a bewildering flexibility almost dazzling. The history of opera in New York has since been written by Colonel Mapleson, if I except the *fiasco* of the Metropolitan Opera, under the management of Mr. Abbey, and the German operas of last season. To Colonel Mapleson New Yorkers owe a debt of gratitude they never can sufficiently repay. By this gentleman's enterprise and pluck they have been enabled to hear all the leading artists and artistes in the world. He has, since the memorable year of 1878, annually returned, bringing with him the highest European talent, and at a cost that wrote "Bankruptcy" on the *façade* of the rival house. He has stopped at nothing, not even at paying Patti $5,000 a night to cater to Gotham. The artists that appeared at the ill-fated Metropolitan were all discovered by him, and bought up by Mr. Abbey at ruinous salaries. Mr. Abbey played a desperate game and lost, deservedly lost, for it was resolved to crush out Colonel Mapleson at any price. It was war upon an individual, but that individual, like Joe Bagstock, was "devilish tough," knew his business, and stuck to his gun. Colonel! long may you live to cross the ocean, bringing with you tenors and sopranos and bassos; and,

of one thing you may be very certain, you will never again meet a rival *impressario* in Italian opera in Gotham.

The vast but not architecturally imposing Metropolitan Opera House, on Upper Broadway, was completed in 1883, and paid for by seventy wealthy business men of New York city, who subscribed $20,000 each for the purpose. New York did not need another opera-house. The new establishment was built, and hitherto has been supported, rather by private means than by public patronage. The primary motive for this munificence was the fact that the number of available boxes at the old Academy of Music was insufficient to accommodate the large and increasing class of wealthy persons whom either fashion or a genuine love of music attracted to the opera. The Metropolitan Opera House is neither a type nor a model of its class; but in size it is all that the enthusiast for bigness could desire. The auditorium is actually the largest in the world, for it slightly exceeds both the San Carlo of Naples and La Scala of Milan. There are three tiers of boxes, besides a half-tier of baignoirs on the parquet floor, and a colossal gallery at the top of the house. The number of boxes is 122. The number of seats in the house is 3,045. The lobbies, saloons, assembly-rooms, dressing-rooms, corridors, staircases, vestibules, exits, carriage-entrances, etc., are constructed on a generous scale. The upholstery and decorations of the house are elegant as well as comfortable, although they fail to give that general effect of coziness, warmth and color which we look for in such a place. From an artistic and financial point of view, the initial season of Italian opera proved an exceptionally bleak one for Manager Abbey. The fortunes of the house being speedily placed in other hands, it was given over to grand opera in German, with a fair measure of success. The experiment is being repeated in an enterprising and artistic spirit this season, with a prospect of gratifying results.

Besides the Mapleson Troupe and the German Opera, New York now enjoys a third—that under the musical direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, which proposes to give, at the Academy of Music, during a season of fifteen weeks, grand opera sung by Americans in the English language. This is the famous organization which Mrs. F. B. Thurber, Manager Charles E. Locke, and a large number of wealthy and artistic New Yorkers have labored so enthusiastically to develop. It evidently has great triumphs before it. It is the first practical step toward the establishment of a National Conservatory, which, in its turn, will furnish material for a National Opera.

For the first season of "Opera Sung by Americans," a large number of singers, all American either by birth or education, have been engaged.

The company, as now organized, includes, among other well-known singers, Pauline L'Allemand, Mme. Hasbreiter and Emma Juch, sopranos; Mathilde Phillipps and Jessie Bartlett Davis, contraltos; William Candidus and Charles Turner, tenors; George Sweet, William H. Lee and Alonzo E. Stoddart, baritones; Myron W. Whitney and John Gilbert, bassos; together with a full, well-trained chorus and ballet.

The grand orchestra is the unrivaled one of Theodore Thomas. The Associated Artists of New York give their aid in the preparation of the *mise en scène*. The repertoire is a large one, rich in novelties. It includes "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (Nicolai), "The Taming of the Shrew" (Goetz), "Lakmé" (Delibes), "Orpheus and Eurydice" (Gluck), "Oberon" (Weber), together with the favorite operas of Wagner, Mozart, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Gounod, etc.

THE FALLING STAR.

When the stars above me hover,
In the still and solemn night,
And the sky is all illumined
With its myriad streams of light,
Oft I muse in silent reverie,
Wondering what these lights can be,
Ever shining pure and calmly
In that gorgeous canopy.

Oft across the starlit heavens
Darts a fragment of a light,
Falls into the dusky umbrage
Of the cloudland of the night;
Lost and broken stars I deem them
Hurled a-down the vault afar;
Never twinkling in their falling—
Sad mementoes of a star!

Fallen stars, for ever banished
From the realms of perfect peace;
Scorching fires for ever molten,
In their fall, which ne'er shall cease;
Whilst alone their sisters shimmering
Still revolve around their goal;
Heedless of their lost companions
Cast from out the Silver Scroll.

A FAMOUS SHIP OF THE "OLD NAVY."

By W. S. Hughes.

No vessel of the "Old Navy," excepting alone the *Constitution* ("Old Ironsides,") sheds a brighter lustre upon the early naval history of our country than the frigate *Essex*. She was built in the year 1799, and, under the command of Captain William Bainbridge, saw her first service in the following year, being employed in convoying American merchant-ships through the Mediterranean, which then swarmed with Tripolitan pirates. Returning to the United States, after a prolonged cruise in Europe, we next find her—at the beginning of the second war with England—under the Command of David Porter, the father of the present Admiral of the Navy. Her new captain took her for a short cruise along our Atlantic Coast, and, between the 3d of July and 13th of August, 1812, captured seven English brigs and two ships. One of the latter was a British man-of-war, the *Alert*, carrying 20 guns and over 300 men.

The battle with the *Alert* lasted but eight minutes The crews of the two vessels were nearly equal in numbers, but the armament of the *Essex* was much the superior. Captain Porter had disguised his ship by masking her gun-ports, so as to give her the appearance of a merchantman; and, upon sighting the *Alert*, he kept the *Essex* away, pretending to make every effort to escape, while still allowing the English ship gradually to approach within short range of his hidden guns. Suddenly the British frigate hoisted her colors, and, with a cheer from her crew, poured a broadside into the supposed American merchantman. The gun-ports of the *Essex* instantly opened and sent forth such a terrific response to the unsuspecting enemy that her crew were panic-stricken, deserted their guns, and immediately hauled down their colors in token of surrender. The capture of the *Alert*—the first man-of-war taken from the British in the war of 1812-15—brought the name of the *Essex*, and that of her gallant young captain, into prominence before the people. They were names that were yet to become inseparably linked together, and famous throughout the whole country.

On the 28th of October, 1812, still commanded by Porter, the *Essex* sailed from the Delaware upon one of

TERESA TIETJENS.

PAULINE LUCCA.

the most memorable voyages ever made by a naval ship. She was armed with 32 guns, and carried with her a crew of 318 persons, including her captain, 5 lieutenants, and 12 midshipmen. Among the last was the late Admiral Farragut, then a boy but ten years and one month old. Flying from her masthead the *Essex* carried her battle-flag, bearing the significant motto, "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights." Captain Porter was directed to proceed with his ship to the east coast of South America—touching on the way at Porta Praya, in the Cape Verde Islands, and at Fernando de Narouha, a penal colony of Brazil, off the Brazilian coast—keeping a lookout for the *Constitution* and the *Hornet*, under Commodore Bainbridge, whose squadron he was to join. In the event of not falling in with Bainbridge, Porter was allowed by his orders to act upon his own judgment. He failed to find his superior officer at the Cape Verdes, and, continuing on his course, he soon after came across and captured the British brig *Nocton*, of 10 guns, having on board $55,000 in specie. The capture of the *Nocton* was effected in a rather novel way. Not wishing to damage any more than was necessary what he knew must eventually become his prize, he directed that the fire of his cannon should be withheld, and only a volley of musketry discharged at the enemy. The volley killed one man, whereupon the brig surrendered.

THE OPERA IN NEW YORK.—COLONEL MAPLESON.—SEE PAGE 1.

Placing a prize-crew on board the *Nocton*, Porter sent her to the United States, where, unfortunately, just as she was about to enter the safety of one of our own ports in the Chesapeake, she was recaptured by an English frigate.

Proceeding on her cruise, the *Essex* came in sight of the brown, sun-scorched peaks of Fernando de Narouha, not far from the equator. The countries of South America and their dependencies were at that time greatly under the influence of England, while the United States, as a national power, was almost unknown. So strongly was Brazil then under British rule, that Porter had serious doubts of being able to obtain at Fernando de Narouha necessary supplies of provisions and water

THE OPERA IN NEW YORK.—PAULINE LUCCA IN "FAUST."—SEE PAGE 1.

unless he practiced some deception as to the character and nationality of his vessel. He adopted a ruse that proved completely successful. Disguising the *Essex* as a merchantman, and hoisting English colors, he sailed boldly into the harbor, and sent his first-lieutenant on shore to say that the ship was the *Fanny*, of London, badly in need of supplies. Anxious to curry in any way the favor of Englishmen, the natives at once furnished an abundance of provisions. Sailing from the island, the *Essex* a few days later captured, without firing a shot, the English schooner *Elizabeth*. But their voyage had thus far proved less exciting than the adventurous crew of the *Essex* had anticipated ; hence her captain, after searching in vain a few days longer for Bainbridge, resolved to act with the discretion allowed him by his instructions, and to carry out a long-cherished project—that of showing our flag upon the waters of the Pacific. No American man-of-war had ever rounded the terrible "Cape of Storms," as Cape Horn was then called by sailors, and Porter determined that the *Essex* should have the honor of being the first to appear on the Pacific. The *Essex's* crew hailed with delight their commander's determination. The Pacific was known to be dotted with beautiful islands, inhabited by strange people, and its tranquil waters had long been the favorite cruising-ground of British whalers. The voyage around Cape Horn was a boisterous one, often calling into use the skill of the *Essex's* officers, or the energy of her crew, to avoid disaster. But it was accomplished without accident, and on the 5th of March, 1813, five months after sailing from the Delaware, Porter anchored his ship at the Island of Mocha, near the mainland of southern Chili. The island was uninhabited by man, but contained vast numbers of birds, seal and wild hogs, whence the *Essex* soon replenished her store of supplies, and then continued on to the port of Valparaiso. At the latter place Porter was surprised and delighted to learn that Chili had renounced her allegiance to Spain, and hence looked upon the United States as her friend. The *Essex's* arrival was hailed with pleasure by the Chilian authorities, and the people themselves vied with each other in showing courtesies to her officers and crew. A continuous round of social festivities was kept up on shore in honor of the presence in their harbor of the first United States man-of-war ; but, pleasant as was such hospitality to men who had so long been confined to ship life, Porter remained in port only a few days. On leaving Valparaiso the *Essex* sailed northward along the coast of Chili, and on the following day captured a Peruvian pirate, the *Nereyda*, rescuing twenty-three American sailors who had been taken by her from whaling-vessels. Soon after she recaptured the American whaler *Barclay*, which had been taken possession of by pirates. With the latter vessel as her consort the *Essex* now set her course for the Galapagos Islands, then known to be a favorite resort of English whaling-ships. Two weeks later she had added to the list of her prizes three more English ships, the *Montezuma*, *Georgianna* and *Policy*, which, with their cargoes, were valued at over a million dollars, a much larger sum then than now. At the Galapagos Islands the *Essex* replenished her supply of fresh provisions. "Besides vast numbers of turtles," says "Porter's Memoirs," "the iguana, a large, repulsive-looking lizard, much prized by epicures, abounded in the islands, and myriads of fish of black, red and yellow colors swarmed around our boats and were captured with the greatest ease. Aquatic birds (penguins, pelicans and others), frequented the islands in great numbers, and were an acceptable variety to the sailors, who are not often particular about their eating. Many a savory mess of 'Galapagos mutton,' as the jolly mariners called the tortoise flesh, was cooked on the hillsides or on the beach in extemporized fireplaces."

On the 21st of May the *Essex* and her prizes left the islands—setting their course for the port of Tumbez, in the Bay of Guayaquil—and soon after the little fleet was augmented by the capture of the British whalers, *Greenwich* and *Atlantic*, both fine vessels, the latter mounting six 18-pounder guns. A short time previous to the *Essex's* departure from the islands, Lieutenant Downes, the first-lieutenant of the *Essex*, had been placed in command of the prize *Georgianna*, and sent on a short reconnoitering cruise to some of the more distant islands of the group. Thence, he was to proceed to Valparaiso for a supply of fresh water, and afterward rejoin the fleet at Tumbez.

No event of importance occurred on the voyage to the mainland, and on the 19th of June the fleet entered the Bay of Guayaquil, anchoring off the village of Tumbez on its south shore. Here Porter landed his numerous prisoners, on condition that they would not again serve against the United States until regularly exchanged. Many of the men who had been taken from the prizes proved to be, or *claimed to be*, Americans, and volunteered to serve under Porter.

The great majority of these volunteers were really Americans who had been captured from our merchant-vessels by the British whalers, the latter always well-manned and heavily armed. Of those who *claimed* to be Americans, in at least one case, there could have been no doubt ; for Porter naïvely remarks in his journal that : "This person, when asked if he was an American, answered : 'An' faith, yer honor, I'm nothing else, an' was borrn in New Yorrk before I came over from ould Ireland,' after which conclusive evidence he was enlisted with the others. . . . . In fact, we suspect that the motto on the *Essex's* flag, 'Free Trade and Sailors' Rights,' had a good deal to do with winning the British sailors' hearts and enticing them away from their 'loyalty.'"

About a week after Porter's arrival at Tumbez, four vessels were seen entering the bay. They proved to be the *Georgianna*, under Lieutenant Downes, with three new prizes : the *Hector*, mounting eleven guns, and the *Catherine* and *Rose*, each armed with eight guns. The latter two ships were captured without firing a shot ; but the *Hector* had shown a stubborn resistance ; her captain refusing to surrender until his vessel had received five broadsides, and had become almost a total wreck, with the loss of eight of his crew.

At Tumbez the prize *Atlantic* was fitted up as a man-of-war, mounting twenty guns. Christening her the *Essex, Jr.*, she was placed under the command of Lieutenant Downes with a crew of sixty men. Many of the original officers of the *Essex* were necessarily distributed among the fleet, in charge of the numerous prizes ; one being under "Parson" Adams, as the chaplain of the *Essex* was called by the sailors, while another, the *Barclay*, was commanded by the late Admiral Farragut, then a boy scarcely eleven years old. On the morning of the 30th of June the fleet sailed out of the Bay of Guayaquil. The *Essex, Jr.*, in company with five of the prizes, was to make a coasting-cruise to the southward, along the mainland of South America, as far as Valparaiso, and thence to rejoin the *Essex* at their old rendezvous in the Galapagos, while the *Essex*, with the *Georgianna* and *Greenwich*, sailed directly for their destination.

Soon after, the *Essex* and her consorts captured three English ships, one of which, the *Seringapatam*, mounting 14 guns, had been built and fitted out as a man-of-war,

and had long been a terror to our merchant-ships on the Pacific. These last captures ended the commerce-destroying career of the *Essex*. Porter had now either captured or driven from the rich whaling-grounds of the Pacific nearly every English vessel engaged in that trade. He had inflicted upon the enemy, in the loss of ships and their cargoes, damage amounting to more than $12,000,000, and had taken prisoners 360 British seamen. The visit of the *Essex* to the Pacific was to England a complete surprise. The British had adopted the policy of arming their whalers with guns and authority to prey upon our defenseless and unsuspecting merchantmen; but the timely arrival of the *Essex*, under such a man as Porter, had given a sudden and unexpected change to affairs. American merchant-vessels that before the arrival of the *Essex* had been forced to abandon their trade and seek the safety of the neutral South American ports, now recommenced their legitimate operations.

After waiting several weeks at the Galapagos Islands, Porter was joined by Lieutenant Downes with the *Essex, Jr.*

Downes had left his prizes safely moored in the Harbor of Valparaiso, and he brought the important news that two British men-of-war, the *Phœbe*, 36 guns and 320 men, and the *Cherub*, 32 guns and 180 men, had been dispatched to the Pacific with orders to capture the *Essex*. This information determined Porter to sail for the Marquesas, in order, before being discovered, to have time to refit the *Essex* and prepare for the encounter which he knew must come.

The Marquesas are among the most charming of the many groups of beautiful islands scattered over the broad surface of the Pacific, and Porter's men were delighted with the prospect of a visit to them. The interest of the men was heightened still more, on the voyage, by a communication from their captain informing them that, while the main object of his visit to the islands was to put the *Essex* in proper "fighting-trim," he was also desirous that they should have such relaxation and amusement as, from their good conduct, they had richly deserved.

On the 23d of October the ships anchored at Nooaheeva Island, one of the most delightful of the Marquesas. The shores were thronged with natives whose curiosity was greatly excited by the arrival of the vessels, and who by friendly signs invited the strangers to land. "The young girls were well-formed and handsome," says 'Porter's Memoirs,' "with smooth skins and a complexion not darker than our American brunettes; but this rose-colored view of the situation may have been due to the fact that our people had seen no women for a long time, and that sailors under such circumstances look upon all women as angels." No wonder the "susceptible" mariners formed tender attachments among the Nooaheevan girls! "When, on the eve of departure, Porter forbade his men leaving the ships, the girls lined the shore and importuned the captain not to take away their sweethearts. They gayly exhibited their grief by dipping their fingers in the sea and letting the water trickle from their eyes like tears, or threatened to beat out their brains with a spear of grass."

Early in December the *Essex* was thoroughly ready for action, and on the 9th, leaving behind the prizes with orders to proceed to the United States, Porter sailed with the *Essex* and *Essex, Jr.* to meet his antagonists.

In a heavy squall off Valparaiso the *Essex* and her consort became separated, and the masts and sails of the former were badly damaged. While the *Essex* was in this crippled state, the *Phœbe* and *Cherub* suddenly appeared, and both opened the attack. A furious battle ensued. Though the *Essex* suffered terribly, so effective was her fire, that after half an hour the British vessels were compelled to withdraw for repairs. They soon, however, renewed the unequal contest, and choosing a position beyond the range of the *Essex's* guns, yet best suited to their own "long 18-pounders," they poured broadside after broadside into the helpless frigate. The carnage on board the *Essex* was frightful. She was on fire in several places; more than half her crew and nearly every officer was either killed or wounded, when Porter, at last, to save the lives of the rest of his brave men, hauled down his flag and surrendered.

The career of the *Essex* was now for ever closed, and her little consort, the *Essex, Jr.*, was soon after captured.

After the transfer of the prisoners-of-war to the *Phœbe*, an amusing incident took place: "On the *Essex* was a favorite pet pig which one of the young sailors of the *Phœbe* brought from the *Essex*, and as he came on board shouted, 'A prize!' 'a prize!'"

Young Farragut, who was among the prisoners on the *Phœbe*, claimed the pig as his own.

"No," said the English sailor, "you are a prisoner, and so is your pig."

"We always respect private property," said the brave boy, and seized the pig with the determination not to let go unless compelled by superior force.

"This," says Farragut, in his journal, "was fun for the oldsters, who immediately cried out:

"'Go in, my little Yankee; if you can whip Shorty, you shall have your pig.'

"Agreed," said Farragut.

A ring was formed, and at it they went.

"I soon found," says Farragut, "that my antagonist's pugilistic education was not equal to my own. In fact, he was no match for me, and was compelled to give up the pig, which I took under my arm, feeling that I had in some degree wiped out the disgrace of our defeat."

The American prisoners were treated with the greatest consideration by the officers of the *Phœbe*. Captain Porter and his crew were soon transferred to the *Essex, Jr.*, and permitted to return to the United States under parole. They sailed from Valparaiso on the 27th of April, 1814, and, on the 5th of July, arrived off Sandy Hook. Porter was received in New York with the greatest honors. The streets of the city were gayly decorated with flags, and the cheers of thousands of his fellow-countrymen greeted him as he drove to his hotel. At Philadelphia, like demonstrations were made, and the people, removing the horses from Porter's carriage, united in hauling the vehicle through their streets; and, at Washington, a new ship was built, christened the *Essex*, and placed under his command.

AN ANEMONE'S LIVE MORSEL.

In one of the departments of an aquarium, the interior being plainly visible through the plate-glass room, are a number of sea anemones, or sea sunflowers, about three or four inches in diameter, clinging to pieces of rock, and among them several young halibut. Near the front, in plain view of the writer, the other day, was a halibut about five or six inches long, in a natural horizontal position, with his nose just touching the centre or mouth of the anemone, apparently feeding. Looking closer it was observed that the anemone was in motion, and for a short space it was doubtful whether the fish or the anemone

was the eater. Presently the ineffectual struggles of the fish to release himself denoted his capture.

It seemed that the finny marauder had pushed his nose against the innocent-looking mouth of the plant in pursuit of food and was caught. The face of the anemone, which had previously been flat and circular, like its namesake, the sunflower, became concave, and closed upon and around the head of the fish, elongated itself for the purpose, and in about five minutes the head was covered entirely to the gills. While closing, the plant raised the fish to a vertical position. Soon the head was covered to the gills; its respiration almost stopped.

At this juncture the writer's pity for the fish prevailed over his curiosity, and he released the prisoner. In two minutes more it would have passed, or at least so much of it as would have answered the purpose, into food for the anemone.

AUGUSTUS was told of an extravagant Roman knight who had wasted all his property. When his goods were sold by auction, Augustus commissioned a person to bid for his pillow. Being asked why he wished to have this article of furniture in particular, he replied, "Such a pillow must be very desirable upon which a man so deep in debt could sleep so soundly."

GOOD intentions are no justification for doing what we know to be wrong.

THE OPERA IN NEW YORK.— ETELKA GERSTER.— SEE PAGE 1.

THE GILFORTH GHOST.—"LEARY DROPPED THE BOX WITH A CURSE, AND SEIZED HER BY THE ARM, HIS FACE DISTORTED WITH ANGER."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

By Florence M. Fulton.

I.

Oh! the deathly, dreary world—Summer's fled;
Oh! the cruel heart-despair—hopes are dead.
All the world is drowned in tears—tears of rain;
Night is o'er me; when will Dawn come again?
Dark without and dark within is my life;
When will Death, the crown of all, end the strife?
Flowers have sadly died away—gentle friends;
Piercing wind with baleful power storms and rends.
Little warblers of the grove, silent all;
Winter covers heart and home like a pall.
Gloom and pain are all around, chilling aye;
Night is long, and sad, and drear; bright the day.
Not a gleam of light, but all gray and cold;
Low'ring clouds with ne'er a warm ray of gold.
Music hushed and laughter stilled—Winter's reign—
Sunshine gone, and leaving only bitter pain.

II.

Summer friends have passed away, all untrue;
Friendship could not bear the storms as they grew.
Stand they by you, if you keep in the sun;
Fortune frowns, then count your friends one by one.
Let them go! they are not worth calling friend—
Word that means standing by you till the end.
Let them go! Cowards leave a sinking ship;
Not a friendship theirs of heart, but of lip.
Let them go to pastures new, bright with gold;
Let them live their sunny life, shunning cold.
Friendship, like the hothouse flowers, just for show,
With no strength to brave the storms—let them go!

III.

Heart grows warmer with the thought, I have *one*
Who will be a friend for aye, shade or sun.
Thought that wakes the dull, dead earth—past is night;
Through the eastern gates of morn breaks the Light.
Fled is now the dreary dream; day is here,
Songsters' voices trilling out sweet and clear!
Flowers awake in beauty fresh ope their eyes;
Dawn dispels the midnight grief, sorrow dies.
Yes, our Life is worth the living: rich are we,
If we count as friend one soul, frank and free.
Earth grows lovely as I think, such have I,
Who will true and faithful be till I die.

THE GILFORTH GHOST.

By Emma A. Opper.

It was a ghost that nobody knew anything about; and it was perhaps for that very reason that it was so universally and so firmly believed in. Nobody had seen it; but almost everybody was convinced of its existence.

Old John Gilforth had bequeathed it. He had lived a solitary life in his rambling old house, and died quite alone. He had not had an over-abundance of worldly goods, despite his wide extent of shingles, and the ghost was probably the most substantial of his legacies. If it were indeed the ghost of poor old Gilforth, there was nothing to be feared from it; he had been noted for his unsocial habits, but for nothing more alarming.

But who ever heard of a ghost's being regarded with pitying leniency and friendly forbearance and an entire absence of prejudice? The Gilforth ghost was held in a deep and fearful awe, of which the most sanguinary of shades might have been proud.

There were those who professed a scornful disbelief in the ghost, and in whom any mention of it stirred no profounder emotion than a contemptuous amusement.

The disbelievers were, of course, among the younger generation of the townspeople—disbelievers, as a rule, are of the younger generations.

Kitty Clark was perhaps the boldest of these, and that was not at all surprising. She was the gayest of the clique of bright young girls who enlivened the town with their frolics; she was the prime mover in their escapades, the founder of many a daring scheme; and she always did things boldly, and nothing by halves.

She had gotten up and successfully carried through a festival for the benefit of the town poor; she had taken care of old Mrs. Jackson through a long illness, the poor woman being friendless, and had had her for a sort of pensioner ever since.

On the other hand, she had presented herself at Squire Barr's, one evening recently, in a tattered dress and dilapidated bonnet—the squire being a noted miser—and had returned to the group of giggling girls around the corner of the house, waving a two-dollar bill exultantly; her unworthy object having been to outwit the squire; and she had lately refused Addison Marsh, with his bald head and his snug property, in the most hard-hearted and uncompromising manner, though, to be sure, none of the girls had wondered much at that.

To Tracy Matson she was particularly and entirely charming. Her brown eyes and her fresh lips, and her pretty airs and graces, had probably done their part for her; but Tracy was certain that it was not her prettiness alone that infatuated him.

Kitty's kindness of heart was known to everybody, and to Tracy among the rest. To be sure, when the subjects were brought up she rather laughed at her country-house festival and the pensioning of old Mrs. Jackson, but this smiling self-disparagement was an added charm in Tracy's eyes. And the half-amused admiration with which he regarded her independence and her daring was quite enough to complete his captivation.

Of course everybody knew it! What else was to be gathered from the fact that Tracy's gray colt was beginning to stop of its own accord at John Clark's front gate?

But everybody was not quite so sure of Kitty's views, nor was Tracy himself. She had chatted and walked and driven with him; but in quite the same way, as far as he knew, had she chatted and walked and driven with Addison Marsh, to the final undoing of that ill-fated person.

The mere fact of Addison's refusal might have been regarded as encouraging, and so Tracy sometimes thought. But that, after all, was rather a negative comfort.

The gray colt was standing at the familiar gate on a certain warm September evening, with his head dropped lazily and an air of feeling very much at home, and his master was sitting on a rail of the front veranda, with Kitty Clark smiling up at him from the top step.

They had been discussing the latest event—an event which had all but paralyzed the easy-going little town—the robbery of Squire Barr's. It had taken place two days ago, and had been a success in every particular.

The squire had always been distrustful of banks, and all his money—and everybody knew that there was no small amount of it—had been hoarded, in the form of bonds and greenbacks, in a wooden box, which he kept in a closet in his room; and this it was that had been taken—nothing else.

There were not many who had not known about it; the squire, on rare occasions when his self-congratulation at getting ahead of the banks had gotten the better of his usual prudence, having disclosed the fact of its existence to a few confidential friends, and the confidential friends, in a like spirit, having passed the information along, so that Squire Barr's box had come to be a well-known article.

The squire was plunged to the depths of misery and despair. There was not the slightest clew. His fortune was lost to him for ever, apparently.

He had dragged himself to the Post Office and tacked an offer of reward, scrawled in a trembling hand, upon the door, and had taken to his bed immediately after in a prostration of misery.

But, in the minds of people generally, pity for the squire was distracted by a horrified admiration for the great cleverness of the burglar. For the possibility of his being in their midst had suggested itself to nobody, and his knowledge of the squire's box and its hiding-place was regarded as nothing less than supernatural.

"Poor old thing!" said Kitty, with more compassion than politeness; "I'm dreadfully sorry for him!"

A recollection of her recent raid upon the unfortunate man floated through her careless little head, and gave her a slight twinge of compunction.

"Dreadful thing for him!" said Tracy, oracularly.

He was thinking more of the novel charm of Kitty's passing seriousness than of the squire's misfortune.

"Leary says," continued Kitty, "that there is no hope of his ever finding it. Leary's real good-hearted. He went down to see the squire last night, and expressed his sympathy."

The subject of her remarks came round the corner of the house at that moment, and paused with a smile and nod.

He was a thick-set young fellow, with a wide-brimmed straw hat pushed back from rather a good-looking face. He had presented himself at John Clark's back door some six months ago, with a small bundle in the conventional red handkerchief, and asked for work.

Kitty's mother had taken an immediate fancy to him, and her father being equally well-impressed with his pleasant face and his quiet ways, he had been chopping and sawing in the woods beyond the house ever since with perfect satisfaction to everybody, and had become very popular in the neighborhood.

"Kitty says you've been down to see the squire," Tracy called out, with his eyes fixed admiringly on the top of Kitty's head.

"Yes," responded Leary, with an immediate clouding of his good-humored face, and withdrawing his hand from his pocket to stroke his chin with sober regret; "he seems to take it pretty hard. I'm powerful sorry for him!"

"No clew yet, I suppose?" said Tracy.

Leary shook his head hopelessly.

"I'm afraid there *won't* be. I spent an hour there studying things over and trying to see the light, and all to no good. It's the provokingest thing I ever came across; nothing to get hold of, and it riles me all up."

His expression was so queer a mixture of concern and honest indignation and baffled anxiety, that Kitty laughed softly as he walked slowly away, shaking his head.

"We ought to be quite happy now," she said, smiling up at Tracy, brightly. "We have two mysteries—the Gilforth ghost and the Barr burglary. Could we desire anything more?"

The Gilforth ghost was a favorite joke between them, and Tracy laughed.

"Do you know," pursued Kitty, looking up at him, with a sudden assumption of seriousness, "that I always had an idea—a horrible, lurking suspicion—that you are not quite so skeptical about the Gilforth ghost as you pretend to be?—that you half believe in it!"

She threw out her chin in pretty defiance as she said it.

Tracy laughed again. These sudden assaults of hers always delighted him. But Kitty was quite unsmiling.

"I don't believe, for instance," she went on, with a well-assumed air of believing what she said, "that you would care to go to the old house alone after dark. Would you, now?"

"Alone after dark!" repeated Tracy, in a hoarse whisper, and forcing a tremble. "I am about to faint."

Kitty looked a little discomfited.

"But, seriously," she said, in an injured tone, "you would not quite enjoy it? Just think; with everything still and dark and shadowy; with the old house a long black mass before you; with the poplars hemming you in, and the wind moaning through the boughs of that big mountain ash. Confess! Wouldn't you half expect to see the ghost?"

"What shall I do," said Tracy, in a tone of tragic despair, "to dispel those vile suspicions—to convince you that, so far from fearing the Gilforth ghost, I love him as a brother?"

Kitty laughed, rather shamefacedly.

"I don't know," she said, meekly.

"Shall I bring you a shingle from the house?—a bunch of berries from the mountain ash? That would be a case of the glove and the lion's den, and you know how disastrously that turned out for the lady; but I should be vindicated."

"Very well, then," said Kitty, skeptically. "You may do it if you dare. I shall be proud to wear it."

"What—the shingle?" said Tracy, with an accession of interest.

"The berries," responded Kitty, severely.

"Oh, to be sure, madam!" he continued, jumping off the rail and striking a tragic pose. "You have said the word—I go! This night shall see the dark deed—yea, by me halidom! Dark enough now?"

"Oh, yes," said Kitty, glancing round at the gathering shades, and trying not to laugh. "But I don't believe you'll do it."

But he was down the steps already, waving his hat and uttering a sepulchral "Adieu!"

"You wont't go!" Kitty called after him, defiantly.

He jumped into the buggy, and the gray colt trotted off. He smiled to himself as he drove along the quiet road. It was so very much like her!

Of course it was all nonsense, and perhaps he would be making a fool of himself to pay serious attention to it.

But it would cost him nothing, and if there had been any slight foundation of the truth in her words—if she really knew him so little as to credit him with a lurking belief in the Gilforth ghost—he would be raised considerably in her estimation. And could there be a greater inducement? Tracy felt that any opportunity for gaining her favor was not to be lost.

He pictured to himself his presentation of the bunch of berries. Kitty would probably take it coolly. She would smile and thank him with all imaginable calmness, but she would feel defeated and apologetic; and in that reduced state she might be disposed to listen favorably if he were to say anything especial. Tracy was beginning to think it time that something special should be said.

The gray colt turned his head and pricked his ears inquiringly, as Tracy turned him in the unfamiliar direction of the old Gilforth House.

It stood in one of the less frequented streets, some six rods back from its broken-down fence. A thinly wooded pasture lay upon one side of it, and a neglected cornfield upon the other.

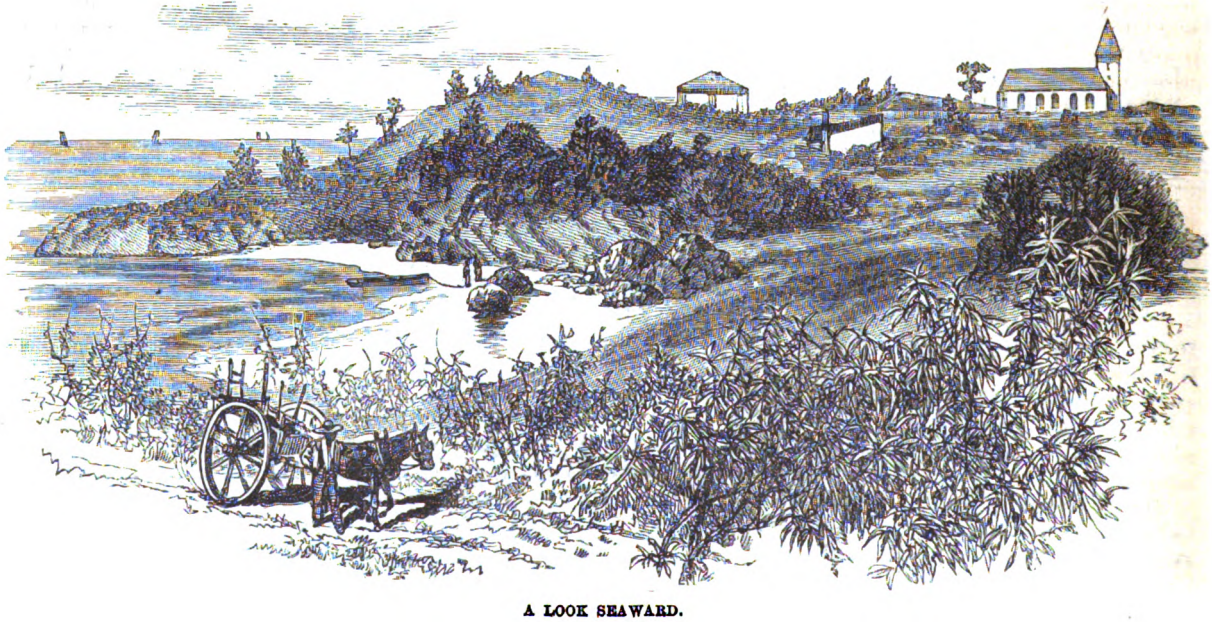
HAMILTON HARBOR, BERMUDA.— SEE PAGE 22.

The old house itself, with its strange, rambling length and its awkward angles, was almost hidden by the trees standing thickly around it.

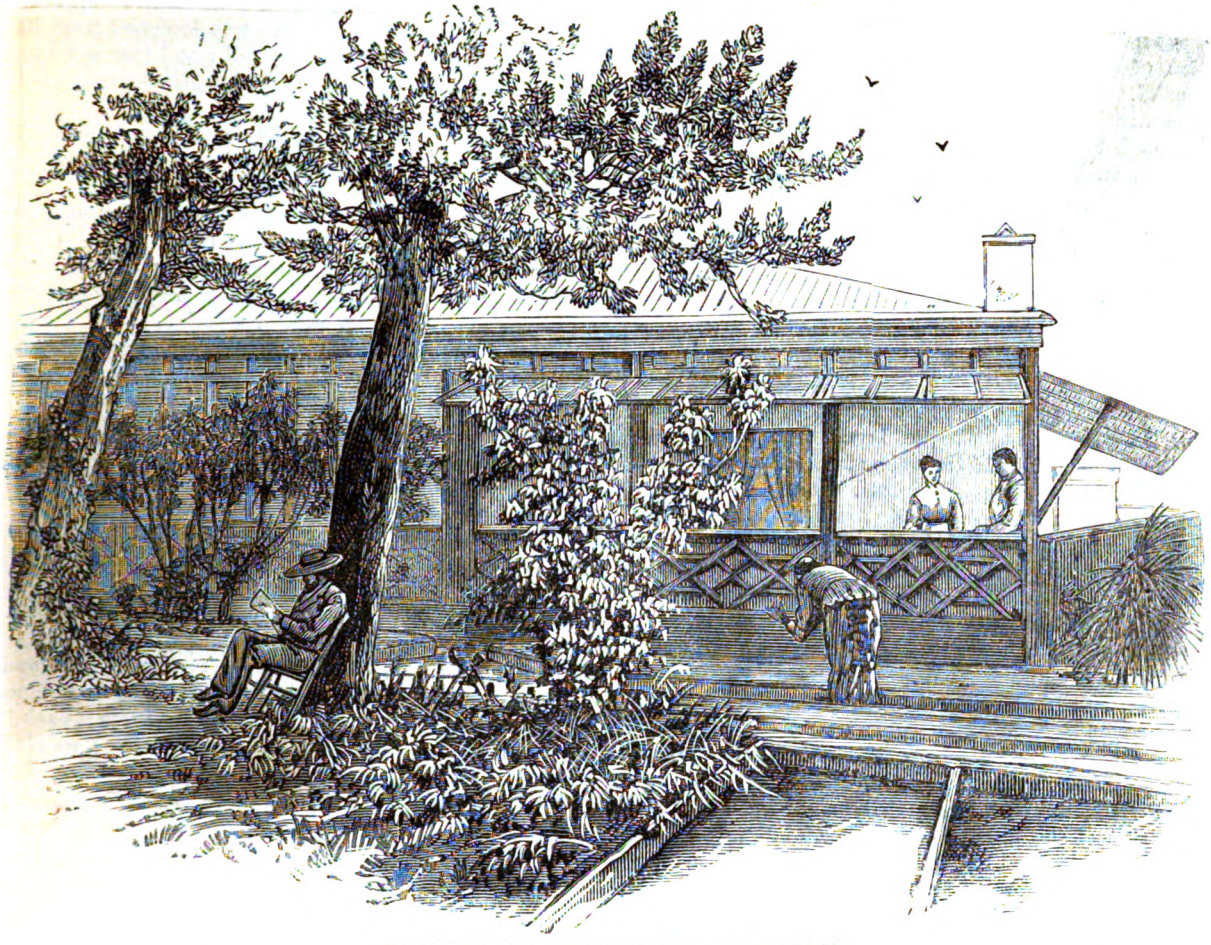
A belated cow looked up from the straggling pasture and lowed a mild surprise, as Tracy hitched the colt to the fallen fence.

The moon came out for a moment, and spotted th ground with bulky shadows, and left them in darknes again; a crow in the tree-tops, roused at the sudde brightness, gave forth a drowsy caw; the gray col turned his head from side to side, and moved uneasily

"It's ghostly enough, to be sure," said Tracy to him



A LOOK SEAWARD.



A BERMUDA HOUSE, WITH VERANDA.— SEE PAGE 22.

self, as he moved the old gate on its rusted hinges, and made his way through the tangled grass of the overgrown path.

But he was thinking more of the possible beauty of the place after a course of improvements, than of its present ghostliness.

The mountain ash, a tall tree with a profusion of the thickly bunched scarlet berries, stood close to the house, with its branches rustling against the broken lights of a window. Its lower boughs were not far above his head, and Tracy leaped up and pulled them down.

He could feel the cool clusters among the leaves, and he filled his pockets with them—she should have ample proof.

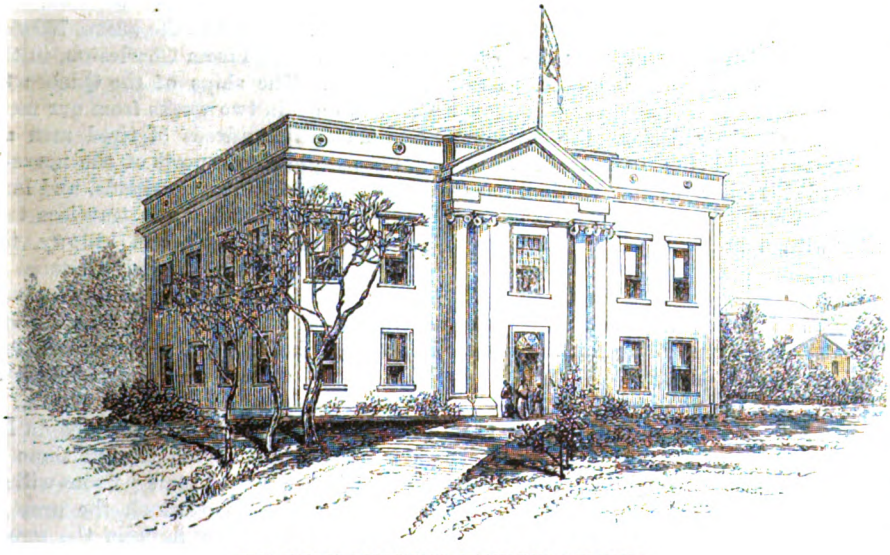
He paused when he had finished, and stood looking round him contemplatively. If the trees were to be thinned out and the grounds graded, it might really be made a respectable place.

The house, of course, would have to be torn down——

He stopped short in his meditations, with his eyes riveted to the window before him, and a strange chill creeping over him. A white form, tall and straight, was standing within, its pale draperies sharply defined against the dark inner walls of the room. He clutched the sill with a hand that trembled in spite of himself, passed his hand across his eyes with a vague idea of sweeping the sight away, and looked again; and as he looked, the figure threw its white arms upward, and a stifled shriek fell upon his ears.

* * *

Kitty had sat in rather



THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS, HAMILTON, BERMUDA.

uneasy reflection after the gray colt had trotted away. She could scarcely congratulate herself upon the success of her little challenge; it had been rather *too* successful.

Of course he would carry it through. She knew him well enough to be certain of that. Perhaps she was conscious of a little feminine gratification that he should be led into doing anything so absurd merely to satisfy a supposed whim of her own.

She wondered whether he were there yet, and whether he would not feel at least a little timid, and then she started up with a sudden inspiration.

Of course, what fun it would be! It was queer she had not thought of it before.

She flew up to her room eagerly, and opened her closet-door and pulled over its contents with nervous haste. There was no time to lose. Her hands flew swiftly for a moment, and then she stood before her glass and gazed at herself with delighted eyes.

She was clad in a trailing white dress that swept away behind her, a white shawl lay over her head and shadowed her face, and her dark eyes looked eagerly out from beneath it. She caught her trail in one hand, and ran lightly down the stairs.

She felt a guilty exhilaration as she ran down the walk, closed the gate behind her softly, and flitted swiftly down the road. The prospect of a fresh escapade delighted her. She wondered what the girls would say when she told them about it; but she would not tell them if it were not entirely successful.

She paused a moment for breath as she turned into the lonely street of the old Gilforth house, and ran on with a rising enjoyment of her frolic.

The place was before her at last, and she stopped with a timidly beating heart. How dark and ghostly it was with its shadowy, straggling form and the thick blackness of the trees around it!

She peered into the darkness. Yes, there was a black bulk by the fence, and she could hear a restless whinny. She was in time. She paused a moment, and then stepped over the broken bars of the fence, and tiptoed softly through the shadowy line of the trees to the back of the house.

She groped for the latch of the door, and pulled it open easily. She felt a thrill of pride as she stepped inside; not many of the girls would have dared to do it.

A board creaked under her foot; a window rattled, and a rat scuttled down the wall. Something struck her like a sound of heavy breathing; but she smiled the notion away. She stepped into the little front room; that was the room where poor John Gilforth had died, alone; and looked about curiously.

There was one chair standing before the broken window, and she went toward it; and then, in a moment, she had found herself standing motionless—cold and faint and trembling. A shadow in a corner of the room had moved with a muttered sound, and was coming toward her.

The moon struggled out from behind its cloud, and shone full upon it—upon a short, bulky form, with a wooden box held tight in its trembling hands; upon the white, terror-stricken face of—Leary!

He gazed for a moment in panting silence; then dropped the box with a curse, and seized her by the arm, his face distorted with anger.

She felt a dreadful, sickening fear as she looked into the evil, threatening face; she threw up her arms wildly, and uttered a terrified cry.

Nothing was quite clear after that. She was dimly conscious that something came crashing through the window; that the dreadful grasp was loosened from her arm, and that there was a heavy fall; and that she sank against something or somebody with a strange singing in her ears.

She was lying on the old parlor-sofa when she came to herself. There was something cool and wet upon her head, and a smell of camphor in the room.

The first rays of the dawn were struggling through the shutters, and her mother sat beside her.

There was a bunch of red berries in a vase on the mantle, and it had all rushed back over her in a moment. She raised herself on her elbow, weakly.

"There!" said her mother, soothingly, beginning to wield the big fan she held.

"Where is Tracy?" said Kitty, faintly and anxiously. "Is—is he all right?"

"Oh, yes," replied her mother. "He cut his wrist breaking through that window; but he didn't make much of that. He left those berries for you."

Kitty smiled faintly.

"But it wasn't Leary, was it?" she said, slowly. "It *couldn't* have been Leary."

"But it was," said her mother, in a crestfallen way. "I never was so upset in my life; and your father's just done for! I declare, Kitty, I could 'most wish you had not found him out. I did think such a sight of him. But I suppose the squire is glad to get his money back."

The squire *was* glad to get his money back; so glad that, after Leary's trial was safely over, and that worthy had received a sentence satisfactory even to the squire, he insisted upon presenting Tracy with twice the reward he had offered.

Nobody was surprised, therefore, when that young man completed the purchase of the old Gilforth place, and set about improving it; nor at the announcement of his engagement to pretty Kitty Clark.

"But I shall have to confess to you, Kitty," he said, with a laugh, when they had gone one day to note the progress of the building—"I shall have to confess that your suspicions were quite just, for one dreadful moment that night, when you rose before me, tall and white, and threw up your arms with a shriek; for that moment I believed quite thoroughly in the Gilforth ghost."

BERMUDA.

By Henry R. Dorr.

Bermuda sits alone in the ocean, 700 stormy miles from New York, and 625 from Charleston, in the same parallel of latitude. The ships of the Quebec Steamship Company sail once in two weeks from our metropolis, bearing Bermudaward hundreds of tired men and women who have heard glowing reports of the nerve-bracing powers of the beautiful Summer Islands, and long for the peace and serenity of which ocean travelers tell.

The Atlantic is dark and billowy, the Gulf Stream tempestuous as the English Channel from Dover to Calais; but the passenger who climbs wearily to the swaying deck when the lighthouse on Gibb's Hill looms into view, beholds a wide expanse of azure waters, deep, delicious and at rest, encircling with all its varying tints the low islands of his dreams.

It was not long ago that few people left the common water ways of journeying to visit these small neighbors of ours; but now (and some persons will say "More's the pity!") large hotels overlook the great Sound, and the American is a familiar figurein the streets of Hamilton the White.

The deep, rich color of the Bermudian sea begins just where the leaden-black disappears. The islands seem brown as the Autumn leaves of New England at first, but when the negro pilot can be seen putting out to sea to guide the steamer safely among the treacherous reefs, the green hue of the cedar-trees appears, and soon the snow-white houses of coral-stone glisten among them like huge blocks of Italian marble.

Tradition says that there are 365 islands in the group—one for every day of the year. Possibly there are a thousand, if every tiny rock that lifts its head above water at low tide is counted. They lie in the shape of a shepherd's crook, stretching from northwest to southwest, in latitude 32° 20 N. and longitude 64° 41′ W.; and the area of all is just nineteen square miles.

There is certainly one middle-aged man in Hamilton who has never made the great journey from his home to St. George's, twelve miles away, and looks forward to it much as you anticipate, citizen of these States, a journey to China when your ship comes in!

The New York steamer, coming from the northeast, sails around the Island of St. George's, past the quaint white town which was old when our New England colonies were young, and enters the great Sound where the dockyard of Her Majesty on Ireland Island is alive with ships in stocks and busy workmen everywhere. The blue Bermudian sea is still as mirrored water there; and the only sounds to be heard, breaking strangely on the stillness, come from the hammers of the carpenters and the engine of the small steamer *Moondyne*, puffing its way from Hamilton to get the semi-weekly mail.

If the tide is right, we can sail at once to the "Continent" and the City of Hamilton, taking a tortuous course among the small islands, dodging the coral reefs and sunken rocks, past the powder magazine, where guards walk slowly to and fro all day, along the shore of Fairy Land, and at last into the Harbor of Hamilton. The dock is alive with negroes and donkeys, both of the drollest sort. "How's onions?" calls some one from the shore; and a spirit of rare delight fills all the place when the monosyllabic but sufficient answer comes from a lusty throat, "Up!"

"Onions is up" means a great deal to the tiller of Bermuda's shallow soil; shallow to be sure, but wonderfully productive year after year.

Though there may be 365 or more islands in this singular group, as I have said, only six are inhabited. The largest are the Mainland, St. David's, St. George's, Somerset and Ireland. Upon Boaz Island, lying between the two latter, are the great prisons where English convicts were once confined, now transformed into barracks for the royal troops.

There are only two villages in the islands, though scarcely a foot of the tillable land is uncultivated. St. George's is the oldest; and this suggests the interesting history of the Summer Islands.

It was in 1515 that Juan Bermudez sailed from Cuba for Spain with a cargo of hogs. His ship, the *Garza*, wandered somewhat from her course, and finally the islands rose into view above what the Spaniards had looked upon as an empty ocean. Bermudez judged that the islands were uninhabited, and he sent a few hogs ashore, to breed and multiply. Just as he was preparing to land himself, a gale from the north blew up, and he was forced to set sail without once placing foot upon the land of his discovery. He had with him, however, Gonzalez Oviedo, the historical writer, who has left us a quaint account of the voyage and islands as seen from the *Garza*. The Spaniards did not try to settle there, though the King of Spain granted the islands to Ferdinand Camelo, a Portuguese. Camelo sailed for the Bermudas in 1543; he landed on the south shore, and carved in the rock his initials and the date of his appearance. The letters can still be seen, say the natives; though I never could discover them.

People in the old world, who had heard vague reports of the small islands far away, held them in superstitious awe as the abode of devils and monsters, a place of enchantment where ghosts dwelt in darksome caves, and the lives of men were not safe.

Fifty-eight years afterward, Henry May, an English Buccaneer, who happened to be on board a French ship, was wrecked upon the Bermuda coast. A few seamen and the officers got ashore, and after working for five months, constructed a rude ship, in which they sailed away. They found the islands covered with a heavy growth of cedar trees. A great drove of enormous hogs, descendants, doubtless, of the ones which Bermudez sent ashore, were running wild all about. Spiders crept over the rocks and the shaggy trunks of the green trees.

May's story of the wonderful beauty of the Bermudas stirred the spirit of adventure among the English, and, in 1609, when Virginia was beginning to be colonized, Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers sailed on a voyage of discovery with a fleet of nine ships. A great storm came up, the ships were widely scattered, and the vessel of the leaders, fittingly named the *Sea Adventure*, sprung a leak, and after a time was run ashore upon the Bermuda coast. The entire crew escaped. Turtles and shell-fish furnished food for the castaways, and they set about building ships. Many of the crew did not want to leave the island to which disaster had brought them. After the weary weeks upon the turbulent ocean, the islands seemed like Eden to them; and they were willing to live and die in that land of perpetual Summer. However, Sir George and Sir Thomas wanted to get to the colony in Virginia, and they blocked successfully the plans of several conspirators. On the 10th of May the boats were finished, and with a fair wind they sailed for the New World. The reached Jamestown after a pleasant voyage of thirteen days, and found the colonists there in terrible straits. Supplies were gone, and famine was upon them.

Sir George, who was a man of rare nobility, started back to Bermuda to found a settlement from whence supplies might be sent to the stricken colonists; but old age was upon him, his exertions had worn him out, and he had scarcely reached the islands when he died. His companions were terror-stricken, and, imagining the islands accursed, sailed away for England with the embalmed body of their leader. His heart, however, was buried in the little village which bears his name; and on a marble tablet there may be read this inscription:

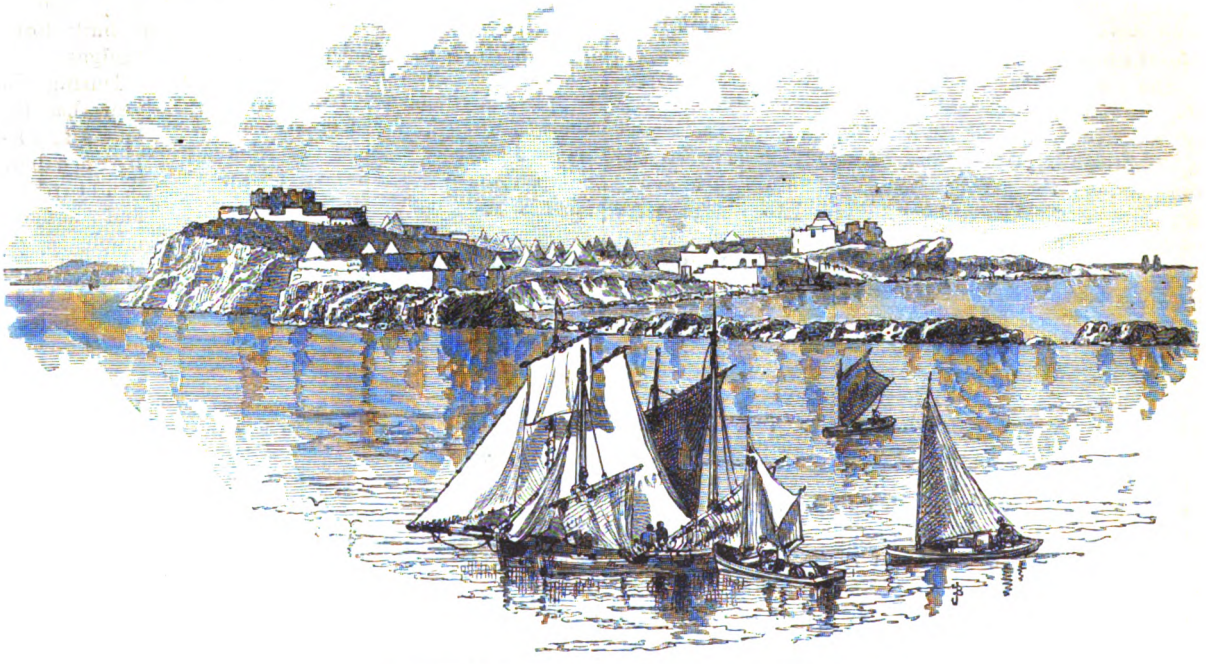
NEAR THIS SPOT
WAS INTERRED, IN THE YEAR 1610, THE HEART OF THE
HEROIC ADMIRAL
SIR GEORGE SOMERS, KT.,
WHO NOBLY SACRIFICED HIS LIFE
TO CARRY SUCCOR
TO THE INFANT AND SUFFERING PLANTATION
NOW
THE STATE OF VIRGINIA.
TO PRESERVE HIS NAME TO FUTURE AGES
NEAR THE SCENE OF HIS MEMORABLE SHIPWRECK OF
1609,
THE GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
OF THIS COLONY FOR THE TIME BEING CAUSED THIS
TABLET TO BE ERECTED.
1876.

This memorial was raised by the good Governor

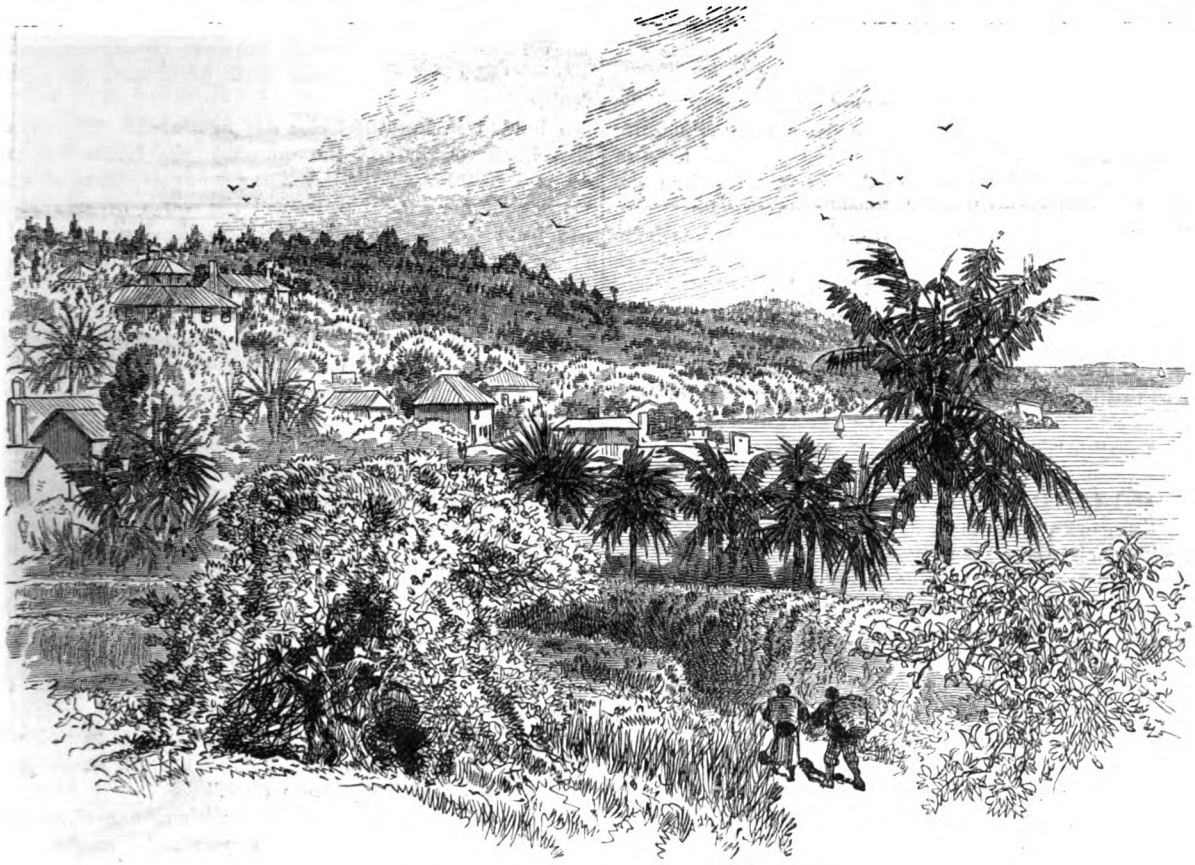
A VIEW FROM GIBB'S HILL.

Lefroy, whose name Bermudians always mention with affection and respect.

The travelers who returned to England told marvelous stories about the fertility of Bermudian lands. In 1610 a colonization company was formed in London, and sixty emigrants, in charge of Richard Moore, who was ap-



ST. GEORGE'S ISLAND, WITH ITS FORTIFICATIONS.



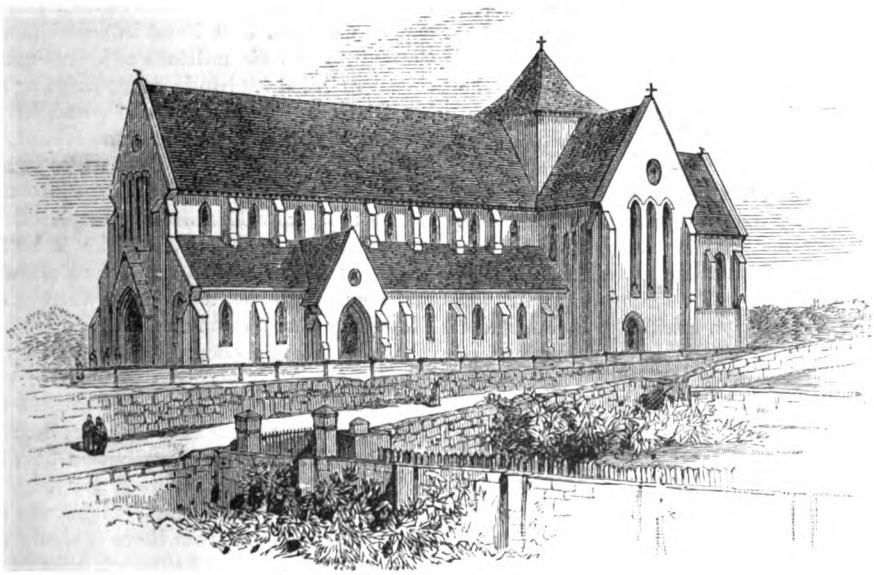
A VIEW FROM THE NORTH SHORE OF THE ISLAND.

pointed governor of the islands, were sent out to the new land. Moore founded and named the town of St. George's; and for many years afterward the Bermudas were known upon maps as the Somers Islands. For 200 years St. George's was the capital of the country.

Governor Moore built forts for the protection of the harbor, and he had need of them; for pirates were common, and their ships often tried to enter the port. Emigrants came in numbers of 200 or 300 a year, when matters were fairly settled, and they quarreled constantly among themselves. Moore was not much of a governor, say the records, and after a time the English Government sent out Daniel Tucker, who was something of a tyrant, but full of energy. The cedars being the only native trees, Governor Tucker sent to the West Indies for pawpaws, pineapples, bananas, palms, sugar-cane and oranges; and also introduced slavery by procuring two bondmen, an Indian and a negro.

Tucker abused the settlers and treated them very much as slaves, and some of them ventured to sea in leaky ships, preferring the chance of drowning to such an existence as the stern commander led them.

About the year 1620 Tucker was recalled, and Governor Butler sent over in his stead; and this gentleman summoned a General Assembly, consisting of bailiffs, burgesses, clerks and secretaries. He also built forts, and undertook to connect the islands by bridges.



TRINITY CHURCH, HAMILTON.

During the year that followed, the Bermudians multiplied and suffered much, as did the colonists in America. They had good governors and bad, and when the Revolutionary War began, the sympathies of the islanders were largely with the rebels in the colonies. General Washington wrote them a letter,

and a large amount of powder was obtained from them, with which the American troops were able to make the British evacuate Boston.

At the close of the eighteenth century the Bermudians were prosperous and happy, the islands were blooming with fruits and flowers, and it seemed that the time of misery and starvation was ended. Since that time the Bermudians have multiplied largely in numbers, and their relations with our Government have always been cordial, save when the Civil War was raging, and the islands were the rendezvous of blockade-runners.

As time passed, hundreds of slaves were bought by the islanders, and they were kept in servitude until the liberation of all bondmen in the British Colonies took place. The war of the Revolution proved the importance of Bermuda as a naval station, and in 1810 the British began to build a dockyard on Ireland Island, and erect forts along the coast. It turned out to be a slow and expensive business; and in 1842 convicts were sent over to be used upon the works. Three hundred came in the first ship, and within six years there were 1,500 of them there. As time passed the beautiful islands became an awful penal colony—the home of more than 9,000 convicts. Many of them died with yellow fever in the dark hulks of stranded ships, where they were kept, and after a time their importation ceased, to the delight of the native-born Bermudians, who felt that their presence was like a fearful pestilence in the Isles of Summer.

Bermuda is the top of a submarine mountain about three miles high. The coral insects built up with their minute bodies to the very surface of the sea, and then the waves did the rest of it—washing into the central "pond" fragments of shells and corals, and forming, as ages passed, the peaks upon which the Bermudians have their homes. If the ocean could be emptied, the white houses of the island would rest high and dry upon a tremendous mountain, three miles from the bottom lands below. Fifteen miles to the north of the islands rises to-day a solitary rock, all that is left of a sunken Bermuda, over which the cedar trees waved their branches no one knows how many centuries ago.

When the erudite Mr. Wiggins manufactured his great storm a few years ago (in which, by-the-way, the present writer happened to be at sea), many of the Bermudian negroes thought, in fear, that the islands would all be submerged, and the lighthouse on Gibb's Hill left as a solitary monument, marking the place where once the islands raised their low hills above the wide waste of waters.

When the Bermudian wants to build a house, he scrapes away the earth, digs out the coral stone beneath, and uses it for bricks. This coral rock is soft when first exposed to the air, but as time passes it grows hard as marble; and the oldest house is always the strongest.

The excavation made by removing the stone, leaves a capital cellar. Building material is cheap, when it can be had for the digging, and so it happens that all Bermudians can dwell in marble halls. The stone house is the rule, the wooden dwelling a curiosity, in Bermuda.

There are no minerals on the islands, no stream of fresh water, no fresh water ponds. "What do you drink, and how do you live, then?" asks the stranger. "Very comfortably," says the native. According to a Government regulation every house must have its water tank; and it rains so often in the islands that there is an almost constant trickling from the clean stone roofs into the cool, delicious reservoirs below. The soil is always moist enough, and seems never to "run out," as would naturally be expected in so old a country. Almost everything grows upon it, except our apple trees, and the gardener tries faithfully to raise this northern fruit beside the waving palm and the banana stalk hung with its golden fruit.

I landed in Bermuda one day in March. The voyage had been rough, and the mercury was far below zero when I left New York. What a contrast, then, to wake up in Summer sunshine, to feel the warm breezes blowing from the sea, to behold streets lined with flowering oleanders, and hear the songs of birds upon the Pride of India trees.

It was in Hamilton, the capital city, a place of 2,000 people. The traveler who has just left our bustling America, is struck with the fact that no one seems in a hurry. At ten in the morning, scarcely half of the stores on Front Street, facing the bay, are open; and often at noonday the doors of the business houses are locked, while the proprietor goes away to take a rest. It is said that one merchant there has not had a consignment of goods since 1858, and still thinks that business is capital. It does not cost much to live in Bermuda, unless you happen to be a tourist.

Hamilton itself is interesting, but the country places far more attractive. The drives are beautiful, the landscape superb, every one courteous, and the air a very tonic, which sends the blood thrilling through the veins.

"You must see the north shore," says a friend who came to Bermuda before me, "and then you must go to St. George's, and everywhere else!"

This was indeed a programme with a vengeance; but when I thought that nineteen square miles might easily be covered in eight weeks, I took courage. However, there is probably no inhabited place of the same area in the world where there are so many things to interest. The wonders of the sea, the beauties of the land and sky, are on every hand, and no lover of nature in her most beautiful shapes and phases can suffer ennui there.

It was only a short walk to the north shore, where a stiff wind was blowing, which rustled the leaves of the palms, and sent the small ground doves, which were creeping about and cooing softly, to the shelter of the rocks and banks. Far out to sea the white caps were visible, and beyond them, on the horizon line, a tint of rose, delicate and illusive. Nearer was the deep blue of the ocean above the reefs; and in the quiet bays, at the foot of the cliffs, an emerald green possessed the water, and the ripples that burst in wavelets against the rocks, threw into the air millions of jewels more beautiful than those encircled by bands of gold. Far away to the right lay St. George's, dimly visible, and to the left loomed up the fortifications on Ireland Island, opposite rugged Spanish Point. Now and then white sails flew past in the distance, and one great ship came into view.

The road from Hamilton to the North Shore is picturesque and beautiful. To make it level passages have been cut through the hills, and often the walls thus made on either side are twenty, thirty or forty feet high. Flowering shrubs and the curious air-plant grow in the crevices, and the effect is unique and rarely beautiful.

Bermuda is divided into parishes—"tribes" they used to be called in the old days—and it is only a stone's throw from Hamilton to Paget. A negro ferryman, with a calabash cup for his contribution-box, rows slowly back and forth across the harbor all day long, and the landing-place is at a beautiful spot beneath the trees. The walk to the South Shore from there is shady and cool, leading past Paget Church, and through a lane to the blue ocean. On the South Shore is a smooth, hard beach, over which

sea-bubbles, like marbles of amber, are rolled by the prevailing wind. At each end of the beach are huge cliffs, and here and there tremendous rocks that are slowly wasting away before the waves.

Tradition says that Shakespeare, having read Sir George Somers's account of the Bermudas, made the islands the scene of "The Tempest," and that *Prospero's* very cave was situated on this South Shore, where *Caliban* climbed over the rocks, and witches cast their spells.

The belief that Bermuda is the actual scene of "The Tempest" is founded largely on the reference in these lines, where the spirit tells his master that

> "Safely in harbor
> Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
> Thou call'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
> From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid!"

Sang *Ariel:*

> "Come unto these yellow sands,
> Full fathom five thy father lies;
> Of his bones are coral made:
> Those are pearls that were his eyes,
> Nothing of him that doth fade,
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange."

One of the loveliest excursions in Bermuda is from Hamilton to Tucker Town, and from there through Castle Harbor to St. George's. With a single square-sail set, we started in a whaleboat one bright April day from the little dock in Tucker Town, bound first for Castle Island. We beat about for a long time, and finally landed on the point of the mainland. We found rude steps cut in the rock, and clambered up to the smooth plain above, where grasses were growing, and innumerable seagulls flying over head. Under this point is a cave, known as the "Queen's White Hall," on a level with the sea. We entered this at low tide, and found therein a hard sand floor. Seagulls nest in the Hall, and their piercing screams and fluttering wings soon drove us out with fingers in our ears.

It was a short sail from there to Castle Island, upon which are built great fortifications, now in ruins. Early in the seventeenth century, when the buccaneers made constant raids upon Bermuda, the Government built these great forts, commanding the entrance to the harbor. Once, however, the bold pirates captured the island, and for a long time held the fortifications. The deep paths worn in the coral stone by their heavy boots as they walked back and forth across the island can still be seen, now partly hidden from view by waving grasses.

Beyond Castle Island are Nonesuch and Cooper Islands. These we passed swiftly, for the wind was fresh, and rounding St. David's Head, a magnificent promontory, against which the waves beat with terrific force, we entered the Narrows and sailed along the coast to St. George's, and finally ended our excursion in the quaint hotel overlooking the bay.

Near St. George's is the Island of St. David's. Every one must go there before he leaves Bermuda, to see the old lighthouse which casts its warning glow over many miles of sea, and to talk with the aged negro, who, with only a solitary donkey for companionship, has never left the little island even to visit St. George's, plainly seen across the water.

It is twelve miles from St. George's to Hamilton. The road is as smooth as a floor, now through great walls of solid rock, now along the brilliant sea, and then through groves of palm, cedar and orange-trees. On the way is a place called the Devil's Cave, a fit abode for such monsters as the ancient readers of Bermudian tales supposed to dwell in these islands. It is a great cave in the rocks, filled with water which runs beneath the island from the sea, rising and falling with the tide. It is alive with groupers whose half human faces are appalling, with small sharks, a devil-fish or two, and schools of angel-fish, looking strangely out of place among "the toilers of the deep."

The coral reefs are full of interest. Williams, a negro of magnificent form and features, who is gaining as wide a reputation as far-away Moses, knows where the rarest corals lie, and enjoys a coral search as much as the novice. He took me to the inner reefs one day, and with a sea-glass I looked for hours into the blue depths. One can seen the bottom of the harbor distinctly beneath forty feet of water in Bermuda, so clear it is, and free from floating weeds and refuse. There were corals in all conceivable forms and shapes; certain growths in the form of elk horns, others in the shape of bells, and huge pieces of brain coral, delicately fashioned, and surrounded by sea-grasses, among which floated fishes of brilliant coloring. Once a huge shark sailed by, guided by a striped pilot-fish, the "sergeant major" of Bermudians; and the angel-fish, radiant with all the colors of the rainbow, swam fearlessly to our boat.

But it is not on the inner reefs that one sees the rarest of the coral formations. Eight or nine miles from shore are the outer reefs, where coral-hunters have not gone, and thither, with pilot Scott of Mangrove Bay, we sailed to see the wonders of the deep. From the yellow beach, past Daniel's Head, ruggedly facing the incessant rush and sweep of the billows, and on and on to the far-away buoy at Chubb's Cut, where lies the channel for ocean steamers.

It was smooth and clear that day. Scarcely a ripple stirred the placid ocean, and for an hour or more we looked down upon the most wonderful of coral shapes. The sea-urchins and sea-anemones grow there to enormous sizes, the former with silvery spines more than a foot in length, protecting the creatures very effectively from the assaults of larger things in search of prey.

We wished to stay there until the sun went down; but the islands were so far away that only the white houses could be seen, and they looked like a little Venice in the sea. A strong wind blew up, the waves grew large and boisterous, and pilot Scott had to stiffen his muscles and beat the water quickly to save our small craft from capsizing. It was dark when we reached Mangrove Bay and crossed to Boaz Island, where the *Moondyne* was waiting for her evening passengers to Hamilton.

Bermuda contains caves of the most marvelous beauty. None are of great extent; but when one climbs down into the cool depths of Walsingham Cave near St. George's, and lights his cedar boughs beside the underground lake of salt sea water, he thinks of the wonderful grottoes of Eastern tales. It is still as a dungeon; and the lake, under the light of the blazing boughs, glistens and shimmers like a great emerald in a setting of the whitest marble.

To see one cave is to see them all—Jacob's, Convolvulus and the rest.

The Governor of Bermuda is appointed by the Crown, and the people, under a property qualification, choose a Council and House of Assembly, which meet in a large Government building. Their sessions are long and exciting. Strict party lines divide the voters, and no American legislator can improvise more flowery and inspiring periods than the assemblyman of the islands. The governor has the power of veto; and after all the

THE BARRACKS NEAR HAMILTON.

talking about popular rights and the terrible corruption of the opposition or the Government, as the case may be, a scratch of his pen settles it.

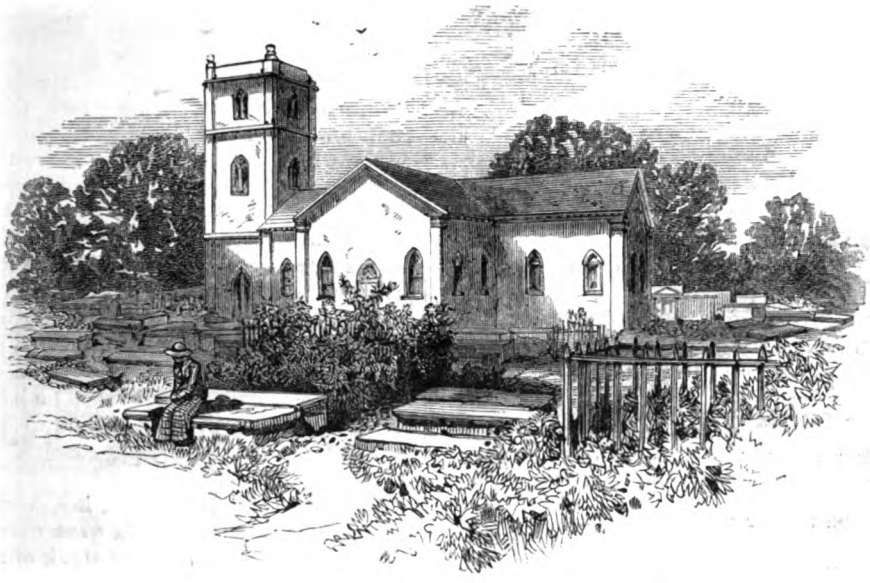
Bermuda is garrisoned by regular troops, and the officers have gay times and nothing to do except at the stated parades. Realizing the importance of the place as a naval station, strict discipline is maintained among the soldiers, and the fortifications are always being strengthened and enlarged. The foreign power which attacks the islands will find "a hard nut to crack."

The Bermudian people are universally hospitable and courteous, whites and blacks alike. The slaves were emancipated so long ago, that the slave spirit is outgrown, and the negroes have equal rights with the whites, and all citizens respect them. There is no squalid poverty among them, and they are happy and contented, with a bearing very different from that of their fellows among us.

Bermuda has her pet traditions, and she is very proud of them. Not only did Shakespeare visit her in spirit, but Edmund Waller the poet, and Tom Moore himself once dwelt in the happy islands. Moore was appointed Registrar to the Admiralty and now and then had to try a captured sailor or two, while he prayed and waited for a war with Spain which was to make him rich and content. Tom Moore led a not unpleasant life in the islands, but his letters home were full of longing and complaints. There were no

TYPE OF HOUSES IN BERMUDA.

beautiful women in Bermuda, at least none save one — the "Nea" of his songs — whom he tried to coax in verses from her happy clime. The people were not educated, and knew nothing of dancing except what might have been taught now and then at long intervals by a stranded dancing master, thrown overboard like Jonah. It is truth to say that the worst of Moore's poems were written in Bermuda; but that is nothing. They were good enough, and the islands were honored by his presence for about a year, when he tired of his duties, and set sail for New York. He found that city more unbearable than the Summer Isles, and hied himself away to England.



A COUNTRY CHURCH, BERMUDA.

Few people will be as fastidious as the poet; they will find in Bermuda the rarest enjoyment, delighting in the sea and air and sky and earth; with a climate whose restorative powers can scarcely be excelled. There the tired American, weary with the work of trade and offices; weary of the feverish struggle and competition ever going on around him, will find among the cedars of these isles the rest and strength and happiness which will cause his Bermudian days to be held in blessed remembrance for ever.

Surely if he visits the islands he will not accuse us of exaggeration.

THE LAWN OF A PRIVATE RESIDENCE, BERMUDA.

A SONG BEFORE THE MIRROR.

Young men, I am surprised indeed
A flower like me so sweet should show,
A flower like me should bud and blow,
And run to seed, and run to seed.

You think I shall expensive be
In bonnets and in dresses fine,
And things that follow in that line—
Hair-dressing, shawls and pin money.

So let me hasten to unfold:
These are a temporary prop
That I shall easily let drop
When put into another mold.

Long while in bud, when Summer came
I made the air quite fragrant near;
And Autumn—how I dread to hear
The mention of that horrid name!

There is a line beyond to go—
I do not the equator mean,
But quite another kind of seam,
Woven with number three and "O"—

A bourne from whence a bright retura
To Hymen's land is very rare;
It is a fate, I do declare,
I have not half deserved to earn.

Young men, I am surprised indeed
A flower like me so sweet should show,
A flower like me should bloom and blow,
And run to seed, and run to seed.

A MATCH-MAKING SCHEME.

By Christian Reid.

I.

Oliver Hammersley had been wandering about Europe for a good many years, with the idleness of one who, having no particular object in life, is rather at a loss what to do with himself. He possessed what are known as "cultivated tastes," and he extracted, no doubt, a good deal of gratification from their cultivation; but he had no such passion for knowledge, no such love for art, as to find in either a satisfying end for his energies of mind or body. To a gentleman of ample means and such a disposition, there is always the resource of pleasure, but no one has ever been able to affirm that it is likely to prove very satisfactory in its final results; and after some time there gradually arose in Mr. Hammersley's mind a conclusion akin to that which King Solomon long ago set forth for the instruction of the world. It chanced that just at the time when this conviction of the vanity and emptiness of things in general was pressing upon him most strongly, his trusted man of business in America died, and, relieved to be called upon by something in the form of a duty, he sailed for his native shores, and in due course of time appeared in the Atlantic city which was his nominal home.

His arrival made a slight sensation. The time had been when society was in a certain sense at his feet, and when much had been expected from one who had inherited an old name and a large estate. But he had disappointed those expectations. He had not married any of the women who were considered suitable to him, he had shut up his house, he had lived abroad, and rumors had come of his being in the train of more than one of those foreign enchantresses, whose fame now and then reaches even republican ears. Altogether, he had behaved in a manner which caused society to shake its head over him; though it was not difficult to foretell that the same society would welcome him warmly when he returned from voluntary exile, still wealthy, still handsome, and still a bachelor!

His immediate relations and friends were unfeignedly glad to see him, for he was a man whom every one who knew him intimately, liked. Among these relatives the person whom *he* liked best was his cousin, Laura Archer, a gay, pretty girl whom he had petted ever since the days of her childhood, and who on her part described herself as "perfectly devoted" to him. Nor was the phrase in this case unmeaning. She was as fond and as proud of him as possible; but soon after his return she was struck by something in his face and manner which made her sure that he had exhausted much of his capacity for enjoying life. "I suppose a man does become honestly *blasé* after a while, when he has nothing to think of but his own pleasure," she said to herself. And then followed a natural feminine conclusion: "He ought to marry."

It was easier to decide this, however, than to tell *whom* he ought to marry. Laura went over the whole list of her acquaintances, but could think of no one who united all the qualities necessary for Mrs. Oliver Hammersley. Beauty, intelligence, grace and high-breeding—all these things were essential, and if any one fancies that such a combination is easily to be found, even in the highest ranks of fashion, he or she can best discover the difficulty by attempting to find it. Laura was almost in despair when she received a letter from her friend Helen Vivian, concerning whom it is now essential to say a few words.

Miss Vivian had been for a period of not less than five or six years, perhaps the most beautiful and certainly the most brilliant woman of her day. The only child of a father who idolized her, and who had given her every advantage, she had achieved a social reputation wide enough to satisfy the most exacting vanity. But this reputation was not at all that of a coquette. Although said to be the most fascinating of women, she was also said to be the most difficult to please, and no man had ever been able to affirm that he had succeeded in pleasing her. Her friends deplored this as unfortunate when by the sudden death of her father she was left in a very unprotected position. Though not a wealthy man—proving, indeed, to possess very little fortune—he had always lived in public life, had surrounded his daughter with every luxury, and had taken pride beyond expression in her beauty, her wit, her social triumphs. On his death she entered the family of an uncle, where all these conditions were reversed, and where she found herself surrounded by an atmosphere of jealousy which not even good-breeding was able to conceal. Perceiving it, she tried to fall into the background; but her position had been won, her reputation was assured, and after her first mourning was over she found that nothing would avail to secure seclusion for her. Go where she would, do what she would, she monopolized attention to the complete eclipse of her more ordinary cousins, and the consequences of this were so unpleasant on both sides, that at last she thought, "I will go away for a time. Perhaps something may occur; things may be better when I return."

So it came to pass that she wrote to her friend Laura Archer that she would spend a month or so with her. The letter came to Laura like a ray of inspiration. She clasped her hands. "Why have I not thought of it before?" she said. "Here is the woman!"

A day or two later Mr. Hammersley entered his cousin's

pretty sitting-room, where she played at many occupations. China-painting, oil-painting, brass-hammering and wood-carving had each in turn its day. At the present she was engaged in nothing more formidable than artistic embroidery, and she looked up from a large piece of Kensington work to say:

"Oh, Cousin Oliver, how glad I am to see you! I have been wishing for you! I have some news to tell you!"

"Good news, I hope!" said Mr. Hammersley, sinking into a chair. "I am rather dull, and anything interesting will be welcome."

"It is *very* good news to me," said Laura, "and I think it will be likely to interest you; at least I know that you are always interested in charming women, and the most charming woman I know is coming to see me."

Mr. Hammersley did not look at all electrified by the announcement. "I am not sure that I am very much interested in charming women," he said; "who is she?"

"Helen Vivian. Of course you have heard of her, but I doubt if you have ever seen her."

"No," he answered, with awakening animation; "I have never seen her, though I have heard much of her. Is it possible she is unmarried yet? She was a reigning belle when I was in America four years ago."

"That was in the days of her glory," said Laura. "Poor Helen! she has been under a cloud of late. When her father died all her brilliant life came to an end—for a time. But I hope she is herself again now." Then this transparent schemer ended, fervently: "I am so anxious for you to see her!"

"Don't be!" said Mr. Hammersley, smiling. "If ever I had a fancy for women of her order, I have outlived it altogether. Nothing pleases me less now than what is called a belle."

"But if a woman is brilliant and beautiful she will certainly be admired; and if she is admired people will call her a belle," said Laura. "How can she help it? I assure you that Helen never seeks admiration."

"Ah!" said her cousin, smiling still; "perhaps I am a little skeptical, but I do not think that fame comes unsought, even to beautiful women. However, I am not venturing to condemn young ladies who are belles—I am only saying that the type is not according to my taste, which, unfortunately, grows more fastidious every day."

"You are are very unjust," said Laura; "but I will not be vexed. It is only necessary that you should see Helen to laugh at your own words."

"That is very likely," said Mr. Hammersley. "I have often had to laugh at them, and to eat them, too. Can you bring your friend out to Artondale for a week or so in June? I will have a party of pleasant people to meet you, and the place is looking lovely this Spring."

"I shall be delighted to do so; but don't let any stupid people creep into the party!"

"You can make the list yourself. I am rather out of date in social matters. I shall only make one contribution in the person of a young foreigner who is at present staying with me."

"Who is he? You have not mentioned him before."

"No." Mr. Hammersley was silent for a moment, then he said: "The fact is, there is a story connected with him which I would not have known on any account; but I will tell it to you in strict confidence, because I really believe that, although a daughter of Eve, you can keep a secret."

"Try me!" said Laura, proudly. "You have no idea *how* close I can be!"

"Well, the young man is a German—Count Rudolph von Wildenort—whom I have known for some time as a rather reckless *viveur*, and whom I chanced to meet a month or so ago on the eve of blowing out his brains. It would be a long story to tell how I gained his confidence and learned that he was on the point of absolute financial ruin—more than that, he was not able to pay certain debts of honor, and hence suicide was the only alternative—to his view. I had always liked him, and my sympathy was excited. There were excuses for his folly. He was young, mercurial, tempted in many ways, and I felt inclined to be a little quixotic. I induced him to defer blowing out his brains; I lent him the money to pay his debts, and I brought him off to America in order that he might have time to reflect and decide on his future."

"My dear cousin," said Laura, with kindling eyes, "how kind, how generous you are!"

"No," he said, quickly, "don't put the matter in that light. I should never have told the facts to you; I should have left you, like the rest of the world, to imagine that Von Wildenort is merely a distinguished foreigner traveling in this country; but you will be thrown with him closely. He is very attractive and——"

"And you are afraid that I might fall in love with him," said Laura, laughing.

"I would not bring you into such an association without telling you the truth," said her cousin, gravely. "That told, I am sure that I may trust your good sense and discretion. But remember—not a word of this to any one!"

"You can trust me implicitly. I would not give a hint for the world. It is so pleasant to feel that one knows more than any one else. But you should not keep such an interesting person hidden, you should present him to me."

"He has not been in good spirits since his arrival. The uncertainty of his future preys upon his mind, I think, and he seems to shrink from society; but you will meet him when you come out to Artondale, if not before."

II.

In the course of a few days Miss Vivian arrived. Laura received her with effusion, and decided at once that retirement had added to her beauty.

"If Cousin Oliver does not surrender as soon as he sees her," that eager girl said to herself, "I shall give him up in despair, and hope that he may die a miserable old bachelor."

The gentleman thus consigned in case of insensibility did not make his appearance for two or three days after Miss Vivian's arrival. This, however, was not from any indifference with regard to her, but was owing to the fact that he was out of town. Laura waited for the meeting with some anxiety, but was wise enough to make no effort to bring it about, and at last it occurred in a sufficiently accidental and auspicious manner.

The occasion was a boat-race, when all the fashionable world was fringing the shore of a beautiful water-stretch, along which the needle-like boats would presently dart. During the hour of waiting, which preluded the final fifteen minutes of excitement, the Archer carriage was surrounded by a constant though shifting throng. Laura herself was pretty and popular; but Miss Vivian was the chief attraction, as she sat in her tranquil beauty and grace, dressed most becomingly, with a Gainsborough hat framing her lovely face. In the midst of the interchange of gay words and laughter, Laura's bright eyes roving here and there over the crowd. suddenly caught

sight of a gentleman passing near, and uttering an exclamation, she beckoned imperatively.

"What, Cousin Oliver," she said, as he came up to the carriage, "is it to be a cut direct? Were you going to pass by on the other side?"

"I did not observe that this was your carriage," replied Mr. Hammersley, with a smile. "I was on my way to see the crews put off. I used to be a boating man myself, and therefore I am always interested in an event of the kind."

"Instead of going down to see the crews put off, come up here," said Laura, indicating a place on the box-seat, "and tell us which will win, and which rows in best—form, do you call it? I believe you have not met Miss Vivian yet. Helen, let me present my cousin, Mr. Hammersley."

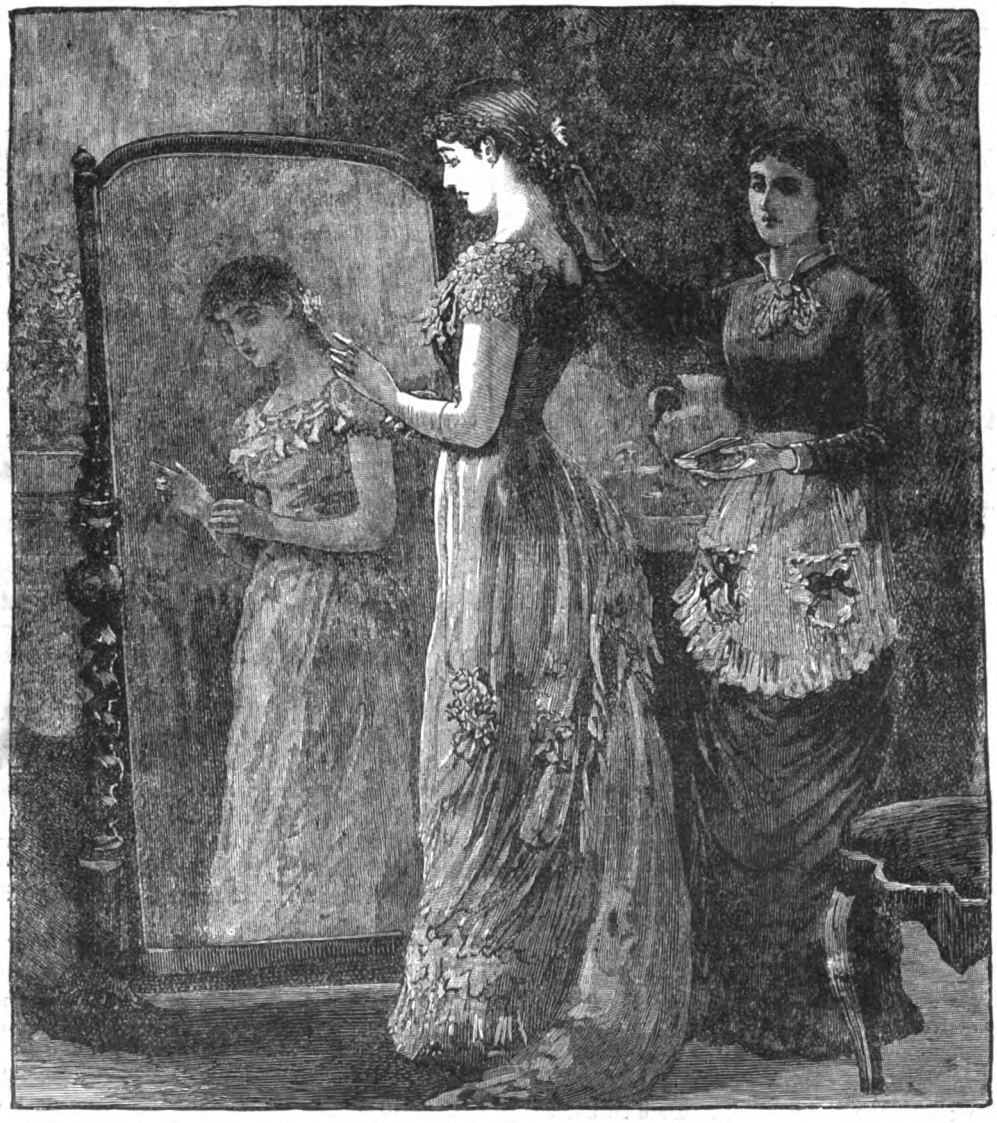
Helen turned—she had been talking to some one on the other side of the carriage—and acknowledged the introduction, while Mr. Hammersley looked at her and thought that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen—and he had seen many beautiful women. What an exquisite line her profile made; what a glance of dark lustre she turned upon him, and what a proud grace was in her every movement! She was certainly a superb creature, full of spirit as a thoroughbred horse, he admitted to himself, as he accepted Laura's invitation and mounted to the box. Then Miss Archer at once determined to place Helen by his side.

"I insist upon your taking my seat," she said to her friend; "I want you to see how well the Kelpie crew row—and Cousin Oliver can give you the proper points."

"Since you are interested in one of the crews, and I am thoroughly neutral, I think you ought to keep the best position," said Miss Vivian.

But when Laura insisted, she was too well-bred to refuse; so in the course of a few minutes she was seated by Mr. Hammersley, and the young match-maker was chattering volubly to the staff of gentlemen below.

"If you are thoroughly neutral, I am afraid you are not much interested in the race," said Mr. Hammersley, feeling that it rested with him to open the conversation, and wondering how much of her matrimonial plan Laura had confided to this regal beauty.



A SONG BEFORE THE MIRROR.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 30.

A MATCH-MAKING SCHEME.—"LAURA WATCHED HER IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT AS SHE BEGAN TO TAKE DOWN THE SOFT MASSES OF HAIR. 'HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE, HELEN!' SHE SAID."—SEE PAGE 30.

"Do you think it necessary for interest that one should be a partisan?" she asked. "I think my interest in the race *as* a race, will be greater because I do not care at all which crew wins."

"I venture to disagree with you," said the gentleman. "You may enjoy the race more, but your interest in it will not be as keen. Partisans have proverbially stronger feeling than those who are neutral."

"Perhaps so—but it is much more comfortable to be neutral. I do not like excitement; and if one's feelings are strongly enlisted one must of necessity become excited."

"You do not like excitement? Most young ladies like it very much."

"I am unlike most young ladies, then. If I had to choose between dullness and excitement, I should prefer dullness. I dislike emotion of any kind."

"That is probably because you are very susceptible to it," he said, with a quick glance at her.

She smiled a little.

"Perhaps so," she said. "But the boats are starting. Now I shall see how susceptible to excitement *you* are."

"My days of excitement are over," he said. "Those dangerous guides, the feelings, quiet down very much as one grows older. Will you stand, Miss Vivian? You can see better."

Miss Vivian stood up, and with the assistance of his field-glass watched the race, which was very closely contested, and when it was over she smiled at the exultation of Laura, whose crew had won.

"Partisanship has its rewards now and then," said Mr. Hammersley. "See her delight in victory!"

"But think of the corresponding sadness of defeat," said Miss Vivian. "On the whole, I prefer the even tenor of neutrality."

"You two seem to have gone very deep into things," said Laura, who caught the closing words of her friend's speech. "What is the even tenor of neutrality? Nothing dreadful, I hope—but whether you take Helen's advice or not you'll come home to dinner with us, won't you, Cousin Oliver?"

"I regret that I cannot have that pleasure," said Mr. Hammersley, descending from the carriage; "but I shall see you this evening."

The evening was nearly over before he fulfilled this promise, and appeared in the Archer drawing-room.

Laura's anxiety had increased as time went on—for she said to herself, "If he does not come it will mean that he was not interested"—until at last she started perceptibly when a final peal of the door-bell sounded, and the admirer to whom she had been talking with a very distracted attention, felt a sensation of relief when he saw Mr. Hammersley enter, and knew by the lighting up of her face that *he* was the manifestly expected man.

The laggard gentleman made his apologies very easily.

"Obliged to go to the boating dinner, or I should have appeared earlier," he said. "A bore? Yes—but most things are bores, and I used to belong to them. I should not have gone, however, if I had imagined that they would call upon me for a speech."

"I see that you feel very injured," laughed Laura. "Go and let Helen smooth your ruffled plumes."

"I should not imagine her accomplished in that art," said Hammersley, as he looked at Miss Vivian, who sat at the other end of the room, surrounded by a circle of men. But, before Laura could answer, he had moved across the floor and joined the group.

An hour later he acknowledged to himself as he left the house, that in all his varied experience of women he had never met one who with so little perceptible effort was able to charm so thoroughly as the woman from whom he had just parted, whose brilliant eyes still shone before him, and whose musical tones still sounded in his ears.

Meanwhile, when the last guest had departed and the evening was over, Laura followed her friend to her chamber, and began without circumlocution:

"What do you think of my cousin, Helen?"

"Your cousin?" repeated Miss Vivian. "Oh, Mr. Hammersley! I think him very agreeable—if a little *blasé* and affected."

"I do not think he is affected," said Laura. "He may be a little *blasé*—but it is honest; he is not foolish enough to affect it."

"Perhaps not," said her friend. "Forgive my hasty opinion. He is very cultivated, and I am sure I shall like him."

Laura watched her in silence for a moment as she began to take down the soft masses of her hair; the clear-cut face, the statue-like head, the ivory skin, and proud, dark eyes—all a fascination to the girl. Finally, she said, impulsively:

"How beautiful you are, Helen—how very beautiful! Don't you ever mean to marry?"

"That depends upon circumstances," answered Helen, calmly. "If the right man presents himself, I may marry; if not, I hope I have fortitude enough to be an old maid."

"*You* an old maid!" said Laura. "I cannot fancy anything so absurd. You will certainly never be an old maid, and I do not believe that you will ever marry an ordinary man. Now, I think—forgive me!—that my cousin would suit you very well."

"So that is your scheme, is it?" said the other, with a smile. "It is very kind of you; for I know what you think of your cousin."

"You know what I think of my cousin, but you don't know what I think of you," said Laura, quickly. "I am not so selfish as to think of my cousin alone. Helen, you cannot be happy in your present life, and you ought to have a brilliant position in the world."

"I can do without it, my dear," said Helen. "Happy? No, I cannot say that I am happy, but I certainly am not miserable; and I suppose there are worse states than to be in a neutral condition."

"There may be worse states, no doubt; but there is also a better one."

"If you mean the state of matrimony, I am not sure that I agree with you. My present condition has freedom at least to recommend it."

"But marriage does not always mean slavery; and if you were in love—Why do you shake your head? You are a woman like other women, I suppose. It is not impossible that you should be in love."

"Not impossible, it may be; but very improbable. Therefore, my dear, be warned and build no castle in the air about me."

"You are very provoking, but you are also very charming," replied Laura. "I cannot refrain from building a castle, and from setting you in it as queen. Oh, Helen, it would be so perfect!"

"Nothing is perfect," replied Helen. "You might find me as unsatisfactory as a cousin as you think me charming as a friend. Now good-night, for I do not like to lose my beauty-sleep."

Laura said good-night and went away; but Miss Vivian's eyes did not close in sleep for some time after

her departure. When Laura left her, she continued to sit quite motionless, thinking deeply—passing in review her past, her present, and her possible future—and when at last she rose, she had decided that if Mr. Hammersley's evident admiration should tend to its natural conclusion, she would marry him if she could.

III.

ARTONDALE in its June garb was certainly a beautiful place. The large stone house, abounding in modern luxury and comfort, was the centre of a wide domain of velvet lawns and spreading gardens, while these in turn were encircled by woods of considerable extent. It had long been esteemed by those who were acquainted with it, one of the most delightful places to visit in the neighborhood of the city, and the fact that it had been shut up for several years gave a character of novelty to the party now bidden to come and be elegantly rural for a week or two of Summer. Not one of the people included in the list which Laura made out for her cousin, declined Mr. Hammersley's hospitality. One or two agreeable married women, two or three belles of the closing season, and half a dozen men of fashionable position, made up the party. They were all people who moved in exactly the same circle and who knew each other so well that they might have been rather at a loss for some element of novelty had not the presence of Miss Vivian and of Mr. Hammersley's foreign guest contributed it.

The former commanded her usual degree of social homage, which she received with gracious tranquillity. Watching her, Mr. Hammersley acknowledged that Laura had been right in saying that she made no effort to win the admiration which was offered her like incense. It might have intoxicated a novice, but Helen Vivian had reigned too long to be moved by it. Her princess-like calm, her grace and dignity, charmed the man who had seen so much of the world, and who knew the value of such qualities. Yes, he acknowledged to himself, Laura had judged more wisely than he had believed. Here was indeed the ideal mistress for Artondale and wife for himself.

But even Miss Vivian's charms did not divert general interest from the stranger whom Mr. Hammersley presented to his friends as a distinguished foreigner come to see something of American life and society. There could be no doubt that the stamp of the highest European society was set upon the man whose splendid type of blonde beauty, and mingled air of courtier and soldier arrested every woman's eye. And not women's alone. Men also acknowledged the attraction which he exercised. They found him accomplished in every way: as man of the world, soldier, sportsman and even scholar; for a man of letters in the party discovered that his own knowledge of literature was by no means so wide as that of this man of pleasure. Altogether, he was a product of the highest civilization.

He fascinated Laura at once, and she admitted to herself that her cousin's warning might prove of no effect if he should evince any sign of yielding to her attractions. But no such sign appeared. Von Wildenort was, perhaps, on his guard against possible complications in a society of which as yet he did not understand the canons. He treated every lady as if she were a grandduchess, but neither his tones nor his handsome blue eyes ever softened with faintest indication of that sentiment which is supposed to come so easily to the German nature.

But that they could express admiration there was no doubt, and Laura soon perceived that they lingered on Miss Vivian very often, although he made no effort to gain a place in the circle that usually surrounded her.

"You find her very handsome, do you not?" Miss Archer asked one day, observing that while she talked to him he was watching Helen.

He started a little, but answered, promptly: "Oh, she is more than handsome. It is the grand style of beauty which she has—beauty like a goddess or a queen. I should like to see her blazing with diamonds at a court-ball."

"Yes, she is the kind of woman one associates with diamonds and court-balls," said Laura, smiling. "She should marry a minister to some foreign court. I wish it were possible to induce Cousin Oliver to go in for that sort of thing."

She was not aware how she had betrayed herself until she caught her companion's glance.

"And is that arranged?" he asked, quietly. "I have suspected it!"

"Arranged?—Oh, no! We don't arrange matters of the kind in this country; "we let them arrange themselves," answered Laura, with a laugh. "But I confess that I should like to see this come to pass. Miss Vivian would suit my cousin so well."

"And your cousin is of that opinion, I think," said Von Wildenort.

"You observe a good deal," said Laura, looking at him, scrutinizingly.

"It is very easy observing things of that kind," he replied. "I am well used to it. But Miss Vivian is indifferent to every one."

"Yes," said Laura, with a sigh. "I am afraid she is. I wish it were possible to move her indifference."

"Oh, I think it might be possible," said Von Wildenort, carelessly.

His tone did not please Laura, but since he went on to speak of something else, she could not challenge an assertion which, after all, was sufficiently harmless.

But she observed after this that the young German began to seek Miss Vivian's society a little more. He was not, however, received with quite so much effusion as by the other ladies. For some reason Helen did not seem anxious to encourage him, although every one told her how charming he was.

One day she made a rather peculiar speech in answer to an assurance of the kind from Mr. Bellingham, the man of letters.

"He may be all that you describe," she said, "but I am satisfied to admire his accomplishments at a distance. It is not well to know the best, if one must be content with something less than the best, you know."

The observer of human nature looked at her keenly.

"*You* are made to enjoy the best," he said.

"But if it is not within my reach!" she answered, lifting her shoulders slightly, "then it is wise, is it not, to ignore its existence?"

"That depends," replied the social philosopher, gravely. To himself, he said: "She is trying to make up her mind to a marriage of convenience. But Hammersley is too good a fellow to be regarded in that way."

Indeed, by this time Mr. Hammersley's intentions were patent to every one. He had shaken off the indifference that had so long weighed upon him, and realizing how much this woman might add to the meaning of his life, something of the ardor of youth wakened within him. It was with a very distinct sensation of pleasure that he felt this.

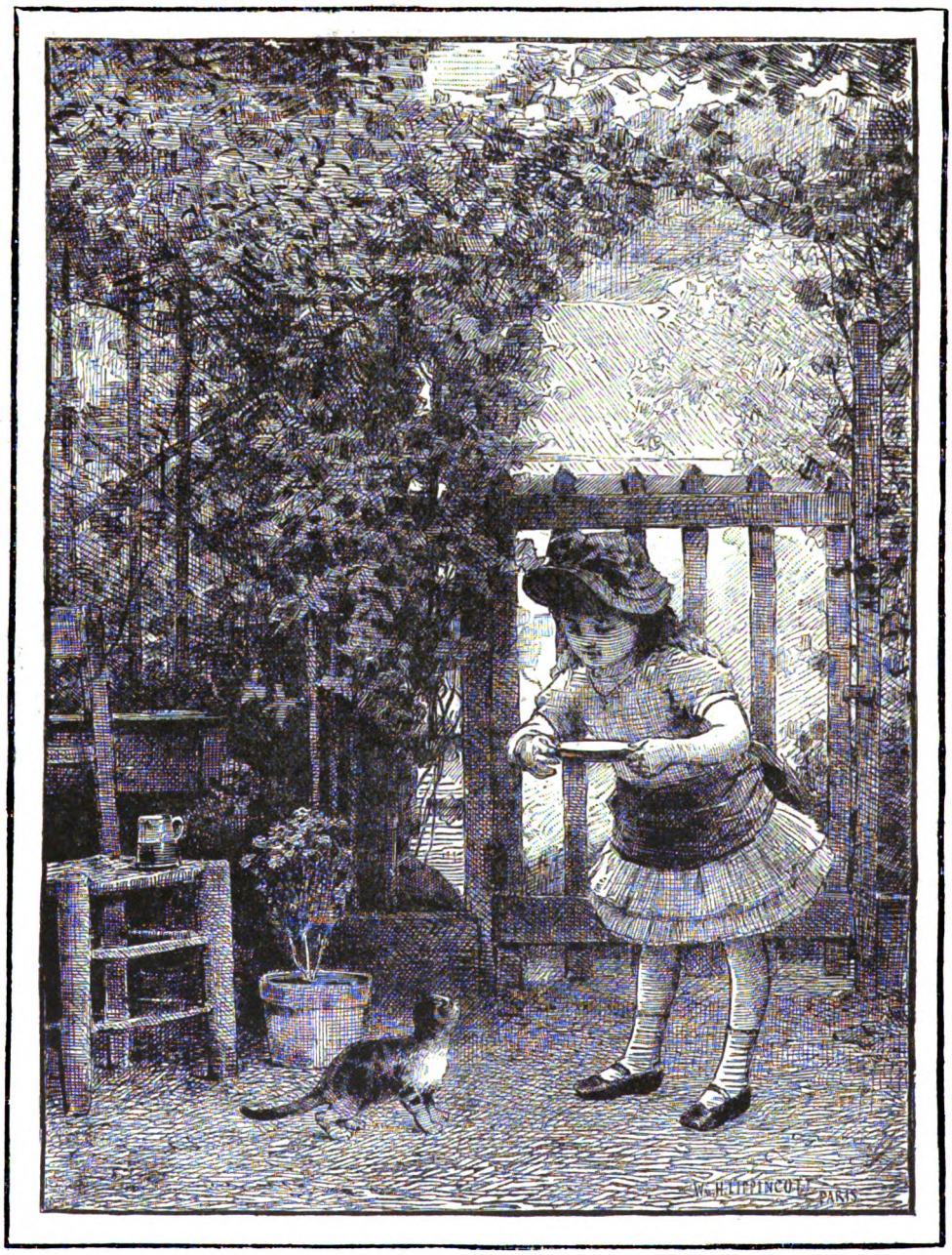
"I never thought I should find myself in love again!" he said to himself, with an inward laugh.

It followed, as a matter of course, that he would not have enjoyed his sensations so much, if doubt had been mingled with them to any great degree. But he knew his own advantages thoroughly, and how few women there were who would refuse him if he came to woo.

Miss Vivian was a woman of the world—a woman, too, who had passed her first youth—so there was no danger of her being insensible to the brilliant opportunity thus offered her of a settlement in life. Surely, in regarding the luxurious appointments of Artondale, she must say to herself that this was a home which would suit her; this and all that lay beside in Hammersley's power to offer.

There was no doubt that Miss Vivian did say something very like this to herself, and though she was far too proud to put it in any one's power to affirm that she "encouraged" Mr. Hammersley, she did not discourage him in the least. She received his attentions with a graciousness that augured well for his hopes, and she ignored, as far as courtesy permitted, the high-bred German whose presence overshadowed that of every other man at Artondale.

Probably Count von Wildenort was no exception to mankind generally in feeling that he did not like to be ignored, especially by the most beautiful woman on his present horizon; but he made no effort to force himself on her attention; he waited his opportunity, which came at last.



PUSSY'S BREAKFAST.—BY W. H. LIPPINCOTT.

Helen, who had a taste for solitude which sometimes puzzled her admirers, excused herself from joining any of the riding or driving parties one afternoon, and when every one, as she thought, was safely gone, descended

from her chamber and took her way out of the house. But a surprise awaited her. Playing with two great dogs on a sweep of turf in front of the chief entrance, she found Count von Wildenort.

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At the sight of her he left his canine companions, and came forward eagerly, uncovering as he did so, with the sunshine streaming on his handsome blonde head and well-set-up, soldierly figure.

"Ah, Miss Vivian," he said, "this is an unanticipated pleasure. I thought I was all alone until our friends' return."

"And why did you not go with them?" asked Miss Vivian, a little vexed.

"I have grown tired," he said. "The riding is very well; but other things are—monotonous. I decided to remain behind, and now I am repaid."

"Very poorly, I fear," said the lady.

She could not be uncivil enough to turn back into the

house, although that was her impulse; but neither did she go on. She stood—for once irresolute—a charming picture in her dress of filmy white, her wide-brimmed hat shading her clear-cut face and dark eyes. She looked, as Von Wildenort had said, like a goddess or a queen, and he seemed the ideal figure to attend her, as he stood uncovered before her.

"Oh, not poorly at all," he answered, "if you will suffer me to attend you; for you are going to walk, is it not so?"

"To stroll in the grounds a little," she replied, "and to read, perhaps, in a place that I discovered yesterday."

"To read! Ah, then I should disturb you," he said, regretfully.

She was silent for a moment, looking at him and asking herself if she should acknowledge that he would disturb her and so go alone, or—— It ended by her extending a small volume which she held in her hand toward him.

"You see what I have," she said. "But I am not very familiar with German, and if you would assist me to read it——"

It was Goethe's "Ballads."

The young man took it and turned over the pages.

"I know these well; I shall be delighted to read them with you," he said.

She smiled and led the way across the green lawn where the sunlight lay like a mantle of gold, past flower-beds filled with the royal roses of June, along a winding path into some pretty shrubbery. Here, almost concealed in a tangle of greenery, was the rustic arbor and seat which she had in her mind when she set forth, and which certainly lent itself admirably to a *tête-à-tête* over a volume of poetry.

IV.

THE day before the party at Artondale broke up, Mr. Hammersley made up his mind should be the day on which he would offer Artondale and himself to Miss Vivian. By that time she would have seen enough of both to be able to decide whether she could accept them, although he entertained little doubt on this point. The thought of rejection had never occurred to him.

His amazement, therefore, may be imagined when he was rejected—gently, considerately, but decidedly! He could at first scarcely credit the fact, and involuntarily said, "Will you not take a little time—to consider?"

Miss Vivian shook her head.

"No," she replied; "that would be doing you an injustice. I am quite sure of my own mind. I wish—I may say so much—that I could accept you. But it is impossible."

"May I ask why?" said Mr. Hammersley, a little nettled; for he had certainly never conceived that any one who wished to accept him would find it impossible to do so.

"I suppose you have a right to ask," said the lady, with rising color, but whether I can answer is another question. However"—after a short hesitation—"if you desire me to be frank, why should I not be? Briefly, then, I should like to accept you because you offer me many things that I need—assured position, home, protection, wealth, and a heart which I mention last not because I value it least, but because it far outweighs all the rest. Yet I cannot do so because *my* heart gives no response to yours, and I dare not marry without that response."

"But *I* dare!" cried Hammersley. "Only promise to marry me, and the rest will come in time. I will never rest till I have won your heart."

But his ardor did not move her. She still shook her head, growing a little pale now.

"If it were to be won," she said; "if I were merely indifferent, I should accept you, as I had indeed made up my mind to do. But it is—impossible. I dare not—let me repeat the words: I *dare not* promise to marry one man when even the shadow of another has entered my heart."

Here was a pause. Proudly as the words had been spoken, their meaning was unmistakable, and Hammersley felt the shock conveyed by them more deeply than he could have anticipated. But after a minute he rallied. Only the shadow, did she say? Then there might be hope.

"I cannot mistake your meaning," he said at length; "but I do not think a shadow a formidable rival. Give me, at least, a chance to fight it. I ask no more."

"You do not understand," she said, speaking for the first time quickly and nervously. "What I mean is this: that shadow or reality does not matter so long as I am free. But even a shadow would be sufficient to amount to dishonor if I had promised myself to you. Therefore I cannot do so. You remember"—smiling, faintly—"I told you once that I disliked strong emotion? You see now why it is. I have always felt that it would some day betray me."

After this there was nothing more to be said, and Hammersley could only carry the story of his disappointment to his cousin. For sympathy alone he would never have done this, but he was deeply puzzled and wanted to know what Laura would make of Miss Vivian's reason for refusing him.

Laura, full of indignation, pounced upon the meaning at once.

"Do you not see!" she said; "it is that man to whom you have been so kind who has come between you and the woman he knew you wanted to marry!"

"Von Wildenort, do you mean?" said Hammersley. "I never thought of that. He has not seemed specially attracted by Miss Vivian."

"Seemed!" said Laura, scornfully; "that is the worst of it! He has done the thing so slyly! But I observed from the very first that she was attractive to him. And now I see it all. Oh, the ingrate!"

"Don't speak in that way!" said her cousin. "Why should you think he knew anything of my hopes?"

"Because he spoke of them to me only a day or two after we came here. I wish we never had come! or that you had left him to blow out his brains in Germany! One comfort is that he cannot possibly marry her, as he has no money."

"Do you call that a comfort?" said Hammersley. "On the whole I would prefer that she should be happy in her own way since she will not be happy in mine!"

He was not satisfied, however, with Laura's opinion, shrewd though he knew it to be; and he determined to sound Von Wildenort on the subject.

An opportunity speedily occurred, for, after the departure of the party, the two men were alone at Artondale, and thrown again into close companionship. They were smoking their cigars together in the Summer twilight, when Hammersley suddenly said:

"My cousin, Miss Archer, thinks that you are very much attracted by Miss Vivian, Von Wildenort. Is it true?"

Von Wildenort was evidently startled. He took his cigar from his lips, and said, slowly:

"I admire Miss Vivian very much. There is no harm in that."

"Who was speaking of harm?" said Hammersley, impatiently. "I asked you a simple question, and I want a direct answer. Are you in love with her?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"*I* in love!" he said; "*I* with my prospects, or lack of prospects! I am not so mad. But I confess that if matters were different with me I might give a different answer. She is a divine creature!"

"It is not a question of what she is," said Hammersley, with some sternness in his tone. "In love or out of love, have you not *made* love to her?"

"Never, on my honor!" replied the other. "Never have I uttered a word. Of course I will not deny that some things have been implied—I wished her to understand how deep an impression she had made upon me, even though fate decreed that we should be nothing to each other. I think she understood," he ended, with a soft sigh, letting out a cloud of smoke.

"Confound your German sentimentalism!" said Hammersley. "What right had you to let her understand anything, when you meant nothing!" He was far too proud to speak of his own frustrated hopes, and lest some unguarded allusion should betray him, was silent for a moment. Then he went on more calmly: "See here, Von Wildenort, it was I who introduced you to Miss Vivian without warning her, as perhaps I should have done, that you are a *mauvais sujet;* therefore I feel myself in a degree responsible for what has occurred. I can't say that I think you are likely to make any woman happy; but still—if she were an heiress would you wish to marry her?"

"I could ask nothing better. But she is not an heiress. I ascertained that."

"Of course you did," said Hammersley to himself. "But, nevertheless," he added, "you were misinformed. She is an heiress to a moderate extent. Instead of putting her down in my will for a hundred thousand dollars, I will settle that amount on you, as her dower, on the day she marries you—if she agrees to do so."

If Van Wildenort had not been startled before, he was now overcome with amazement. For a minute he could only stare at his companion. Then he said, with something of a gasp:

"Are you in earnest?"

"Never more in earnest in my life," said Hammersley. "Remember, however, that the matter must be kept an inviolable secret from her. And now I want you to go and offer yourself at once. It is an experiment which I am curious to try," he ended, with a laugh which was not very mirthful.

Almost at that very hour when this conversation was taking place at Artondale, Miss Archer had boldly attacked her friend on the same subject.

"So, Helen, you have refused my cousin!" she said. "I would not have believed it of you!"

"Would you not, my dear?" said Helen; "yet it is the very thing I told you to believe."

"I would not have believed," Laura went on, unheeding this interruption, "that you could have been so foolish as to throw away all that he offers you—for what? A fancy, an idea, the attentions of a man who means nothing—who *can* mean nothing by them!"

"Laura!" said Miss Vivian, in a tone of haughty anger.

"Be angry with me if you will," said Laura; "but I must tell you the truth. You cannot deny that Count von Wildenort has captivated your fancy, and so you turn away from my cousin, who is worth a thousand of him."

"Oh, much more than that, if we reckon by dollars and cents," said Miss Vivian, sarcastically; "but if we consider knowledge, grace, accomplishments—what is Mr. Hammersley by Count von Wildenort?"

"Only the man to whom Count von Wildenort owes not only kindness, help, hospitality—but his very life!" cried Laura, stung too deeply to think of her cousin's charge of secrecy. "And he has repaid him by coming between him and the desire of his heart. Gratitude is too old-fashioned a virtue for such a fine gentleman to practice, I presume."

"Tell me what you mean," said Helen, looking keenly at her. "How does Count von Wildenort owe so much to your cousin?"

Then Laura, flinging her promise to the winds, told all that Mr. Hammersley had confided to her.

Miss Vivian listened silently, making no comment until the end, when she said, quietly:

"It is a very interesting story, and puts Mr. Hammersley in a new light. I should not have imagined him a man to be led away by generous impulses."

"That is because you know nothing about him," said Laura, bitterly.

Miss Vivian acknowledged that this might be true, that her knowledge of Hammersley was very superficial; but she declined to acknowledge that there was anything in the story to put Von Wildenort in a bad light. It was terrible, of course, to have been forced to incur such obligations, but of the ingratitude of which Laura had spoken, he had shown no sign. How could he know that Hammersley wished to marry her, or that she had made up her mind to marry *him?* And then he had uttered no word of love—he had only revealed to her what manhood could be in its highest state of development; he had only charmed her through her mind as well as through her heart; he had only looked the homage which he could not utter, and made her feel that she "dared not" accept the man who laid his fortune at her feet.

She said to herself, philosophically, that it was fate, the unlucky fate which, despite her brilliant triumphs, seemed to follow her and prevent her settlement in life. She realized clearly how she had flung away substantial good for a shadow; but she felt that she could not do otherwise. No vagaries of the heart or fancy mattered so long as she was free; but if she once bound herself, then honor, pride, everything, forbade what it might not be possible for her to control. Yet even before Laura's story she had not entertained the faintest expectation of any matrimonial proposal from Von Wildenort. With the ease of long habit he had made it clear that he could offer everything except his hand. And this being the case, her astonishment may be conceived when he appeared on the second day after their return to the city, and offered himself in state.

He was not answered at once. Miss Vivian sat looking at him with her clear dark eyes full of surprise and also of inquiry.

He observed this.

"You seem astonished," he said; "and yet—I think—you must have known my admiration, my devotion——"

"Yes," she answered when he paused, "you made all that sufficiently clear to me; but you may not perhaps be aware that you made something else also clear—that was, your inability to marry. Have you forgotten how you told me that the happiness which might be for other men was not for you? How is it that you have changed so quickly?"

The young man colored. He had not anticipated this.

TYPE OF ENGLISHMAN OF "THE UPPER TEN."
SEE PAGE 42.

Awkward questions were the last things he had looked for when it pleased him to offer his hand. Therefore he was not prepared with an answer. But he grasped at the first thing that occurred to him.

"I have found that I cannot live without you."

"But you cannot live with me on air," said Helen, who was determined to know whatever truth was to be known.

"Did you not tell me once that you could think only of money in choosing a wife? Now, I have no money. You must know that?"

"What does it matter?" he cried. "You are yourself the most beautiful, the most divine——"

"I may be all that," she interrupted, inexorably, "but nevertheless I do not propose to accept you after all that you have said on the subject of marriage, without knowing what is the meaning of this change. I cannot understand it, especially if—if what I have heard is true."

"What have you heard? That I am ruined? Oh, yes, that is true," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "But I have received unexpected aid. A path has opened to me; and if you will consent to share my life——"

"Oh," she said, extending her hand, with a beautiful flush on her cheeks, "you are going to work, to redeem your fortunes——"

"*I* work!" said Count von Wildenort. He laughed even while he took her hand and kissed it with the air of a courtier in a picture "No, it is not that. How should I—a nobleman, a soldier—know how to work?"

"Then what is it?" she demanded, with an imperiousness that would not be denied.

"If you must know," he said, "I will tell you—though it was to be a secret—something kept from you; but, after all, why should you not know? Our good friend Hammersley—who adores you—has promised to endow us with a hundred thousand dollars if you marry me."

"Mr. Hammersley endow us!"

For a moment she could only gasp out these words; then, as the full realization of their meaning flashed upon her, she sprang to her feet and snatched her hand from him.

"And do you mean," she cried, "that you would accept it!—from any one—but most of all from *him!* Go. Tell Mr. Hammersley from me that I, at least, am no recipient for his charity."

"Charity!" repeated Von Wildenort. "But you mistake. It is not charity. He loves you, and he wishes to do this to secure your happiness."

"My happiness!" she repeated with a scorn that might have scorched him. "And do you think—does *he* think that I would take any happiness earth could give at such a price? It is—it is an insult." Then suddenly by an effort regaining self-command, "We look at things differently, Count von Wildenort," she said. "So differently, that there is no hope we can ever look at them together. I trust that you may find fortune and happiness elsewhere. For myself, I have neither to offer you."

With these words she left the room.

* * * * * *

A month later, Mr. Hammersley said ruefully to his cousin:

"Do you think that Miss Vivian will ever forgive me for that unfortunate Von Wildenort business? I grant that it *would* have been an insult if I had ever meant her to know it. But I told that fellow distinctly that it must be kept from her."

TYPE OF ENGLISH LADY OF "THE UPPER TEN."

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND IN ENGLAND.—THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT A CHARITY BAZAAR.— SEE PAGE 42.

"The thing has puzzled me," said Laura, "because I cannot understand what you meant by trying to marry her to a man who would have been so unlikely to make her happy—and that by the sacrifice of a hundred thousand dollars?"

A queer look came over Hammersley's face.

"To tell the truth," he said, "it was a test. I did not believe she would marry Von Wildenort; but the only way to induce him to offer himself was by a large bribe. I wanted the thing settled—one way or another."

"You came very near having it settled not entirely to your satisfaction," said Laura. "But why do you not tell Helen that? It might mollify her."

"Perhaps I may, now that Von Wildenort has gone to Germany to marry the heiress found for him by his family. But I am tremendously afraid of opening the subject. Do you really think she will ever forgive me, Laura?"

"Try," said Laura, laughing. "My own impression is that I have succeeded in my match-making scheme, after all." And so it proved.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND IN ENGLAND.

By Miss Lily Higgin.

Writing on such an important subject as this, it is imperative to use capital letters for each word. At least, so I am sure would it be considered by the majority of the members of that charmed circle if they were asked.

Thackeray showed us that we English were a nation of snobs, and perhaps there is no unpleasant fact which oftener comes home to those of us who have the power to see it, and the honesty to confess it, than this. And the worst of it is that the evil is not confined to any one class of the community, as foreign readers of Thackeray might imagine:

"Little fleas have smaller fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And smaller fleas have lesser fleas: and so *ad infinitum*."

And of nothing is it a more absolutely true picture than of what has come to be known all over the world as English snobbishness. No writer has really so fully appreciated snobbishness in high places as Lord Beaconsfield, and no one has drawn its picture with so kindly and withal so forcible a hand. His satire is, in fact, so delicately wrapped up that it passes by those whom it most nearly touches, and the "great" ladies and gentlemen look upon the exquisitely funny pictures of themselves in "Lothair" and "Endymion" as a serious and quite properly expressed history of the ways of their set.

Perhaps in no country is there a more apparent fusion of classes than in England, and certainly in none is there a greater separation, at least in the minds of the classes themselves.

"*Bajo el Rey Ninguno*," says an old Spanish proverb, constantly quoted, and in Spain, even to the present day, acknowledged as a rule of life. Its literal signification is that below the King all are equal, and to the Spaniard it is true. We speak of the proud Spanish Hidalgo, "son of some one of importance," as the word means; but the Hidalgo himself is treated by his servants, his old retainers—nay, by the *mayoral* of the public coach—as an equal, in a manner that would cause the blood to curdle in the veins of some of our aristocrats of the old school. An honest Spaniard considers himself the equal of any man—always excepting the King, who represents to him headship. Would that it were so in England, and that rank were really

"—but the guinea stamp,
The man the man for a' that."

To some extent it is so in Scotland. Except in Edinburgh, snobbishness exists to a very small extent in Scotland. In that fair city it is well known that there are eight well-marked and distinct "sets" in society. The reception of a single wanderer from another sphere is sufficient to ruin the reputation of a hostess in her own circle. One lady alone—having, of course, entry into the highest—opens her home to all whom she personally likes or respects and calls it "Noah's Ark," because, as she says, "All the beasts, clean and unclean, come into it." It must be understood, however, that the "uncleanness" merely refers to the rules of Edinburgh's snob-law, and that the word beast or "beastie" has in Scotland a different signification from our own.

We are not, however, writing especially of snobbishness, though it is impossible to write of the English Upper Ten Thousand (mark the capitals) without doing so. The evil is widespread but not universal, and there are many exceptions. Of these, at once the first and the greatest, is the home at Marlborough House; and indeed the whole of the royal family of England may claim exemption from the slightest taint of that assumption of natural superiority which marks the snob of high degree. The manner of the Prince of Wales is at all times that of an English gentleman; of that old type of which England had good reason to be proud, and which is still to be found among us, and to a very marked degree among cultivated Americans, we are told, of the Southern States. Whether this courtly manner is, in truth, confined to Southern Americans I know not. This I know, that one meets them sometimes in London, and their manners recall those of old county gentlemen—the untitled aristocracy of England. It is a manner born of kindliness of heart, of reverence for women, and of a conviction that "gentle" birth means the inheritance of true courtesy to others. It is simply impossible to a man who considers himself separated from others by the accident of his birth to a different circle of society, and looks upon them not only as inferior, but as another order of being.

Of the Princess of Wales it is unnecessary to speak. There is absolutely no exception to the enthusiasm which her appearance and her manners excite in all classes. She is always charming, and always charms; just as much to the humble needlewoman who goes to her in the exercise of her calling, or to her personal attendants and servants, as to the foreign royalties and great persons whom she receives.

I heard a lady say, not long ago, to another, both constant visitors at Marlborough House and Sandringham: "If she were plain Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones, I should say, as I have always said, She is the most perfect hostess and the nicest woman I have ever come in contact with!"

"I have seen manners," says R. W. Emerson, "that make a similar impression with personal beauty; that give the same exhilaration, and refine us like that, and in memorable experience they are suddenly better than beauty; and make that superfluous and ugly. . . . There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy, and not pain, around us."

These, in a word, are the manners of the Princess of Wales, and, when added to her great natural beauty and gracefulness, is it any wonder that she is universally

charming? From the days when, in her modest little home in Denmark, she used to make her own ball-dresses, and dance merrily in them afterward, proud of her accomplishment and pleased to have her handiwork admired, to the present day, when she boldly sets the vagaries of Parisian dressmakers and milliners at defiance and wears a bonnet which is becoming to her — not one "that is worn in Paris"— she has ever been the same; simple, natural and unassuming.

Her gentle kindness to her people is proverbial. No one forgets the devotion with which she nursed her lady-in-waiting, Miss Knollys; and of the same simple nature was her sitting up late and rising early to embroider with her own hands the blanket for her husband to take on his Indian tour, and which, after all, she took with her unpacked to the railway-station when she went to see him off, because the last stitches were only put in at the last moment, after all the luggage had gone; for she would not be helped; it was her own work, and she would finish it herself.

Those who have been visitors at Sandringham have all the same remark to make. No country house is more delightful to stay in, and the long afternoon-teas in the Princess's room are things to be remembered by the fortunate ones who have been admitted to them.

An anecdote went the round of London some little time ago which was equally honorable to all the three subjects of it, and at the same time showed both the Prince and Princess of Wales in the colors in which they are known to Londoners. When Mary Anderson first acted before the Prince and Princess, or, rather, the first time they went to the theatre to see her, the Prince found his way behind the scenes between the acts to express to the young American actress his admiration of her acting. On being told that the Prince was waiting to see her, Mary Anderson, who had announced that she would never owe her success on the stage to anything but her own talent, sent a message that she did not receive gentlemen in the theatre. The Prince retired at once, and a little later the equerry-in-waiting brought a message from the Princess of Wales, that she would be very glad if Miss Anderson would pay her a visit between the acts in her private box. The actress at once acceded to the request, and was there presented to the Princess, and by her to the Prince—a delicate way of showing her how both appreciated the stand she had taken—and was by both congratulated on her success.

The influence which the Princess has had in London society is remarkable. She it was who put down the professional beauty, and her example is one which, if not followed by all, is, at least, by all respected and admired. She had a difficult-enough part to play in the early days of her married life. She has, perhaps, a difficult part to play still; but she fearlessly treads her simple path, making her weight felt when it is needed, determined enough when she takes her stand—gentle for all as she seems. She is as perfect a lady as the Prince is an English gentleman, and the rule of their lives seems to be that thought for the feelings of others, for which the snob in high places is conspicuous in his indifference.

No one who has talked with the Prince, even on the most trivial matter, has been able to resist the charm of his manner, his air of *bonhomie*. Those who would fain look always at the motes in their brother's eye might well ask themselves how many men would come scathless out of the ordeal he has had?—young, handsome, spirited, and surrounded by sycophants—men who laid themselves out to minister to what was least noble in him—and to men even of the highest rank, who thought it no disgrace to angle for his fancy. How many men could bear the bull's-eye lantern turned upon their own lives, which, thanks to their insignificance, now pass unnoticed, with not one-fiftieth part of the temptations which beset a prince of the blood.

The other members of the royal family have less interest and less influence, to the general public. Of the Queen herself we do not speak, because she lives so wholly retired a life that, except among her household, she is scarcely known. Of her past noble and simple life all know. How good a wife, a mother and a mistress, we all know also; but in society, now, she takes no place. Of one of the royal princesses a true story is told, which shows that the kindly nature which thinks always of others is not confined to any one member of the family. She had been attending the rehearsal of a musical society to which she belongs, one cold, snowy afternoon in Winter, and had made a mistake in the hour at which her carriage should have been ordered to fetch her. She and her lady-in-waiting stood within the door of the public building where the rehearsal had taken place until all had gone, and presently the policeman came and told them he was sorry he must turn them out, as it was Saturday, and they closed at four. "Could they not be allowed to wait inside?" they asked. No, the officials all left at four on Saturday; he must close the door. The Princess needed only to have said who she was and she could have remained as long as she liked—the resident officials would have been called. No; she remembered it was their half-holiday. She would not have them lose it for her, so in the sleet and rain they crossed the street and tried another shelter. That also was closed. So she and her attendant sat on the bench provided for footmen, just sheltered from the driving sleet and nothing more, until a servant coming out, and thinking in the darkness that "they spoke like ladies," asked them in to sit by his fire till the carriage came.

Had the Princess made herself known she would have had a dozen people ready to take her in or send for her carriage. No; she knew it was their holiday, and she would not spoil it. No one enjoyed the joke more than herself when told that it was to her looking and speaking like a lady that the man-servant who passed her in the half-darkness, and was sorry to leave her in the cold, turned back and offered to let her in.

Not so is it with the Upper Ten, by any means, as a rule. There is one type of aristocrat, happily, perhaps, becoming more rare, but still of the commonest. To these people's idea the world was made—nay, the whole solar system arranged—for the special benefit of their family. The Kingdom of Italy is their playground—the treasures of art gathered there are for them to enjoy. The tailors, dressmakers, milliners, shopkeepers generally, are a race of beings of curious habits, imperfectly known to the family, but existing mainly, if not wholly, for their benefit. Of their men-servants they speak as of some faithful beast of burden, less respectfully by far than they speak of their dogs or of their horses. Have their servants feelings? Do they laugh and weep? Yes, that is acknowledged: they are even very kind to them; but it is as to beings of a wholly different race. These people are careful to call their doctor an apothecary, to pretend to forget the name of the insignificant persons they talk to, and say, "Mr.—ah—ah—" to have it supplied to them every moment. This is supposed to be a mark of their high breeding. They cannot naturally be supposed to remember the names of people who are not in their "set." They speak of the liberal professions as "trades," and they behave generally as if they and the

members of their family, or of their little clique, were gods, and all the rest of mankind something so immeasurably beneath them that they take an amused and sometimes a gracious interest in their ways.

It is not, of course, a mark of good-breeding, even in their own estimation, to say this openly. It is, moreover, the correct thing for a "great" lady to be charitable. She aspires frequently to be Lady Bountiful! If she could, she would like to have the management of the weather and the crops in her own hands, that she might dispense them to her tenants and retainers. She likes to be called a "grand, great lady," so she frequently gives grandly and "does good" ostentatiously to all of whom it can be expected of her. She even speaks pitifully of the sorrows of this other race of beings, and enjoys the luxury of speaking of them, "*les larmes dans la voix*," as she would herself express it. It all makes her feel how grand she is, and what an example of nobility. It is this snob of high degree, who, knowing that an institution exists for benefiting ladies—the daughters of professional men—writes to recommend the child of her lady's-maid, affecting to believe that she is of the same class. In London she is active on charity committees. "*Noblesse oblige*," she says, having no sort of idea of the real meaning of that noble motto. So she attends her meetings and speaks gushingly of the "poor creatures" who are so far beneath her; but she oftenest forgets to pay the bills of the foolish creatures who have trusted her. What is it to her if the dressmaker, who has provided the materials as well as the needlework of her dresses, is ruined because she cannot get her money in, and ends her days in the workhouse? What is it to this "grand, great lady" that her tradesmen become bankrupt because she has never paid for the decoration of the splendid house in which she receives her own circle with the air of a queen? What is it that her checks are returned marked "No effects," unless presented within an hour or so of their reception? She cannot be expected to understand business, so she satisfies her creditors with checks to any amount beyond her account at the bank, knowing that no one is likely to make it public; and if they did, who would believe it of a lady of such known wealth, so charitable; in fine, such a "grand, great lady"? "They never mean to pay," said a tradesman who had long experience of the Upper Ten. "They consider we are sufficiently honored by having their names on our books, and their carriages at our doors. They furnish their houses at our expense, and look down on us who would never stoop to buy things we could not pay for."

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Their money goes for things that they are forced to pay for, and the poor people of the other order of beings may wait, and then go through the Bankruptcy Court if they can't get on.

This type of aristocratic snob is always surrounded and followed by snobs of lower degree—the kind of "gentleman" who never did an honest day's work in his life, but who hangs on to any titled snob who will make use of him. He is the tame dog of the house. In the country he arranges the parties who are coming down for the shooting; he writes notes for my lady; he toadies her, lives out of her in one way or another; takes as part of his wages the condescending insolence of her manner, and copies her airs in his intercourse with those whom he considers his inferiors; though, in truth, it would be difficult to find any one who is his inferior. In town he goes shopping with her, bargains for getting things at cost price for her, attends her parties, sings when he is

Marchioness of Ormond.
Countess of Clarendon.
Lady Helmsley.

Countess of Lonsdale.
Miss Evelyn Rayne.

Viscountess Castlereagh.
Countess of Dudley.
Miss Violet Cameron.

A GROUP OF ENGLISH BEAUTIES AMONG "THE UPPER TEN."

wanted, does all the thousandfold useful things that a lackey is wanted for, and is able to talk of "my friend Lady Sophie Kettledrum," and to date his letters from her country house. He imagines, or tries to make others imagine, that he is treated as an equal by these snobs of high degree. He is expected to laugh at their jokes, amuse them—toady them, in fact; and for his pains is looked at and talked of, among themselves, with the contempt he deserves.

Once cross the interests or the caprices of one of these "grand, great ladies," and there is no meanness to which she will not stoop to try to sweep you out of her path. When she finds she has met with some one to whom all her bombast is merely amusing, and whom she is unable to turn into one of her sycophant crew, there is no limit to her indignation, no bounds to her spite. That anyone should dare to cross her, the daughter of a dozen earls, is simply inconceivable; she eats her heart out with impotent rage.

If the snobs of high degree could but know how they appear to the people whom they consider so far below them, it would go far to cure them. With what amusement their vanity is watched and traded in—the conviction of their own importance in the world, which is a mere matter of joke to the people who make money out of them! To no one, perhaps, does the "grand, great lady" appear more supremely ridiculous than to her tradespeople, who infinitely prefer dealing with Mrs. Tompkins, the retired soap-boiler's wife, who does pay for what she buys, and is considerate of other people's interests. They know all the little miserable meannesses to which the snob of quality will descend when nobody she knows is by.

The snob in high places frequently marries, or her daughters or nieces marry, for money, a member of that other race of which they know so little. It is but one of their meannesses. It makes no sort of difference in their manners or their lives. The snob who has married the penniless daughter of a great house is allowed in it on sufferance, but that is all. It is only his money they want, and the more completely he can be effaced the better.

We have spoken of the snob of high degree as a lady. It is not altogether because there are no male snobs of the same class, but because they are fewer. Other men will not stand them, and they get their edges rubbed off at the public schools.

Take them all in all, however, for meanness, insolence, bombast, and toadying sycophancy to royalty, there is nothing like the snob whose habitat is among the Upper Ten Thousand of England.

Thank Heaven there are many contrasts to this picture. Men and women who grace their station in the same way as the Prince and Princess of Wales grace theirs; who are as truly courteous to the poorest and the lowest person they come in contact with as with their own "Set," who value friends for themselves, not for their positions; who understand the noble meaning of *noblesse oblige*, and act on it. They have no toadying snob in attendance on them. They meet men and women frankly as fellow men and women, without thinking of inferiority or superiority. As the late Duke of Albany—one of the finest examples of an English gentleman—said in the very last public speech he made: "To me, it is inconceivable that any one can think himself better than another, unless he has himself done better than others."

England has many of these among her Upper Ten Thousand—both men and women—and one recalls among those elevated by inherited rank examples of a true aristocracy of culture, whose *noblesse* makes the thought of meanness or injustice simply impossible to them; whose manners spring from the courtesy to others of which Emerson speaks as the beautifier of face and form and complexion.

Perhaps these are chiefly to be found among our untitled aristocracy; for these are, for the most part, members of old county families who have never cared for, nor accepted, titles, but whose position as the equal of the highest is never questioned; who live, at any rate for a great portion of the year, among their own tenants and neighbors, and take the lead in all movements for good. Naturally, they are proud, it may be—too proud to stoop to any of the meannesses of the snob—proud of being of a long race of "gentle folk"—and not for worlds would they disgrace the name so honorably held in trust for generations back; but their pride of race is shown in being more "gentle" than others, and they would no more hurt the feelings of the meanest man or woman they come in contact with than commit murder or steal. Their parlors or their collections of pictures are thrown open to the public—they hold them as much in trust for others as for themselves; they hold to no selfish or exclusive use of things which will benefit others. They are, for the most part, hard workers too; for the English duke who looks after his own property has enough to do, and there are those among them who know every servant personally, and who look after every detail of their expenditure. Not from niggardliness, but from a sense of responsibility; because, though they will give generously, they will not be cheated.

It is well we have such men in our upper classes in England, and the more of them the better. Hereditary goodness and honesty, or kindliness of heart, is something to be glad of in any rank—it gives a man a good start. There are gentlemen in every rank by nature; but he who has a long line of honorable gentlemen behind him has from birth an advantage.

Our English titled aristocracy is so completely recruited from the ranks that it is idle to think of it as a separate class. It is open to all comers: to the little, shoeless paper-seller who rises to be First Lord of the Admiralty by his own exertions, as to the successful brewer or shipbuilder. There is scarcely a noble family in England which has not been recruited from the ranks by marriage, if it has not itself risen directly up the grade which the snob would pretend to despise; but we are getting daily less and less inclined to indorse a nobility of snobbishness, and to exact that there shall be nobility of character or of cultivation, before we acknowledge it noble at all.

The lives of the Upper Ten Thousand in England are perhaps necessarily, to a great extent, separated from the rest of the community, and only come in contact with them during the London season, or in their own counties where their country-seats are situated. The public watering-places know them not. They are not to be seen in any place of fashionable resort. When they are abroad they have their suites of apartments in the hotels, and mix with no one except their own personal friends. They travel in "engaged" railway carriages and private cabins on board ship, and are rarely seen by their fellow-travelers. In London, during the season, they come up to their town houses, and in the Autumn they receive successions of visitors, each staying for a few days only, in their own houses, or they go in turn for a few days to swell some other magnate's "house party" during the shooting season.

During the Autumn or Winter are held the county

balls, which only those who are within the charmed circle attend. There are other entertainments—especially if the county magnate is of a political turn—in which all sorts and conditions of men gather together; but in these, the party from the Hall come as royalty comes to other balls—late, and a space at the end of the room is reserved for them, if not ostensibly, at least, in fact, and the ordinary people of the neighborhood avoid it. As a rule, however, the aristocrat who is not a snob meets his country neighbors on equal grounds. Any one who is a gentleman or lady has admission to the circle, and it only depends on themselves and their own manners if any difference is made. The town's people are treated as friends, in whose lives the people at the Hall are interested, and they are ever ready to push them forward, or give them a helping hand.

An odd phase in modern society among the Upper Ten is the craving after notoriety. It matters very little if it is wearing some new and outrageous style of garment, appearing in public in tights in some theatrical entertainment, or speaking on public platforms on subjects which women had best leave alone—the aristocratic lady "of the period" must make herself talked about. But it is generally some one allied by marriage only to the aristocracy, or for some reason or other partly *déclassée;* but there is the fact that, in one way or another, those ladies like to be remarkable, and would prefer a scandalous notoriety to none at all.

This is a passing phase, however; it is not essentially of the nature of the Upper Ten. In fact, it may be said to be rather a mark of the hangers-on to the fringes of the inner circle. Of the same passing nature let us hope is the fashion for the snob of high degree to be slangy and vulgar. The daughter of a marquis and wife of an earl, who sets her arms a-kimbo and says, "Let's liquor up," is a type of bad style, which can scarcely be considered admirable in any society, though she considers herself so much above criticism, that what she does must be right. The time has passed when all the world thought so too. It is only in their very narrow circle that these aristocratic snobs pass muster; in every one else they only excite disgust. There is nothing essentially charming about sitting on tables, and swinging their legs about, as these ladies who aim at being vulgar do, still less in interlarding their conversation with street-boys' slang. It is only admired by the snob of low degree who is pleased to see her come down to his own level—the snob who toadies her, and carries her parcels. All this is a passing phase, however, and the manners of a true English aristocrat, whether titled or not, as it may chance, will always be a model of courtesy and good-breeding; for the tendency of the age is to exact a higher standard of nobility—not a lower—and people are every day becoming more taken at their own personal worth, irrespective of their pedigree, or of the handle to their name.

THE distinguished Italian palæographer M. Narducci has presented to the Accademia dei Lincei several documents which prove negotiations to have been carried on between Sixtus V. and the Republic of Venice with the object of cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. It appears from these papers, which have remained unknown and unedited up to the present time, that the project was abandoned on account of the apprehensions then entertained that an artificial channel would soon be obstructed with sand in consequence of the difference of level between the two seas.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

FROM love, from all that makes his home
A dwelling of delight,
Through perilous far lands to roam,
Forth goes the Red Cross Knight;
Here seems his happiness, with all
That might allure to stay;
In vain; for faith and honor call,
And he must needs away.

Go, do thy *devoir*, and be bold;
An image true and bright
Of Christian life may each behold
In thee, good Red Cross Knight!
No more like thee in mail we shine,
No more the helm we wear,
Yet still that same high heart of thine
Each Red Cross Knight must bear.

HIS NEW YEAR'S CALL.

BY WALTER EDGAR MCCANN.

THE holidays had not brought Tom Burnham relaxation. The Winter evening's sun had set drearily, and in the last rays of the fading daylight a pile of "copy" was to be seen on his battered desk. He was not in the humor to attack it. The Egerton safe-robbery, the most mysterious affair within his experience, and which had baffled all the detectives in town, as well as his two sharpest reporters, was still troubling him. Mr. Burnham had worked out several local sensations of obscure character, and had won almost a national reputation for his cleverness; but this Egerton affair was more enigmatical than ever. There was not a clew. He knew how the authorities, who were in a sort his rivals in this kind of disentanglement, were laughing at his failure, and he was intensely annoyed.

The story was a very simple one. About a fortnight ago a large package of money had been taken from the safe of Egerton & Co., the sugar merchants. It was clearly not a burglary, because the safe was found intact. The old clerk, Jennings, had come down one morning and found the money gone. Some one must have abstracted it in broad daylight the afternoon before, and yet no person connected with the establishment could remember that the safe was left open for an instant. Old Mr. Egerton, who was the last to leave, was sure that everything was secure when he locked up the premises and gave the key to the porter. The latter was out of the range of suspicion, as he did not know the combination, and would not have understood, under any circumstance, the method of operating it. Young Mr. Watson, the junior partner and the "Co." of the sign, had left at noon for the races.

Tom Burnham was one of the earliest of newspaper detectives who have achieved such distinction since Mr. Belch hunted down Chastine Cox in Boston. Tom had had several extraordinary successes in ferreting out crime on his own hook; but here he was altogether baffled.

With a sigh he lighted his gas and glanced over his desk. The pile of "local copy" which confronted him he pushed aside, deciding to turn it over to his assistant, Slater, who would arrive presently, and Tom took up and fumbled over, with listless attention, half a dozen books that had been left for review. A little volume in blue-and-gold arrested his eye—a collection of poems by Miss Daisy Henderson. The verses were exceedingly graceful and pretty, but just now the editor was in a bilious and disagreeable mood.

"Why on earth do women waste their time and worry

the public trying to write poetry?" said Tom, angrily, scanning the pages here and there. "Miss Daisy Henderson! I suppose she is the daughter of Daniel Webster Henderson, the rich lawyer on Three Hundred and Fourth Street, and no doubt she thinks this twaddle equal to Jean Ingelow or Mary Robinson. By Jove! I'll open her eyes!"

Mr. Burnham took up his pencil and seized a sheet of paper to write a review of the fragile little production. He was an old hand at "noticing" books without reading them, and could polish off a work in five or six volumes, which had cost the author half a lifetime of labor and research, in about forty-five minutes.

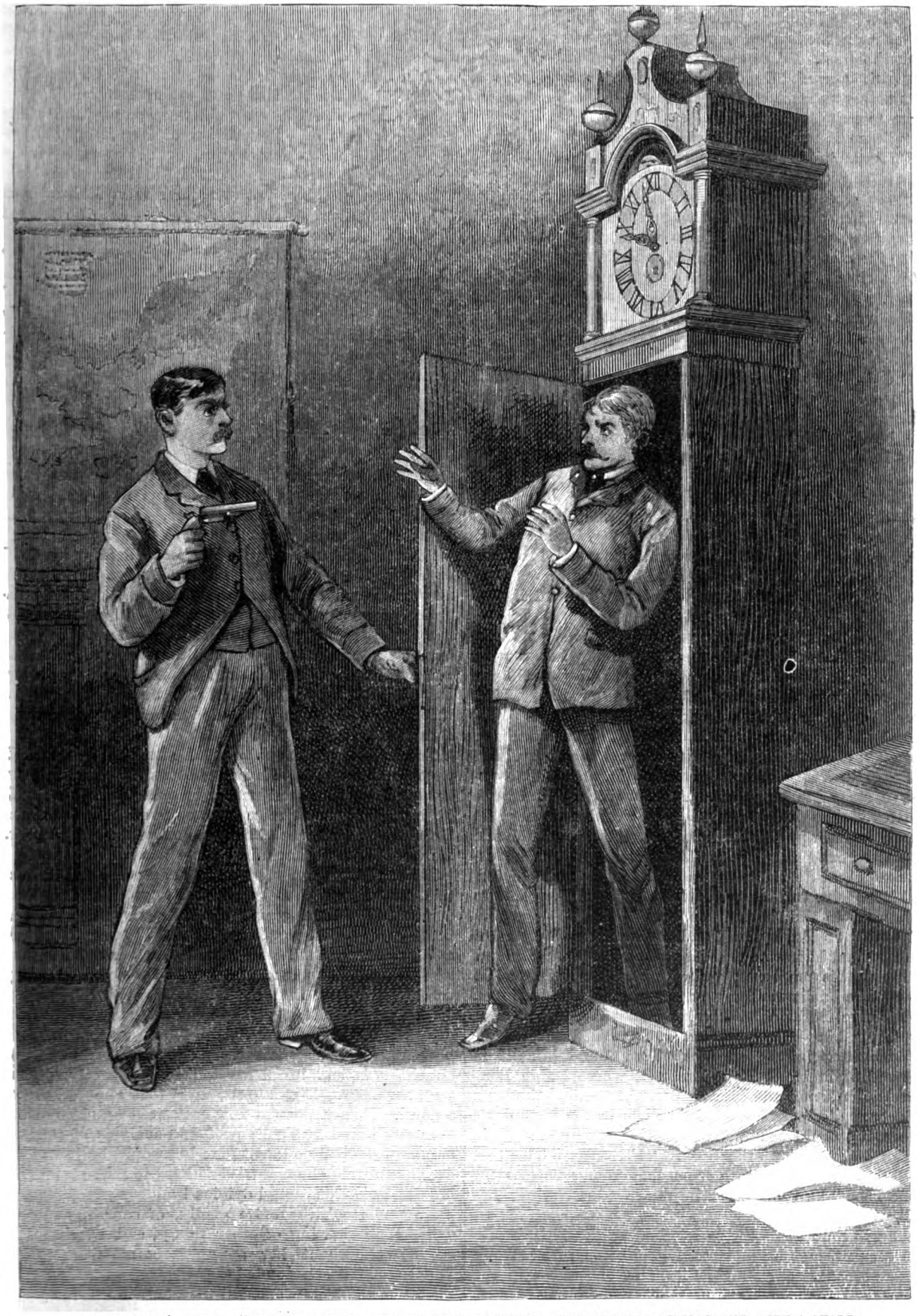
He had scarcely begun to say that "the plethora of bad poetry in the literary market did not seem to deter rash aspirants from fresh attempts," when the door opened and a very handsome and stylishly dressed young man entered, whom he recognized as Mr. Lionel Watson, the junior member of the firm of Egerton & Co. Mr. Watson was slight, elegant and winning. He was attired loudishly, after the English manner, and wore a single eyeglass, and had cultivated a very pretty English accent.

Tom did not fancy him a great deal, being a good American himself and detesting artificial people of all kinds; but he was glad to see Mr. Watson just now, as he wished to talk over the old subject of the robbery once more.

A BIT OF HUMOR.

Mr. Watson, however, could throw no new light on the situation. He thought, on the whole, that Burnham had better give the inquiry up.

"The loss is heavy, but I fancy we can stand it. Perhaps it falls a little harder on me than it otherwise would; at least just at this time, because, you know, I am going to be married shortly."



HIS NEW YEAR'S CALL.—"TOM FELL BACK AND DREW HIS REVOLVER. THE BURGLAR STEPPED OUT, WITH A SHORT, NERVOUS LAUGH. HE WAS WHITE AS DEATH, AND TREMBLED VIOLENTLY."—SEE PAGE 47.

"Indeed," said Tom, languidly.

"Yes; to Miss Daisy Henderson, the daughter of old Henderson, the lawyer, you know, in Three Hundred and Fourth Street. I dare say you've heard of her—a charming girl. Our wedding-trip will be cut down, I'm afraid; but unless we meet with another loss at the office, I sha'n't have to quite come to bread and cheese, I hope."

"There is no possibility of another loss, I suppose," said Tom. "You will scarcely keep large amounts in the safe after your late experience."

"We can't avoid it altogether. We expect a heavy payment in about a week from now, and as it will occur after banking hours, of course we shall be obliged to keep the money in the safe. Next Wednesday afternoon is the time. But there is no danger from burglars, you know. The question is"—and Mr. Watson lowered his voice, and smiled very meaningly—"have we a thief in the office?"

"I see you have hit upon a theory."

"Well, they tell me I'm a pretty sharp fellow, and I believe I *have* shown some shrewdness once or twice. This is all confidential, Burnham, of course. I don't mind saying that I have my suspicions about who did that last job. If it was not old Jennings, then I am no conjurer."

"Impossible!" said Tom, shocked. "He is too old, and there has never been a stain on his character. I would as soon suspect my own father. Nothing would make me believe that that good old man would touch a dime that did not belong to him. He has served your house thirty years, and long before you entered it, Mr. Watson."

"True enough; but my experience teaches me that they are the most dangerous class. I may be wrong in my surmise; but think over the case, and you will see the probability that I am right. I must go now. Think over it, my dear fellow—think over it."

And that showy apparition departed. Tom Burnham, however, did not think over it—he was too angry. He took up Miss Henderson's poems again, now with a renewed reason to be severe. And, in truth, he did write the article he had threatened—a slashing review, in which he so applied his knack of sarcasm and ridicule that the young lady's poor little volume was, as he expressed it, made mincemeat of. Then in came Slater, and Burnham, turning over the charge of the office to him, went to the theatre.

New Year's Day arrived, and Tom, although no great society man, had some calls to make. There was Colonel Blodgett, his employer, proprietor of the *Planet;* Mr. Peters, the business manager; Tom's aunt, Mrs. Tulliver; and Judge Periwinkle, his kind friend, who had done much for him—all these were to be called on. About three o'clock in the afternoon Tom found himself in Three Hundred and Fourth Street, where Judge Periwinkle lived, and the locality brought to mind the book of poems. Tom had read the article in the next day's paper, and could not but laugh at the merciless style in which he had cut up the book. "I'll wager a trifle that we'll have no more trash from that young poetess for some time," he thought, as he rang Judge Periwinkle's bell.

He was shown into the parlor, having given his card to the servant, and he met some gentlemen just leaving. Here were several young ladies, and one older, in the room as Tom made his appearance, and he was at once transfixed at the sight of a singularly beautiful girl, who stood in the centre of the group with her large dark eyes fixed on him steadily, and with a grave surprise. Indeed, they all appeared somewhat astonished and embarrassed.

"This is Mr. Burnham, the editor of the *Planet,*" said the elderly lady, holding his card.

Tom acknowledged his identity, and he observed his questioner smiling a little and biting her lip.

"We have heard of you," she went on; "particularly as a literary critic. Your review of Miss Daisy Henderson's poems has excited a great deal of remark."

"I was pretty severe, I am afraid," said Tom, laughing; "but I was, perhaps, not altogether in good humor on the evening I wrote that criticism. To tell the truth, I just glanced over the book."

"Permit me to introduce you to these young ladies: Miss Harper, Miss Wilson, and this"—she indicated the tall, handsome girl—"is Miss Daisy Henderson."

Tom never could tell how he felt. He turned violently red, and his heart sprang into his throat. Evidently there was some mistake. He began to perceive that the room was a strange one.

"Pray, where am I?" he gasped. "Is not this Judge Periwinkle's?"

"Judge Periwinkle lives next door. This is Mr. D. W. Henderson's."

He had, in his abstraction, got into the wrong house. He began staggering back with some dim purpose of taking flight without another word. But at this point Miss Daisy Henderson came forward a little, and said:

"Mr. Burnham has evidently made a mistake, but I hope he will consider that he has paid papa the call. We have all heard of him, as every one has. As for the notice of my foolish little poems, of course"—and her lips trembled a little—"I know that it is an editor's duty to tell the public the truth, and they were very bad. It was a painful shock to me to learn the truth so plainly, but the effect will be beneficial, because I shall not write again. I am not silly enough to be angry with Mr. Burnham."

Tom's "duty to the public"! He had not read a whole page in the book. He had just singled out a stanza here and there for sacrifice, at the same time knowing in his heart that the verses were sweet, womanly and clever. He stood the picture of shame, confusion and remorse. He would like to have died there and then.

He tried to stammer some sort of apology and explanation, and entreated to be allowed to go; but Miss Henderson smiled, and seeing his distress, said pleadingly that she hoped he would remain and have some refreshment, as she had something particular to ask him—some advice—and her papa, who would be down presently, would be delighted to meet him.

So Tom, fearful of giving fresh offense, and in truth captivated by her beauty, yielded, and after drinking a glass of champagne, sat down beside Miss Henderson on the sofa, and heard her tell, in her pretty, demure way, her story. It was to the effect that she had written a novel. Poetry she was now convinced—and more than ever since reading Tom's profound analysis of the little volume—she had no talent for; but would he just glance over her novel—she had tried so hard to make it interesting—and give his candid opinion!

He undertook the office gladly, of course, and then they fell to chatting of other things, and by chance let fall a word about her approaching marriage to Mr. Watson. Her face clouded slightly as she touched upon the topic, and Tom wondered whether she was altogether happy over the prospect.

So he withdrew, after a little conversation with Mr. Henderson, who came in, and late that afternoon, Tom,

alone in his room at the office, looked over the manuscript of the novel and was very much pleased with it. The very next day he called once more and returned the book, and as Miss Henderson was delighted with his criticism, they had a long talk. She grew almost confidential, and when, by some chance, the name of Mr. Watson came up again, her lovely face grew sad and thoughtful, and Tom felt surer than ever that she was doubtful of the venture she was about to make. She said, indeed, that Mr. Watson was so fond of speculation, that she feared he was taking too great risks sometimes. Besides, he seemed often much worried, and she knew that the suspense in which he lived, over the large interests he had always at stake, was injuring his health.

This reminded Tom of the recent robbery, and of the heavy payment to be made to Egerton & Co. on Wednesday afternoon. He had a presentiment that there would be another attempt to rob the firm, and he had also formed a certain theory. One of his reporters had brought him in some information about the porter employed by the house. This man had once been in prison for stealing—it was a case of burglary, in fact.

"My idea is that the fellow is not such an ignoramus as he pretends to be," mused Tom. "He has learned how to operate the combination of the safe, and having a key to the building, easily gets in at night. If I am right I shall catch him in the act."

So Wednesday afternoon he had a private conference with old Mr. Egerton, and laid his plans before him, and borrowed his key. And that evening, about eight o'clock, Tom strolled down Water Street, where the warehouse was located, and went carelessly by the door. This portion of the city, so busy by day, was now deserted. The lamps were lighted, but it still had a curiously dark and dismal look. Tom walked back, unlocked the front door, entered, and locked it again behind him. He felt for his revolver, and then proceeded to the office.

It was a rather small apartment; there was a desk, with a few chairs; a map and some prints hung on the walls; at one end stood a tall, old-fashioned clock, and against the wall stood the safe.

Tom sat down now to consider where he should conceal himself. The hands of the clock indicated a few minutes of nine, and the burglar, if he came at all, probably would not appear for several hours yet. The wait would be a long and tedious one.

He sat, with his legs crossed, in a rather dreary reverie. The thought of Miss Daisy Henderson returned. What a beautiful girl! How good, how innocent! And how basely he had wronged her! Well, he would make it up in the criticism he would write of her novel. There was never such a notice given of a book as he would publish; and it should not be a mere puff, either, but the best literary work of which he was capable.

"The world is all wrong," thought poor Tom. "Here she is about to throw herself away on that fellow Watson, who will not appreciate her—who will ill-treat her, perhaps. I can see that he is both fast and a fool. Would she were to be mine!" he sighed. "Awfully slow work, this," and he glanced at the big clock.

He saw that the hands now marked a quarter to ten. A whole hour had gone by. He was astounded. He sat staring at the white face of the queer old timepiece, when suddenly the minute-hand took a jump of five minutes.

"Extraordinary clock, I declare!" he said, and got up and went over to it. The hands had now ceased to move altogether. He studied them with interest, and finally opened the door. Within he saw, by the light of the gas, which had been turned down very low, a man. Tom fell back and drew his revolver.

"Come out," he said, "or I'll fire!"

The burglar stepped out, with a short, nervous laugh, and it was young Mr. Watson, the junior partner. He was white as death and trembled violently, and being unable to speak, held up his hand. Tom Burnham, as a newspaper-man, had been through many experiences, but he had never seen such a picture of abject terror.

"What in Heaven's name are you doing here, Mr. Watson?" he said.

"I came here for the same purpose that you did," he answered; "to hunt for the burglar."

"That is strange. Why did you conceal yourself? For quite an hour you have been hidden in the clock turning the hand around, which would not go otherwise while you stood in the way of the works, in order to deceive me. You are attempting to deceive me, and I suspect that you have already been at the safe."

He went over to that receptacle, and the door yielded to his touch. There was nothing within but the books of the establishment.

"You see," said Tom, "that the money paid in this afternoon is gone; and, frankly, Mr. Watson, I believe you have it on your person. Why not make a free disclosure? You robbed yourself before, and came here to-night to do it again. You have met with heavy losses in speculation, and chose this method to make up for them. It is a very old story. I have heard a good deal about you. You have been on the turf and in the stock-market, and have amused yourself in the evenings at the faro-table. Come, speak out; you will find me a friend."

Watson's mouth quivered, and he dropped into a chair and hid his face in his hands. Presently he said:

"You are right. I was desperate. I had met with tremendous losses and was ruined. You can understand my feelings, with the prospect of marriage before me! Here is the money I took from the safe to-night."

He drew from his bosom a thick package, and threw it on the desk.

There was a silence of some minutes, and finally Burnham said, "What do you propose to do?"

"I shall leave the firm and go to some other city. If you do not betray me no one will know anything."

"And your marriage! That, of course, is at an end, too?" said Tom, emphatically.

"Well, I suppose it must be; and perhaps it is just as well, for though Miss Henderson is a beautiful girl, and has many charming qualities, I have been for some time convinced that we are but little suited to each other. She is a sort of blue-stocking, you know, and spends most of her time reading and writing, while I, I confess, have but little sympathy with those pursuits. I can easily break off with her without causing her to suspect anything."

For some time longer they discussed all this, and when they left the building it was quite late.

About ten days later Mr. Watson retired suddenly from his firm and went South for his health. Then it came out that his engagement to Miss Daisy Henderson was broken. There was a good deal of surmise and comment, but nobody had an idea of the truth. Tom Burnham honestly kept the secret of everything to himself.

Tom kept up his acquaintance, so curiously made, with Miss Henderson, and superintended the publication of her novel, "Rule or Ruin," as it was entitled, there being a great run at that time on alliterative titles, and it proved a very brilliant success.

Later she became the editor's wife.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 47.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN POTATO.

By A. S. Fuller.

The native country of the now common but misnamed Irish potato is a matter that has been in dispute for the past three hundred years. A well-known naturalist, in referring to this subject a few years ago, remarked that "although the potato is now so widely diffused among civilized nations as a staple article of food, its history and the time of its introduction are wrapped in great obscurity." This is doubtless true, and if a person seeks information on the subject in our modern encyclopedias, he will not find much that is satisfactory. If we look at the article "Potato" in the "New American Cyclopedia," we find the following: "The native country of

MICHAEL HAUFF PRESENTING POTATOES TO THE GREAT ELECTOR, AT BERLIN, IN 1640.

the potato is a matter of doubt, but common report refers it to Peru. The potato now in use is said to have been carried to England by Sir Walter Raleigh from Virginia in 1586. But from another volume of this same Cyclopedia we learn that Sir Walter Raleigh was never in Virginia or in America, although, as is well known, he did send out an expedition to this country under the authority of a patent granted by Queen Elizabeth for discovering and planting new countries not possessed by Christians.

In a late edition of Chambers's "Library of Universal Knowledge" we are informed that the potato "appears to have been brought to Ireland from Virginia by Hawkins, a slave-trader, in 1565, and to England by Sir Francis Drake in 1585, without attracting much notice, till it was a third time imported from America by Sir Walter Raleigh." In this statement Sir Walter Raleigh is not credited with "carrying" the potato from Virginia to Ireland, but "importing" it, which is certainly an improvement on the former statement, although it is quite probable that neither is true.

For reasons that can be readily explained, Raleigh's name has become almost inseparably connected with the introduction of the potato into Great Britain; but there is not a scrap of history to prove that either Raleigh or any of his colonists had anything whatever to do with introducing the potato into Europe. The editors and compilers of our modern botanical and agricultural cyclopedias seldom fail to give Sir Walter Raleigh credit for being the introducer of the potato into Europe, although in a few instances they admit that there is some reason for doubt on this point. For instance, Rev. John M. Wilson, editor of the "Farmer's Dictionary," published by A. Fullarton & Co., Edinburgh and London, says: "Now, although no absolute proof can be brought forward on the subject, yet, from concurring circumstances and from tradition, it appears highly probable that the potato now in use amongst us was first brought to Ireland either by Sir Walter himself on his return from his voyage, or was afterward sent to him by the Governor of Virginia."

As I have already stated Sir Walter never made a voyage to Virginia, he certainly could not have brought the potato with him on his return to Ireland. If editors of great English cyclopedias make such mistakes in regard to the history of their own countrymen, perhaps those who edit similar publications in this country should be excused for doing no worse. But there must certainly be some good reason for giving to Sir Walter and his colonists the credit of introducing the potato into Ireland, and this must be discovered before we would be warranted in throwing discredit upon the oft-repeated story. It appears that Raleigh's name first became connected with the introduction of the potato in the year 1693, or 107 years after the return of his ships from their first voyage to Roanoke. In the year named Sir Robert Southwell, then President of the Royal Society (Eng.), informed the Fellows, at a meeting held December 13th, that his grandfather brought potatoes into Ireland, who first had them from Sir Walter Raleigh. But it does not appear that Southwell gave Raleigh or his colonists credit for introducing the potato, but merely said that his grandfather had them from him.

This hint in regard to Raleigh's introducing the potato was sufficient to lead his admirers to record it as a fact, and in their further search for evidence on this point they discovered that on board of one of Sir Walter's ships there was one Thomas Herriot, who probably went out to examine the country and report to his employer the nature and produce of its soil. He wrote an account of what he saw, which was printed in De Bry's collection of "Voyages," Vol. I. In this account, under an article on Roots, he describes a plant called *openawk*. "These roots," he says, "are round, some as large as a walnut, others much larger. They grow in damp soil, many hanging together as if fixed on ropes. They are good food, either boiled or roasted."

Now, upon such slight evidence it is claimed that Herriot found the potato in Virginia, and in some unexplained way he or some of his associates carried it to Ireland, although there is not a hint in the account of his voyages that such an importation was attempted. Furthermore, the description of the roots found does not agree with either wild or cultivated potatoes, for neither thrive in "damp soil," and the tubers do not grow "hanging together as if fixed on ropes"; therefore we must look for some other kind of tuberous rooted plant that will correspond with Herriot's account. Fortunately there is one not difficult to find, and it inhabits low, wet soils everywhere from Canada to Florida. This is the *Apios tuberosa*, or ground-nut, in some localities called wild bean. In regard to this plant, Professor Gray says: "Wild in low grounds, subterranean shoots bearing strings of edible, farinaceous tubers one to two inches long; stems, slender, rather hairy; leaflets, ovate-lanceolate; flowers, brownish-purple; violet-scented, crowded in short and thick racemes in late Summer and Autumn." A string of these tubers and leaves is shown on page 56. There is scarcely room for doubt in regard to this plant being the one referred to by Herriot under the Indian name of openawk, for it grows plentifully in all the low grounds of Virginia, while no botanist or traveler ever found wild potatoes in any part of the country east of the Mississippi. If they had been indigenous to Virginia when Herriot visited this country, they would certainly be found in similar localities at the present day; but as they are not, we may with safety discredit all the stories that have been told in regard to the part played by Sir Walter Raleigh and his colonists in introducing the potato into Europe.

Virginia, however, has been credited with being the home of the potato by many of the early authors, who probably never heard of Herriot's find in this country; but it should be borne in mind that two or three centuries ago Virginia was a rather indefinite region, comprising nearly all of the country now known as the Southern States extending westward to Mexico.

By whom, or in what year, the potato was introduced into Europe, is not positively known, for few of the earlier writers who refer to potatoes clearly distinguish between the sweet and what is now called the Irish potato; and it is only when both are described or illustrations accompany the descriptions that we can positively identify the species.

Prescott, in his "Conquest of Peru," says that in 1526 Pizarro, at the Rio de San Juan, ate the potato as it grew, without cultivation; but whether it was the sweet or Irish potato we are left in doubt. Peter Cieça, or as some authors write his name, Pedro de Cieza de Leon, says in his "Chronicles," published in 1553, "that the inhabitants of Quito and its vicinity have, besides maize, a tuberous root, which they eat and call papas"; but here again we are left in doubt in regard to the identity of this tuber. Molina, in his "Natural History of Chili," quotes several earlier writers to prove the plant indigenous there. The tuber to which John Hawkins referred, in 1565, was no doubt the sweet potato, as he compares it to the parsnip and carrot. It has been claimed that Hawkins, after

relieving the French, who were suffering from famine on the River May, now St. John's, Florida, sailed northward, taking potatoes with him, to Virginia, but there is no proof of it. The first European writer after those named who takes notice of the potato is the German botanist C. Clusius, who mentions having received two roots in the year 1588, while residing in Vienna, from the Governor of Mons, in the Province of Hainault. That official is supposed to have procured them from an attendant of the Pope's legate, under the name of *taratoufli*. Clusius gives a figure of the potato among his rare plants. The first English author to give a good description of the potato, accompanied with an illustration, was John Gerarde, in the second book of his great "Historie of Plants," published in London, 1597. He gives good illustrations and full descriptions of both the sweet and what he calls the potato of Virginia; consequently there can be no mistake in regard to his being well acquainted with both. In regard to the native country of the latter, he says: "It groweth naturally in America, where it was first discovered, as reporteth C. Clusius. Since which time I have received rootes hereof from Virginia, otherwise called Norembega, which growe and prosper in my garden as in their owne native countrie." He further says that "we may call it in English, Potatoe of America, or Virginia," showing that even Gerarde had a rather indefinite idea of the extent of the country known as Virginia. It must have taken Gerarde several years to write his great work, of some 1,400 folio pages, but it was completed and published only eleven years after Herriot returned from America; and if he or Raleigh had introduced such a valuable plant as the potato, Gerarde must have known it and mentioned the fact. Yet not only Gerarde, but all contemporaneous writers, and those who published similar works during the succeeding century, are, so far as I have been able to learn, entirely silent in regard to Sir Walter Raleigh's assistance or influence in either introducing, or in any manner aiding in the cultivation of, the potato.

The next writer after Gerarde who mentions the potato is Lord Bacon, who recommends using "some fat roots in brewing ale, such as potatoes—one-fourth of the roots to three-fourths of grain." But potatoes during this time were cultivated more as a curiosity than for use, and they were considered as great delicacies during the reign of James I. In 1619, they were mentioned as one of the articles provided for use in the Queen's household. They were then valued at two shillings a pound. In 1629, Parkinson, in his "Paradisus Terrestris," figures and describes both the sweet and American potato, but of the latter he says little in praise, only stating that the comfit-makers prefer the Spanish (sweet) potatoes, and candy them, as divers other things, to accompany banqueting-dishes. Kissing-comfits were made in Shakespeare's time, and *Falstaff* says, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor":

"Let it rain potatoes and hail kissing-comfits!"

Potatoes continued to remain scarce in Great Britain for a long time after they had been tried and found excellent food, and it was not until 1663 that they were brought before the public as a food of national importance, when Mr. Buckland sent a letter to the Royal Society strongly recommending the culture of potatoes in all parts of the kingdom as a precaution against famine. But these exertions of a scientific body did not produce much effect, and at the close of the seventeenth century the cultivation of this valuable tuber had not extended beyond the gardens of a few amateurs and the botanical collections of the apothecaries. So late as 1719, the famous nurserymen, London & Wise, did not consider the potato worthy of a place in their "Complete Gardener," and some contemporaneous writers thought them inferior to radishes.

As late as 1743 the potato was almost unknown in Scotland; only a few plants were grown in gardens about Edinburgh.

Success attended their cultivation wherever attempted, but the Scotch folks were hostile to any such innovation, as potatoes, they said, were not mentioned in the Bible, and this was reason enough for rejecting them. But famine at last overcame ignorance and prejudice, and the potato became a staple article of food during the latter part of the eighteenth century throughout Great Britain.

The potato was introduced into Sweden about 1720, and although the great botanist Linnæus favored its cultivation, it did not receive much attention until 1764, when a royal edict was published in its favor. In France the potato was long regarded as an unwholesome plant, and one writer states that they were only fit to be eaten by cattle and the most wretched of human beings. At last Parmentier, a man celebrated for his knowledge of chemistry, made special exertions in behalf of this decried but valuable plant. He believed that the best way to make it popular was to get the rich to place it on their tables; and, to insure its recognition by this class, he presented Louis XVI. with a nosegay made with the flowers of the potato, and the sovereign graciously received the emblem of a plant most likely of any to guarantee his subjects against famine. This remarkable presentation was made just one hundred years ago, or in 1785, but two hundred years after this valuable tuber had been known to Europeans.

The ingenuity of Parmentier brought the previously much-despised plant into favor; a little flattery employed at the right time and with the right person produced greater and more immediate results than the combined wisdom of the *savans* of a great nation.

It is now generally admitted that no greater or more important event of its kind has ever taken place than the dissemination of the potato among the people of Europe and other parts of the world, for it has not only vastly increased their wealth, but, as many far-seeing persons predicted, has prevented a great amount of suffering in times of scarcity of food and famine.

Having in a rather cursory manner glanced at the history of the potato as given by earlier writers who refer at all to this plant, let us now see if we cannot find something more tangible in regard to its origin and native country. It may be said, without fear of proof to the contrary, that any plant once found growing wild over any considerable extent of territory will remain there in small numbers at least for centuries, even after the country has become thickly settled and the greater part of the land brought under cultivation.

We have few recorded instances of a plant once abundant in a wild state that has been totally annihilated, or so improved by cultivation that its normal prototype could not be readily discovered in the wild grounds of its native country. This certainly is not true with the potato; for there is an abundance of incontestable evidence to prove that it grows wild at this day on millions of acres where it was growing when Columbus first sailed westward on his voyage of discovery. But for some unaccountable reason, those who have undertaken to write the history of this plant for our modern cyclopedias and similar works have overlooked or ignored the discoveries of travelers and naturalists of the present century. It is true that the writers referred to admit that the potato has been found growing wild in Chili and Peru, for

WILD POTATO FROM NEW MEXICO.

specimens are to be found in many old herbariums of plants gathered in South America; and further, such noted travelers as Don José Pavon, Don Francisco Zea, Dombey, and Ruiz, all found the potato growing wild in the countries named. But some botanists have rather discredited these discoveries by claiming that the potatoes found were of a different species from the common *Solanum tuberosum*. One of these, with a broader and more rounded leaf, was named *Solanum Commersoni*, in honor of its discoverer; but it has since been found that the potato in its wild state varies almost as widely as under cultivation, and that what one botanist might consider a distinct species, another would not place in a higher rank than among natural wild varieties.

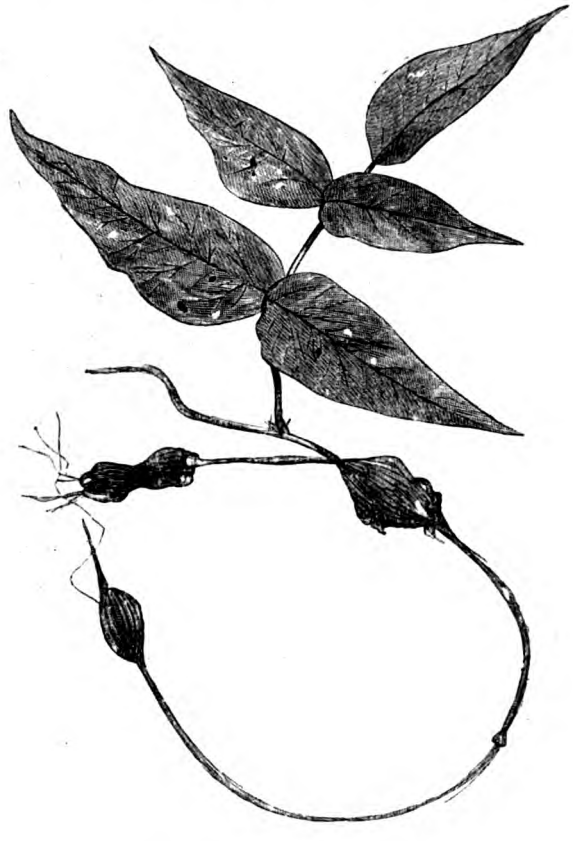
More than sixty years ago an American botanist found *Solanum tuberosum* growing wild both at Montevideo and in the vicinity of Maldonado, in South America, and where it was considered as a common weed.

It is now no longer disputed that the potato grows wild in elevated regions throughout the greater part of South America, where the Spaniards must have found it, and probably in a cultivated state, on their first visit to that part of the New World, and from thence carried it to Spain, as well as to other countries with which they had commercial intercourse. But South America is no more entitled to be considered the original home of the potato than North America, for it is scarcely less plentiful in its wild state in the former than in the latter.

Baron von Humboldt, in his observations on the potato in Mexico, seems to think that it does not grow wild in that country, or in any part of southwestern North America, and he further says that it is not a garden plant in any of the West Indies. The latter part of this statement is no doubt true, for the potato is a native of cold climates, not warm ones, nor even those which are considered semi-tropical; for, wherever found in southern latitudes, it is always in situations several thousand feet above sea-level, and where the Winter months are cold and the Summer temperature is decidedly cool. Then again, in these elevated regions droughts are frequent, and often of long duration, sometimes extending over two or three years, during which time potatoes and other tuberous and bulbous plants remain dormant, only sprouting when sufficient rain falls to penetrate the soil to a considerable depth. Humboldt may have visited the elevated valleys and *mesas* during one of those long droughts, when neither potatoes nor other similar plants were to be seen; hence they escaped his notice. But whatever the reason for his not finding the potato in Mexico, it certainly was not because they did not grow wild in that country.

Some thirty-five or more years ago, Mr. A. Fendler made a botanical journey through New Mexico, during which he found specimens of a small plant very much resembling the common potato. Dried specimens of this wild potato were sent to Professor Asa Gray, of Cambridge, Mass., who named it *Solanum Fendleri*, in honor of the discoverer. A year or two later, or in 1851, Professor George Thurber, now editor of the *American Agriculturist*, while botanizing in New Mexico, found the same species or variety of potato previously discovered by Fendler, and about which he said: "The plant appeared like a diminutive potato, and as small tubers were found, it seemed very likely to be *Solanum tuberosum*."

In 1880 I spent a few weeks in the northern part of New Mexico, but it was during one of those protracted droughts so common in that part of the country; consequently vegetation—especially of herbaceous kinds—was exceedingly scarce, but by digging where wild potatoes were supposed to grow in more favorable seasons, a few



THE APIOS TUBEROSA FROM VIRGINIA.

PARMENTIER SHOWING HIS FIRST CROP OF POTATOES TO LOUIS XVI.

tubers were found, which I brought home and planted in my garden, where they still remain, but thriving only moderately. I returned to New Mexico the following year, which was a more favorable one for collecting plants, and I then had an opportunity of examining the potato in its native habitats, and where no white man had ever disturbed the soil further than tramping over it in search of wild game or other natural products. These wild potatoes grow in the elevated valleys and table-lands, at an elevation of from four to eight thousand feet above the sea-level, where the temperature in Summer is scarcely more than sufficient to insure the ripening of the early varieties of Indian corn.

Mr. J. C. Lemmon, a California botanist, has since found several distinct varieties of the wild potato in Arizona, all in elevated and cool regions. One of these varieties has bluish-purple flowers, like those of some of the cultivated sorts. The tubers of the wild plants are also quite variable in size and form; in fact, they are perfect potatoes, but somewhat diminutive, varying from the size of large peas up to an inch or more in diameter. The accompanying illustrations were made from some specimens taken from my garden during the present Autumn, while the plants were in bloom and before the tubers had reached maturity. The original tubers were collected near the northern border of New Mexico; consequently we may now claim that the so-called Irish or American potato is a native of the United States, and is to be found abundantly from the southern borders of Colorado, south throughout New Mexico, and westward in Arizona, along the mountain ranges of Old Mexico, as well as in South America. The early explorers of America could scarcely have missed finding potatoes even if they had not been looking for such plants.

A WITCH-BURNER.

THE Aristocracy, the Bench, and the Bar, have always cried Sir Matthew Hale up as a good judge; whereas he was a monster, who condemned persons to be burnt as witches. The celebrated trial of the witches at Bury presents Hale in a most unfavorable light. Here is a curious extract from the evidence given on the occasion: "About seven years ago, having a special occasion to go from home, I desired Amy Duny, my neighbor, to look to my boy Billy, then sucking, during my absence, promising her a penny for her pains; I desired her not to suckle my child; I very well knew that she was an old woman, and could not naturally give suck; but, for some years before, she had gone under the reputation of a witch. Nevertheless, she did give suck to the child, and that very night he fell into strange fits of swounding, and was held in a terrible manner, insomuch that I was terribly frightened therewith, and so continued for divers weeks. I then went to a certain person named Dr. Jacob, who lived at Yarmouth, and had the reputation in the country to help children who were bewitched. He advised me to put the child by the fire in a blanket, and if I found anything in the blanket with the child, to throw it into the fire. I did so that same night, and there fell out of the blanket a great toad, which ran up and down upon the hearth. I seized the great toad with a pair of tongs, and thrust it into the fire. Thereupon it made a great and horrible noise; and after a space, there was a flashing in the fire like gunpowder, making a noise like the discharge of a pistol; and after the flashing and noise, the substance of the toad was gone without being consumed in the fire. The next day there came a young woman, a kinswoman of the said Amy, and told me that her aunt was in a most deplorable condition, having her face, legs and thighs all scorched, and that she was sitting alone in the house in her smock without any fire; and please you, my lord, after the burning of the said toad, my child recovered, and was well again, and is now still living." The testimony of two girls who brought up pins and needles was deemed even more conclusive, and the two poor old wretches were hanged.

M. GUIZOT AT WINDSOR.

"I HAD two adventures at Windsor," once wrote the great French Minister. "The first was winning the sweepstakes at Ascot. Every one who accompanies the Queen puts in a sovereign and draws a ticket with the name of one of the horses that are going to run. I drew 'Scutari,' and 'Scutari' won the principal race. Twenty-three sovereigns for me, which will balance the twenty pounds I had to spend in fees to the servants at Windsor Castle.

"Here is my second adventure; it will make you laugh, but pray do not laugh at it before company, as it might find its way into some newspaper, which would annoy me. On Wednesday evening, at Windsor, the Queen retired at eleven o'clock; we staid behind talking for half an hour. At midnight I set out to find my own apartment, and I lose myself in the galleries, saloons, and corridors. At last I slowly open a door, taking it for mine, and I see a lady beginning to undress, attended by her maid. I shut the door as fast as I can, and begin again to search for my own room. I, at last, find some one who shows me the way. I go to bed. The next day, at dinner, the Queen said to me, laughingly, 'Do you know that you entered my room at midnight?' 'How, ma'am?—was it your Majesty's door that I half opened?' 'Certainly,' and she began laughing again, and so did I.

"I told her of my perplexity, which she had already guessed; and I asked whether if, like St. Simon or Sully, I should ever write my memoirs, she would allow me to mention that I had opened the Queen of England's door in Windsor Castle at midnight, while she was going to bed. She gave me permission, and laughed heartily."

A POCKET FILTER.

THE idea of a filter which, carried in the pocket, can be used to convert the brackish and impure water which the soldiers, tourists, etc., encounter at almost every turn, into a harmless liquid with which he can readily slake his thirst, is not a new one; but in the Maignen Patent "Watch" and "Soldier's Filtre Rapide" there are many valuable characteristics which are quite novel. The two forms in which the invention is manufactured differ from one another, not in the principle on which they perform their common function, but in their mechanical construction. The "watch" filter is shaped like the familiar portable time-piece; the "Soldier's" is cylindrical in form. We give a description of the latter. It consists of a frame covered with asbestos cloth, this asbestos cloth being coated with powdered carbo-calcis, which is the filtering medium, and which can be discharged—along with all the impurities it may have arrested—and replaced, the process being gone through as often as necessary. The frame is inclosed in a cylindrical tin box measuring five inches by one and a half, which can be conveniently used as a drinking-cup.

Attached to the filter is an india-rubber tube, through which the water may be drawn from a rivulet, bottle, cask, etc. The contrivance can, however, be used without this tube; while a third method of use possible is that on the principle of a siphon, water being automatically drawn impure from one vessel and discharged pure into another.

HE DIDN'T KNOW HIS WIFE.

At the gaming-table the Duke of Richmond incurred a debt of honor to Lord Cadogan which he was unable to pay, and it was agreed that his son, a lad of fifteen, who bore the title of Earl of March, should marry the still younger daughter of Lord Cadogan. The boy was sent for from school, and the girl from the nursery, and the children were told that they were to be married on the spot. The girl had nothing to say; the boy cried out, "They are surely not going to marry me to that dowdy!"

But married they were. A postchaise was at the door, the bridegroom was packed off with his tutor to make the grand tour, and the bride sent back to her mother.

Lord March remained abroad for several years, after which he returned to London, a well-educated, handsome young man, but in no haste to meet his wife, whom he had never seen except upon the occasion of their hasty marriage. So he tarried in London to amuse himself. One night at the opera his attention was attracted to a beautiful young lady in the boxes.

"Who is that?" he asked of a gentleman beside him.

"You must be a stranger in London," was the reply, "not to know the toast of the town—the beautiful Lady March."

The Earl went straight to the box, announced himself, and claimed his bride. The two fell in love with each other on the spot, and lived long and happily together; and when the husband died, she also died of a broken heart within a few months.

A GREEDY CRITIC.

It was told of Florentino, the Parisian critic, who on his decease left a fine fortune and a foul name behind him, that a *débutante* once called upon him to ask his favorable attention. While the lady talked, the critic, with impertinent familiarity, eyed her watch—a remarkably pretty one—which hung at her waist, and interrupted all her observations by commendations of its great beauty.

Perceiving at last the drift of all these remarks, the lady begged Florentino to do her the favor of accepting the watch as a token of her admiration for his ability. This he at once did, and she departed, sure of a splendid "first notice." Imagine her amazement when she found her voice pronounced "passable," her manner "poor," and her intellect "mediocre." She hastened to the ruthless critic, gesticulated with the offensive article, and asked what it meant.

"Did I not give you my pretty watch you admired so much?" she indignantly demanded.

"Certainly, madame," was the composed reply; "you gave me the watch, but——"

"But what?"

"But you forgot to give me the chain!"

The way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take no note of him.

SNOWDROPS.

A slender form, with girlhood's supple grace
Lending its charm to her sweet, thoughtful face:
Clothed in a robe of silken, shining white—
Mortal has never seen a fairer sight—
A wreath of snowdrops shading her fair brow:
As I then saw her, so I see her now.

I told her all my love: I know not why,
Where wealth and rank had failed, I dared to try;
And yet two little hands crept into mine;
A whisper told me, "My heart's love is thine."
My heart thanked Heaven for my untold bliss
As her pure lips met mine in love's first kiss.

'Twas nigh two years since I had won my flower;
Our life had been like one bright Summer's hour:
But she had always thought for others' grief.
Her tender sympathy oft gave relief,
And what she was to me words fail to tell.
My own sweet Snowdrop, oh! I loved her well.

One morn I had to go some miles away;
Will memory ever blot out that sad day?
An angel came with message for my love,
A royal message, from her King above.
I saw her, God be thanked! Ay! heard the sigh,
'Twas scarcely more—her whispered, soft good-by.

Physicians called it death; I knew 'twas life,
Though e'en Faith wavered in my sorrow's strife;
Long years have passed, yet have not eased my pain—
'Twill be forgotten when we meet again;
A crown of snowdrops on her pale, still brow;
As last I saw her, so I see her now.

JOHN RUSKIN AND HIS HOME.

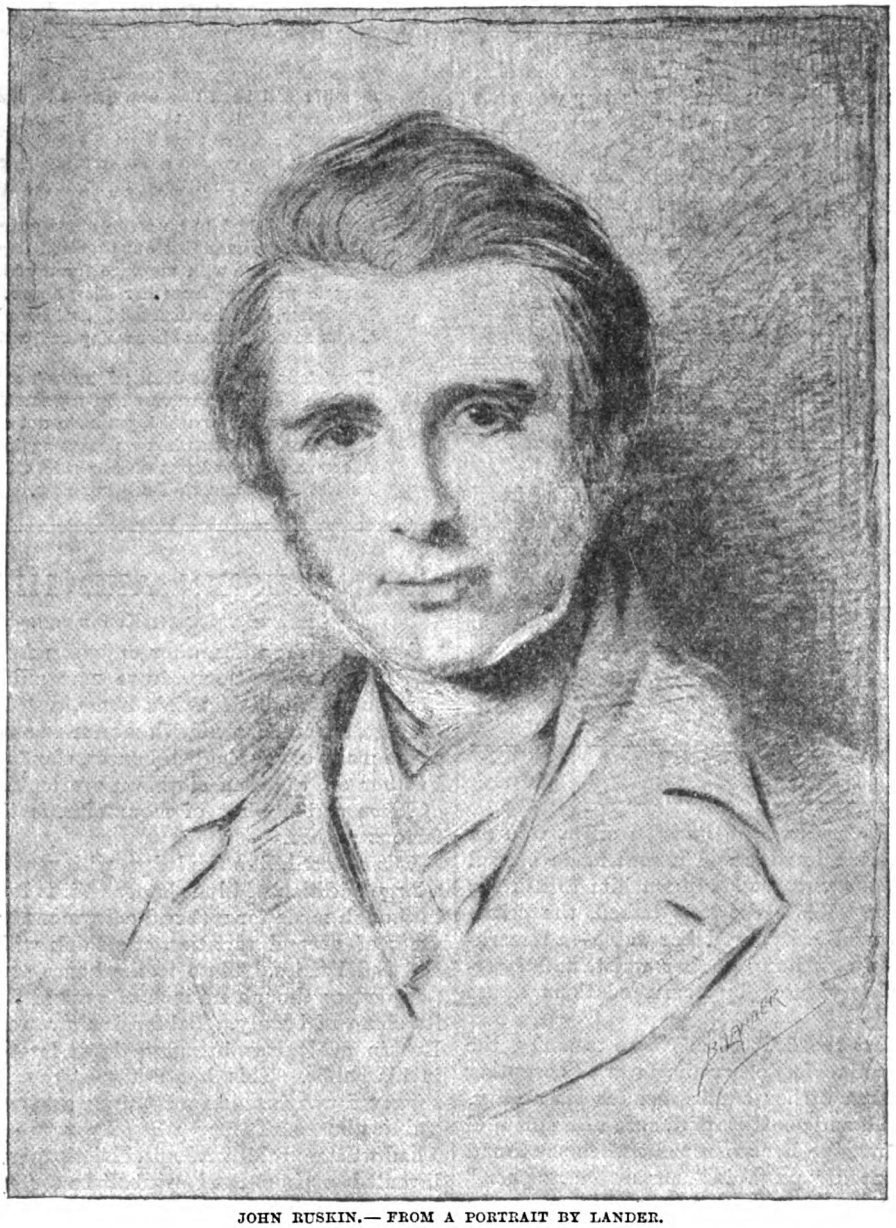
By Sarah K. Bolton.

One June morning, after enjoying Ambleside, in the English lake district, we drove nine miles to Lake Coniston, on which is Ruskin's home, called "Brantwood." A lodge, square, coated with mortar rugged with pebbles, as are many of the English houses, stands at the entrance. Further on, upon an elevation overlooking the loveliest of lakes and noblest of mountains, is the home of the famous author.

It is covered, like the lodge, with rough mortar, except a large addition of blue slate, and it is low and rambling, as though made for rest and enjoyment. Over it clamber vines of several varieties, one thick with white flowers and red berries. Close to the house are beds of yellow poppies, as though no inch of ground should fail to add its share of beauty. Behind is a steep mountain, where Ruskin geologizes, bringing down large pieces of rock in his hands. This is a study he especially loves. He says: "I was *forced* to write upon art by an accident (the public abuse of Turner) when I was two-and-twenty; but I had written a 'Mineralogical Dictionary' as far as C, and invented a short-hand symbolism for crystalline forms before I was fourteen; and have been at stony work ever since, as I could find time; silently, not caring to speak much till the chemists had given me more help."

All about the home are ash, spruce, holly, chestnut and oak trees, furnishing shade and comfort. Within, one finds a perfect treasure-house of art, science and literature. As you enter, the square hall, green in color, is brightened by three drawings of Burne Jones: "Fair Rosamond," "Thisbe" and "Cleopatra," with some sketches by Prout, and by Ruskin's own pencil. The drawing-room is furnished in delicate blue, with some pieces in rich golden satin, while the walls are in handsome figured paper in subdued tints. Rugs are on the

floor. A plant, with exquisitely shaded leaves, stands on the table in the centre of the room. The dining-hall is one of the most cheerful of the apartments, furnished in pea-green. Here are the family portraits—much more attractive to look upon while at meals than fish or dead birds. The picture of the mother represents her as a woman of uncommon sweetness and strength; that of the father shows a fine, manly face. Most winsome of all is that of a three-year-old boy, with flaxen hair, bright-blue eyes, dressed in white, with blue shoes and a sash of the same color. This is painted by Northcote, who says that when the little John Ruskin was brought to sit for his picture, he had not been ten minutes in the room before he inquired, "Why there were holes in his carpet?" Here also is a famous portrait of Andrea Gritti, by Titian, and an "Annunciation" by the great Tintoretto. Here is sweet Angelica Kauffman, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; Raphael, from life; Young Reynolds, by his own hands, and Turner, at the age of seventeen, by himself. Here were playing the pretty children of Mrs. Severn, Ruskin's niece, of whom he is very fond, and who brightens what, even with all its art, would otherwise be a lonely house. For what is genius in a home without the sunshine of affection and sympathy?

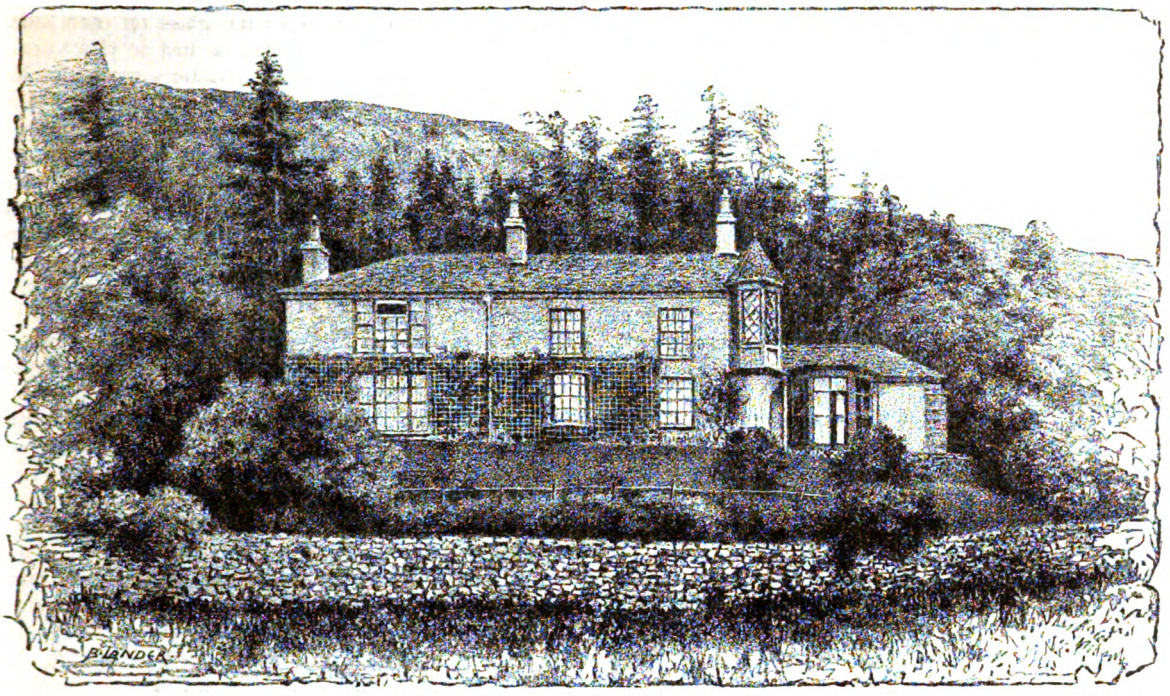


JOHN RUSKIN.— FROM A PORTRAIT BY LANDER.

Mr. Ruskin's sleeping-room, up-stairs, is simple, in light chintz, with bureau, washstand and bedstead of mahogany; but the pictures are worth a fortune. The walls are closely covered with Turners, incased in blue cambric, lest the light fade the exquisite colors. They seem like bits of real sunshine, or tree, or building. Here is a "Carnarvon Castle," and others about which he has written in "Modern Painters." The adjoining room, where he used to work, but which he left from a prolonged illness, has a tower with glass on each side, so that no sunrise or sunset may be lost to view.

Most attractive of all is the master's study, furnished in green. Books fill cases on every side—one for classics, one for botany, another for geology, while still another is filled with old books and manuscripts. I look out of the window across the lake, upon an ivy-covered house with tower, once the home of Sir Philip Sidney, and then taking from the case a French book that once belonged to the famous man, I read his name. How these things link us to the past! Here is a work on Dante, with "Michael Angelo Buonarotti" written in a fine hand—his autograph. Here is a large Chaucer of 1694, with some verses in Addison's handwriting. Mr. Ruskin evidently likes autographs, although he has been obliged to issue a circular, stating that he is not able to comply with the request for his own. Probably life has become too valuable to spare the time.

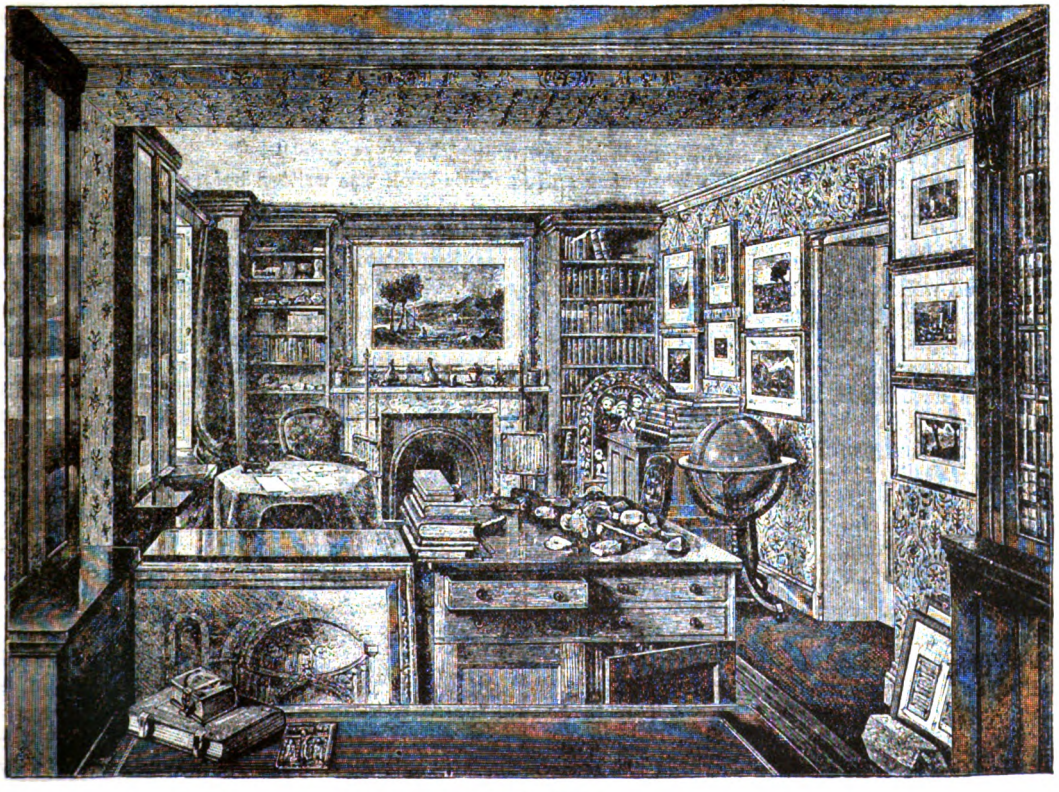
Here also is a manuscript Greek Testament of the tenth century; an illuminated book of music of an early date; the prayer-book of St. Louis on vellum, illuminated with work so fine that a microscope is required to see its beauty. Here are some of the "Waverley" novels in the original manuscript, and a bound volume of some of Sir Walter Scott's letters in his own writing. Linnæus's "Botany" is here, with notes by Thomas Gray. A desk is opened, and it is full of Turners. Another desk has a most beautiful collection of gold, diamonds and other precious stones, laid on crimson or purple velvet; also the finest assortment of agates, probably, in the world.



BRANTWOOD, RUSKIN'S HOME ON LAKE CONISTON.

In one part of the room is a bundle of walking-sticks, hammers and big pieces of basalt, which Ruskin has brought down from the mountain. His seal, the word "To-day," is graven on the end of a piece of chalcedony, five or six inches long, like a stalactite. Here are vases from Rome and Greece, and this three-cornered inkstand once belonged to Galileo. Here is a piece of a font from Florence, executed by Niccolo Pisano. In the centre of the room is a circular table, covered with green cloth, where the student does his work. And what a student! He may work for a month on geology, then if he tires, he turns to botany and writes a book; then to art; then, dearest of all, to his work for the poor.

More interesting by far than the home, is the gifted man who lives here, childless, but with a wealth of affection for man and beast and flower. Literature furnishes no man like him—unique in character and munificent with both brain and hand.



RUSKIN'S STUDY.

The only son of a London merchant, he was born February 8th, 1819. "I was accustomed," he says, "for two or three years, to no other prospect than that of the brick walls over the way; had no brothers nor sisters nor companions; and though I could always make myself happy in a quiet way, the beauty of the mountains had an additional charm of change and adventure for me which a country-bred child could not have felt."

In his boyhood he was taken by his parents in leisurely carriage-travel to nearly all the cathedrals, picture-galleries and castles of England. "In such journeys, whenever they brought me near hills, and in all mountain ground and scenery, I had a pleasure as early as I can remember, and continuing, till I was eighteen or twenty, infinitely greater than any which has been possible to me in anything."

His mother intended him to be a clergyman, but he loved nature and art too well to give himself to any other profession. "She forced me," he says, "to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read it every syllable through aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year; and to that discipline, patient, accurate and resolute, I owe not only my knowledge of the book, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature."

He was educated by private tutors, and was graduated from Christchurch College, Oxford, at the age of twenty-three. The next year, 1843, appeared his first volume of "Modern Painters," which was really a defense of the artist Turner. Claude, the Poussins, Cuyp and Ruysdael received unfavorable mention compared with Turner, whom the "undergraduate" lauded to the skies. The critics denounced the book and its unknown author in no delicate terms; but soon the world began to study Turner!

Three years later, after much study in Italy, the second volume of "Modern Painters" was produced, discussing the various schools of Italian art. The critics began to change their tone. The *North British Review* called the book "very delightful and extraordinary, full of truth and goodness and power and beauty; and what is more and better than all, everywhere throughout the work we trace evidences of a deep reverence and a godly fear—a perpetual though subdued acknowledgment of the Almighty as the sum and substance, the beginning and the ending, of all truths, of all power, of all goodness and of all beauty."

Ruskin taught artists to "go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustfully, having no thought but how to penetrate her best meaning." Some young artists adopted these suggestions, and the Pre-Raphaelite School began, with such leading members as Millais, Holman Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

In 1849 "Seven Lamps of Architecture" was published, and between 1851 and 1853, the "Stones of Venice," on which he labored for two years, giving an account of nearly every building in that quaint and historic old city. The London *Times* said: "It is in the highest degree eloquent, acute, stimulating to thought and fertile in suggestion. It will, we are convinced, elevate taste and intellect, raise the tone of moral feeling, kindle benevolence toward men, and increase the love and fear of God."

While through the early years the critics made his pathway thorny, he had a solace which few writers possess—nearly $800,000 left him by his parents! This gave him leisure for study, and saved him from the harassments incident to the earning of one's daily bread. After writing various other books on art—such as "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," in 1854; "Giotto and his Works," 1855; "Lectures on Art, Decoration and Manufacture," 1859—having effected by his pen a revolution in art matters, he turned his mind to Political Economy, finding, as he believed, grave errors in the teachings of John Stuart Mill. He now wrote "Unto this Last," in 1860, four essays which appeared in *Cornhill*, and which Ruskin himself says will stand the surest and longest of anything he has written. Again the critics laughed him to scorn, called his suggestions "childish panaceas," and were "profoundly sad" at his fanaticism and foolishness, which seemed to them little less than idiocy.

His plans for the betterment of humanity were these:

"*First*—That there should be training-schools for youth established, at Government cost, and under Government discipline, over the whole country; that every child born in the country should, at the parents' wish, be permitted to pass through them." In these schools children were to be taught the laws of health, gentleness and justice, and the calling by which they were to live.

"*Secondly*—That, in connection with these training-schools, there should be established, also entirely under Government regulation, manufactories and workshops, for the production and sale of every necessary of life, and for the exercise of every useful art."

"*Thirdly*—That any man, or woman, or boy, or girl, out of employment, should be at once received at the nearest Government school, and set to such work as it appeared, on trial, they were fit for, at a fixed rate of wages determinable every year; that, being found incapable of work through ignorance, they should be taught, or being found incapable of work through sickness, should be tended."

"*Lastly*—That for the old and destitute, comfort and home should be provided," and not be considered a disgrace, "for," said Mr. Ruskin, "a laborer serves his country with his spade, just as a man in the middle ranks of life serves it with sword, pen, or lancet."

When asked where the funds for the schools should come from, he replied: "The economy in crime alone, which such schools would induce, would suffice to support them ten times over. Their economy of labor would be pure gain."

This book was written before England was wise enough to start free compulsory schools for her children, and the idea of free compulsory training, or industrial schools, was thought to be the scheme of a man who had lost his mind. Now, twenty-five years after, every civilized State is asking itself whether it must, for its own safety, not only educate its children, to save ignorance, but teach them also a trade by which to earn a living, that idleness and crime may be restrained. A State whose people do not know how to support themselves will fall at the hands of that same untaught people.

The plan of providing work for those who are willing, but cannot find it, has many advocates. There are those who claim that it would be as wise and legitimate for the State to *loan* land in the great West to laborers, who need assistance to start farming, as for the State to *give* large sums to railroad companies. The one is conceded to be a great help in the development of the State: why not the other? as it stimulates industrious workmen, and is a safeguard to the State in the prevention of pauperism and crime.

After Mr. Ruskin had been excoriated for writing "Unto this Last," he wrote "Munera Pulveris," on kindred topics, and the "Crown of Wild Olives," on

Work, Traffic and War, in which he advocated the blessings of peace, and the leisure that ought to make us better. "Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne" was composed of letters addressed to his friend Mr. Thomas Dixon, a cork-cutter of Sunderland, living near the rivers Weare and Tyne. These letters show Ruskin's ideal commonwealth. He wrote them, he says, "not in any hope of their being at present listened to, but to disburden my heart of the witness I have to bear, that I may be free to go back to my garden-lawns and paint birds and flowers there."

Having seen around him so much poverty and overwork, so many ill-assorted marriages with too large families, he urges the following suggestions: "Permission to marry should be the reward held in sight of youth during the entire latter course of their education, and it should be granted as the national attestation that the first portion of their lives had been rightly fulfilled. The granting of it should be a public testimony to the fact that the youth or maid to whom it was given had lived a modest and virtuous life, and had attained such skill in their proper handicraft, and in arts of household economy, as might give well-founded expectations of their being able honorably to maintain and teach their children. No girl should receive her permission to marry before her seventeenth birthday, nor any youth before his twenty-first." "They should be entitled to claim, if they needed it, according to their position in life, a fixed income from the State, for seven years from the day of their marriage, for the setting up of their home; and however rich they might be by inheritance, their income should not be permitted to exceed a given sum . . . but should accumulate in the trust of the State . . . so that rich and poor should not be sharply separated in the beginning of the war of life, but the one supported against the first stress of it long enough to enable them, by proper forethought and economy, to secure their footing, and the other trained somewhat in the use of moderate means before they were permitted to have command of abundant ones." He believes "that one of the most important conditions of a healthful spirit of social economy would be the restraint of the properties and incomes of the upper classes within certain fixed limits. The temptation to use any energy in the accumulation of wealth being thus removed, another and a higher ideal of the duties of advanced life would be necessarily created in the national mind." He suggests that this law "would never be enforced on themselves by the upper classes," but should be "gradually brought into force from beneath, without violent proceedings."

Blackwood's Magazine questioned whether "inextinguishable laughter is fit criticism for such a scheme"; but the world has gone on thinking in the last two decades, and the harm done to society by the ownership of too much money or too much land by the individual is now being made a subject of legislation.

Mr. Ruskin's next books were "Ethics of the Dust," "Talks on Minerals," "Aratra Pentelici," six "Lectures on the Elements of Sculpture," "Proserpina," a book on botany, "Love's Meinie," a book on birds, "Sesame and Lilies," and many more. His "Fors Clavigera," letters to workingmen, has been published in pamphlet form, at a few pence each, since January 1st, 1871. He gets his title, he tells us, from Horace. "*Fors* is the best part of three good English words—force, fortitude and fortune—*Clavigera* may mean either club-bearer, key-bearer or nail-bearer." In these letters he describes, at length, one of the most important philanthropic works of his life, "St. George's Guild."

He was moved to this work by the misery of England. He says, "I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else I like; and the very light of the morning sky, when there is any—which is seldom nowadays near London—has become hateful to me because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of, when I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly."

"I am not rich (as people now estimate riches), and great part of what I now have is already engaged in maintaining art-workmen, or for other objects more or less of public utility." Mr. Ruskin has given away sometimes in a single year, as high as $76,500. He has given his poor relations about $85,000; to endow a master, of drawing in the Taylor galleries at Oxford, $25,000; and he has but $250,000 or less remaining. "The tenth of whatever is left to me, estimated as accurately as I can (you shall see the accounts), I will make over to you in perpetuity, with the best security that English law can give, on Christmas day of this year (1871), with engagement to add the tithe of whatever I can earn afterward. We will try to make some small piece of English ground beautiful, peaceful and fruitful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads; we will have no untended or unthought-of creatures upon it; none wretched but the sick; none idle but the dead. . . . The object of the society is to buy land in England, and thereon to train into the healthiest and most refined life possible as many Englishmen, Englishwomen and English children as the land we possess can maintain in comfort; to establish for them and their descendants a national store of continually augmenting wealth, and to organize the government of the persons and the administration of the properties under laws which shall be just to all, and secure in their inviolable foundation on the law of God. . . . Each family will at first be put on its trial for a year without any lease of the land. If they behave well they shall have a lease for three years; if through that time they satisfy their officers, a lifelong lease with power to purchase. . . . The children will be required to attend training schools for bodily exercise and music, with other education. Every household will have its library, given it from the fund, and consisting of a fixed number of volumes, some constant, the others chosen by each family out of a list of permitted books, from which they afterward may increase their library if they choose."

In 1877, thirteen acres of land were purchased near Sheffield, rentable to workingmen at three per cent. The head of the enterprise, Mr. Ruskin, is called the "master"; the members, those who give money or lands, "companions," and the tenants or laborers, "retainers." Every person who is received into St. George's Guild signs a pledge: "I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures, visible and invisible. And I will strive to love Him, and keep His law, and see His work, while I live. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fullness of its mercy, and the joy of its love. And I will strive to love my neighbor as myself, and even when I cannot, will act as if I did." Then follow promises to "labor, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me; not to deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure; not to kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor to destroy any beautiful thing; to obey all the laws of my country faithfully, and strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness."

Mr. Ruskin's life has been a constant study to uplift the

world. He has the right to say, "I have labored always for the honor of others, not my own, and have chosen rather to make men look to Turner and Luini than to form or exhibit the skill of my own hand . . . I have lowered my rents and assured the comfortable lives of my poor tenants. . . I would rather watch a seagull fly than shoot it, and rather hear a thrush sing than eat it. . . . I never disobeyed my mother ; I have honored all women with solemn worship."

He has received many and varied honors. In 1867 he was appointed Rede Lecturer at Cambridge University, which institution conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. He was afterward elected Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford, and re-elected in 1876. For five years he lectured gratuitously at the Workingmen's College in London, started by the noble Frederick Denison Maurice. Mr. Ruskin is a genial man, shy in manner, slight in physique, with kind blue eyes and sunny face. His friends think he is the best conversationalist in the world.

RUSKIN.—FROM A LATER SKETCH BY LANDER.

Really great minds seem to have cast off from their hearts the grave's earth, as well as dissipated the clouds which concealed the heavens from our view, and they thus disclose to themselves and to us a clear and blissful world of everlasting repose.

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN.—"'GIVE ME YOUR HAND. HOW SOFT IT IS—HOW WHITE! AH, MY POOR DOVE!' FIXING HER GLEAMING GYPSY EYES ON MIGNON'S STARTLED FACE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

WASHED ASHORE.

THROUGH the dark night the wind howl'd loud and drear,
And wrath-tipp'd waves broke with their crested spray
Upon the sands, where groups of fishers' wives
Paced, anxious, biding for the coming day.
Full well they knew, borne on that seething sea,
The partners of their lives were rudely toss'd;
And fate might chance it, ere they reach'd the shore,
The selfish tide might hiss the doom of—lost!

Vainly strain'd eyes gazed o'er the swelling main—
In saddest silence ne'er a word was spoke;
The cloud-wrapp'd moon refused to give her light,
Wild waves along the sea-beach roll'd and broke:
Columns of sombre dark o'erhung the sky,
And trembled 'neath the thunder's sullen roar—
While heaven's electric flash oft lighted up
The haggard faces on the surf-beat shore.

From out the rest, one woman paced apart—
Her children wand'ring wond'ring by her side,
Who, feeling not the mother's inward grief,
Gazed pensively upon the gurgling tide—
But she, with soul unplfted to her God,
Breath'd a sad prayer to Him who walk'd the wave,
Asking that if it were His gracious will
Her husband from destruction He might save.

Gray morn came round, nor did the storm abate,
But battled fiercely as it had through night;
And still on beach the weary watchers paced,
Eager for tidings to be brought by light.
There, grappling with the billows, rode the boats,
Nerving all skill to reach the harbor near;
But efforts 'gainst such odds seem'd no avail
Rudders were gone, and hope alone could steer.

Swept to and fro, by wind and wave combined,
The crafts could not the sea's mad rage withstand;
And soon the broken planks and tangled cord
Lay strewn along the shell-bespangled strand.
O'er wave and rock one woman bent her eyes,
In hopes her husband's boat or form she'd spy—
(E'er this, the murd'rous sea's foul deed was done!
When, 'bove the roar, shot forth a heart-wrung cry:

Wash'd by remorseless billow at her feet,
The widow saw her much-loved husband lie:
Haggard his face, disheveled was his hair,
And dusked the lustre of his once-bright eye.
On knees beside the listless form she knelt,
With mutest awe her children bore the sight.
The wild waves echo'd back the mother's prayer,
As had been done throughout the bygone night!

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN.

BY

ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER I.—A NIGHT ATTACK.

DOWN from the Colorado peaks and passes the wind came swooping savagely. Ghostly snows still mantled those dreary heights, and lent an additional chill to the Spring night. The driver of the Overland Mail Company's stage, and such passengers as had climbed on the box with him, were well blanketed against the cold. The great boot was securely strapped down over the baggage, and as there had been a change of horses a few miles back, Jehu, with a loud creaking of springs, a cheerful rattling of chains and harness, was urging on his fresh animals, and cracking his long whip, by way of encouragement, over the sensitive heads of the leaders.

Inside, the lumbering vehicle was well filled.

"By Jove!" muttered Guy Fleetwood, deep in the fur coat collar, which he had rolled up about his ears, as a protection against the cold, "night-travel in the wilds of the West, afar from railways and civilization, may be picturesque, but it is also uncomfortable. I hope Rob Crawford keeps good fires and a generous larder at his ranch."

A glance through the stage window revealed to him the old trail, winding around and among great hills—the latter covered with dwarf cedar and *piñon*—and a night sky, pierced here and there with solitary peaks, over which the full moon was struggling in torn gray fringes of cloud. It was a desolate, dreary picture. A new country is rarely a cheerful one. Man is essentially a social being, and Fleetwood, with more interest than he had yet felt, turned from the prospect without to look at his fellow passengers.

A young Boston matron going to join her husband on a lonely sheep ranch; a severe, not to say aggressive, Yankee school-ma'am, in glasses and brown serge; a Mexican trader, reckless in his display of finger-rings and watch-chains; a professor of geology, with his bag of tools and specimens; an Illinois judge; a miner from Leadville, in a woolen hat and red shirt, and two or three tourists, nervous and irritable in their cramped positions—these made up the company. The Illinois judge suddenly caught Fleetwood's eye, and said:

"Are you from the States, sir?"

"No," answered Fleetwood, "I am a Canadian."

"Ha! a wonderful country this—great resources, undeveloped as yet. You have some interest in the mines, perhaps? Our neighbors across the line frequently have."

Fleetwood shook his head. He was a handsome young Saxon of five and twenty, with fair hair and violet eyes, and the figure of a Greek athlete.

"No," he replied, "I have no investments of that sort."

He might have added that he had come to Colorado to visit an old friend, the proprietor of a sheep ranch, and taste the wild freedom of the West—perhaps even to locate here, should the life of a ranchman seem to meet his requirements. But it did not suit Fleetwood to make further communications, so he turned his eyes again to the distant peaks, and the cedar-fringed foothills, and the struggling moon in its bank of cloud.

And then, after the fashion of all wanderers to whom home and kindred are precious, he began to wonder if all was right to-night in his own domain far away—the little Canadian kingdom where he had always ruled like a prince. He thought of his lady mother, so proud of her one only son.

He thought of his work-people, of his dogs and horses even, and hoped no ill had befallen any of them since his departure. Was all right with his pretty cousin,

Maud Loftus, in the Yankee boarding-school where she was acquiring the womanly accomplishments which would enable her to shine as the future Mrs. Fleetwood in social circles of Quebec? Suppose the Western fever which now possessed him should lead him to pitch his tent in the shadow of these Colorado peaks, would Maud be content with a home here? Would she leave the luxuries of civilization, as his fellow-passenger, the little Boston wife, had done, for Love's sweet sake? He answered his own queries with a shrug of the shoulders. Maud had a weakness for the pleasant things of life. He could scarcely expect a girl like her to take kindly to a Colorado sheep ranch. At this juncture the little Boston wife spoke.

"I hope," she said, timidly, to the school-ma'am in brown serge, "I hope, Miss Grey, that we shall not meet any of those dreadful road-agents that the people at Leadville were talking about."

Miss Grey clutched her big umbrella.

"With such a preponderance of males in this vehicle," she answered, in a sarcastic tone, "surely you and I have nothing to fear."

The judge grinned.

"There's a fellow working in this region, madam, who is the king of the road-agents. Sometimes he's called Black Dave, sometimes Tiger Chief—either name suits him; but he never robs a woman, it is said. Like Claude Duval of old, he has a great reputation for gallantry."

"But God pity the man that falls into his hands!" said a voice on another seat, "for he shoots to kill, as they say on the frontier."

A sudden ripple of excitement seemed to stir the passengers. The professor shuddered, the dark face of the Mexican trader turned a shade whiter, and one of the tourists, a little man, half lost in a big gray coat, clapped a hand to his boot with a motion so significant, that Fleetwood was fain to laugh behind his fur collar.

"I hope nobody is traveling in this stage with money about 'em," drawled the judge, "for Black Dave can scent money a hundred miles away."

"Oh," gasped the little Boston matron, in a terrified tone, "is it possible that we are in danger, sir—*real* danger? Is that man anywhere in our vicinity?"

"The Lord alone knows, madam! Now he's here, and now he's there. The other day the sheriff and his posse were looking for Dave around Leadville, and, by gum! where was he at that very time, but down on the Southern Pacific, wrecking an express train, and gobbling up a hundred thousand dollars, besides putting daylight through the officials who tried to protect his loot."

"It is a favorite pastime of Dave's," said the voice on the other seat, "to swoop down, like a cyclone, on some border town, paint it red, rob the wealthiest inhabitants, kill everybody who resists him, and then vanish with his gang—whither, no man knows. He has stolen more money than any other border ruffian, and his success in his devilish calling might be called phenomenal."

"I thought there were vigilants in this part of the country," remarked Guy Fleetwood, dryly.

The judge grinned.

"True, sir, but Black Dave is more vigilant than the vigilants. They are always after him, but they never overtake him. He is as cunning as a fox and as slippery as an eel. At present he rides and robs at his own pleasure."

The Mexican crossed himself.

"They told me at Denver," shuddered the professor, "that Black Dave was a half-breed Indian, and that once, down in Texas, he barely escaped hanging as a horse-thief."

"I don't know about that," replied the judge. "Like most gentlemen of the road, Dave goes masked to his business. But he's too blasted smart for an Indian, and,' with a bow to the female passengers, "too chivalrous to the ladies."

"I would like," cried the schoolma'am, indignantly, "to crack his wicked head with my umbrella!"

Nothing was heard for a few moments but the rattling of the wheels, and the creaking of springs and harness, as the stage toiled up a hill, now in moonlight, now in shadow.

"What *should* we do," shivered the young Boston wife, as she drew a little nearer to the schoolma'am, "if that monster should attack the stage to-night?"

"Do, ma'am?" bristled the tourist in the gray coat, "we would fight, like men, for our lives and—money. It speaks badly for the courage of these Western folks that they allow such brigands as Dave and his gang to establish a reign of terror here. It's my opinion he has never met a plucky adversary in all his career, and that's the whole secret of his success. Those fellows on the express train that the scoundrel wrecked the other day, declared afterward that the rifles furnished on their line wouldn't go off—it's more likely the men themselves were too scared to pull a trigger."

"'He who fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Will never live to fight again.'"

quoted the schoolma'am, dryly.

"Well," meditated the judge, "this Western frontier is a queer place. There's a powerful lot of unwritten history here. For my own part, I'm not desirous of a more intimate acquaintance with the road-agents or their chief—I'm quite content to receive second hand my information concerning David."

"Amen!" murmured the professor of geology, with fervor.

The only person in the stage who seemed to be armed was the Mexican trader. In his sash was stuck a pair of gold-mounted revolvers. He fingered them nervously, but said nothing. The vehicle rumbled on. It's monotonous motion began to take effect on Fleetwood. The faces of his traveling companions grew dim before his eyes, their voices—they were still talking of Black Dave and his evil deeds—died away in his drowsy, indifferent ears. He slept.

For how long, he did not know, but long enough to find himself absorbed in a vivid dream of Maud Loftus, his betrothed wife. He saw her standing, tall and fair, on the terrace of his old Canadian house. The post-road to Quebec wound past the iron gate, and the moon was shining in the tamarack-trees, and over the rapids of the great river, that, scarcely more than a stone's throw from his door, rushed tumultuously along under the pale stars of the north. In his dream he put out eager arms to embrace her.

"Maud!" he cried, "Maud, my darling!"

She waved him sadly away.

"You do not love me," she answered, in a voice as hollow as a shell; "you have never loved me, Guy. You consented to marry me only to please your mother."

He tried to utter a denial, but his tongue clove to his mouth. The lady of his dream laughed scornfully.

"False lover!" she cried; "false in word, false in deed! Your hour is yet to come! The woman lives who will some day avenge me!"

Like a wraith, fair but threatening, she seemed to melt away into the moonlight. He sprang forward to seize and to hold her, when presto! the stage of the Overland Mail Company stopped with a sudden jerk, a confused murmur followed, then the door was flung back, and a voice like a trumpet, called out: "Gents and ladies, I'll trouble you to 'light!"

The schoolma'am gave a scream shrill enough to lift the top of the coach. The Illinois judge simply said, "By gum! it's Black Dave!" and in one brief, thrilling instant Fleetwood found himself wide-awake to existing realities.

The stage had come to an abrupt stand in a lonely spot, among the woody foot-hills. The road curved sharply at this point, and on one side of it arose a barricade of rocks, which might have been thrown together by Titans; and on the other, was a thick growth of trees and underbrush.

The agents had certainly chosen an excellent position for their work. Four masked faces and eight revolvers thrust out from behind the rocks, had brought the driver of the stage to this sudden halt.

But it was the figure in the coach door, fully revealed to Fleetwood by the moonlight, which fixed his attention. Heaven knows he had good reason to remember it to the hour of his death!

It was a most striking figure, nearly six feet high in its yellow moccasins. A deerskin shirt and embroidered jacket covered the upper portion of the body; the waist was girded by a broad belt, which held two of Colt's navy revolvers; the lower limbs were incased in fringed leggings. A huge sombrero, and a close black mask concealed the face; but Fleetwood saw that the throat was a model of beauty, and a mass of fine, fair hair which never grew on an Indian head, fell low on the collar of the gay fringed jacket. Our young Canadian had just time to take in these details, when the Illinois judge said, calmly: "He's got the drop on us!" and stepped from the coach. The others filed after.

The Mexican, the only armed passenger threw his revolvers out of the window.

Fleetwood was the last to alight, and no man ever performed an act with worse grace.

"You cursed coward!" he cried, to the frightened Mexican, "you might have given your weapons to one who would use them!"

Out from behind the rocks, where the stamp of horses could plainly be heard, came the four masked men to enforce the orders of their chief.

Black Dave touched his sombrero to the two women, and motioned them quietly to one side of the road.

"Fear nothing!" he said, in what seemed to Fleetwood's ear, a decidedly *cultivated* voice, "I never molest ladies."

But the males did not fare as well. A fallen tree lay by the roadside. On its trunk the luckless driver and his masculine passengers were ordered to sit down under cover of eight loaded revolvers. Fleetwood alone showed signs of resistance.

"Sit down there, young man!" commanded Black Dave, sharply.

"If it's all the same to you, you unconscionable thief, I think I'll stand," replied Fleetwood.

The eyes of the road-agent flashed through his black mask.

"Sit down!" he thundered, "or I'll let daylight through you."

"Moonlight you mean, Friend David," laughed Fleetwood; "you have me at a slight disadvantage, you see. If fair play was possible between us, I give you my word that I should not obey you."

He seated himself reluctantly at the end of the lugubrious line.

"Hands up!" cried the road-agent.

The women alone were spared. Jehu surrendered twenty-five hard-earned dollars and a watch and chain.

Black Dave, unlike road-agents in general, had no consideration for drivers.

The judge, with commendable resignation, gave up a well-filled pocket-book The tourist in the gray coat carried a lean purse and no trinkets; but the robber-chief seized him by the boots, tore off those useful articles, and took from them ten thousand dollars in government bonds. The Mexican was the richest of the passengers. He was stripped of chains and rings, and a watch studded with diamonds, not to speak of great rolls of United States bank notes, and a belt stuffed with gold coin.

Black Dave "went through" the company thoroughly, and came to the last victim in the line—Guy Fleetwood.

Inwardly, the young Canadian was boiling with rage; outwardly, he was as calm as the night sky which bent over the wretched spot.

Silently he permitted Black Dave to relieve him of a superb chronometer and a well-filled purse; but when the robber-chief seized upon a leather case of letters and photographs, the young fellow uttered a protest.

"I give you my word as a gentleman," he said, "that you will find neither money nor jewels in that case. Have the decency to let it alone, for it cannot be of the slightest value to you."

"Dry up!" answered the robber, roughly, as he tore the case from the young fellow's pocket.

A letter fell out, and two or three photographs. The sight was more than Fleetwood could bear. His treasures—Maud's letters—his mother's letters—in the vile hands of this Western robber!

He was a muscular fellow, and he had been well-trained in the manly art of self-defense. Like lightning, he planted a tremendous blow between Black Dave's disguised eyes.

The road agent dropped like a log.

Instantly there was a crash of revolvers, and Guy Fleetwood fell headlong to the earth, and lay there without breath or motion.

One of the men ran to his fallen chief, while the remainder of the gang covered the stage-passengers with their loaded weapons, and so held them in check. Black Dave was lifted up, and a flask put to his lips. He revived immediately, and looked around.

"Where's that young devil?" he gasped.

"Dead," answered the subordinate, briefly, pointing to the prostrate body of Fleetwood.

"'Twas a pity to shoot so much good pluck!" said Black Dave, with a grim laugh, then he waved his hand toward the waiting stage.

"Bundle in there!" he thundered, to the plundered passengers, and still menaced by the revolvers of the road-agents, they obeyed with haste.

The women were the last to scramble to their places—they alone had escaped robbery.

Black Dave sent a shot over the head of Jehu to speed him on his way, and off rattled the coach at a tremendous pace, and vanished away in the shadows of the night, leaving Guy Fleetwood stretched across that fallen log by the wayside, with the moon shining down upon his stark, still body, and over the blood-stains that streaked his upturned face.

SUNNY CHILDHOOD.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE RANCH.

HALF an hour went by. Suddenly there was a faint stir among the twigs and dead leaves—the spasmodic movement of a helpless human hand, as if it were trying to clutch a glimmering consciousness, a receding world. Guy Fleetwood stirred, and opened his eyes.

Of course he was alone. The stage had gone on, and the road-agents had fled with their booty. Was he hurt? Desperately! He rolled off the log into a pool of his own blood. His body seemed riddled with bullets. The robbers had missed a vital part, but that was all.

What was he to do? He was bleeding from undressed wounds; he lay on a wild trail, miles and miles from human aid, unarmed, and at the mercy of any savage beast that might scent his blood from afar; and yet, in the face of these facts, Fleetwood, at this moment, thought only of the case of letters and photographs which Black Dave had stolen from his coat-pocket.

"What did the rascal do with it, I wonder?" he muttered, feebly. "Poor little Maud! Will she cry her pretty eyes out when she hears of my death?"

Hark! What sound was that in the far distance? He listened. Distinct and clear to his ears came the rattling of stirrups, the plunging of hoofs, the panting of hard-pressed horses. A band of mounted men swept around the bend in the road, and galloped straight up to the spot where Fleetwood lay. The foremost of the number leaped quickly out of his saddle, and bent over the prostrate man.

"He is still living!" he called to his comrades. And, with a groan of dismay, Fleetwood looked up into the masked face of Black Dave, the road-agent.

"Yes, I am living, but through no fault of yours," he answered, feebly. "Have you come back to finish me? Well, be quick about it—aim at my heart this time!"

He shut his eyes to receive the final blow, but it did not come. To Fleetwood's utter amazement, the road-agent drew from a pocket of his deerskin shirt, not the deadly Derringer, but a flask of excellent wine, which he pressed to the lips of his victim. Then he called out, imperatively, to some one in the gang: "Doctor!"

A short, thick-set fellow dismounted, examined Fleetwood's hurts, produced lint and bandages from some unknown quarter, and began to bind up the young man's wounds with professional skill.

"He'll pull through," Fleetwood heard him mutter.

Black Dave stood looking on with an air of strange excitement. Fleetwood could almost feel his terrible eyes burning through his mask. The rest of the gang remained motionless in their saddles.

"I did not come back to finish you, as you see, Mr. Fleetwood," said the outlaw, with a low, mirthless laugh; "don't start—I read your name on your letters. It was a double-barreled blow which you gave me, and you can make your boast that you're the first man who ever floored Black Dave; but I bear no malice. Now, first of all, where do you hail from?"

Having really nothing to conceal, Fleetwood answered, promptly, "From Canada."

"What brings you to Colorado?"

"I am here to visit an old college classmate, and invest, perhaps, in a sheep-ranch."

"Humph! Give him another pull at the flask, doctor—his voice is failing. You're a Canadian by birth, young man, but you have friends in the States, eh?"

"Friends in the States! What's that to you, you scoundrel?" groaned Fleetwood.

"Tut! don't call hard names. To what place were you bound when you got aboard that stage?"

"To Crawford's ranch."

"Ha! That's a good distance away on the river."

He made a signal to his men, and the strongest horse in the party was led forward. One of the robbers, an exceedingly light-weight, mounted, and took Fleetwood on before him.

Off went the gang, Black Dave at their head. In spite of his bodily suffering, Fleetwood was full of wonder and curiosity. How could he account for this odd turn of affairs? What had transformed these red-handed desperadoes so suddenly into good Samaritans?

The little cavalcade, all armed to the teeth, went on through the moonlight. Fleetwood's ears were full of rattling hoofs and spurs, but not a syllable was spoken by any one. At a pace subdued to suit the need of the wounded man, the horses measured off mile after mile of gloom and silence. On and on! Now and then the wine-flask was pressed anew to Fleetwood's lips. Through half-closed eyes he saw the night sky, thick with stars, sliding away overhead, and the lonely landscape, as it slipped by, like a painful dream. At last he became aware that the gang was ascending a hill. On the further side lay a valley, well-watered—that indispensable requirement of the sheep-breeder.

There stood a rough cabin, with barn and sheds huddled near, and some corrals, connected by swinging gates. At this hour no light was visible about the place; no sign of life; but as Black Dave and his men approached the corrals, they were greeted by the soft bleat of sheep, and the barking of dogs. The outlaw rode up to the ranch, swung himself out of the saddle, seized Fleetwood, and dropped him at the threshold.

"Halloo within!" he thundered, and gave two or three resounding blows on the door. Then the young fellow felt something thrust into his hand—the watch and purse of which he had been robbed, and heard these words:

"Here you are at Crawford's ranch, and by Heaven! I've run my neck into a noose to fetch you here. Good-by, Mr. Fleetwood—it's a thousand pities you happened to be on the Overland stage to-night."

A rush, a clatter, and Black Dave and his gang dashed away over the valley, and vanished like birds of the night.

A noise inside the cabin assured Fleetwood that the inmates had been awakened. A well-known voice cried, "What the deuce can all that row be, Hoxie?"

The door swung back, and the shambling, half-dressed figure of an old herder appeared in the opening.

"Lord save us, Mister Crawford," he cried, at sight of the object on the threshold; "somebody's gone and left a dead man at the door."

"No, by Jove! I'm not dead yet, Crawford, old fellow," gasped Fleetwood, as the owner of the ranch, a gaunt, sandy-haired young Canadian, came hurrying upon the scene; "give me a proper welcome to your Eldorado, for——"

But here he went off in a dead swoon.

When he opened his eyes again he was lying in a bunk in the principal room of the ranch. Homemade chairs and benches, covered with undressed leather, stood here and there about the place. On the wall overhead were nailed leather cases for revolvers. Two Winchester rifles occupied one corner; in another, lay a heap of saddles and sheepskins. Over the bunk the lord of the ranch bent anxiously.

"In the name of all that's mysterious, Fleetwood, explain this singular mode of arrival!" he cried.

Betwixt a laugh and a groan, Fleetwood answered with two words—"*Black Dave.*"

The old herder, Hoxie, dropped the tallow dip he was holding, and leaped a foot into the air. His weather-beaten face, seamed with curious wrinkles, grew as gray as ashes.

"Black Dave!—ten thousand devils!" he gasped.

"Do you mean to say, Fleetwood, that you have been robbed and shot by that villainous road-agent?" cried Crawford.

"Don't mind Hoxie. For private reasons, he would rather at any time hear the crack of doom than Dave's name."

"I've been shot, but not robbed, it appears," answered Fleetwood, "for here are my watch and purse," holding up the treasure which Dave had restored to him. Then he told his story briefly. They opened the pocket-book, and counted its contents—not a farthing had been abstracted.

"'Pon my soul, this is an extraordinary thing!" said Crawford; "but tell no more of it now, dear boy, you are too weak. Of course, I got your letters, and was looking for you by every stage; but I scarcely expected you to be delivered at the door like a bundle of wool, and by that prince of thieves and cutthroats, too! You are more than two-thirds killed, to say the least. Luckily, Hoxie is something of a doctor, and a capital nurse also. I shall detail him to take care of you." He waved his hand around his domicile. "No luxuries here, as you see, my boy—only two rooms in the cabin—bare floors, bare walls—not a woman within a radius of ten miles. If there is anything upon which I pride myself, it is my perfect freedom from all petticoat government! Hoxie is cook and housekeeper. He sews on the buttons and mends the socks, he makes the bread and coffee, and roasts the mutton. Queer fellow is Hoxie—has a history of his own. What do you think he was doing the first time I ever saw him? Why, hanging from the branch of a tree, with a stout rope around his neck! Yes, luxuries are scarce at the ranch, but we abound in necessities, and among the latter we reckon a medicine chest and a case of surgical instruments. I fear, my boy, you will have to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with both."

The next morning the corral gates of Crawford's ranch were opened, and the bleating sheep driven out upon the range by Mexican Juan, while the herder, Hoxie, remained behind to abstract the robbers' bullets from Fleetwood's body, and otherwise care for the comfort of this wounded guest.

An anxious hush settled on the busy ranch. Crawford pulled his sandy beard, and ventured to remark: "We had better send for the nearest doctor, Hoxie."

"What for, sir?" demanded Hoxie, sharply, "don't *I* know what fever is? Hain't I seen wounds afore to-day—hain't I probed for bullets? I reckon! Leave him to me. There ain't any room for doctors in this yer cabin."

"Remember, man, he's as dear to me as a brother. We were born in the same dull Canadian village—we have been good comrades always, and, to tell the truth, I am responsible for this whole nefarious business; for it was my letters, my glowing accounts of sheep-ranches, and merinos and California stock, which brought him here to Colorado, and if he dies on our hands, I shall feel like his murderer."

"He's worth a dozen dead men," replied Hoxie, dryly. "I'll pull him through, never fear."

And sure enough, under the old herder's excellent care, Fleetwood soon began to mend. Fate had decreed that the young fellow should not perish by the bullet of a road-agent.

One day, Crawford sat cleaning a rifle in the ranch-kitchen, while his friend, gaunt and hollow-eyed, but now making rapid progress toward recovery, watched him languidly from his bunk.

"Fleetwood, my boy," the ranchman was saying, "I've but one passion in life—sheep, and their proper management. Yes, of course, I know it was my highly colored accounts of this country, which lured you away from your little dull Canadian kingdom; but you must see my herds, particularly my Atwoods, you must ride over my range, fully to understand my enthusiasm. Like all tenderfeet—that's our name for new comers—you'll find things in a ranchman's life that you may not like; but, by Jove! we have our compensations. Nothing like this Rocky Mountain air to expand a man's lungs. I was well gone in phthisis when I came out here, you remember, and now I call myself a sound man."

"Maud has no sign of phthisis, so I fear she will not be influenced by that fact," answered Fleetwood.

Crawford's face fell.

"Maud?—oh, yes! your betrothed. I forgot that you were not a free man. Well, it's true that ladies in general don't take kindly to ranch life; but it's the Eden of men. There's money in it, too. I made five thousand dollars clean profit last year, and expect this year to double that sum."

"Maud has a natural antipathy to mutton, living or dead," groaned the weak voice from the bunk, "and she would rather spend money than make it."

Crawford stroked his red beard dubiously.

"Love is slavery the world over. I count myself free, because I have neither wife nor sweetheart. Oh, I see! This beastly adventure of yours has sickened you already of Colorado. You are disappointed—you will not stay here—you are sighing, even now, for the flesh-pots of Egypt—nothing looks right to your diseased eyes, and by Jove!" raising his voice, wrathfully, "it's all the work of that confounded road-agent, Black Dave!"

Hoxie, who was kneading dough at the kitchen-table, gave one of his startling leaps, and bread and dish crashed together on the floor. The outlaw's name had, at all times, a curious effect on the old herder.

"Bear up, Hoxie!" cried Crawford, laughing; "a man must be careful how he mentions Black Dave in your presence. You see," turning to Fleetwood, "Hoxie has got it into his head that he is destined to die by Dave's hand some day—all nonsense, of course. And now that you are stronger, and we can safely discuss the topic, let me ask, Fleetwood, if you have yet thought of any solution to the mystery of that rascal's treatment of you?"

"No."

"Well, it's the oddest thing that ever happened to a son of Adam! You knock the scoundrel down—a piece of audacity that is enough, in itself, to settle your fate—then you are shot and robbed, and left for dead; and suddenly, for no known reason, this highwayman, thief, cutthroat, repents, turns back, binds up your wounds, sets you on his own beast, like the man of Biblical fame, carries you carefully to your destination, and restores to you at parting all that of which you have been plundered."

"No, not all," corrected Fleetwood.

"Ha! What did he keep?"

"The only thing, strange to say, that could be of no earthly value to him—a leather case full of letters, and photographs, and such nonsense!"

"By Jove! What a queer whim!" cried Crawford.

Hoxie came sidling up to the bunk, as if drawn thither by some irresistible power. His wrinkled face wore a strange, breathless look.

"'T wasn't a whim, sir," he burst out; "Black Dave never has whims. There's an infernal motive behind everything he does."

"You ought to know, Hoxie," said Crawford, indulgently, "seeing that you have been on terms of peculiar intimacy with the road-agent."

"What—Hoxie!" cried Fleetwood, in amazement.

"Oh, yes; Hoxie was——. But never mind. He will tell you his story some day. Now, the fact that Black Dave kept the leather case, and returned your other possessions, seems very significant. Pray what did that case contain?"

"Letters."

"Be explicit—what sort of letters?"

"Two or three from my people in Canada," replied Fleetwood; "all relating entirely to home matters, and a half-dozen, perhaps, from Maud—sweet and delightful enough, but not containing a line that could possibly influence Black Dave to show compassion to Maud's lover."

"Item No. 1—letters," said Crawford; "what next?"

"Some railway tickets and business cards."

"Go on."

"Photographs—one of Maud posing with one of her classmates, in a boarding-school tableau; another representing her in street costume, and still another in a balcony scene, and full evening dress, *à la Juliet.*"

"No more."

"No—yes—now that I think of it, there *was* one more, an excellent one of my Newfoundland dog Punch."

"This grows absorbing. Proceed."

"The case also held a lock of Maud's hair—a withered rose, likewise a souvenir of Maud, and a ring set with an opal—a family relic, given me by my mother, but of little intrinsic value. I declare these trifles to have composed the entire contents of the leather case. Now, which of them, do you, think, softened the heart of Black Dave?"

"I'm blessed if I know!" mused Crawford. "Odd, isn't it?—deucedly odd! What could have possessed a road-agent to keep such things in preference to your money and good English chronometer? It must have been Maud's pretty face which touched his heart, or, perhaps, her little love-letters."

"You have a vivid imagination, Crawford. Fancy Black Dave stopping to read a girl's letters by moonlight, and just after robbing a stage, too! Hoxie, what do *you* think of this matter?"

The old herder was eagerly drinking in every word of the conversation. He gave one of his queer starts, but answered, gravely:

"I think that neither of you two gentlemen has got at the truth. Dave is deep—devilish deep! Are you sure, Mr. Fleetwood, that you hain't forgot anything in the case? you've mentioned all that you had there, eh? You hain't been and gone, and overlooked something that might be the key to the whole mystery?"

"No, by Jove! I have not!" answered Fleetwood; "my memory upon that point is clear. There wasn't another scrap or atom of anything in the case."

"Bless me!" cried Crawford; "I would give Black Dave a hundred dollars out of my own pocket if he would come here and explain himself."

"My God!" gasped the herder, with a wild, terrified look around the cabin.

"Oh!" said Crawford, lightly, "I forgot that the presence of the road-agent would scarcely be to *your* mind, old man. I must leave you to talk over the mystery with Mr. Fleetwood, for yonder comes Juan with the sheep."

The barking of dogs and the tinkle of bells began to be heard in the distance. Beyond the sheds and corrals, adown the lonely valley, covered with short yellow-green grass and bounded by a chain of solitary peaks, appeared Mexican Juan in his old canvas coat, with a canteen at his side, and his gray flock undulating about him. Crawford seized his hat and ran out to the corrals, leaving his friend to the herder.

"See here, Hoxie," began Fleetwood, raising himself on his elbow in the bunk, "You have aroused my curiosity to the highest pitch. I want to hear your story. Come, what do you know about Black Dave?"

The herder cast a queer, hunted look over his shoulder.

"What do I know, sir?" he answered, hoarsely. "Well, I don't tell everybody; but I've taken a fancy to you, for you're of the right sort. I know more than I wish I did, sir—more than it's safe for any man to know; for," sinking his voice almost to a whisper, "once on a time, sir, I served in Black Dave's gang!"

CHAPTER III.

HOXIE'S STORY.

"WHAT!" cried Fleetwood, dumbfounded.

"Yes, sir," repeated Hoxie, "I were one of 'em! Bad luck often forces a man into strange company. I needn't go into particulars; but I'm a sort of Jack at all trades. I've fought Injuns, I've drove cattle through the sage brush, I've worked in the mines. Once I kept a billiard saloon at Pueblo, and at another time I had a gambling-place at Leadville—'twas at Leadville that I first met Dave.

"I needn't tell you how, sir, but owing to a little unpleasantness that happened in my saloon, and the killing of a few men, I was forced to leave Leadville sudden-like, and directly after that I found myself casting my fortin with Dave and his gang."

"So," interrupted Fleetwood, "you've seen that man with his mask off, eh?"

"That I have, sir, and he's no half-breed, as some folks say. His face is as white as yours—a good deal whiter than mine; but, by the infernal pit, I'd rather deal with the reddest Apache that ever run than with him."

"Go on!" urged Fleetwood, "tell me something of the true inwardness of the road-agents!"

Plainly it was no agreeable subject. Hoxie shook like a man with the palsy.

"Well, sir, I kept the right side of Dave for awhile—all his gang are deadly afeard of him. He thinks no more of blowing out a man's brains than of pulling off his boots. Tiger Chief they call him, down New Mexico way, and the name suits him well. He war the boldest fellow in a tussle that I ever saw, and though his men feared him more'n anything on the earth, or under it, yet every one of 'em, sir, stood ready to die for him. He had sich power over 'em as I never seed equaled. Luck, too, seemed always on his side. He robbed here, there, and everywhere; he came and he went at his own will, and the law never could lay hold of him, owing, maybe, to the friends and the different hiding-places he had scattered about the country. You see, Dave is mighty generous with his money—spends it free wherever he goes, and so makes himself as welcome to some folks as he is unwelcome to others. All things put together, he carried matters with a high hand."

CHRISTMAS WEATHER.

Fleetwood, supporting himself on his elbow, with his eyes fixed on this ex-road-agent, said:

"Who is that man, Hoxie? what is his real name?"

"I've never found out, sir. You feel the same curiosity that possessed me when I cast my fortin with him. I hadn't been in the band many days afore I war just mad to larn something of his history. He war no common border-ruffian, that war plain enough. His looks nor his ways warn't of the everyday kind. I asked myself over and over what war his right name, and where did he come from, and what had made him a road-agent. Nobody in the gang knew. The ones that had been with him longest could tell the least. He confided in no one, and he had mighty mysterious ways. He would leave his men and go off for days together, and nobody the wiser. He wrote letters, and he got letters, which war strange doings for a road-agent, as you'll allow, sir. This much was told me by Texas Jim, his lieutenant, who had taken to watching his chief, too.

"'They're a woman's letters,' sez Jim, 'and they come from the East. I've allers suspicioned that Dave was a Yankee. When he goes off on journeys that nobody knows about, it's for them air letters. He holds reg'lar correspondence with somebody. Now *who?* I'm a-gwine to find out—I'm a-gwine to follow him. Sich things are clean agin his character as a road-agent. He's a-playing some danged double game that ought to be stopped, pardner.'

"I'd been long enough with the gang to answer:

"'If ye meddle with Dave, 'twill cost ye yer life.'

"'Pooh!' sez Jim; but I war right. Black Dave wasn't the man to allow prying, and he war great on discipline at all times.

"Well, it war down New Mexico way, sir, Black Dave had been doing some bold work, wrecking trains, and robbing passengers, besides walking through the full purses of some rich Mexican *rancheros*, and he war a lying low a spell, till the hue and cry should pass.

"It war the loneliest place under heaven—an old, deserted, tumble-down ranch, in a dreary gulch—Red Gulch 'twas called. The people that had lived there years afore, had all been killed by Apaches, and nobody ever came a-nigh it now. Dave had sort of fortified the old ruin as a hiding-place. We kept a *cache* of provision there, and a store of ammunition, and sich like.

"We hadn't fairly settled at the gulch when Texas Jim began to make signs that he wanted a word with me in private. Now it war mighty curious, Dave seldom swore at his men—I've allers had it on my mind that he war well brought up—but not a soul in the gang that didn't feel the chief's eye constantly watching him, following him about everywhere. So it war some little time afore I could slip away with Texas Jim.

"We halted under a red clay bank—I can see the cursed spot still. A few sycamore-trees were growing about, and over our heads circled a nasty carrion bird, as if on the look out for some dead man.

"'Well, pard,' began Texas Jim, 'I've got Dave now!'

"'Is that so?' sez I.

"'Yes,' sez he, 'sure! He's a man of mystery, and I call it an offense agin good morals,' sez he, 'to be mysterious, in a band of road-agents, where everything is expected to be common. Now, while we all know Dave ain't his name, not one of us can tell whether he has a right to any other, better or worse, and that's what aggarawates me. I'm a-gwine to know what he goes off on journeys for, all by himself, and who he sends his money to in the East—for he *does* send it there—and who he's a writing to—blast his eddication! and what far-away petticoat is at the bottom of sich underhand doings, for, mind ye, Black Dave never looks twice at any woman round about hyar. Now see these!' and Texas Jim showed me two letters—one that had been through the United States mail, and one that hadn't.

"'I stole these from the pocket of his deerskin shirt, last night, while he war sleeping,' sez Jim, but I could see that he war shaking at his own boldness. 'Here's one that war written to him, and another that he's been and writ to somebody—I suspicioned him at it, in the ranch last night, and I knew he'd be a-riding off somewhere to-day, to post it. So, sez I to myself, 'I'll hev' a look at that! Dave's like other men when he sleeps, whatever he may be when he's awake. He'll think he lost these things from his pocket!'

"I felt a queer chill go over me, and I ain't a coward either, but I didn't like what Jim had done. However, I answered up, quick enough, 'Have you read 'em, Jim?' 'No,' sez he; 'it's for you to do that, pardner. I ain't got an eddication like Black Dave.'

"Jim didn't know a single letter of the alphabet, so I, being a trifle better off, took the two envelopes, my heart going like a trip-hammer all the while, and what do you think, sir? The one that had come through the mail was scratched as bare as my hand—Black Dave meant to be prepared for accidents. He had just wiped out the name by which he war known to his Eastern correspondent.

"'Blast his cunning!' sez Texas Jim, 'but there's a letter inside, and it looks like a woman's scratching—read it!'

"'So I will,' sez I; 'but first I had to glance at the other letter—the one Black Dave had writ the night afore at Red Gulch. His hand war as good as a schoolmaster's, and he had put on the envelope a woman's name—a mighty queer one, too—and a town—where? Why, thousands of miles away, in Maine—Maine, that's next door to your own Canada, you know, sir. Well, nat'rally I couldn't make much out of that, so I passed it to Texas Jim, and sez I, 'Break the seal, while I read this t'other one.' That is, meaning the letter that had come to Dave through the mail, and had the name scratched out.

"''Loud—read it 'loud,' sez Jim; 'fair play, pardner.'

"I put in my thumb and finger, and whipped out a sheet of paper, scented like a nosegay, and covered with womanish writing—pretty marks laid close on the creamy page. This is what I read right into Texas Jim's ear, and I tell you, sir, the words are fixed in my memory, and warranted not to wash out:

"'DEAR PAPA.—I write to thank you for your birthday gift. I am glad you remember my birthdays, though I am so far away from you. The Academy girls are as jealous as cats. They don't know which to envy most, my good looks or my good clothes.'

"I didn't get beyond that, sir; for just at that minute, somebody slipped down the red clay bank, and stood 'twixt Jim and me—Black Dave himself, his mask off, his face as white as chalk, and a dozen devils glaring in his eyes.

Jim jumped back at sight of the chief, dropped the letter I had given him to open, and gave a sort of cry—it war the last sound he ever made, poor fellow! for before you could say Jack Robinson, a Derringer cracked, and Jim fell at my feet, with a bullet in his brain.

"Then Dave tore the other letter—the girl's letter—from me, and holding the muzzle of the still-smoking pistol to my ear, he said in a voice I'll never forget this side the grave:

"'Who robbed me while I slept—you, or Texas Jim?'

"I knew my doom was sealed, and that I hadn't a chance for my life, so I said, doggedly:

"'I reckon I war as much to blame as he.'

"'There ought to be honor, even among thieves,' he answered, with an evil smile. 'You were curious to find out something of Black Dave's private affairs, eh? A little knowledge, my lad, on some subjects, is a dangerous thing.'

"He gave Jim's carcass a kick.

"'Leave the rascal here to the gray wolves and coyotes,' he said, 'and do you come with me.'

"I would have made a stand for my life, even against him, sir; but the whole gang war round us by this time, my pistols were snatched from my belt, and my arms pinioned to my side.

"They all mounted their horses, Dave led the way, and the others followed him out of the gulch, and into a sort of desert place, stony and barren, and only sprinkled here and there with patches of mezquite grass. Dave had a lariat over his arm—I knew what *that* meant, even afore we came to a blasted tree—the only one in the stony waste. All the men clapped their masks on, and made ready for the business in hand. I didn't waste breath in asking for mercy—a short shrift and a long rope war Dave's motto. While they were adjusting the noose, he stalks up to me, and sez he:

"'How much of that letter did you read?'

"'The first few lines,' sez I.

"'What did you learn from them?' sez he.

"'That you're the father of a daughter, way off in Maine—a girl that thinks herself respectable, maybe,' sez I.

"These words made him b'iling mad, as I could see by the flash of his wicked eyes.

"'Luckily,' he hissed, 'in the place to which I am going to send you, my friend, you will be obliged to keep your discovery to yourself.'

"And then he gave the signal, and the next instant, I war swinging in the air, and every man leaped into his saddle, and like the wind the whole gang went clattering back toward the gulch, and left me to the crows and buzzards.

"Well, sir, you must know that I wasn't hung, from the fact that I'm a-sitting here by your bunk this blessed minute, alive and hearty—all of which happens because Mr. Robert Crawford went down to New Mexico one day, to buy sheep, and on the way home, some of the drove went astray, and in searching for 'em with his herder, Mexican Juan, lo and behold! the two come upon what they thought war a dead man, a swinging from the branch of a tree. Of course, they whipped out a knife and cut me down, and they poured brandy into my mouth, and worked over me, master and man, till they brought me back to life; and when my wits came again, sir, and I thought over all that had happened, and felt the marks of the lariat around my swollen and blackened throat, I war a reformed man, and I went down on my knees to Robert Crawford in the *gamma* grass, and made a clean breast of everything, and begged him to hide me for a while, and give me honest work. I had got my fill of Black Dave, and of evil courses generally. And Robert Crawford being a merciful gentleman, took pity on me, and disguised me in some of Juan's clothes, and he made good speed away from the vicinity of the gulch; for if the robbers had caught us there we would all have shared one fate, and Mr. Crawford brought me along to this ranch with him as a herder, and here I have lived like an honest man ever since."

Hoxie stopped to take breath. It was evident that the narrative had affected him deeply—great drops of sweat stood on his leathery forehead—he put his hand unconsciously to his throat, as if he still felt the tightening of Black Dave's lariat there.

"Ther's one thing more, sir," he said, at last, with slow, solemn emphasis; "I've got a conviction that Black Dave knows I escaped him that day—knows I wasn't hung—knows somebody saved me, and he'll kill me anywhere, and any time at sight. If I'd have opened the door to him the night he dropped you at this threshold, that would have been the last of Hoxie. I've never got over my terror of the man, I never shall get over it—perhaps it's because he war born to kill me!"

Fleetwood, deeply impressed by the herder's story, answered, with assumed carelessness:

"Pooh! the chances are very small, Hoxie, that either you or I will ever encounter the scoundrel again. The career of such a man is never long. A rope in the hands of the vigilants will sooner or later put an end to his exploits. But the thing which interests me deepest in your narrative is that letter from the girl in Maine. What a pity that you didn't have the time to read it all! By Jove! a queer sort of person the daughter of such a man must be! It makes one shudder to think of it! Of course Dave must be Eastern born himself."

"That's what I allers said, sir."

"Look here, Hoxie, do you remember the girl's address? You said Black Dave had written it on his letter, you know."

"I reckon! Dave came within an ace of strangling me; but that didn't destroy my memory, sir; and then, to make sure that I'd never forget it, I went and wrote it down in black and white, and a thousand times I've sworn to myself that if ever I should go East, I would hunt out that air town and that air woman, and see for myself what both were like."

"By Jove! Hoxie, I wonder you haven't done it before this time."

Hoxie shook his head gloomily.

"I shall never go East, sir—I shall live and die on this ranch; but," smiling a little as a sudden thought struck him, "what's to hinder you, sir, from looking up the person? Mr. Crawford sez you won't be content here in Colorado—sez you'll be going back to Canada as soon as you git strong again; and Canada, as every scholar knows, is nigh to Maine."

Fleetwood's blonde face grew blank, then he laughed.

"Hoxie, that is a brilliant idea! I have a passion for mysteries, even when they come in the form of disreputable people. I wonder what 'dear papa' had given the girl on her birthday, and with whose money the gift was bought? Hoxie, where is that address?"

Hoxie thrust a hand into the pocket of his deerskin shirt, fumbled there for a space, and finally, from a wrapper of sheepskin, drew forth and unfolded a bit of dirty paper. Fleetwood snatched it with strange eagerness, and read these words:

"Miss Concordia Tempest, Cinderville, Maine."

"Isn't that a rum sort of a name, sir?" said Hoxie.

"Are you sure you have it right?" said Fleetwood. "After the choking you got, Hoxie, your mind might have gone astray."

"No," protested Hoxie, "that's it, sir, letter for letter. I can read as well as the best of folks, and I swear to you that's the address as Dave had it writ on the envelope, ready to post when he should get the chance, sir."

"Oh, this is too much!" cried Fleetwood, gayly. "Concordia Tempest! a rose by any other name would

smell as sweet! Let me copy the mellifluous syllables at once! My mind is made up. I will have nothing to do with Colorado and sheep-raising—I will find Cinderville and Concordia Tempest or die."

He little knew, as he spoke the words so lightly, what that quest was to cost him; he little knew, as he lay there on his sheepskins in Rob Crawford's cabin, the dark tragedy which was to grow out of that bit of dirty paper!

"Do you mean it, sir!" said Hoxie.

"Yes, by Jove! I do!"

"Well, sir, a man better give Black Dave's daughter a wide berth. If she's got her father's blood in her she is, to say the least, dangerous. When you find her, sir—do the next best thing—take the first conveyance out of the town called Cinderville."

Fleetwood laughed, the gay, mocking laugh of youth and courage.

"Tut! Hoxie, don't let your horror of Black Dave extend to his female relatives, It's rather queer to discover that he has a daughter, anyway. He's scarcely one's ideal of a family man, eh? How does she come to be at the other end of the continent, I wonder; and has Miss Concordia a sister? has she a mother? Oh, this grows bewildering! Black Dave, during the little intercourse which I had with him, did not impress me as being above middle age."

"He hasn't seen a day beyond five-and-forty, sir."

"And, of course his daughter is young—a mere schoolgirl, in fact, as was shown by her letter. Bless me! the tiger-father sends his offspring to school like reputable parents! Well, seeing that Black Dave treated me with such leniency on the watch and purse question, and let me off with only the loss of Maud's letters, and the gain of a half-dozen bullets in my inner man, I certainly must find that damsel and pay my respects to her!"

"Well, sir, I hope no evil may come of it," said Hoxie.

He tied the dirty paper up again in the bit of sheepskin, and returned it to his pocket. At the same moment they heard Crawford coming up from the corrals, whistling to his sheep-dogs. Hoxie, having ended his story, went out to meet his master, and Fleetwood was left alone in the cabin.

He looked around the place and out through the meagre window at the head of the bunk. Did he really care to cast his fortunes in this desolate country? Had he what Hoxie called "sand" for the enterprise? His was an easy-going, self-indulgent nature, and he had not even the spur of poverty to goad him, for Fleetwood was not poor. He possessed both gentle blood and a very comfortable fortune. Then and there he decided that if Maud Loftus expressed the smallest disinclination to such a future, he would abandon all thought of sheep-raising and return at once to Canada. It was with Maud that he left the decision, and that very night he wrote her a minute account of all that had transpired since his arrival in Colorado, and of what life on a ranch really was. The only thing which he omitted to mention was Hoxie's story.

Two weeks later, when Fleetwood had so far recovered as to wander out to the corrals to watch—though not with anything like Crawford's interest—the stupid sheep, and drink in the glorious air of the mountains, something very unpleasant happened at the ranch. Hoxie went forth with the flocks one morning and did not return, as was his wont, at set of sun. Mexican Juan was dispatched in quest of him, and then both Crawford and his Canadian friend mounted good horses and set forth also, on the trail.

In the loneliest spot of the whole range the sheep were found nibbling peacefully, guarded by the faithful dogs; and not far away, in the shadow of a beetling rock, lay the body of Hoxie in his old canvas coat, with his canteen by his side, and his ghastly face turned upward to the starry twilight sky.

"Great Heaven!" cried Fleetwood, "look at the print of horse-hoofs in the grass, round about, Crawford! Black Dave has been this way—the poor fellow's presentiments are all fulfilled!"

The two men bent over the herder's body. It was plain that he had been dead for some hours. They tore away the clothing from his breast, and found there the track of the bullet which had ended his life. Alas! this leaden messenger had accomplished that which the lariat had failed to do. From the deerskin shirt, Fleetwood drew out a slip of dirty paper, drenched now in Hoxie's blood.

"Great God! How strange!" he muttered with a thrill of superstitious horror, for lo! the deadly bullet had cut its way straight through the name of Concordia Tempest, of Cinderville, Maine.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO GIRLS.

"MIGNON! Mignon!" said a girl's voice from out a green wilderness of fern, lighted by flickering patches of June sunshine, "are you listening?"

"Ay, with all my might," laughed Mignon, as she lolled lazily at the foot of a tree, shading her lily complexion with a huge red parasol, "and, like Oliver Twist, I can only cry for more."

These two were stragglers from the main army of Madame Verb's school picnic. They wore airy white hats, English walking boots, and the freshest of lawn gowns. At their trim waists hung leather wallets containing specimens. One carried a sketch-book, the other a microscope and a field-glass. Boston girls? Not at all. Both were strangers and aliens in that city of culture.

"*Ma chère!*" said she who had been called Mignon, and whose beauty was the boast of Madame Verb's whole school, "I give you my word that I never before heard of such blood-curdling adventures in real life! Robbed, murdered and resuscitated all in one night! Why, it quite takes my breath. Surely, dear, your lover's claim to the title of hero is now fully established."

Maud Loftus, a Canadian blonde, rather fat, rather dumpy, with china-blue eyes, and the fairest of lint locks, smoothed out a letter which she had been reading aloud to her bosom friend, in this snug forest nook—a letter from Crawford's Ranch, Colorado, in which the late tragic adventures of Mr. Guy Fleetwood were plainly set forth.

"Oh," she shivered, "suppose that horrible robber had really killed Guy—what, think you, would my feelings now be?"

Mignon, who was sketching a little green vista in the cool wood, dropped her pencil, as if overcome.

"There's a limit to everything, even to the human imagination," she answered, in a hollow voice; "but it is my private opinion, dear, that you would rush into crape and bombazine to-day, and to-morrow you would be flirting again with that good-looking German teacher at the school."

"Enough!" cried Maud, severely; "I can forgive your heartless jest, Mignon, because you have never loved."

Mignon, the beauty, the pet, the bright particular star of the most aristocratic finishing school in New England, laughed out:

MIGNON.

"No; thank goodness, I never have! It must be an intensely disagreeable business!"

"What heresy," cried Maud, "from the lips of a girl who is as beautiful as Psyche herself!"

Mignon shrugged her shoulders. She was used to admiration and accepted it as naturally as a flower the sunlight. In figure she was slight, but beautifully rounded—an airy, fairy darling, with a skin as dazzling as pearl; languishing eyes, like seal-brown velvet, and plaits of hair as yellow as burnished brass. She was barely sixteen, but her career of conquest had already begun, and Mignon Vye was born for conquest. All her sweet short life she had been petted and adored by everybody who approached her.

"You know, *m'amie*," said Maud, "that there isn't a girl in the school who can compare with you in looks!"

"Nor one that can equal you in importance," laughed Mignon, as she watched a little caravan of black ants traveling to some desired Mecca across the open leaf of her sketch-book. "You are the only engaged one among us, you see; and to be engaged seems such a strange, delightful and highly desirable thing to madame's artless flock!"

It was quite true that Maud Loftus, in spite of her undeniably dumpy figure, and tip-tilted nose, enjoyed unusual distinction, as a betrothed maiden, among her fair fellow-students.

"But," continued Mignon, briskly, "we are wandering from our subject. Your *fiancé*, Mr. Fleetwood, is robbed, shot, left for dead—your love-letters and photographs fall into the hands of the road-agents, and then, mystery of mysteries! they return, they revive the slain, they restore to him his filthy lucre—all—everything, but your letters and picture, and they leave him with his friends, and ride away in a most strange and melodramatic manner. Now, doesn't the whole story strike you as very odd, Maud dear?"

"Very!" assented Maud, as she folded up her lover's letter in a perplexed way. "You see that Guy himself is quite at a loss to explain the matter."

"And what punishment would you like to mete out to that Black Solomon—no, David? Surely, something worse than Louis XV. visited upon Damiens?"

"I would, indeed," answered Maud, betwixt a sob and a shudder. "Oh, poor dear, darling Guy! Mignon, do you think it *could* have been my last letter which touched the heart of that fiend in human shape, and led him to return and care for Guy, and convey him safely to Robert Crawford's ranch? Do robbers have hearts, anyway?"

"Who can tell? Did you write something very, very touching, dear?"

"Oh, yes; I told Guy all about our lovely dresses at the school tableaux, and how your cousin Cyril quite spoiled mine by upsetting his ice upon it, and I confessed that I had been flirting a little with our German teacher. And then I told him how brilliant our graduating class was to be, and gave him the order of exercises, as well as I knew it at that early day, and I meandered onward to the visit which I was to make you before I returned to Canada, and declared my determination to turn your cousin Cyril's empty head with my enchantments, and I assured him of my faithful, undying love, and bade him be true to me in that dreadful mutton country—and—and—I forget the rest, dear, but it was all in my very best style."

"No wonder," said Mignon, "that the road-agents relented toward your lover, after reading all that! Like Desdemona, you now love him for the dangers he has passed. I wonder," brandishing her red parasol, "if I shall ever have a lover who will write me such blood-freezing adventures! How the other girls would enjoy this letter, dear! And to think that I am the only person permitted to share its thrilling contents with you! I ought to feel greatly flattered—as, of course, I do."

"I have no secrets from you, Mignon," said the blonde Canadian, "we are bosom friends, you know, bound by vows of eternal fidelity and devotion. I really believe that I love you next to Guy."

There is nothing in life more real, and at the same time more transitory, than these ardent schoolgirl friendships. The perfect, clear-cut lips of Mignon curled in a sweet, little smile.

"Thank you, *m'amie*. And now, do you find yourself quite ready to follow Browning's advice:

"'Love
Give love, ask only love, and leave the rest.'

"In other words, dear, are you willing to turn your back upon the world, and fare forth the pretty pastoral of love and sheep in the far, dear, beautiful West?"

Maud started in horror.

"Never! How can you ask such a question after hearing Guy's letter? Sheep? Oh, I abominate them, living or dead! And to call the West dear and beautiful when such monsters as this Black Dave are permitted to run loose about it, robbing and shooting decent people—well, really, Mignon, it seems a little too much, even though you *are* Western born. Never will I go to Colorado now. On the contrary I shall write immediately to Guy, and urge him to shake the dust of the sage-brush from his feet, and return at once to civilization."

Mignon smiled, and twisted the cool, green ferns about her dainty ungloved fingers.

"Of course," she answered, "that road-agent, and the robbing and shooting and bloodshed, are all too dreadful for anything, and it is very natural, Maud, dear, that, after such an adventure, you feel little inclination for the land or the people. But I—yes, I *am* Western born, and," with a sudden radiance in her velvety brown eyes, "I love the West with all my heart! It is my dear father's country—it is poor mamma's—it is mine! Why should I not love it?"

"The West is your father's country, only by adoption," corrected Maud, to whom the history of her friend was as familiar as her own. "You have told me a dozen times that he was born in the hub of the universe—Boston; and have I not been in Yankeeland long enough to know that no Vye could properly be born anywhere else? From the old judge—your great grandfather, wasn't he?—down to your cousin Cyril, I understand that the Vyes have always been the bright and shining lights of the Suffolk Bar. But, jesting aside, dear, you were such a little thing when you came to live in the East, that surely you remember little of your Western home."

The Western girl arose to a sitting posture among the ferns. The lovely color pulsed into her oval cheek.

"I remember everything," she cried, "the ranch—the free, glad life we all led there—the immense herds that represented my father's fortune—papa was, and is, a cattle king, you know—monarch of a great, grand domain. Almost from babyhood I was accustomed to the saddle. I used to ride with papa over all his range. I could handle a lariat and branding-iron, and curb a bucking horse with the skill of a cowboy. The ranchmen petted me—papa adored me. Ah, a child of eight does not forget, and I had reached that age when mamma's health gave way, and we were told that she must be sent

East to the care of competent physicians. Poor mamma was always delicate, and the climate of Colorado did not agree with her. Then, too, it was time for me to go to school—papa said he was very ambitious for me—and so I was torn from my dear ranch, and my wide ranges, and the great herds, and the white peaks piercing the rosy sky, and the free air of those vast solitudes, and brought, with poor mamma, to the East; and papa carried us to Rookwood, his own birthplace, and ordered the best physicians that money could command to attend mamma, and then embraced and blessed us, and went back, alone and lonely, to his herds and rancheros. Ah, I wonder how he has managed to live eight weary years without us there!"

There were tears in her lovely eyes. Above all things earthly this girl adored her absent father.

"And you have never seen him since that parting, dear?" said Maud, full of sympathy.

"Never!" sighed Mignon. "When poor mamma died he was far away in some remote place buying cattle, and so did not hear the news for a long time. I wrote to him in an agony of homesickness, and begged him to come and take me back to the ranch; but he answered 'No,' it was best for me to remain at school; the ranch was no place for me without poor mamma, and he delivered me to the care of Uncle Philip, whose ward I am"—with a little grimace—"to the present day."

"I do not like your Uncle Philip," said Miss Loftus, drily.

"No more do I," replied Mignon, with great frankness, "and now that my schooldays are nearly over, I hope that papa will recall me from my long exile. I do so long for him and for my great, free West! You love civilization, Maud, but I am a Western gypsy, eager to give up society and refinement, everything, in fact, for the old ranch and the great ranges, and my dear father, once more!"

"What an affectionate daughter you are, to be sure!" said Maud, admiringly. "Your father must be a Sir Galahad, *sans peur et sans reproche*, or you would never be so fond and proud of him. I am glad there are good men in Colorado as well as road-agents and assassins. I think better of the place because your father lives in it; but all the same, I will never go there myself—— Oh, horror! look at that green thing wiggling over your sketchbook, dear! Let us fly!"

A little snake, like a ribbon of living emerald, was slipping across the open page. The conversation ended abruptly. Both girls sprang up from the lair of fern, and ran off screaming into the woods.

Where were the other members of the class, and the two under-teachers who had the "fair girl graduates" in charge? They looked and listened, but neither saw nor heard anything of the rest of the party.

"Oh, they are spreading lunch somewhere, I dare say," remarked Maud Loftus, ruefully. "I fear the patties and cold chicken will all be eaten before we find them, and alas! I am dreadfully hungry!"

The June forest was full of the odor of pines and scented green things growing. There was a soft musical stir of young leaves everywhere, and a sound of birds twittering high up in the treetops.

"I think we are lost, like the Babes in the Wood," said Mignon, gayly, "and it is very delightful. Let us hunt for specimens and wait for the rescuing party, which will surely be sent out when Miss Grimes awakes to a realizing sense of our loss."

But Maud was not so well-pleased with the situation.

"Perish all specimens, *ma belle*, if only the jelly and sandwiches remain! Attention! Do your olfactory nerves detect the odor of tea in the atmosphere?"

"No," said Mignon, "it is sweet-fern and brier-rose."

"Pooh! I tell you it is tea; yes, and *bouillon*. Can it be that a banquet is in progress near by? Miss Grimes was going to light a fire, you know, and boil a kettle. Eureka! what is that curling up through the trees yonder? Smoke! I smell young twigs burning, I smell the flesh-pots of Egypt. We are saved, Mignon—you from the fever of specimen hunting, and I from devouring you in my excessive hunger."

The girls, guided by a sound of voices and some gray spirals of smoke curling up through the neighboring branches, made a dash forward, but suddenly stopped, aghast. They had stumbled, not upon any guardian under-teachers with a class of fair girls around them, not upon sandwiches and cold chicken; but upon something so strange and unfamiliar that both stood dumbfounded.

In a cool hollow of the wood was a tent—an old, weather-worn canvas stretched on poles, with a corner hitched up for air. Near it were grouped wagons, like the ships of the desert, which Mignon had seen on the plains in her childhood. Tethered horses fed close by; and over a crackling fire of sticks swung a big iron pot, in which some savory mess seethed and boiled, and around which lean dogs and brown, half-nude children tumbled and rolled together. Two swarthy, gleaming-eyed men lay on the turf in front of the tent, smoking clay pipes and thumbing a pack of greasy cards; and the cry of a baby, mingled with a woman's low crooning, came from under the canvas.

It was a camp of gypsies—those mysterious nomads that come and go everywhere, like crows in the tree-tops, and whose reputation is questionable in all things, but especially in that of a horse-trade.

As the two girls stood surveying the scene, somebody arose from a pine stump near the boiling pot and advanced to meet them—a preternaturally tall woman, with a red handkerchief twisted about her head, and enormous hoops of gold swinging in her ears—a brown, imposing creature, with a glance like lightning, and strong white teeth showing betwixt dusky red lips.

"Pretty ladies, shall I read your fortunes?" she said, in a wheedling tone, holding out her dark palm for the customary fee.

Mignon shrank back.

"No; oh, no!" she murmured, but Maud Loftus gave her a vigorous pinch.

"Oh, you dear little goose! Of what are you afraid?" she whispered. "Of course we want to know our fortunes! This is surely some Romany queen. Do you happen to have any change about you?"

Mignon was one of the few schoolgirls whose allowance always seemed to exceed her expenditures. She produced a little purse, and Maud promptly took from it two silver pieces.

"Are you sure that you can read fortunes?" she asked, rather skeptically.

"Try me and see," replied the gypsy.

"We did not come here to pry into the future," said Maud, with great dignity. "We are looking for a picnic party. I suppose you have not seen anything of the kind here in the woods?"

The Romany grinned.

"Yes, pretty lady; down yonder by the brook. I have been there, reading fortunes—two—four—eight—ten—of them."

"Is it possible," cried Maud, indignantly, "that Miss

Grimes has been indulging in such frivolity at her time of life? We will not be outdone by the sly creatures, Mignon! Fifty cents worth of revelation, if you please, Cassandra," and she tossed the silver pieces into the gypsy's hand.

The swarthy card-players went on with their game. The lean dogs and scantily clad children rolled together on the forest earth beside the cracking fire. An old hag ran out from among the trees and stirred something in the savory pot. With a mysterious air, the Romany seized Maud's palm and began:

"You have a lover, pretty lady, but he is far away. He has been in greater danger, and there's a greater yet in store for him."

Maud gave a nervous start.

"Dear me! what does that mean?"

"It means that you feel sure of your lover, lady. He vows he loves you—he has put a ring on your hand, he has promised to marry you, but all the same, you will lose him—you will never be his wife."

"I know *that* is a lie!" cried Maud, hotly.

The Romany smiled calmly, and by a shake of the head set the great gold hoops swinging in her brown ears.

"It is no lie, lady. Men are very fickle. Let me give you a word of warning. *Beware of the tempest!*"

"The tempest!—what tempest?" said Maud, derisively.

"A tempest full of destruction for you and yours!" answered the Romany. "Do you hear the twigs cracking under the *kékari* yonder? Your lover's vows are as empty as that sound. Now, shall I tell you who you *will* marry, and will you believe me?"

"Tell me anything you like," answered Miss Loftus; "as for believing your *gudlo*—that is another matter."

"Ha! you have picked up a Romany word, lady! Now, listen! Baa—ba-a-a!" She imitated to perfection the bleating of sheep. "Your future husband carries that sound always in his ears—he loves it better than music, and you will live far away in a wild place, among herds that make that noise the day long."

Mignon burst into a merry peal of laughter.

"A sheep-ranch!" she cried; "oh, Maud, is it possible? A sheep-ranch, in spite of all your antipathy to mutton!"

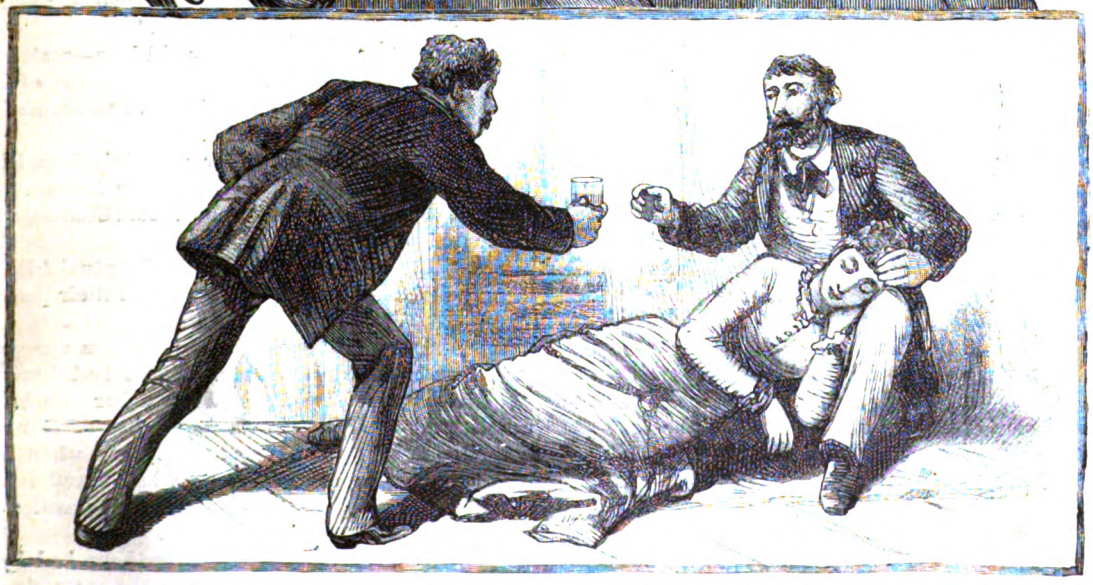
"Let us go!" said Maud, with disgust and indignation.

"Hold!" said the Romany; "that is not fair, lady—I have said nothing to this other little one. Give me your hand. How soft it is—how white! Ah, my poor dove," fixing her gleaming gypsy eyes on Mignon's startled face, "the hawks are after you! They are ready even now to tear you in pieces! Ask me the things you most wish to know, little one. You do not believe in the gypsy's skill? You will not? Well, listen! It would be better for you if your face was not so fair. You will have many lovers, but to some women love brings joy, and to others, misery. With all your beauty, it will not bring joy to you. The man who is fated to love you more than all the others—more than his own soul, will do you the greatest wrong—yes, a cruel and deadly wrong. *When you cross water by night*, lovely lady, remember what the Romany said to you—*you are lost if you take to the water under the light of the moon.*"

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.—BY JOSEPH MOZIER.

So weird and impressive was the creature's look as she delivered these words that Mignon started back involuntarily and grew pale.

"You're in great peril," went on the sibyl, "and it comes upon you in many forms—it's all around you like a net. Oh, take care what you do—take care! Shall I name your dearest wish? You are young and beautiful. You are rich—you have plenty to follow and flatter



ONE CHRISTMAS.—"I CAREFULLY CUT AWAY THE LARGE IVORY-TYPE THAT WAS SET IN THE LID. AS I LIFTED IT FROM ITS BED I SAW SOMETHING THAT BROUGHT MY HEART INTO MY MOUTH." . . . "I HANDED VIVA A CUP OF FRAGRANT CHOCOLATE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

you; but your heart is not here. You are longing to make a journey"—Maud uttered a cry of surprise—"to one a long way off, but near of kin. Beware, little lady! Don't turn *that* way. There are dead men in the path!"

This was too much. Mignon tore her hand from the gypsy.

"Enough!" she said; "do not tell me any more—I do not want to hear any more!"

"Nor I!" cried Maud. "What a surfeit of horrors! My dear Madame Romany, the Witch of Endor was nothing to you;" and then, seized with a sudden panic, the two girls turned and fled.

A low derisive laugh seemed to follow them as they darted back into the woods, pausing to take breath only when the gypsy camp was beyond sight or call. Then they looked at each other. Both were white and breathless. Maud began to laugh.

"What precious geese we are!" she cried. "It was bad enough to listen to that creature's twaddle of tempests and dead men and false lovers, but infinitely worse to believe it!"

"Quite true," answered Mignon, rallying also, though her heart still throbbed painfully. "Beware, Maud dear," and she tried to imitate the Romany's tone, "that you do not lose the love of Mr. Guy Fleetwood."

Maud tossed her blonde braids.

"The woman does not live who can take him from me," she replied, audaciously. "We have adored each other since childhood. It would take more than a gypsy's ravings to shake my confidence in Guy's fidelity. Ugh! how earnest that creature seemed, though! She gave me a terrible fright, which was my just recompense for squandering your money for naught, dear. Oh, joy! here are Miss Grimes and the girls—just opening the lunch-baskets, too!"

A sudden turn in the woodland path had brought them in full view of the picnic party. The appearance of the stragglers was greeted by a frantic waving of handkerchiefs and parasols.

Maud Loftus paused a moment before joining the company and looked at her friend.

"Mignon, you will not believe anything that female Ishmael said; surely—surely you will not?"

And Mignon answered, lightly:

"Not a word!" (*To be continued*).

ONE CHRISTMAS.

By Helen A. Natsch.

Christmas in Paris! What memories that calls up for many! Visions of the gay boulevards, gayer than ever at this season, with the groups of eager people gazing into the shop-windows, filled to overflowing with alluring *articles de Paris* to conjure money out of the purses of the thousands who have gone out with them well filled to choose their Christmas gifts.

Not a sad face meets my view as I stroll down the Faubourg St. Honoré; nothing but beaming looks and eager happiness, so it seems to me. Can I be the only one in all this crowd of English and Americans—sprinkled through with a few French and Russians—who is not bent on pleasure to-night? But I, at least, have anything but a pleasurable task on hand, and I turn off from the wealthy "English Quarter" into a neighborhood where the Christmas gifts are of a very humble kind. Here the three-sou public have to be catered for, and here, too, are wistful faces enough, that look longingly at the cheap *étrennes* they yet are too poor to buy. I soon found myself in the Place Cadet, and there began my business. I was changing my lodgings, and had to do, as I had done many times lately—look for one cheaper than the last, and this was the likely neighborhood; and, indeed, in a very short time I had found what I wanted—a tiny room, at the top of a house whose lodgers were of all classes—from the well-to-do merchant, *au premier*, to the out-at-elbows Bohemian like myself, *au cinquième*.

In the evening I found myself installed in my new quarters. It was a frightfully cold night, and my room had probably had no fire in it for months. I shivered, and looked longingly at the few billets of wood I had carefully saved and brought away in my portmanteau; but to-morrow the cold would be worse; at all events, worse to bear, for to-night, if it got unbearable, I could go to bed, so I resolutely wrapped myself in my overcoat and set myself to read. My next-door neighbors were evidently a jolly set; sounds of hilarious laughter came to my ears, and sent my thoughts from my book to former Christmas Eves, when I, too, had been merry. I tried again to read, but the voices disturbed me, and I gave it up and determined to go to bed.

As I rose, a few words struck my ear. Surely I knew that voice! I listened again, and heard nothing! Suddenly a rich baritone voice broke forth with the familiar and, to the wanderer, pathetic strains of "Home, Sweet Home!" A clear, sweet woman's voice joined in, and, moved by I know not what impulse, I also took up the air. Directly I did so the singing ceased, and the man's voice said, "By Jove! There's an American in the next room!"

Now I knew the voice.

"Charlie!" I called through the door.

The next moment I met at the door of my room my old friend, Charlie Grant.

"Alton! what the deuce brings you here?"

"I may ask the same!" I said.

"Well, that's a long story; I'll tell you presently. But come in now, and see my wife Viva. Why, you used to know Vivienne Sinclair?"

A pang went to my heart; my old wound was still tender. Know her!

"Viva is not quite well, Jack. Life is pretty hard on us just now, but I have been trying to keep her spirits up. Help me to be cheerful to-night!"

I went in and found my love—my old love—seated on a miserable little couch; a beautiful shadow of her former self, and yet how gay and joyous she seemed as she greeted her old friend kindly!

The room was bitterly cold, for poverty's iron hand was evidently pressing heavily on my poor friends.

"Well, this is something like, now!" said Charlie, with boisterous enjoyment.

We soon fell to talking of old times and mutual friends, and Charlie told me how they came to be in their present plight.

Vivienne's mother had remarried—when Viva was quite a child—a stern, avaricious man. This I had known; known also that poor Vivienne's life with her stepfather had been a hard one. He always feared her mother was bestowing too much upon her to his loss, and when that mother died, two years ago now, Viva had found it impossible to live at home, and had taken a position as governess to a family going to Europe.

In taking a position to cross the ocean, Viva had been influenced by the pleasure of being in the same city as her lover, for Charlie was engaged to her before he went to Paris to study art, and make his name and fortune.

But the family she went with were vulgar, purse-proud people, who looked on their governess as a hireling, bound to them body and soul, and her meetings with Charlie were few and far between.

Yet a few delicious minutes each evening they had for themselves, when Charlie came under Viva's window while the Moores, Viva's employers, were at dinner.

One unlucky night Charlie came as usual, and they had their chat, and saw each other. With, this Charlie had usually gone away happy. This night, however, Viva looked out an hour or two later and saw a figure pacing up and down opposite—the figure of Charlie. Not to let him know she saw him was too cold-blooded for impulsive Viva, and Charlie came beneath the window.

"Come down one minute, dearest; only one minute!" and Viva went down, loving little woman as she was. And the minute had stretched into an hour, and still Viva and Charlie were whispering last words under the *porte-cochère*. Suddenly Viva was startled to hear a clock strike ten.

She fled from her lover and up to the Moores' apartment without a word, her heart beating with fear.

* * * * * *

An hour later Charlie was sitting in his room, which was also his studio, gloomily contemplating the great historical picture which was expected to have made his fortune, when there came a tap at the door, and in another moment Viva was weeping in his arms.

Amid shame and tears she told him how she had met Mr. and Mrs. Moore in the ante-chamber as she was making her way to her room, and had been contemptuously ordered by Mr. Moore to leave at once. Mrs. Moore had suggested that she should be permitted to stay till morning and then go; but the brutal husband had laughed at the suggestion "that it was late for a young girl to be in the streets."

"Not for such girls as she. There's plenty of shelter ready for her, I'll be bound."

And so, knowing not what else to do, Viva had come to her only friend, who soothed and comforted her; and that night she occupied his room, while he lay across his door outside. The next day, as the best thing they could do, they joined their poverty and married. Their short married life had been a series of misfortunes. Charlie's father, hearing of his son's mad marriage, had refused to give him one cent, and every effort to make money had failed, and so they had parted with everything they had to buy food and fuel.

Charlie told me this story of their poverty and trials with so much humor, and made such mockery of their woes, that we all laughed at the sad recital.

"Viva has stuck to that," pointing to a handsome morocco writing-case, the only object of any value in the room, "till the last, for her mother's portrait is set in the cover, and it was her last gift; but I fear, poor dear," he said, tenderly, "we shall have to part with it to get us through to-morrow."

"It is just upon midnight—let us sing Christmas in," and we all struck up "Home, Sweet Home" for the second time that evening. I heard a perceptible tremor in Viva's voice, and looked toward her. She was white as death, and her lips were blue. And no wonder, for the room was like a tomb. Suddenly her voice ceased, and Charlie sprang toward her.

"Oh, I am so cold! I can't help it."

I rushed into my room for the little wood I had, while Charlie chafed her hands and feet. In a few minutes I had a fire burning on the hearth, and then, with the five cents I had been saving for my roll and milk in the morning, I went down to the *concierge*, got from him a piece of chocolate, and sent him out for milk and fuel, promising him a pair of dress-boots, the only thing belonging to me that I could think of, to pay for them.

I found Viva on the hearth, where Charlie had laid her, in the warmth of the fire. Her eyes were open, and she smiled; but so wan, so pathetic was the smile, that I turned away to hide the tears that started to my eyes.

By the time the chocolate was made, the *concierge* came up with the milk and a basket of wood.

I handed Viva a cup of fragrant chocolate.

"Oh, how I have longed for a cup of chocolate!" she said, as she took it. "Oh, how good this is!"

I then went into my room to get the boots for the *concierge*. I had scarcely found them when Charlie hastened in.

"For God's sake, go for a doctor! Viva is dying!"

I waited for no second word, but off I started at full speed, and soon returned with the first doctor I could find, and then went to my room to await the result.

In a few minutes Charlie came in, the morocco-case under his arm.

"Viva is about to become a mother, Jack!" and the doctor orders several things we can't get, unless we can find any one at this hour who will give a few francs for this. I was going to try and sell it this morning, but Viva clung to it. I hated to part with it till the last moment, and that has come!" As he spoke he tumbled out the packets of letters and odds-and-ends it contained. "You'll try and sell it, or get what we need, for it, won't you, Jack?"

Of course I would. I took the case, and opening it again, I said:

"We may as well take out the portrait? No one will give a sou more for it being in, and Viva will treasure it, I am sure!"

And so speaking, I carefully cut away the large ivory-type that was set in the lid. As I lifted it from its bed I saw something that brought my heart into my mouth.

At this moment the doctor came and called Charlie into the room, and I was left alone.

I lifted with trembling hands the objects that had so startled me. Yes, they were two one-thousand-dollar bills! Placed there, no doubt, by the poor mother for the daughter she was not allowed openly to aid. Heaven grant the treasure had not come too late!

I sat long, waiting for some word from the sick-room, and burning with impatience to impart my news, yet not daring to go near; and then I heard the heavy sobs of a man, and my heart sank within me.

Then I heard the doctor gently order Charlie out, and he came to me.

"She is dying, Jack!—but she shall not die!"

I silently laid the bills before him. Ah, what a Christmas they would have brought to him and Viva had they been found before! Now it was too late.

* * * * * *

We laid her and her babe in Père-Lachaise, and Viva began the New Year in heaven.

THE Admiralty Islands have a great deal of artistic taste, and their obsidian spear-heads, by far the finest of the kind existing, are very handsome objects. They carve out of single blocks of wood most graceful food-bowls, of large size and wonderfully accurate form, with spirally coiled handles pierced and carved, and this is apparently done without the use of iron.

THE KEMBLES.

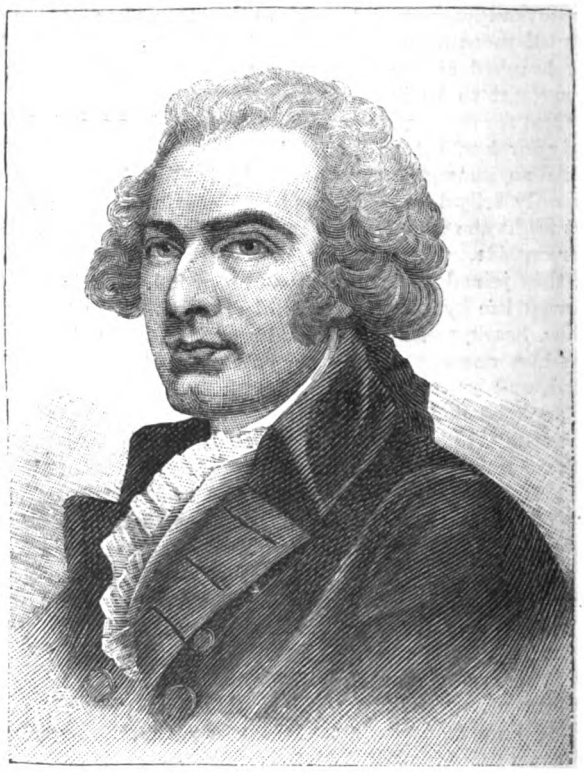
By Brander Matthews.

In the history of no art are there more instances of the passing on of great ability from father to son and from son to grandson, than in the history of the art of acting. In political life and in literature it is not uncommon to

ROGER KEMBLE.

see a son follow in his father's footsteps, and sometimes even to eclipse his father's fame; but it is far more frequent on the stage. Instances abound, and there is no need to do more here than to set down the names of Edmund and Charles Kean, of Junius Brutus and Edwin Booth, and of Charles and Charles James Mathews. Of the Jeffersons there have been five generations on the stage. This is, perhaps, because there is no profession in which inherited faculty and early training count more for success than they do in the histrionic. In no family has this inherited faculty and this early training given to the world more and greater artists than in the family of the Kembles. The grandfather and the father of Sarah Siddons, of John Philip Kemble and of Charles Kemble, were actors. Henry Siddons, son of Mrs. Siddons, was an actor, and Fanny Kemble, the daughter of Charles Kemble, was an actress. The pretty Mrs. Scott-Siddons was the granddaughter of George, a brother of Henry Siddons; Mr. Owen Wister, who took part in the Greek play at Harvard College, was a grandson of Fanny Kemble. Six generations of the family have adorned the stage, and there is no more glorious name in histrionic annals than that of Mrs. Siddons. As Henderson, the actor, said of her when she was on the threshold of her career, she was an actress who never had had an equal, nor would she ever have a superior.

Sarah Siddons was born July 5th, 1755, at Brecknock, in South Wales. Her father was Roger Kemble, a strolling manager and actor. He was a man of high character and good breeding. His wife once said to Boaden: "There sits, unconscious of our remarks, the only *gentleman* Falstaff that I have ever seen." Mrs. Kemble was the daughter of Ward, the actor and manager who, in 1746, gave a benefit in the Townhall of Stratford for the purpose of restoring Shakespeare's monument. It was from her mother, apparently, that Mrs. Siddons inherited her beauty. As a child she appeared on the stage with the other members of the family. Her father sought to give his children the advantages of a good education, and Mrs. Siddons was as carefully instructed as their circumstances would allow. She was more especially trained in music. "When she was about seventeen," Campbell records, "Mr. Siddons, who was still an actor in her father's company, paid his first attentions to her, and it was soon perceived that they were acceptable." But if acceptable to the young lady, they were not to her parents. Mr. Siddons thought he was to be jilted in favor of a neighboring squire, and he took the audience into his confidence one night by a song of his own composing, in which he called himself Colin, and bewailed the fickleness of Phyllis. His allusions were so personal and direct that when he came off the stage the manager's wife boxed his ears. With the daughter he soon made it up, and she agreed to marry him whenever her parents would consent. It was probably to separate the lovers that Mr. Kemble placed his daughter in a private family for a while, apparently as a companion or reader. She soon returned to the stage and to Mr. Siddons, and at Coventry, November 26th, 1773, they were married. Mr. Siddons was a useful actor, ready to play any part at shortest notice, and likely to render it at least acceptably; but he was not a genius and his wife was. He made her a devoted husband, and the marriage was happy in all respects.



JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE.

Two years later, when she was twenty, she was engaged by Garrick, and as *Portia* she made her first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, December 29th, 1775. *Portia* was as unsuitable a character for Mrs. Siddons, as *Shylock* was for King, who acted with her; she made no hit in the

MRS. SIDDONS.— BY GAINSBOROUGH.

part. Garrick was then giving his farewell performances; he seemed interested in her; he gave her advice and seats to see him act; when, in May, 1776, he revived the "Suspicious Husband" to play *Ranger*, he cast her as *Mrs. Strictland*, with a line to herself in the bills. She had other parts of no great value, and she played *Lady Anne* to his *Richard III.* Then Garrick retired, and Sheridan, Linley and Ford succeeded him. Plainly enough Garrick had not seen—as, indeed, how should he?—what she was capable of. He seems not to have recommended her especially to the new managers; and in the Summer, while she was acting at Birmingham, she received an official letter from the proprietor of Drury Lane, acquainting her that her services would be no longer required. "It was a stunning and cruel blow," she wrote, years afterward, in the autobiographic fragment which Campbell used; "it was very near destroying me. My blighted prospects, indeed, induced a state of mind that preyed upon my health, and for a year and a half I was supposed to be hastening to a decline."

For six years Mrs. Siddons remained in the provinces, playing chiefly at York and at Bath, both noted theatrical towns, and steadily increasing her reputation. Boaden records that she ventured even to appear as *Hamlet*—just as Miss Charlotte Cushman acted both *Romeo* and *Wolsey*—an effort more curious than valuable. She strove steadily to perfect herself in her art, and she had her reward. In time there came an offer of a three years' engagement from the new managers of Drury Lane, and for the sake of her children, so she says, she accepted it. She took leave of her friends at Bath in a poetical address of her own composing, quite as personal as the song of Mr. Siddons of ten years before. She had promised to produce three reasons for leaving Bath, and she kept her word, bringing forward her three children:

> "These are the moles that heave me from your side,
> Where I was rooted, where I could have died."

Mrs. Siddons reappeared at Drury Lane Theatre, October 10th, 1782, as *Isabella*, in Southern's "Fatal Marriage." During her absence her powers had matured, and her success was instant and indisputable. In the next three weeks she repeated the part eight times, and on October 30th she appeared as the *Grecian Daughter*. Then she was seen as *Jane Shore*, and as the *Fair Penitent*, and as *Belvidera*, in "Venice Preserved." In these she sustained and deepened the impression she had made as *Isabella*. They were all pathetic and tear-compelling characters, and never before had their tragic force been as well revealed. She became the social as well as the theatrical celebrity of the hour. She acted eighty nights in this season, and fifty-three in the next; appearing in a greater variety of plays, including two of Shakespeare's—"Measure for Measure" and "King John"—in which she was *Isabella* and *Constance*. During this second season, Sir Joshua Reynolds painted her as the Tragic Muse. "When I attended him for the first sitting," she wrote (Campbell I. 242), "after more gratifying encomiums than I can now repeat, he took me by the hand, saying, 'Ascend your undisputed throne, and graciously bestow upon me some good idea of the Tragic Muse.' I walked up the steps, and instantly seated myself in the attitude in which the Tragic Muse now appears. This idea satisfied him so well, that without one moment's hesitation he determined not to alter it." When the picture was finished, he told her that the colors would remain unfaded as long as the canvas would keep them together, gallantly adding, "And, to confirm my opinion, here is my name; for I have resolved to go down to posterity on the hem of your garment." When Garrick's "Jubilee" was revived, which was a sort of pageant or procession of the whole company in the costumes of the chief Shakespearean characters—not wholly unlike the *cérémonie* still seen on set occasion at the Comédie Française—Mrs. Siddons was drawn in a car as the Tragic Muse.

In the succeeding seasons she appeared as *Lady Macbeth*, as *Queen Katherine*, and as *Volumnia* to the *Coriolanus* of John Kemble. In the Winter of 1789-90 she withdrew from Drury Lane and acted only occasionally in the provinces. While she was in Birmingham she was offered a stucco bust of herself; it could not have been a striking likeness as the shopman did not recognize her. The actress could not help thinking she could do better, and from that time on she busied herself with sculpture, as Mélingue and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt have done in our day, and as Mr. Jefferson amuses himself with painting. In the Dyce Library, at South Kensington, there is her own bust of herself. No doubt the study of sculpture was of use to her, although her attitudes had always been statuesque. Moore records that she told Lord Lansdowne "that the first thing that suggested to her the mode of expressing intensity of feeling was the position of some of the Egyptian statues, with the arms close down by the side, and the hands clinched."

Campbell was with her when she first visited the Louvre and saw the "Apollo Belvidere"; she remained a long time before the statue, and said, at last: "What a great idea it gives us of God, to think that He has made a human being capable of fashioning so divine a form!" She played *Hermione* in the "Winter's Tale," March 25th, 1802, and, in the great scene, as Campbell says, "looked the statue, even to literal illusion; and, whilst its drapery hid her lower limbs, it showed a beauty of head, neck, shoulders and arms, that Praxiteles might have studied." Boaden declares that in *Paulina's* chapel she "stood one of the noblest statues, that even Grecian taste ever invented. . . . Upon the magical words, pronounced by *Paulina*, 'Music, awake her! Strike!' the sudden action of the head absolutely *startled*, as though such a miracle had really vivified the marble."

In 1803 John Kemble bought one-sixth of Covent Garden Theatre, and Mrs. Siddons and Charles Kemble joined him. She acted at Covent Garden every season until 1812, when, on June 29th, she took her farewell in a poetic address, written by her nephew, Horace Twiss. She had been acting in London at the head of her profession for thirty years. She emerged from her retirement the next year to read before the royal family, and the season after to give readings in public at the Argyle Rooms. Her selections were chiefly from Shakespeare and Milton. It is to be noted that in 1822 there was published "The Story of our First Parents, Selected from Milton's 'Paradise Lost': for the use of Young Persons. By Mrs. Siddons." At intervals she was seen again on the stage at benefit performances; between 1813 and 1819 she acted perhaps twenty times in London and Edinburgh. These occasions were probably a welcome relief to the monotony of her retirement. Mrs. Kemble declares that "the vapid vacuity of the last years of my aunt Siddons's life had made a profound impression upon me. Her apparent deadness and indifference to everything, which I attributed (unjustly, perhaps) less to her advanced age and impaired powers than to what I supposed the withering and drying influence of the overstimulating atmosphere of emotion, excitement, and admiration, in which she had passed her life." Rogers bears witness to the same effect. It is to be remembered that she had lost her husband in 1808, and that one of her

sons was dead and another was away in India. She told Moore that she had lost twenty-six friends in six years; it is small wonder that she was lonely in her old age. She died May 31st, 1831, in London, at the age of seventy-six.

Mrs. Siddons was probably the greatest actress the world has ever seen. Her voice was rich and warm, and free from the weakness which kept John Kemble constantly on his guard. Erskine said that "he had studied her cadences and intonation, and that to the harmony of her periods and pronunciation he was indebted for his best displays." Boaden declares that there never was a better stage figure than hers. She was strong, supple, graceful and easy in her person. Her face was "so thoroughly harmonized when quiescent, and so expressive when impassioned, that most people think her more beautiful than she is." Her intelligence and her industry were equal to her purely physical gifts. Although she had humor in private life, on the stage she failed to reveal it. Her comedy was not mirthful, and she seems to have been a little lacking in variety. But these trifles were all that detracted from her perfection. In youth she gave a pathos to the young and lovely heroines of tragedy that they had never had before; and in the maturity of her powers she arose to the severe majesty of the highest histrionic genius. She filled exactly Talma's ideal of tragic acting—"the union of grandeur without pomp and nature without triviality." One of her biographers, a critic of long experience and high authority, called hers the only perfect *Imogen* that he had ever seen. That she was well-nigh perfect as *Constance* also, as *Queen Katharine*, as *Volumnia*, and, above all, as *Lady Macbeth*, admits of no doubt now. Of her *Lady Macbeth*, her greatest part, we are fortunate in hearing her own analysis (see Campbell's "Life of Mrs. Siddons," Vol. II. p. 10.) and also in having a careful record of her acting in the character, taken by as competent and exact an observer as Professor G. J. Bell, and given to the public with an introduction by the late Professor Fleming Jenkin, one of the most original thinkers of our generation, and one of the most acute of dramatic critics (see the *Nineteenth Century* for February, 1878).

"Next to the pleasure of running a man down," says Lord Byron, "the critics like nothing so much as the vanity of writing him up; but once up, and fixed there, he is a mark for their arrows ever afterward." It is perhaps the highest possible testimony to Mrs. Siddons's merits as an artist and to her character as a woman, that the only fault found with her was that she was mean and grasping in money matters. The same charge was brought against Mlle. Rachel and Miss Cushman; and in no case, probably, had it any more basis than the charge of parsimony often urged against Garrick. Her life was written by Thomas Campbell, and he dedicated it to Samuel Rogers, beginning his dedicatory letter with the assertion, "I have often heard you say that, rare as it was to meet with so gifted a genius as that of Mrs. Siddons, it was almost equally so to meet in human nature with so much candid and benignant singleness of mind as belonged to her personal character." The longer one labors over the abundant records of her life, the more emphatically is one inclined to echo this saying of one poet written down by another.

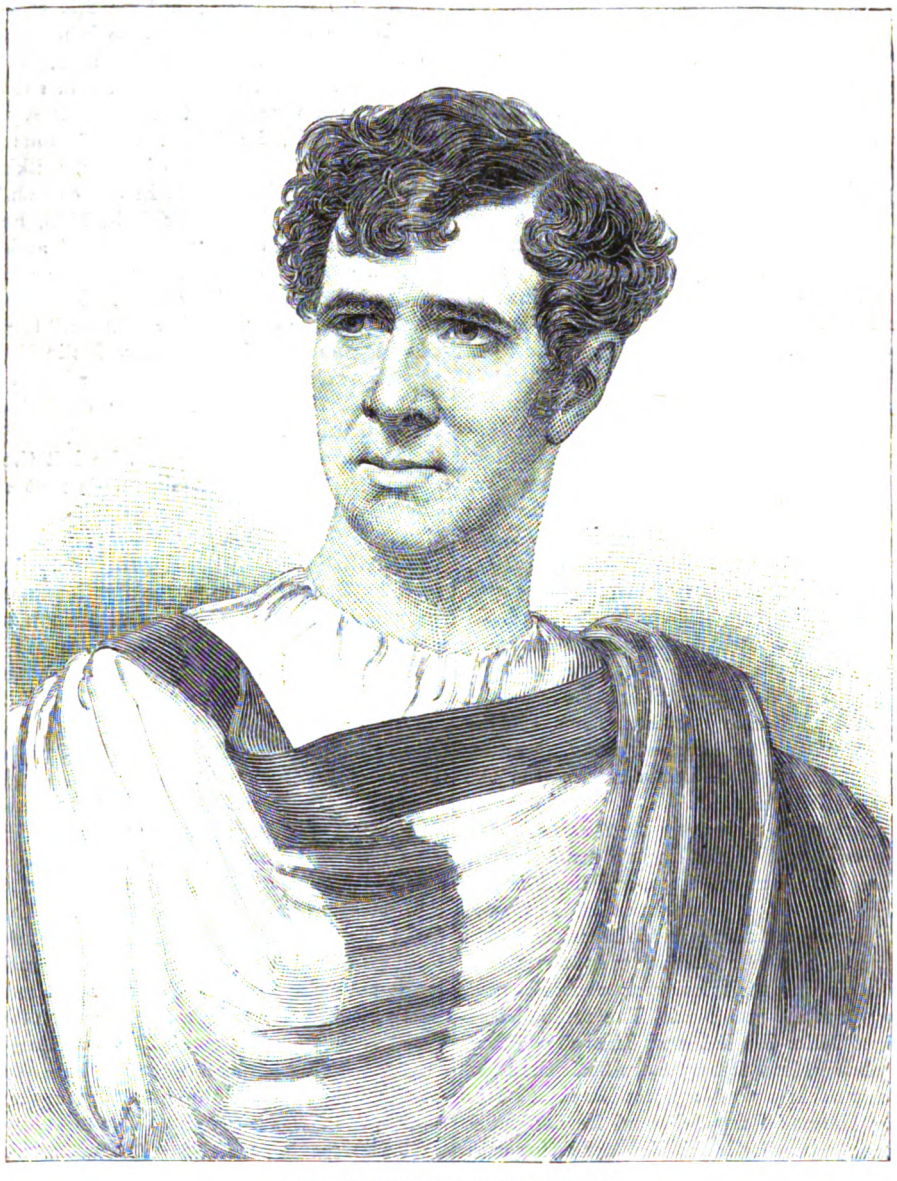
John Philip Kemble was the eldest brother of Mrs. Siddons. He was born on February 1st, 1757, at Prescot, in Lancashire. As a child he acted with the strolling company which his father managed; but as Roger Kemble did not intend any of his children for the stage, the boy was sent first to a Roman Catholic Seminary at Sedgeley Park, in Staffordshire, and later to the English college at Douay, where he was to be qualified for the priesthood. Boaden records that at Douay, when for some indiscretion there was an imposition in the class of two books of Homer, Kemble volunteered, "and by close application and his uncommon memory, enabled himself to remove the censure by accurately repeating at least 1,500 lines." He was foremost in getting up scenes from plays, a means of instruction often in favor in institutions controlled by the priesthood; and he was remembered as *Brutus* and as *Cato*. He seems to have studied to advantage; but he felt called to the stage, and before he was nineteen he left school and returned to England. On January 8th, 1776, at Wolverhampton, he made his first appearance as an actor, playing *Theodosius*, in a forgotten tragedy of that name. Early in October, 1778, he joined the famous York company under the management of Tate Wilkinson. Here he acted many leading parts in comedy and tragedy. For his benefit, on December 29th, 1778, he brought out a tragedy of his own, "Belisarius," and on April 10th, 1779, a comedy of his, the "Female Officer," was acted at the benefit of a fellow-actor. In 1780 he published at York a volume of "Fugitive Pieces," the forty-two pages of which contained copies of verses in English and Latin, several prologues and epilogues, a Latin epitaph for Mr. Inchbald, the husband of the dramatist, and also an English ode to his memory.

After a stay of three years he left the York company and went to Dublin, making his first appearance, November 2d, 1781, as *Sir George Touchwood* in the "Belle's Stratagem," a hopelessly miserable character. Both in the English provinces and in Ireland, Kemble had occasion to show that he was a gentleman and that he was prepared to defend his position as such with dignity and courage.

At last, when he was twenty-six years of age, his path being made smooth for him by Mrs. Siddons's success, he was engaged at a London theatre. A few days before John Philip Kemble made his first appearance at Drury Lane, his brother, George Stephen Kemble, appeared at Covent Garden as *Othello*, but without success. He did not interfere with the elder brother's reception as, in Boaden's words: "The incident seemed to turn itself into a joke against the manager of the rival theatre, who had engaged the *big* instead of the *great* Kemble." John Kemble made his first appearance in London on September 30th, 1783, as *Hamlet*. As he had seen no great actor in this part, his view of the character was in great measure his own, and not a few of his readings differed from those of Garrick, and of Henderson, who had succeeded Garrick as the accepted *Hamlet*. It is evidence of the impression made by the young actor that his impersonation was violently discussed by the critics, and that the manager of Covent Garden promptly brought forward Henderson as *Hamlet*. Kemble acted *Hamlet* in rivalry with Henderson, then the foremost actor of the English stage, just as Garrick and Barry had been rival *Romeos* a generation before. During this first season in London he appeared also as *Richard III.*, and as *Sir Giles Overreach* in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts"—not equaling Henderson in either character, and yet gaining ground with the public and with the critics. Later in the season he acted with Mrs. Siddons, for the first time in London, playing *King John* to her *Constance*. Boaden notes that at this period he did not think the performances of John Kemble "equal in effect to those of Mrs. Siddons. Their talents, although they bore a strong family resemblance, differed considerably as to their

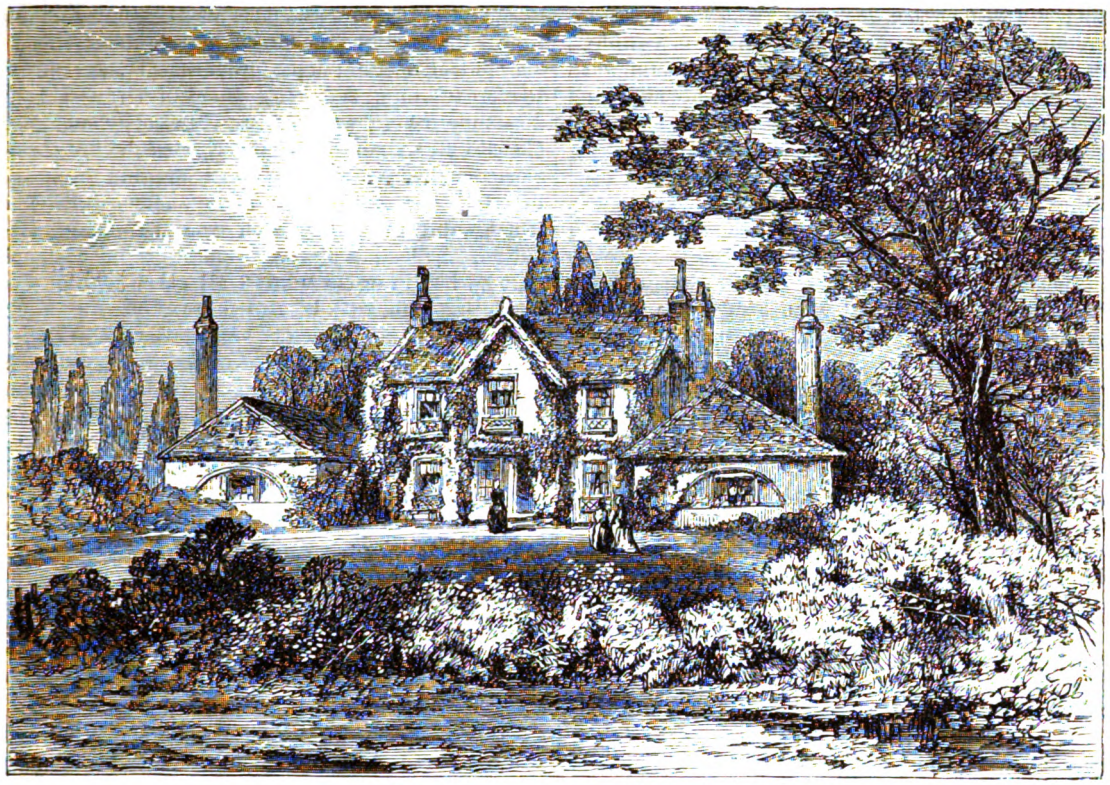
powers, and, in some respects, character. The organ of the brother was weaker than his sister's; he was, besides, very far indeed from his meridian." Apparently John Kemble's genius ripened slowly. The young actor was ambitious, energetic, and well educated; he had the desire for improvement and the faculty of study. He labored long and earnestly to improve himself in his profession, neglecting nothing. Boaden makes the fine distinction that Henderson "varied less from himself than any great actor of his time," as "his memory was amazingly tenacious, and he had early made up his mind as to the characters he acted," while "Kemble, on the contrary, seemed to me always to consider the work as still *to do*. He never dismissed a part from his study, as having given to it *all* the consideration he was capable of. To the last of him, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* had still, as he conceived, calls upon him for improvement." It was this willingness to study *ohne Hast, ohne Rast*, which raised Kemble to his final and indisputable eminence.

During his first Summer recess he acted at Liverpool and Manchester with his brother, George Stephen. The next year he first acted *Othello* in London. In December, 1787, he married Mrs. Brereton, who was the widow of a fellow-actor, and who, as Miss D. Hopkins, had been the original *Maria* in the "School for Scandal." The marriage, although Mrs. Siddons did not approve of it, was suitable, and it gave happiness to both parties. Six weeks later, on January 21st, 1788, Kemble acted *King Lear* for the first time, Mrs. Siddons playing *Cordelia*. "I have seen him since in the character," Boaden wrote, "but he never again achieved the excellence of that night."



CHARLES KEMBLE AS "MARC ANTONY."

Kemble's *Lear* was at once accepted as second only to Garrick's—and *Lear* was perhaps Garrick's greatest triumph. In the five years of his London engagement Kemble had risen rapidly; proof of this may be seen in the offer to him of the management of Drury Lane Theatre under Sheridan, who was already engrossed by politics—he was even then busy with the impeachment of Warren Hastings—and he was beginning to be neglectful of the stage save as a source of income. In October, 1788, Kemble became manager, and he held the position, with a brief interval, until 1801, struggling with the accumulating indebtedness and disorder due to Sheridan's want of thrift. Kemble had already begun that fine collection of English plays which came in time to rival Garrick's in its comprehensiveness, and which he sold ultimately to the Duke of Devonshire for £2,000. He gave close attention to the scenery and costuming of Shakespeare, on whose plays he wished the theatre chiefly to rely. As Charles Lamb said, Kemble believed all the good plays had been written. Kemble, at least, had tired of the regularity with which the new tragedies failed—and tragedy, of a truth, was then at its last gasp. He told Boaden that, while "showy afterpieces and laughable farces might be necessary" from contemporary authors, the dramatists of the past were the main prop of the theatre; and he persuaded Sheridan to let him produce Shakespeare with stronger casts and with more elaborate and accurate scenery and appointments. While the new pieces were sometimes well mounted, for the stock-plays—and Shakespeare's were stock-plays—any old scenery and any old dresses were thought good enough. The costuming was often incongruous and absurd. Kemble himself had



MRS. SIDDONS'S COTTAGE.

dressed *Othello* in the coat of a British general, but with Turkish trousers and turban. When he became manager, an effort was made toward the historical exactness which was to be carried to extremes fifty years later by Charles Kean. Kemble was content to act the plays of Shakespeare, and the accepted tragedies of the preceding generation—now carefully forgotten, all of them. Toward the new plays of new men, he was not hostile, perhaps, but he maintained an attitude of armed neutrality. Yet circumstances forced him to appear in not a few new plays, in some of which he was abundantly successful. In Colman's "Mountaineers" he was a most effective *Octavian*, but in Colman's "Iron Chest" he failed as dismally as did the drama itself. Colman published the play with a preface, in which Kemble was scourged with the most savage satire; and then he gave the play another chance at his own theatre, the Haymarket, with Elliston as *Sir Edward Mortimer*. It revealed a semblance of life, and although it is a deadly, dull drama, Junius Brutus Booth used to act it effectively; and more recently Mr. Edwin Booth and Mr. Henry Irving have been seen in it. The "Iron Chest" was founded on Godwin's "Caleb Williams," but Godwin's own "Antonio" met with no better fate, and is recalled now only because of Lamb's delightful account of its damning. In the pseudo-Shakespearean "Vortigern," Kemble had to say one line

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er,"

which marked the climax of the noisy turbulence with which the fraudulent tragedy was received. But in two of the newer dramas, both adapted from Kotzebue, whose plays were then prevalent everywhere, Kemble made the most emphatic successes of his career. These were the "Stranger," translated by Benjamin Thompson, but touched to life by the skillful hand of Sheridan; and "Pizarro," rearranged by Sheridan, who had strengthened the part of *Rolla*, which Kemble performed, with numerous patriotic passages from his own speeches.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER

Despite the enormous profits made by the popularity of "Pizarro," the finances of Drury Lane became more and more involved. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons had great difficulty in drawing their pay. They determined to make a change, and on June 24th, 1802, Kemble appeared for the last time at Drury Lane. He spent the next year on the Continent, visiting Spain and remaining a while in Paris. In 1803 he bought one-sixth of Covent Garden for £23,000; the whole value of the patent, the house, the wardrobe, the scenery, the machinery, the stage-properties, etc., being taken as £138,000. Kemble came to Covent Garden as manager, under Harris. He brought with him Charles Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, with her son and daughter-in-law. He made his first appearance there, September 24th, 1803, as *Hamlet*. It was just twenty years since he had made his first appearance at Drury Lane in the same part. He retained George Frederick Cooke, his chief rival, and even played *Richmond* to Cooke's *Richard III.* During the Winter of 1804–5, Kemble was thrust aside by the inexplicable *furore* for Master Betty, the infant Roscius, an infatuation which subsided rapidly after the first season. On November 3d, 1806, Kemble brought out "Coriolanus," and presented perhaps his most moving and magnificent performance.

Five years after Kemble had bought into Covent Garden, on September 20th, 1808, the theatre was burnt to the ground. The insurance was insufficient, and the Duke of Northumberland, unsolicited, at once lent Kemble £10,000 to aid in the rebuilding, and, on the laying of the corner-stone of the new house, the duke sent him back the bond, canceled. The expense of the new theatre forced the managers to raise the prices to certain parts of the house, and this was resisted by the more turbulent of the public, who clamored for the old prices. These "O. P." riots lasted for sixty-six nights, and were finally terminated by a compromise. After Mrs. Siddons's retirement from the stage, in June, 1812, her brother took a long vacation, making a visit to Ireland. He reappeared in January, 1814, only a few days before the first appearance in London of Edmund Kean, the only actor who seriously challenged his supremacy toward the end of his career. Three years later, March 29th, 1817, he took his farewell of the Edinburgh stage with a poetical address, written by Sir Walter Scott, and on June 23d he acted at Covent Garden Theatre for the last time, performing *Coriolanus*. Four days later a public dinner was given to him, at which Lord Holland presided. Talma made a speech in English, and Young recited the poem which Campbell had written for the occasion. After thirty-four years of life in London, Kemble went, for rest, first to Toulouse, then to Italy and Switzerland; finally settling down at Lausanne. There he died of apoplexy on February 26th, 1823, at the age of sixty-six.

"We feel more respect for John Kemble in a plain coat than for the Lord Chancellor on the woolsack," said Hazlitt, expressing the opinion of all old playgoers. Kemble belonged, beyond all question, to the grand school. His style was stately and academic almost to the verge of frigidity; but if he was ever lacking in fire he was never wanting in force. Coleridge considered that "Dryden's genius was of that sort which catches fire by its own motion—his chariot-wheels *get* hot by driving fast." And as much might be said of Kean's genius. Kemble had rather the massive splendor of a towering iceberg. It was awful in its effect; massive and overpowering. His grandest character was, perhaps, *Coriolanus*, the mighty dignity and force of which has probably never been surpassed. In "Hamlet" he was without a peer. Lamb declares that "it is difficult for a frequent playgoer to disencumber the idea of *Hamlet* from the person of Mr. K."; and Mr. Matthew Arnold, a careful and thoughtful critic of the theatre, writing as "An Old Playgoer," says that "all *Hamlets* whom I have seen dissatisfy us in something. Macready wants person, Charles Kean mind, Fechter English, Mr. Wilson wants elocution. . . . . Perhaps John Kemble, in spite of his limitations, was the best *Hamlet* after all." Assuredly Kemble did not want person or mind or English or elocution. Indeed, these were four qualifications for the part he had in union beyond all other actors. He was a handsome man, with his full share of the Kemble beauty. "How very like his sister!" was the general exclamation when he made his first appearance in London. Boaden said "he had the finest head, perhaps, that has ever been seen;" and the beautiful mezzotint from Lawrence's portrait, prefixed to Boaden's biography, bears him out in this assertion. That he had mind needs no evidence now; the high intelligence which directed all his work is proof enough of this. In his English he was exact and precise; his pronunciation was punctilious almost to an extreme. He made a dissyllable of "aches" when the metre and old usage suggested the so doing, and, when urged by the Prince of Wales, he corrected the Prince's French pronunciation of "oblige." His supremacy as a master of the art of elocution was never seriously disputed. Although he was seen at his best in characters of classic simplicity, and although his *Hamlet* and his *Coriolanus* were far superior to his *Richard III.*, yet, as Dr. Doran notes, the new parts in which he was most successful were romantic more often than not—the *Stranger*, for example, and *Rolla* and *Octavian*. While he was unapproached in the height of tragedy, and unrivaled in less exalted melodrama, his comedy was sadly to seek, if we may judge by the epigram, which referred to his performance in the "School for Scandal" as *Charles's Martyrdom*, yet Lamb did not think ill of him in the part. He was a skillful and conscientious arranger of Shakespeare's plays and an adroit adapter from the French. In private he had humor of a most unexpected turn. He would condescend to play marbles in the street with little boys, and he would make a grand, eloquent oration to the stage-hands before giving them a guinea to drink his health; and his sense of humor was strong enough to let him see the point of a joke even when it pierced his own side. To sum up: he is one of the very greatest figures in English histrionic history; and his career was an honor to himself as his character was an honor to his profession.

Charles Kemble was the eleventh child of Roger Kemble and of Sarah Ward, his wife, whose eldest daughter was Mrs. Siddons, and whose eldest son was John Philip Kemble. He was born at Brecknock, in South Wales, November 27th, 1775. Like his eldest brother, he was educated at the English College at Douay. He received an appointment in the Post Office, but he did not keep it long; for in 1792 he made his first appearance on the stage, at Sheffield, as *Orlando* in "As You Like It." When the new Drury Lane Theatre was opened he was first seen in London as an actor, performing *Malcolm* to the *Lady Macbeth* of Mrs. Siddons and the *Macbeth* of John Kemble. Then, and indeed as long as his brother and sister remained on the stage, Charles Kemble was overshadowed, and had perforce to content himself with a second place. In time he made this second place his own, and raised it until it was but little behind the first. As the awkwardness of his rough beginnings wore away, as he gained power over himself from practice, and au-

thority with the public from experience, his position became more assured and his skill more abundantly recognized. His *Laertes*, his *Cassio*, his *Falconbridge*, his *Macduff*, his *Edgar*, his *Jaffier*, came in time to have no rivals, and to hold their own as far as might be against almost any other actor's *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King John*, *Macbeth*, *Lear* or *Pierre*. He was the most gifted and graceful of *Romeos* since the rivalry of Garrick and Barry. He left Drury Lane and went to Covent Garden in 1803 with the other members of the family, when John Kemble bought a share in the theatre; and there he acted *Marc Antony* to the *Brutus* of his brother, the *Cassius* of Young, and the *Casca* of Terry. Although John Kemble had a certain humor in private life, it did not find expression on the stage, and Charles Kemble was free to act the chief characters of comedy. John Kemble had made a reserved gentleman of *Charles Surface*, but Charles Kemble soon restored that lively scapegrace to his pristine airiness. As *Young Mirabel* in the "Inconstant," as *Young Marlow* in "She Stoops to Conquer," as *Captain Absolute*, as *Mercutio*, and as *Benedick*, there was no other actor who came nigh him. His comedy was incomparable; it had high spirits and high breeding; it had no trace of either tragedy or clowning; it was the very embodiment of well-graced wit.

John Kemble left Charles his interest in Covent Garden Theatre. Unfortunately, the affairs of the house became involved in inextricable confusion, and the disputes of the proprietors, one with another, and of the proprietors with their creditors, gave rise to an interminable chancery-suit. The company at Covent Garden was headed by Edmund Kean, Young, Macready, Charles Kemble, and Miss O'Neil; but the finances of the theatre sank lower and lower. In 1827 Charles Kemble was one of the company of English actors who crossed the Channel and revealed Shakespeare to the enthusiastic Parisians, and thus hastened the Romanticist revolt. About the same time the phenomenal success of Weber's "Der Freischütz" gave Covent Garden an Indian Summer of prosperity. But "Oberon," which Weber wrote specially for the theatre, did not gain popular acceptance. In October, 1829, Charles Kemble brought out his daughter, Frances Anne Kemble, as *Juliet*, appearing himself as *Mercutio*, while Mrs. Charles Kemble encouraged her daughter as the *Nurse*. The success of Miss Fanny Kemble was undoubted, and for a while the theatre prospered. To lend weight to his daughter's performances, Charles Kemble assumed the heavier characters of tragedy: *Othello*, *Shylock*, *Macbeth;* in these he showed that he was a master of the art of acting, although he was not as well suited by nature to the performance of these parts as he was to the presentation of *Mercutio*, *Marc Antony*, and *Benedick*. His *Hamlet* was the best since John Kemble's.

In 1832 Charles Kemble and his daughter paid a visit to the United States, where his sister, Mrs. Whitelock, had long been highly esteemed. He made his first appearance in New York at the Park Theatre, September 17th, 1832, as *Hamlet*, his daughter making her first appearance the next night as *Bianca* in "Fazio," and both being seen as *Romeo* and *Juliet* on the third night. Mr. Ireland, the historian of the New York stage, records that "the sensation created by the appearance of Mr. and Miss Kemble had been equaled in kind only in the days of Cooke and Kean, and in duration and intensity was altogether unparalleled." For a year and a half they traveled together through the United States, playing again and again in the chief cities with unbroken success. Then, in the Spring of 1834, Mr. Charles Kemble returned to England alone, his daughter remaining in America as the wife of Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia. He remained on the stage until December, 1836, returning occasionally to act his chief parts before the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, the young Princess Victoria. His final appearance was in 1840. About this time his second daughter, Adelaide, was brought out in English opera, and made an unqualified success as *Norma*. In 1843 she married Mr. Sartoris. Charles Kemble gave readings from Shakespeare after he had withdrawn from the stage. After the death of George Colman the younger, in 1836, Charles Kemble had been appointed Examiner of Plays, an office which he held until his death. He died in London, November 12th, 1854.

"Charles Kemble, who had an ideal face and figure," Leigh Hunt declares, "was the nearest approach I ever saw to Shakespeare's gentlemen and heroes of romance," and in these characters he was, by common consent, unsurpassable. His comedy was incomparable. His tragedy—excepting possibly his *Hamlet*—could not be placed on as high a level. "To fathom the depths of character, to trace its latent motives, to feel its finest quiverings of emotion, to comprehend the thoughts that are hidden under words, and thus possess one's self of the actual mind of the individual man"—this is the duty of the tragedian, so Macready tells us, and this was, in a measure, beyond Charles Kemble's power to compass. He had not the haziness of expression caused by weakness of conception, for his intelligence was high and abundant. It was rather the deficiency of execution due to physical incapacity to body forth the character which the mental faculties could portray adequately enough. His voice was weak, for one thing, and his delivery of voice, although melodious, was monotonous. Toward the end of his life he became very deaf. On the stage and off, he was at all times a gentleman and a scholar, yet he was without the pedantry of scholarship which John Kemble did not always conceal. Like his brother and like his son, Charles Kemble had a gift for philology. He adapted plays from both the French and the German; but none of them has been quite as long lived as his wife's adaptation "The Day After the Wedding."

Frances Anne Kemble was the eldest daughter of Charles Kemble. She was born, November 27th, 1809, in London. She seems to have been a venturesome and investigating child, when, at the age of seven, she was sent to school in France; at first at Boulogne, and afterward in Paris. Here she took a part in private theatricals, in which she revealed a full share of the histrionic faculty of the family. When she was between fifteen and sixteen she returned to her father's house in London. Here she studied by herself, read much and began to write. When she was sixteen she caught the smallpox, which robbed her of her beautiful complexion and marked her face.

"Plain I certainly was," she has recorded; "but I by no means always looked so; and so great was the variation in my appearance at different times, that my comical old friend Mrs. Fitzhugh once exclaimed, "Fanny Kemble, you are the ugliest and the handsomest woman in Europe." Before she was eighteen she had written a poetic play, "Francis I.," for which Mr. Murrray gave her £400. In 1829 Covent Garden Theatre, of which Mr. Charles Kemble was part proprietor, was advertised to be sold, and, in the hope of retrieving its fortunes, his daughter was brought out as an actress. She made her first appearance as *Juliet*, October 5th, 1829, when Covent Garden opened for the season. She was thought to be very like her aunt, who took a great interest in her. Mr. Harness said that she looked like Mrs. Siddons seen through the

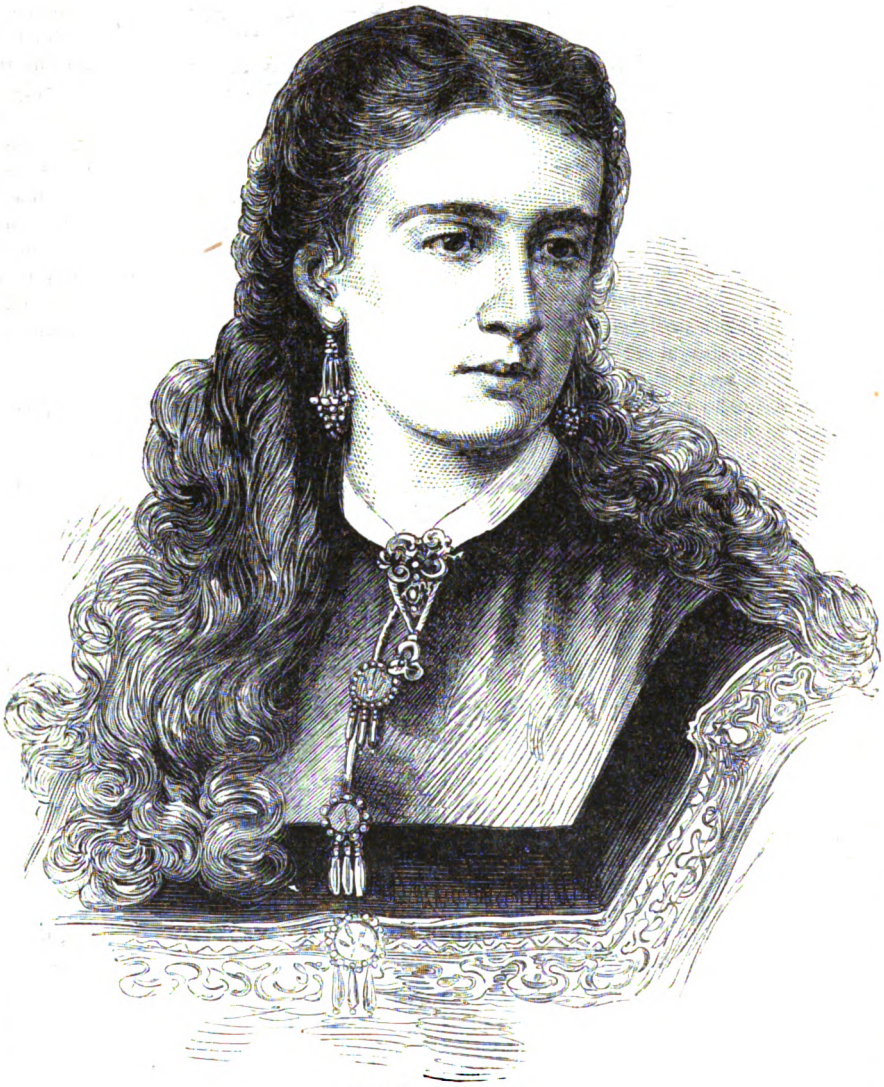
diminishing end of an opera-glass. Her acting was less finished and more spontaneous than her aunt's, and she was not "all paw and pause," as Mrs. Barry had said of the Kembles. So great was her success that she performed the part more than a hundred and twenty times. In the course of that season and the two following she acted *Belvidera* in "Venice Preserved," *Mrs. Beverley* in the "Gamester," *Euphrasia* in the "Grecian Daughter," *Portia*, *Isabella*, in the "Fatal Marriage," *Mrs. Haller* in the "Stranger," *Calista* in the "Fair Penitent," *Lady Teazle*, *Lady Townly* in the "Provoked Husband," *Bianca* in "Fazio," *Beatrice*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Constance*, *Camiola* in Massinger's "Maid of Honor," revived at her instance, *Louise* in her own play, "Francis I.," and *Julia* in the "Hunchback," then first produced. With her father she acted in Ireland, Scotland and the English provinces.

The same success followed her to America, whither she went with her father in 1832, making her first appearance in New York at the Park Theatre, September 18th, as *Bianca* in "Fazio."

"Her triumph here was complete," Mr. Ireland declares. "She was the acknowledged Queen of Tragedy from Boston to New Orleans, without a rival near her throne." She acted in the United States for two seasons, making her final appearance in New York at the Park Theatre, June 20th, 1834. She had married Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia, a fortnight before, and she was not seen on the stage again for a decade.

During her theatrical wanderings she had kept a diary, and in May, 1835, there was published in two volumes the "Journal of Frances Anne Butler." It is difficult now to understand the sudden outburst of feeling which this publication excited. In those days we Americans were a thin-skinned race, and the merest scratch drew blood. Mrs. Butler was with her husband on his Georgia plantation during the Winter and Spring of 1838–9, and here again she kept a journal. This she refused to publish until the Civil War, when she found those whom she knew in England taking sides with the slaveholders of the South, and then she thought she had no longer a right to withhold her testimony as to the unspeakable wickedness and misery which she knew to be inseparable from slavery.

In 1841 Mrs. Butler went back to England, and in 1846 she returned to the stage. She had paid a visit to Italy, and in 1847 she published the journal of this journey, under the title of "A Year of Consolation," and her divorce from her husband was pronounced in 1849. In 1848 she played with Macready at the Princess's Theatre in London. Since then she has not acted. "In the Summer of 1848 I returned to America," she tells us in her "Records of Later Life," "where my great good fortune in the success of my public readings soon enabled me to realize my long-cherished hope of purchasing a small cottage and a few acres of land in the beautiful and beloved neighborhood of Lenox." Her poems had been published in 1844, and have been repeatedly reprinted since. Her second drama, the "Star of Seville," on a subject closely akin to "Preciosa," the "Spanish Student," and a play of Lope de Vega's, had appeared in 1837, and in 1863 she published a volume containing three more plays, "An English Tragedy," and adaptations of Schiller's "Mary Stuart," and Dumas's "Mlle. de Belle-Isle."

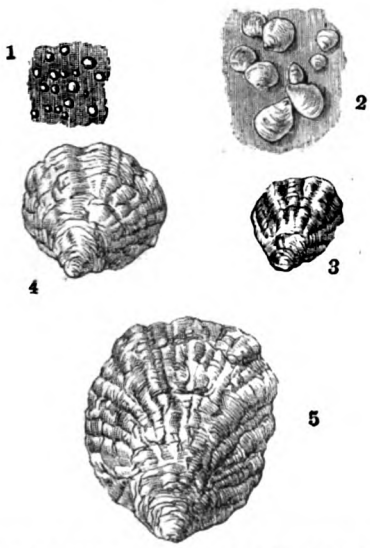


MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS.

Her final appearance before the public as a reader was in 1869. Since then she has put forth two delightful books of autobiography, "Records of a Girlhood" (1878) and "Records of Later Life" (1882), and a volume of

"Notes upon some of Shakespeare's Plays" (1882). The publication, in 1863, of the "Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation" has already been recorded. Ever since her first visit to America in 1832, Mrs. Kemble has vibrated between Great Britain and the United States, residing now in one country and now in the other.

Mrs. Kemble had the high intelligence and the nobility of character for which the Kemble family was noted, and, as her birthright, she had a full share of the histrionic faculty; but her dramatic gifts were never purified or polished by the unceasing toil which alone may make an artist of the first order. She herself quotes Macready's remark that she did not know the rudiments of her profession. "I brought but one-half the necessary material to the exercise of my profession, that which nature gave," she confessed, "and never added the cultivation and labor requisite to produce any fine performance in the right sense of the word; and, coming of a family of *real* artists, have never felt that I deserved that honorable name." The reason of this failure is not far to seek, and she has given it to us. "My very nature seems to me dramatic. I cannot speak without gesticulating and making faces, any more than an Italian can. I am fond, moreover, of the excitement of acting, personating interesting characters in interesting situations, giving vivid expression to vivid emotions, realizing in my own person noble and beautiful imaginary beings, and *uttering the poetry of Shakespeare.* But the stage is not only this, but much more that is not this; and that much more is not only by no means equally agreeable, but positively odious to me, and always was." It was this hatred of the stage which kept her from holding the first place on it. That this hatred was genuine and of long standing no one can doubt who has read her autobiography. That she should have succeeded on the stage, despite her distaste for it, is proof positive of the strength of her hereditary endowment. Her books—five of them are substantially autobiographic, taken either from her diaries or her correspondence—reveal a woman of robust character and of vigorous intelligence. She was truly womanly, but in no wise effeminate. Her mind was as fine in its texture as it was strong. She had great social gifts, and she made friends in the best circles on both sides of the water. Nothing is more striking, as we read her "Records," than to note the number of distinguished people whom she associated with. Intellectually and socially she seems to have got the best, without effort, and as by right.



1. Spat. 2. Three months old. 3. Five months old. 4. Eight months old. 5. Twelve months old.

HOW THE OYSTER GROWETH.

OYSTER AND EPICURE.

Relics of primeval oyster suppers, banquets of the aborigines, are found along the Atlantic coast of America and elsewhere, in the form of great mounds or buried deposits of shells, which plainly tell of festivities on a generous scale. The distinctive appellations of Saddle-rock, Blue Point, Shrewsbury, Rockaway and East River were unknown to the prehistoric epicure, and doubtless the preparatory processes of stew, fry, escalop, pâté and pie, never dawned upon his simple mind; but the oyster raw, and under any other name, must have tasted as sweet.

The oyster's sweetness, as we know, is not in its looks; and much admiration has been bestowed upon the anonymous man who

> "First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
> And risk'd the living morsel down his throat."

It has been surmised that he was compelled to do so for a punishment. Other legends go still further back, and relate how the poor human of the alluvial age puzzled his weak brain over the rough and flinty shell, which instinct told him should contain something good to eat, if only it might be got at. The soft sediments of river and sea having not yet hardened into rock, our

THE FOE OF THE OYSTER.

ancestor could not open his oyster with a stone. He stamped on it, but only hurt his foot. He threw it in the air, but the fall did not break it. He tried in turn entreaties, flatteries, threats, jokes and sarcasm. No use. The exasperating mollusk remained stolid, deaf and dumb. Suddenly, as the perplexed man observed his aged grandsire approaching, a novel idea occurred to him. Watching his opportunity, he brought his oyster down sharply upon the aged man's bald pate. The shell cracked—so did the unfortunate cranium with which it had come in contact. The discoverer of the oyster swallowed the delicious morsel. It was like a beautiful dream; but the poor savage's mind was ill at ease. He had not many hard-headed relatives, and if he must use up one for each oyster he ate, the banquet would be not only very costly, but tantalizingly insufficient. He imparted his secret to a friend. That very night, as he slept, the friend came and cracked an oyster on his skull. The knowledge of the newly discovered bivalve got abroad, and men began to go about with oysters concealed upon their persons, in the hope of finding somebody whose cranium might serve to break the stony shell. This deadly habit, it is averred, became so general that it might have imperiled the future of the human race, had not the advent of the Stone Age caused the hard human head to be superseded by the still harder rock, as an oyster-smasher. Gradually the inventive mind of man evolved the idea of *opening* the oyster instead of pulverizing its shell; and some antiquarians shrewdly surmise that the thin, sharpened scraps of flint and obsidian, often found in Indian mounds, and popularly supposed to be "arrowheads" and "hatchets," are in reality primitive oyster-knives.

The respect which we cherish for "the ancients" of classical history is increased by the knowledge that they knew and appreciated the oyster. The Jews, who were forbidden to eat oysters, were probably the only nation of antiquity to whom the delicacy was unknown. The Greeks and Romans feasted upon the succulent bivalve; and it is said that the former, instead of building grottoes with the shells, used them as blackballs for the banishment of obnoxious citizens. Lucullus, who has been seized upon by history as the typical *gourmet*, paid particular attention to the oyster. He had sea-water brought in canals to his villa, and cultivated them wholesale. There were giants in those days, and Vitellius is said to have eaten a thousand oysters in one day—a proud record which has never been broken. Caligula nourished his tyranny, and Cicero his eloquence, with the dainty. The Latin poets immortalized it in songs, while the fast men of Pompeii and Herculaneum used to sing over their "half-shell raws" in the small hours of the morning.

So in every century since. The Dark Ages were solaced by the silent but comforting oyster. The Middle Ages studied and appreciated him. Cervantes ate oysters, and then wrote "Don Quixote." Napoleon likewise feasted, and then fought. The British wits and philosophers, who knew a good thing in the gastronomic as well as the intellectual line, have left many complimentary opinions on record. In the Old Town of Edinburgh, there used to be—and are still, in a modern guise—the quaint and dingy "oyster ploys," generally in cellars, which "the quality" did not disdain to visit for the purpose of partaking of oysters and brown stout. No doubt those rare *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Christopher North were intimately connected with the more material luxury of the *Ostræa edulis*.

The lobster, it is said, is in danger of becoming extinct; but it is not at all likely that the oyster will ever be a museum curiosity. It is amazingly fruitful. A single oyster, it is estimated, may yield enough to fill 12,000 barrels, as the microscope reveals in a single globule of "spat" some hundreds of thousands of perfect eggs. Of course, comparatively few of these embryo oysters ever arrive at maturity, and the market. Those oyster-lovers of the sea, the starfish and crab, seize upon the young innocents before they are old enough to take care of themselves, and banquet upon them by thousands. It requires several months before the young oyster takes his shell, settles down, and joins himself, by the strongest kind of attachment, to his kindred; forming with them the bed or bank to which, during the "R" months, the dredgers come with a pressing invitation to market.

> "The herring loves the merry moonlight,
> The mackerel loves the wind;
> But the oyster loves the dredging song,
> For he comes of gentle kind."

British oysters of fame come from Colchester and Milton, Faversham and Burnham. Scotland has her Pandores and Aberdour oysters; Ireland, the Carlingford and Powldoodies of Burran. France derives her oysters from the Bay of Biscay, Mont St. Michel and the Norman coast, besides millions of little salt Belgians from Ostend. The oyster-farming of France is one of the great European industries of the present age, there being on the shores of that country upward of 7,000 fish-farms for the cultivation of the oyster alone. Lake Fusaro (the Avernus of the Latin poets), near Naples, is to-day the great oyster-park of Italy. There is a small, delicate oyster at Genoa, and a green-finned one at Venice, both of which are excellent. The Chinese eat oysters, but prefer them dried.

The North American oyster is of a different species from those of Europe. Its scientific name is *Ostræa Virginiana*. It is longer from the hinge ligament to the shell muscle than is the European oyster, while the left valve of the latter is generally deeper than with our oyster. To the abundance and popularity of this mollusk throughout the United States all our readers can testify. Evidences of it are visible on all sides, in the oyster-saloons, oyster-wagons, oyster-boats and oyster-markets. The cooking of oysters is carried on at all hours, "in every style." This is especially true of the cities of the Atlantic seaboard. "Oysters pickled, stewed, baked, roasted, fried, scalloped and raw; oysters made into soups, 'patties' and puddings; oysters with condiments and without condiments; oysters for breakfast, dinner and supper; oysters without stint or limit—fresh as the pure air, and almost as abundant—are daily offered to the palates of the Manhattanese, and appreciated with all the gratitude which such a bounty of nature ought to inspire." True, there are the R-less months of Summer, when fashion and economy alike decree that the overworked bivalve shall have its vacation; but the oyster-lover's observance of his lenten season gives all the more zest to the feast of September. Then begins the tremendous oyster-traffic, which does not cease until the end of May; and during this long season the consumption in New York alone is said to exceed 70,000,000 per month, employing some 50,000 people. Millions more of oysters are shipped to the interior of the country, mostly in cans and kegs, although many hundreds of barrels are sent in shell. Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Omaha and Leavenworth yearly increase their demands for the rich-flavored oysters of New York, and even California prefers them.

Our oyster-beds, taken in the aggregate, show no signs of exhaustion, although in certain localities they are driven out by the pollution of the waters. For instance, Newark Bay, which fifty years ago was one of the principal breeding-grounds for oysters, has been almost destroyed for that purpose by the chemical and manufacturing establishments on its shores; and its seeds were long since transplanted to Prince's Bay, Shrewsbury River, etc. Prince's Bay itself has suffered seriously of late from illegal dumping of the refuse dredged from the Raritan River. The oysters of the Hudson River, small and discolored by the impurities poured into the stream, are at present only fit to be used for seed. Those of New York Harbor are green from sludge acid, and quite unfit for the table.

The two great national oyster-markets are New York and Baltimore. The New York oysters come chiefly from the salt creeks, sounds and bays of New Jersey, Long Island and Connecticut, notably Long Island Sound and Shrewsbury River. They are all classed under the generic terms of East Rivers, Rockaways, Shrewsburys, Blue Points and Saddlerocks. In the general trade parlance, all the largest oysters are Saddlerocks, and all the smallest Blue Points. Boston is supplied from Buzzard's Bay, Cotuit, Vineyard Sound, Mark's Cove, Matapoiset, Marion, Agawam, Dartmouth, Cole's, Providence, and other local rivers, Squeteague Pond, etc. Rhode Island has her Narragansett Bay, and a score of rivers, coves, rocks and points where the mollusk multiplies.

The Baltimore oyster supply is drawn from an immense area. In fact, all the salt waters of Maryland teem with oysters. The export business is enormous, there being between 8,000 and 9,000 persons employed in "shucking" or opening oysters in that State alone. The average price paid for shucking is fifteen cents per gallon. It is estimated that 84,000 persons in the vicinity of Baltimore are supported through the trade. On the coast of Virginia there are 14,350 persons engaged, consisting of negroes and whites in about equal proportions. The grounds are: Lynnhaven Bay, Chincoteague, Hampton, Elizabeth City, Back River, Mill Creek, Poguosin River, Hampton Roads, James River, York River, Mattaponi and Pamunkey Rivers, a broad arm of the Chesapeake some thirty miles in length, West Point, terminus of the Richmond, Yorktown and Gloucester Point. There are 5,000 in the oyster industry at Rappahannock. The number of oysters packed at Norfolk two or three years ago exceeded the combined totals of all packing points in Maryland, Baltimore excluded. The total number of bushels of Virginia oysters for the year ending May, 1880, was 6,837,000, valued at $1,948,636.

The great oyster-packing establishments of Norfolk are one of the sights familiar to all visitors to the Summer resorts and sanitaria on the Hampton Roads. A large proportion of the oysters are sent away in cans, having been previously steamed. This steaming is done on a colossal scale, three car-loads of oysters at a time being run into a closed structure of iron, and cooked with the utmost celerity.

Steamed oysters, by-the-way, are a delicacy better known in the restaurants of the Southern cities than in New York and Boston. A half-peck is the amount of the customary order for one person, the oysters being cooked in the shell, in wire buckets lowered into the steam reservoir. After steaming, the shell opens easily, and the shucker, with a dexterous twist, picks out the oysters and throws them into a soup-plate, which is nicely filled by the meats of the half-peck in the shell. Adding the usual condiments—butter, pepper, salt and lemon-juice—you have one of the sweetest and freshest dishes of oysters possible, at a cost of only about thirty cents. It is the glory of the oyster, however, that in whatever guise or disguise he may be served up by the artful *chef*, he always preserves more or less of that individuality of flavor which, to the epicure, is a thing æsthetic and a joy for ever. It has inspired poets and philosophers in all ages, and we deem it quite fitting that our modern native muse should have paid homage in the following *spirituel* strain:

"Let us royster with the oyster,
In the shorter days and moister
That are brought by brown September with its roguish final R,
For breakfast or for supper,
On the under shell or upper,
Of dishes he's the daisy, and of shellfish he's the star.

"We try him as they fry him,
And even as they pie him;
We're partial to him luscious in a roast;
We boil him, and we broil him,
We vinegar-and-oil him,
And, oh! he is delicious stewed with toast.

"We eat him with tomatoes,
And the salad of potatoes,
Nor look on him with horror when he follows the cold slaw;
And neither does he fret us
If he marches after lettuce,
And abreast of cayenne pepper when his majesty is raw.

"So welcome with September,
To the knife and glowing ember,
Juicy darling of our dainties, dispossessor of the clam!
To the oyster, then, a hoister!
With him in royal royster
We shall whoop it through the land of Uncle Sam."

METHODS OF COMPOSERS.

HAYDN was one of the most quiet of composers; he required no strong stimulants, no enlivening punch or sparkling champagne, to give an impulse to his genius; but he had a familiar spirit of his own of another kind, a gentler sort of *Samiel*, and this was a diamond ring which had been presented to him by Frederick the Great. Did it sometimes happen that at his studies the ideas would not flow with ease, the fault was at once laid on the ring; he had forgotten to put it on. And no sooner was the magic ring on the composer's finger, and its brilliants sparkling in his eye, than the springs of his awakened fancy were at once unsealed.

In order for the fancy of Gluck to become enkindled, nothing would do but he must be off to some green meadow. His Dorothy must perforce have her piano lugged thither, and a bottle of sparkling champagne be placed at his side; and thus warmed by the double glow of the sun and his favorite wine, he poured forth some of the most brilliant of his inspirations. How wofully, then, have some of the writers of his life been mistaken! Inspired by "Iphigenia," forsooth! nonsense: it was by the perfumes of a fresh made haycock.

Sarti went quite an opposite way to work. He shut himself up in a large, dark room, faintly lighted by a single aperture; and in this abode, as melancholy as the grave, and not less silent, immured the livelong day, and frequently the night too, would he compose those lovely airs which breathe all the freshness of the most gay and vigorous existence.

The method to which Zingarelli resorted to catch inspiration seems scarcely less singular; before sitting down to compose an opera, he would read some portion

of the lives of the fathers of the Desert—perhaps the history of St. Anthony's temptation in the wilderness.

Salieri disdained the confinement of rooms and books, and sought his genius amidst the busy hum of men. He would roam up and down the street with his pockets full of confectionery, and, as the spirit happened to move, would note down his thoughts in his pocketbook.

Paer wrote his "Sargino," "Achille," etc., whilst trifling in the midst of his friends, quarreling with his servants, playing with his favorite dog, or wrangling with his wife and children.

Paesiello composed his "Nina," his "Molinara," and his "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" in bed.

CLIMATE OF THE SOUDAN.—In the Soudan there are virtually only two seasons, the hot and the cool. The former lasts from April to October, and is made wretched even to the Arabs by an arid, dust-laden wind. Vegetation scorches up beneath it, and animals and men suffer from the intense dryness of its heat. On the Nile itself, however, about Khartoum, northerly winds, which materially reduce the temperature, set in in May. One harvest is cut in June, and soon after that the Nile, which has then reached its lowest level, begins to rise, and continues to increase till September. Winter dates from October to March, and the weather during this time is not only pleasant, but healthy to the European constitution.

OYSTER-FARM AT ARCACHON, FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 93.

HIS CHRISTMAS LOVE.—"SHE HELD ALOFT A CARRIAGE-LAMP, AND ITS LIGHT SMOTE ACTUAL FLAMES FROM HER NECK AND ARMS AS IT STRUCK ON THE JEWELS BINDING THEM."

HIS CHRISTMAS LOVE; OR, THE MASTER OF SWAN HALL.

By Isabella Valancy Crawford.

"A bumper of Burgundy fill, fill for me;
Give those who prefer it champagne!"

"That's a rollicking stave. Who's the singer, Pedro?"

"That little villain, Phil Dudley," said Pedro, moodily. "Hang the fellow! Is he coming here? Can't he stay at home one day in the week, I'd like to know? He's got the old place, and can't he be content and stay there?"

The door dashed open, and his dark face—a spirited, olive-tinted face, which had gained him the nickname of Don Pedro—softened, the "Winter of discontent" vanished, and he nodded a greeting to the charming little gentleman in the black frame of the old doorway—a slim youth, in gray knickerbocker suit; a slender aristocrat, with curled red lips, luminous gray eyes, a bold, delicate nose, and a close crop of crocus-yellow, waving hair, his head poised as stately as that of Goliath of Gath might have been, and a wicked dimple in one rose-and-lily cheek.

"Hallo!" said Pedro, wiping his gunstock lovingly with his handkerchief while he eyed his visitor.

"Hallo!" responded Mr. Dudley, airily. "Who's your chum, old man? Introduce a fellow, can't you?"

"You've heard of him, Phil," said Pedro, laughing.

"It's Tom Burgoyne, lawyer and—ahem!—lover! You know, Madge's fate! Hallo! What's the matter with you? Where's your backbone gone?"

Phil gathered himself up from the doorpost, putting out a slim hand to the brown-bearded, brown-eyed young man with the pleasant smile, who rose from the edge of the table to greet him.

The *arc de Cupidon* lips were chalky, the oval cheeks livid, and the hand the lawyer clasped in his icy and trembling.

"I have heard of you from Madge," he almost gasped. "I am delighted to see you, Mr. Burgoyne!"

"Won't you stay and have a cigar, Phil?" asked Pedro. "I'm not due at the mines again to-day."

"No. I—I—— Where's Madge, Pedro? I came over to see her."

"Well, you'll find her in the kitchen, Monsieur le Prince, preparing a sacrifice of baked meats in honor of Tom, here," said Pedro, kindly. "She'll be awfully glad to see you, I dare say."

"I dare say!" said Mr. Dudley, with an attempt at airy nonchalance, under the observant legal eyes smiling at him. "Madge generally *is* glad to see a fellow! Well, I'm off!"

"How did you come over—Tam o'Shanter style, or tandem?"

"I came on my wheel," said Mr. Dudley, coolly. "The governor goes frantic when he sees me perched on it, so I tried how close to the edge of the cliffs I could keep it, all the way from the Hall here. He could see me from his window, and I hope he liked it, that's all. *Au revoir*, gentlemen."

"It's *au revoir* to some purpose," said Pedro, as Monsieur le Prince vanished, leaving an odor of violets behind him. "He half lives here. Don't set up the Othello business, Tom, but he is up to his pink ears in love with Madge, poor little cub!"

Burgoyne laughed, a mellow laugh, with a ring of truth in its manly music.

"And Madge?"

"Madge is very fond of him," said Pedro, staring down his beloved gunbarrel, "and so am I. His governor is a polished old beast, a bloodless tyrant, with etiquette for a heart and manners in place of a liver; a modern Chesterfield, with patent improvements in ultra-refined selfishness, and Phil's poor little neck is under his elegant foot. He's a small dare-devil is the prince, but I've seen him lie a long hour with his head rolled up in Madge's flounces and frills, crying like a baby, after some chindy with old Dudley. He's very reticent, though, about domestic affairs. I tell you, your sudden appearance has cut him up. Don't notice his ways, old fellow; he's only a boy—nineteen next Christmas."

"He may weep on Madge's muslins as long as he likes," said the lawyer, laughing; "I'm not given to jealousy. And so you don't like his *pater?* Well, that's natural under the circumstances."

Pedro groaned, and then laughed.

"Yes; you see poor old Cousin Tim Dudley rather sold me. He had disowned his only child, Phil's governor, years ago for very excellent reasons, and he adopted and educated Madge and me as his co-heirs. That was lovely, but when he died a year ago, his will left all his great wealth to us, with this proviso, that if his son Courtney Dudley had a living son, that son was to be heir. Well, Courtney Dudley was advertised for, and turned up nine months ago from somewhere in Spain, with a son, Monsieur le Prince, and Madge and I took thankful possession of our legal crumbs—this old cottage and twenty thousand dollars divided between us. Courtney Dudley reigns at Swan Hall until Phil's majority, and I'm an overseer at the Swan Iron Mines. *Vera suntilla!* Come, old lad, if we're to have a shot at anything, suppose we start? Partridges wait for no man."

"Pedro bears his disappointment with lots of pluck," thought Burgoyne. "And so Monsieur le Prince is in love with my loyal Madge! It looks rather that way, I must admit."

His "royal Madge" was dusting the dainty little drawing-room, assisted by Mr. Phil Dudley, who was very pale about the lips, and very large and dark and pathetic as to the gray eyes, and while Pedro went to call the dogs, Burgoyne stood looking at them curiously from the narrow hall."

"Royal Madge" was certainly a lovely girl—very like Pedro—dark, glowing, magnetic, with two kindly brown suns under her sweet, broad brows, and a lithe, slim, soft, strong figure, pliable as a willow, and at present draped in soft, flowing woolen drapery, of a deep, satisfying red.

"Phil," said the richest and most sympathetic of voices, "if you stand so close to my elbow, I'll end by smashing my 'rose du Barri vase,' and my heart with it. It's Tom's last present, you know."

Burgoyne's trained, observant eyes flashed, for, with an almost imperceptible gesture, the prince brushed against the lifted lovely arm wielding the feather duster, and, with a crash, the gorgeous bit of china lay on the carpet in fifty fragments, and Burgoyne turned away without having been observed, his lips set, the thin upper one curled a little, lawyer-like.

* * * * * *

The next day a groom brought an invitation to dinner from Swan Hall to the cottage.

These civilities were frequently exchanged, for Courtney Dudley found his brilliant, accomplished young cousins very entertaining from many points of view, and for Phil's sake they were cordial to his father. "Mr. Burgoyne, your friend, of whom I have heard so often," was included courteously in the informal invitation, and the crisp, golden September sunset, with its grand patient moon waiting whitely to shine on her throne, and hints of stars in the crocus-and-daffodil sky, found them walking up the solemn avenue to the fine old stone house, with angels' heads on its sprouts, oriel windows for the sunrise, bay-windows for the sunset, mellow stained-glass windows for the cold north, and conservatory roofs glittering on the south—phalanxes of really ancient trees, like groups of kings in coronation-robes of September glory, and what gave the place its name—a long, narrow artificial lake, white with swans, lying close under the drawing-room windows.

"Prepare for a very dandified lord of Swan Hall," said Pedro to Burgoyne. "Phil is simply immense in evening dress. Ask Madge."

"Phil is unlike other young men," said Madge, with a rather troubled look, "and if Tom watches him he will see what I mean. Poor Phil!"

"Rats in his garret, Tom," said Pedro, concisely; "a decided crack in his crocus-colored noddle. I rather imagine that's the true inwardness of his governor not sending him to college."

"Hush! Here he is!" said Madge, hastily.

He bounded down the six stone steps in a flying leap, landing before Madge, a jeweled hand on each of her pretty shoulders, the last of the solemn sunset on his spirited, beautiful face, and Pedro winked at Tom with open amusement.

A figure from a Watteau face stood before them,

as nearly as could be approached, in a knickerbocker suit of pale-blue velvet, with collars and cuffs of white satin, brocaded with delicate pink roses. Lace jabots adorned his bosom and fell over his slim hands, diamond studs flashed from the lace, and his exceedingly elegant legs were dreams of beauty in pink silk stockings with gold clocks, while diamond buckles sparkled on his arched insteps. He was simply radiant, but a little penitential.

"Am I forgiven about the vase?" he asked, archly. "I did not venture down to-day in dread of a scolding. I say, Madge, kiss and be friends, won't you, dearest and loveliest? I'll be more careful of your china next time."

He darted a swift, piercing look at Burgoyne, who was staring in open astonishment at the picturesque young gentleman on whom Madge was bestowing a comfortable, sisterly kiss of pardon.

"Come in, boys," he said, vivaciously, as he gave Madge his arm, "the governor is in the drawing-room. Madge will go and placate him—he's in a temper—and you fellows come to the billiard-room. The new table came to-day, Pedro, and I want you to see it. It's a beauty."

He whisked Madge's fleecy white wrap off in the hall, flung it to the footman, and led her—a lovely figure in shining, shoaling shaded pink silk—to the drawing-room door and pushed her in gently.

"Here's Madge, governor," he shouted. "Come out of the blues and entertain her. She's no end stunning this evening."

He came back, whistling until the grand carved oak ceiling rang.

"He doesn't care for a woman unless she's a beauty or a wit," he said. "I'm more catholic—I like them all.

"'Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,'

and all the rest of it—eh, Pedro?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Pedro, laughing. "Madge is the one woman I love at present. I suppose my time will come, however, monsieur."

"Stave it off," said Mr. Phil Dudley, with solemnity, "as I do. 'Merry and free is a bachelor's revelry,' when a fellow can't get Madge, that is—— Beg pardon, Mr. Burgoyne. Don't look so serious; though you *are* my successful rival, you need fear no poisoned daggers or unwholesome *entrées* at Swan Hall, *je vous assure, mon ami.*"

"Get out, you little scamp," said Pedro. "What a volley of folly! Don't mind him, Tom; the moon's at full to-night, you know."

So it was, smiling suddenly in at them through a solemn arched window, as they crossed a corridor to the billiard-room.

A polished cuirass hung directly in its beams and, mirror-like, caught Tom's eyes. He half paused, and then swung square round in time to catch Mr. Phil Dudley, who was swaying like a slender tree, his face white as the moon outside.

He placed him on the cushioned window-sill.

"Get wine—water—anything! He has fainted," he said, quickly, and Pedro rushed away like a whirlwind.

Phil's eyes opened. He sighed heavily, muttered something to himself in Spanish, and sprang to his feet with a sharp cry, changing to a laugh as he met Burgoyne's eyes. With strange intentness the lawyer stood looking at him in the moonlight.

"I'm subject to these attacks," said Phil, pluckily keeping on his feet. "Deuce of a bore, isn't it, for a fellow as fond of adventure by flood and field as I am? Come, let's go back to Madge; we can see the table afterward, and christen it with champagne—the gov has got a brand fit for the gods. Where's Pedro? Ran for smelling-salts, I suppose. Hallo! Give me your arm, Burgoyne; I'm shaky yet."

The lawyer silently passed his arm round the lad, and Phil leant against the strong frame quietly for a moment, sighing heavily, evidently sick and faint almost to death. At Pedro's step, ringing along the corridor, he released himself and looked admiringly at Tom.

"I wish I had your stamina, old fellow," he said, sighing; "but any I had is vanishing into thin air. I'm not half the fellow I was six months ago. I'm getting hipped. The gov's a cantankerous old lad, and there isn't a girl except Madge to flirt with in the neighborhood. When I'm dead put 'Died of the blues' on my funeral urn. See here, you're not going to take Madge away directly, are you?"

"Next month—next week—if I could induce her to come then," said the lawyer, briefly and coldly.

Phil's yellow head dropped on his lace jabots.

He lifted his rival's sinewy hand, and pressed the *arc de Cupidon* lips on it.

"You and she will be very happy," he whispered, tremulously. "In the wide world there is not another like Madge."

"Thank you," said the lawyer, not unkindly. "Shall we go to the drawing-room? Here's Pedro."

In the drawing-room Mr. Dudley welcomed them with admirable polish—a lean, elderly man, with a hooked chin and quiet eyes, like gray stones under drooping lids—whom Phil treated with an odd mixture of impertinence and terror.

The evening passed brilliantly, though more than once Madge wondered what made Burgoyne so very silent.

Phil was in wild spirits, and Pedro's brow was clouded as the three walked back to the cottage in the misty midnight moonlight.

"I'm afraid Phil is ill in mind and body," he said, sadly. "There's a screw loose about the boy. He's as cracked as rare old china. No one can fail to see it."

"I fail to see it," said the lawyer, rather curtly.

"Oh, don't come medical jurisdiction over us!" said Pedro, sourly. "I know him better than you do, and I say he's sick and cracked, by Jove!"

"His state seems to affect you profoundly, old boy," said Burgoyne, with a level look at Pedro's frank, handsome, dark face, bright in the moonlight.

"Pedro is as nervous about Phil as a hen with a solitary chicken," said Madge, with her soft, happy laugh · "and so am I. We love him dearly, Tom."

"Happy Monsieur le Prince!" said Burgoyne. "By the-way, if he should die before his majority?"

"We are his heirs," said Pedro, "according to the will. I wish it were not so. To connect our gain with Phil's death seems unbearable. You don't know what a loving, generous, reckless, noble little scamp he is, Tom; but we—Madge and I—do."

Burgoyne said no more; but early in the dawn he was still sitting in his vine-clad window, smoking and thinking.

At last he laid down his pipe and rose wearily.

"Two years to his majority," he said to himself, summing up the case finally. "There is not much lost by letting things alone until then. He may die in the interim, Pedro and Madge get their own smoothly and without scandal; and if not—well, I shall know how to act when the time comes. Poor little Phil! poor little Phil!"

He gathered up a heap of documents which he had evidently been examining in the strong electric moonlight, replaced them in their envelopes and locked them into his valise, his face still dark and troubled.

"I wish I might confide in Madge," he thought. "But I can't—at least, until we are married. She shall decide the question then. My true woman! my royal Madge! Poor little Phil!"

But the question was decided before that.

* * * * * *

"Apple-plexy," said one grade of society. "Apoplexy," said another. "Pulmonary apoplexy," said the physicians. "A judgment," said yet another class.

"A good riddance," thought Burgoyne, even as he and Pedro stood looking down at the hooked chin and mean, meagre head, still and heavy as a stone, on its satin pillow in the rosewood coffin.

Courtney Dudley had died alone in the night, even while Burgoyne had sat and smoked and read his documents in the moonlight; and now, after the funeral, Phil sent for them.

He had shut himself up since the death, refusing to see even Madge.

He had not appeared at the grave. He was ill, the servants reported, and Pedro and Madge were in despair, which, however, lightened as they heard his light foot crossing the stone floor of the hall to the library, where they and Burgoyne waited.

The door opened and the master of Swan Hall came in.

Pedro, nearest the door, strode to meet him. Burgoyne rose, and Madge sprang toward Phil, only to pause in amazement and utter dismay at the change in his appearance.

"Oh, Phil, Phil!" she said, in great compassion, and would have clasped his neck, but he recoiled sharply, with a peculiar moan of intense agony, and dashing aside Pedro's strong brown hand, glided to the opposite side of the table, where he stood holding to a chair-back and trembling like a reed.

He was a mere ghastly shadow of the radiant little gentleman Burgoyne had first seen five days before. He was dressed in his usual dark-gray knickerbocker suit, with a crêpe badge on his arm; the dilated, luminous eyes were fixed and glaring, the oval cheeks hollow, the mouth set in fierce agony.

Burgoyne quietly took a chair so close to him that he could touch him without rising.

Madge again tried to approach him, but he waved her off. Pedro stood staring in blank amazement.

"Phil," he said, tremulously, "dear old fellow, what's this. Don't you know how Madge and I love you? And yet you repel us in this way, and, by Jove, I never thought you cared so much about your governor as all this."

Phil's hand went to his heart, and he dropped his stately golden head heavily on the back of the chair, then lifted it wildly, staring straight at Pedro.

"I sent for you and your sister," he gasped, "to say this to you—*I am not Dudley Courtney's son*! He had me in his power and forced me into the imposture. Phil Dudley died in Spain."

"Two years ago," said Burgoyne, quietly, "in a village in the Spanish Pyrenees, and was buried there by the village priest, Father Antonio Baltro. I know all the details, Pedro. I have all my documents in this wallet. I stumbled against the truth in the tour of Spain from which I have just returned. You and Madge are the owners of Swan Hall. 'Phil,' as you call him, is——"

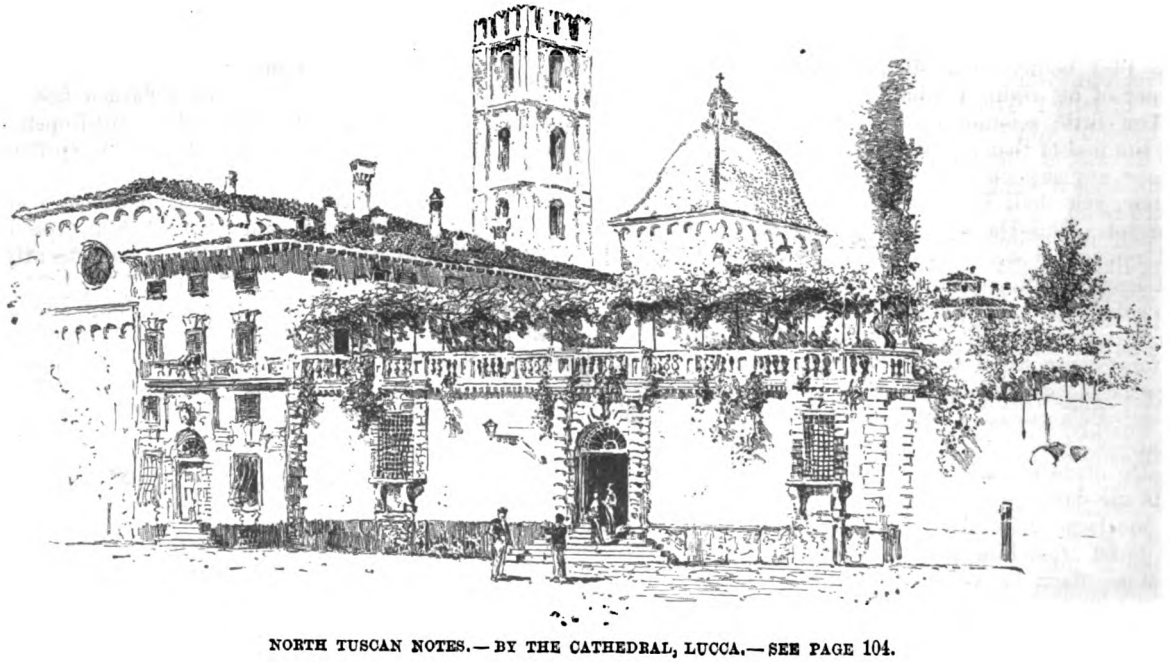
But with a cry, impossible to describe in its horror and intensity, the wretched lad fell at Burgoyne's feet, clasping his knees frantically.

"Oh, Heaven! Not to Pedro and Madge! I have confessed all they need know. Oh, Mr. Burgoyne, I felt from the first that I must dread you. I am going away; they will never see me again. I have left a written confession with Pedro's lawyer of all that is necessary. Let me go without telling them more."

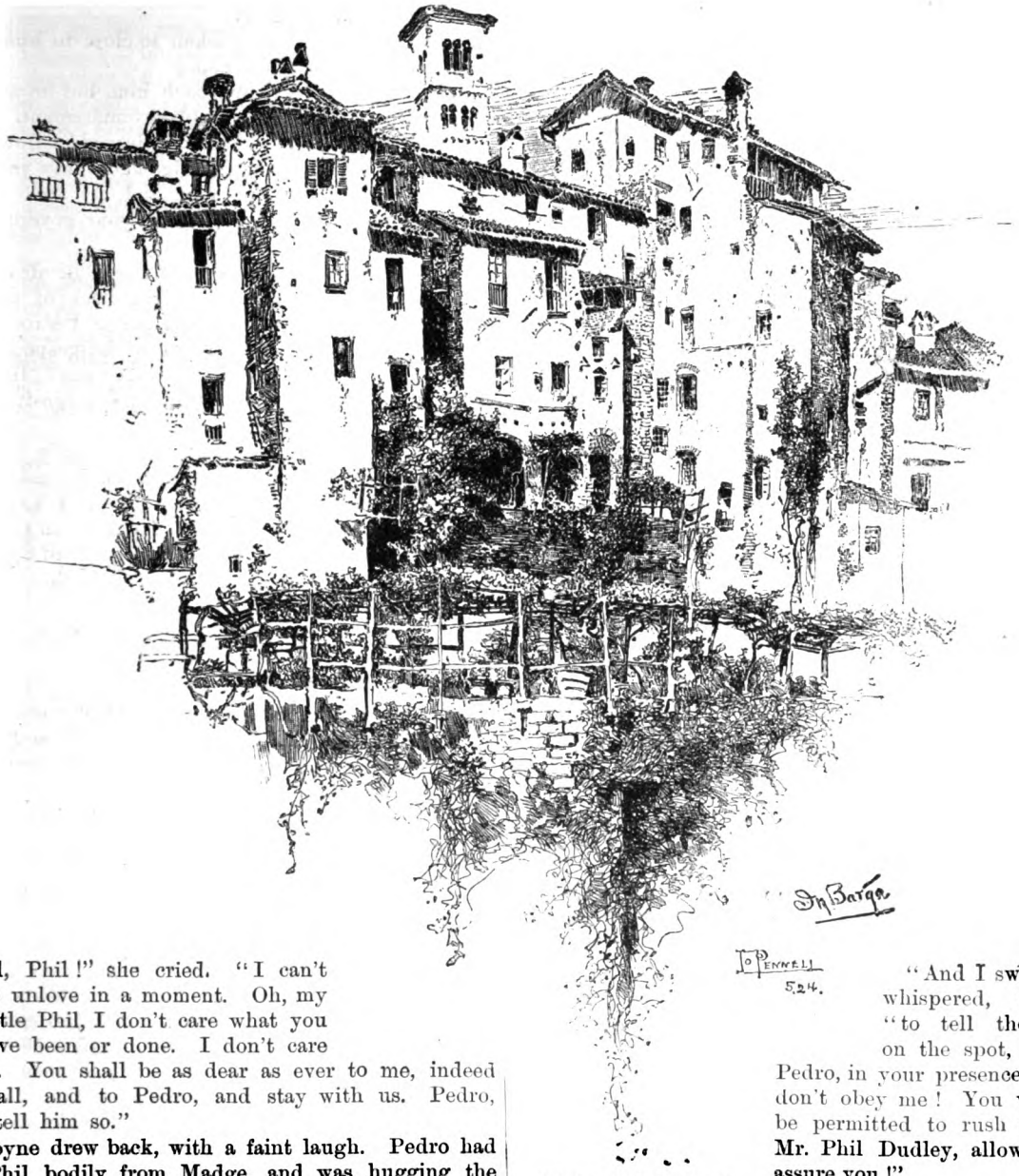
Burgoyne turned his piercing eyes on Pedro, who, livid and breathless, was gazing at the figure writhing in anguish at the lawyer's feet.

"How shall it be, Pedro?" he asked. "It is for you to decide, and Madge."

He smiled, for Madge had already decided. White with horror and amazement, pity and love, she sprang forward and threw her soft, strong arms around the impostor's neck.



NORTH TUSCAN NOTES.—BY THE CATHEDRAL, LUCCA.—SEE PAGE 104.



NORTH TUSCAN NOTES. IN BARGA.

"Phil, Phil!" she cried. "I can't learn to unlove in a moment. Oh, my poor little Phil, I don't care what you may have been or done. I don't care to hear. You shall be as dear as ever to me, indeed you shall, and to Pedro, and stay with us. Pedro, Pedro, tell him so."

Burgoyne drew back, with a faint laugh. Pedro had taken Phil bodily from Madge, and was hugging the usurper of his rights cordially.

"You little scoundrel!" he said, huskily. "So you were the tool of that courtly old ruffian, were you? And perhaps a pickpocket beforehand! Well, never mind, old boy, you shall have a chance to be a credit to the name yet. Phil Dudley you are, and Phil Dudley you shall remain, that's fixed as fate. I'm like Madge. I can't learn to unlove, as she says; and now, Tom, when you've done grinning, put your legal brain to work, and help us out of the difficulty. I won't have Phil disgraced, not for twenty Swan Halls—by Jove, I won't! I don't care what he did to leave himself in Courtney Dudley's power. He's naturally an honest fellow and a true gentleman—as good a little rascal as ever breathed!"

Pedro made a magnificent and knightly champion, his handsome dark eyes flashing, his chest well thrown out, and one large, long arm round the boyish culprit; but Phil burst from him and rushed to Burgoyne.

"Make them let me go," he whispered, "or I'll kill myself! I swear I will!"

Burgoyne put a heavy hand on the gray shoulder.

"And I swear," he whispered, sternly, "to tell the truth on the spot, here to Pedro, in your presence, if you don't obey me! You will not be permitted to rush to ruin, Mr. Phil Dudley, allow me to assure you!"

Phil's eyes flashed fire. The library-window stood open, and tearing himself from Burgoyne's hand, he sprang on the sill.

Below glimmered the Swans' pool, and before either man could rush forward and prevent him, the light figure shot into the air and alighted magnificently on the opposite slope of green turf.

He reeled, recovered himself, and, without one backward glance at the three white faces in the ivy-framed window, fled like the wind across lawn and slope.

Late that night, as the train thundered into the New York depot, Mr. Phil Dudley crept dejectedly out of the car—a cattle-car, in which he had stolen a trip to the city in the uncongenial society of a flock of sheep—and, rubbing his dim eyes, looked up into Burgoyne's coldly wrathful, inly amused face.

"You've had an agreeable trip, sir," said the lawyer, grimly. "I trust you found your traveling companions entertaining. I *thought* I should find you on this train, Mr. Dudley."

Phil leaned heavily against a hideous bale of rags awaiting shipment.

"Did—did you tell them ?—tell Pedro ?" he gasped.

"No, sir, I did not. Come this way, if you please."

He led his captive to the telegraph-office and dispatched a curt message:

"Have found P. all right. Will write to-morrow."

"Now, sir," he remarked, dryly, "you will come home with me, if you're not afraid to trust yourself with your rival. I believe I have the honor of occupying that position toward you, Mr. Dudley. Much obliged for the honor you do Madge, I'm sure."

Phil hung his head, lifted it royally and made a last spirited dash for liberty.

He wrenched himself from the kind, compelling hand, and fled into the very thick of the vehicles roaring down the gas-lit street.

Burgoyne plunged after him—a little fierce in the chase—and a policeman headed off the fugitive, who wavered before the warning club, turned sideways, and the next moment was lying in the dust under the wheels of a passing vehicle.

He opened his eyes eagerly as Burgoyne bent over him, and smiled happily.

"It is all over," he whispered, gayly. "I'm smashed to atoms. Swear you'll never tell Pedro !—swear, swear !"

"I swear I won't !" said Burgoyne, hoarsely. "Poor little Phil !"

Phil smiled contentedly, settling into death.

"He said he loved me ! Give him my pearl ring—on my finger—and tell him I loved him—my God ! so much !"

* * * * * *

"As Phil declines to see me, I have nothing more to say," wrote Pedro, two months later. "I hope he will be more reasonable when I return from Europe. I am hurt and offended, by Jove ! and can't see why I'm treated so scurvily in this affair. Tell him I won't mention his name again until he says he's ashamed of treating me in this style. I have made over half my share of the Swan Hall property to him. I don't know a little fellow radically worthier of good luck than Phil, and if he should remain crippled, he will need all the cash he can get to make life endurable. You and Madge will do the best you can to make him happy, I know that ; but I'm going away sad and mad at the reflection that while Madge married you at two hours' notice in order to rush off and nurse his highness, I have been ignored, set aside, snubbed and sat upon. 'Don't come ; Phil won't see you,' writes Madge, in her last. Well, I won't, having a little spirit left ; but tell my little Phil his place in my heart is as well aired as ever, and that his past is less than nothing to me, whatever it may have been. I am certain he was more sinned against than sinning. Be sure and tell him that !"

And so generous Pedro went his sunny way, to wander in the Old World, and Phil's eyes grew grayer, larger, deeper, as they followed him in spirit from place to place.

* * * * * *

"Hullo, Tim !—hullo !"

"'Tain't never ! Wal, this is good. So you're back, Pedro Dudley ! Wal, this *is* good."

"Yes, I'm back, Tim. I'm bound for Swan Hall to-night. Mr. and Mrs. Burgoyne are there ; but they don't expect me till next week. How are all at Swanville ?"

"Smart," said Tim, concisely ; he was Pedro's foster-brother. "Want a ride on the engine, like old times, I s'pose. It's a nasty night, though, Pedro."

"Oh, it's all right. I'm come back as tough as ever. So here we are, homeward bound !"

"It'll be an almighty ride ! We're overdue an hour, and the mail is tearing after us ; best go in the cars, Pedro. Wal, if you won't, you won't ; so jump on. I guess she'll do sixty miles in the next hour. We've got a clear track ahead ! Be praised for it !"

Pedro's quick blood boiled with excitement as the cars thundered through the windy moonlight of the December night.

The engine fairly leaped along the track, and the noise was indescribable as its iron pulses beat, and its giant breast hurled itself against the wind.

Tim stood to his work silently, a little grim as he felt the monster bounding under him, but enjoying the danger he was able to control, and Pedro smoked and stared ahead through the glass of the "cab," and pictured Madge's joyous welcome, Tom's hearty handclasp, and Phil's shame-faced delight—poor little Phil, dear little Monsieur le Prince, who had felt his disgrace so keenly that he would not even write a line to him, Pedro, during the two long years of absence.

Pedro smiled at these pleasant visions of *dulce domum*, and shouted above the din:

"Has the sudden thaw made much of a freshet about here ?"

"Fit to drown Goliar, 'sposin' he was fifty foot higher," responded Tim, in poetical thunder. "But we've nothin' to cross but the bridge at Boiling Creek, and that's as safe as ——, an' we're most thar. I won't slow, neither. Let her shake."

This commonplace hero fixed his steady eyes on the wild scene.

On one side rose fields, white and ghastly in the moonlight ; on the other, a wood, black and bare, the boughs clattering in the fierce gusts.

"Down grade !" roared Tim.

The next moment they thundered round the curve leading to the mad little mountain torrent.

The next second the fierce shriek of the engine gave its alarm, and the tocsin "Down brakes !" rang out, while the burnished giant fairly bounded, maddened by an attempt to control its headlong rush.

Ten seconds—a minute—two—of Titanic struggle between man and the Helot forces he has enslaved, and the engine quivered into stillness, conquered, and lamenting its defeat with wild outcries from its brazen throat.

"So the darned old bridge is bust," said Tim, in an easy, conversational tone. "I say, Mr. Pedro, just look ahead !"

Pedro *was* looking ahead, and so were the other six hundred passengers who had so nearly continued their journey by another route and to another destination.

There was a moment's dead silence in the crowd which had flocked from the cars, and then a vocal thunder beat the air into quick pulses, as cheer after cheer burst from six hundred throats.

A fresh rush from the mountains had swept the bridge out of existence, except one gaunt beam projecting from the opposite bank to about the middle of the stream.

On the extreme end of this timber, which shuddered as the water billowed against it, stood a slight figure in mists of white drapery, which almost seemed a part of the flying foam nearly shrouding the airy form.

She held aloft a carriage-lamp, and its light smote actual flames from her neck and arms as it struck on the jewels binding them.

Her position was one of terrible danger; and on the bank behind was visible a compact coupé, its driver wringing his hands in terror as he waddled up and down, watching her.

There was a sudden blank of silence. She had saved them! Would she perish in the teeth of that hungry torrent?

No. She retraced her steps in safety, and, just as her foot touched the earth, the beam parted, rose erect in the whirlpool, plunged and vanished.

She sprang into the coupé, and, while renewed cheers followed her, the carriage dashed away, and the heroine who had saved six hundred, disappeared

* * * * * *

"And now for Phil," said Pedro, an hour later, when he had related his adventures to Madge and Tom, and sung pæans to the heroine of the bridge.

Madge looked at some distant satin and lace curtains over a bay-window.

"Phil is there—ran and hid when you came striding in so unexpectedly."

"Little donkey!" said Pedro, in high good humor.

He strode, very dusky and magnificent, over to the dainty *cache* indicated.

"Phil, you rascal, come out, or must I pull you?" he said.

He put in a large, strong hand, groped for masculine broadcloth, and drew back with a very scared face, his fingers full of wet tulle, and in the wet tulle a slim, tall, crocus-haired young beauty, with a white, quivering face and solemn violet eyes, who plucked herself from his limp grasp, and rushed into Madge's comfortable and beauteous arms.

"Tom," said Mrs. Burgoyne, severely, "it is really enough for Phil to have lost her Christmas Eve party at the Blessingtons, where she was going when she saw the disaster to the bridge, and to come home drenched to the skin, without *your* heartless grins, Pedro. This is the heroine of the bridge, also Philla Dudley, twin sister of the real Phil, who died three years ago in Spain; Philla, whom her father forced by threatening her life and his own to personate the dead boy. She put off telling you this, she was dreadfully ashamed of what was really no crime of hers, and made no promise to remain silent until you would come home. Monsieur le Prince is supposed to have died in New York, and no one is mystified by our loving his twin sister, who is supposed to have been at school in Spain, very, very dearly. Phil and Philla were never parted until he died, and all Phil knew, Philla, the little wild thing! was learned in, from smoking mild cigarettes to playing billiards."

"She can give me points and beat me three games out of five," said Tom, patting the yellow head encouragingly as it buried itself in Madge's laces. "You look cut up, Pedro."

"You knew this all along, Tom?" said Pedro, blankly.

"Yes, I did," said Burgoyne; "but who could have the heart to hurt Phil? I waited, hoping in the chapter of accidents, and things fitted in very neatly; the old fellow died and Philla did you and Madge swift justice. She had a right to her own secret though, you know, and Madge and I kept it for her until this moment. We'd do a large variety of things to please our dear little Phil, would Madge and I."

* * * * * *

"But you *said* you loved me—Tom told me *that*," said Pedro, the very next evening, while Madge sang Christmas carols to her harp, and Tom discreetly turned over her music, ignoring the pair in the distant bay.

"That—that was when I was a—boy, and I thought I was killed and it couldn't matter," protested Philla; "and it was very unkind of Tom to tell you, when he knew I was going to live—very unkind."

But the silent eloquence of the tiny pearl ring in Pedro's brown palm, the peculiar, steady, ardent flame in his brown eyes as he looked at her in the moonlight, broke down her little bit of defense. She shook her delicate, stately head shyly.

"Couldn't you wait, and ask me again next year, if you *really* continued to—to feel this way?" she asked, tentatively. "I am afraid you may grow sorry—it's too sudden. Ask me next Christmas Day, Pedro."

This, of course, was surrender, and the next minute she was crying softly in his arms.

"Poor papa!" she said, "I hope he knows that his crime has not darkened my life. Pedro, it was not my fault, it was not. It nearly killed me, indeed it did."

"My precious Philla!" said Pedro, "I'm quite willing to hope, however faintly, that your admirable father is tolerably comfortably situated in the Elysian Fields, for only for his rascality I never should have met my dear little Phil, nor won My Christmas Love!"

FAVORITE DISHES.

Dr. Rondelet, an ancient writer on fishes, was so fond of figs that he died, in 1566, of a surfeit occasioned by eating them to excess. In a letter to a friend, Dr. Parr confesses his love of "hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce." Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he were told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he rose instantly and came down to table. A gentleman treated Dr. Johnson to new honey and clotted cream, of which he ate so largely that his entertainer became alarmed. All his lifetime Dr. Johnson had a voracious attachment for a leg of mutton. "At my Aunt Ford's," says he, "I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton that she used to talk of it. My mother, who was affected by little things, told me seriously that it would scarcely ever be forgotten."

Dryden, writing in 1699 to a lady, declining her invitation to a handsome supper, says: "If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach."

Dr. George Fordyce contended that as one meal a day was enough for a lion, it ought to suffice for a man. Accordingly, for more than twenty years the doctor used to eat only a dinner in the whole course of the day. This solitary meal he took regularly at four o'clock, at Dolly's chop-house. A pound and a half of rump steak, half a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a quarter of a pint of brandy, and a tankard of strong ale, satisfied the doctor's moderate wants till four o'clock next day, and regularly engaged one hour and a half of his time. Dinner over, he returned to his home in Essex Street, Strand, to deliver his six o'clock lecture on anatomy and chemistry.

Baron Maseres, who lived nearly to the age of ninety, used to go home one day in every week without any dinner.

Aristotle, like a true poet, seems to have literally feasted on fancy. Few could live more frugally; in one of his poems he says of himself, "that he was a fit person to have lived in the world when acorns were the food of men."

MONTE FEGATESI.

NORTH TUSCAN NOTES.

By Vernon Lee.

I.—The Festival at Lucca.

Yesterday we went into Lucca for the feast of the Holy Face. The morning was lovely, and the entry into the plain of Lucca, where the Serchio issues from between the steep hills of Vinchiana, with their long white monasteries surrounded by cypress avenues, the olive slopes with their lines of vine-trellis and isolated old villas and farms and churches, was most beautiful. Still more so the plain itself, with its intense green of vegetation, its fields of maize, of long seeded brown grass, its rows of poplars and screens of reeds, its farms with their heaps of yellow Indian corn before the door, and their immense overhanging fig-trees and gourd-slung trellises; the whole bounded by the soft low Pisan hills—"quel monte per cui i Pisan verder Lucca non ponno"—where Archbishop Roger hunted the wolf in Ugolino's dream; and the Carrara peaks quite pale and ghostlike against the pale blue sky. There was a great fair going on, of shining white hemp, and tinware, and new barrels, and grape-pails, outside the town, where the bastions, with their dark walls and trees, seem like islands in the meadows. The streets were crowded, and pieces of crimson and yellow brocade were hung outside all the windows. The cathedral was surrounded by fellows hawking medals, woodcuts, descriptions of the Holy Face (the legend, which has been appropriated also by Burgos Cathedral, of the holy image kicking off first one slipper to the poor fiddler, and then, when he was accused of theft, the other to prove his innocence)—this literature most popular, of course. On the stone benches under the palace window gratings numberless venders of lemonade, magenta cakes, sugar-plums with the pictures of the Holy Face in the middle, rosaries, and every kind of peasant literature, chivalric and saintly. The church was simply decorated with superb purple brocade; and it was the first time I ever thought a church gained by such hangings. The effect was splendid, the light falling through the stained glass upon the rich brocade; the long beams of sunshine, gray and golden, flickering on to the crimson silk and the carved stone, through the fretwork of the Gothic clerestory, on to the scarlet cloth of the choir, the wine-colored and gold vestments of the bishops and canons, and the orange-red of the acolytes—a truly magnificent harmony of tints. The music was not particularly good, though every now and then the burst of the trumpets (why do trumpets always sound so much more effective in a church?) was very fine; and there was a beautiful effect when the bells ringing outside began to mingle with the music, much as the incense-gray light of the nave mingled with the yellow flicker of the tapers.

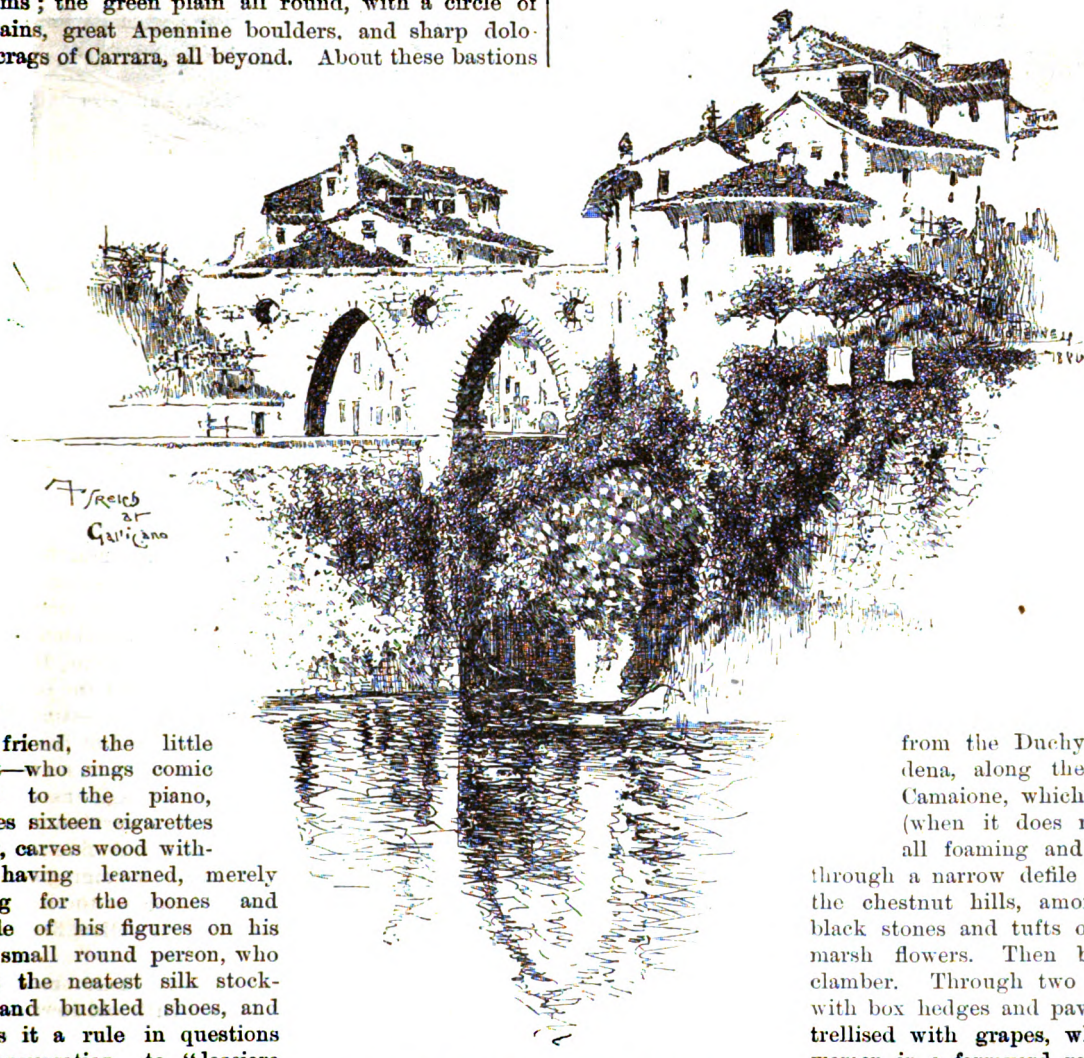
After service we walked about. There are many picturesque corners in this compact little old town; the two Guinigi's Palaces, for instance, at opposite corners of a quiet street, yellow and red brick, all fissured, and as it were bursting, with herb and flower pots in their wide Gothic windows, and weeds in their chinks, and grass and two olive-trees growing in the high crenelated tower of one of them. Also Sta. Maria della Rosa, a charming pure Gothic chapel, with breast-high decorations of roses and thorns, projecting with shrine and little belfry against the elms of the bastions, and overtopped by the pillared cathedral belfry; and a number of small Lombard, or, rather, Pisan portals, black, with garlands of imps and horsemen, and twisted columns and sentry lions—things that look like detached fragments of the wonderful cathedral. Afterward we returned to the cathedral. It was still very full, crowds of peasants hanging about and kneeling in front of the little round aviary-temple of Matteo Civitali, with its quasi-pagan

sculptures, its colored tile-roof and golden grating, in which, between blazing tapers and blazing jeweled ex-votos, hung the "Volto Santo," a long, dark, mummified figure covered with diamonds, with indistinct bearded head black beneath its jeweled crown. A something weird, strange, stiff, which I can well believe may have affected almost like a ghost the people of the Middle Ages; or like some Indian idol or Mexican living god hidden in the depths of a temple; something vague, dark, possibly living, quite different in its imaginative value from the flat absurdities of painted holy images.

Before driving home in the evening, we went round the bastions, which gird the old town with their walls and elms; the green plain all round, with a circle of mountains, great Apennine boulders, and sharp dolomitic crags of Carrara, all beyond. About these bastions those rooms. But every now and then, on holy vigils, persons passing along the bastions toward midnight have seen a splendid gilded coach, blazing like a furnace, drawn by horses breathing fire, and filled with magnificently dressed ladies and gentlemen, dash along the avenue and mysteriously disappear. And this is without doubt the Marchesa Lucinda.

II.—A Mountain Hamlet.

Yesterday, August 25th, we went up to Monte Fegatesi, a little fortified hamlet high on the Apennines which separate the territory of the Republic of Lucca



ON THE GARFAGNANA, OPPOSITE BARGA.

my friend, the little priest—who sings comic songs to the piano, smokes sixteen cigarettes a day, carves wood without having learned, merely feeling for the bones and muscle of his figures on his own small round person, who wears the neatest silk stockings and buckled shoes, and makes it a rule in questions of conversation, to "lasciare operare allo spirito santo senza impacciarmene"— my little priest told me the other day one of the few ghost stories Italy has got. It appears that two rooms of Palazzo M——, rooms belonging to a suite more stuccoed, gilded, flowered, be-cupided, and generally bedizened, than anything I have ever seen, and which are used as a picture gallery—that these two rooms have not been cleaned or even opened for a good hundred years, all the valuable furniture and hangings being incrusted with dirt and cobwebs. And this because they belonged to a certain Marchesa Lucinda, who was very handsome, very proud, very vain, always surrounded by innumerable *cecisbéos*, and who, I presume, came to some bad end. Anyway, after her death, no one would inhabit

from the Duchy of Modena, along the torrent Camaione, which trickles (when it does not rush all foaming and yellow) through a narrow defile between the chestnut hills, among huge black stones and tufts of yellow marsh flowers. Then begins a clamber. Through two villages, with box hedges and paved lanes trellised with grapes, where the women in a farmyard regaled us with baked pears from their oven. Then clambering round the chestnut-trees, and up paths which are water-courses, whose loose stones roll beneath the feet. The guide told me that sixty years ago there was not a potato in the whole Lucchese; I know in Baretti's time, a hundred years ago, only the English Consul at Venice had any. A Dutch family come to take the baths brought some, and greatly mystified the people. But even after the Duke of Lucca had issued a proclamation explaining that these things were good food, the people took years before they ate them. This clamber up the water-courses took a long time. Then on to a ridge, a sort of knife-blade, whence one looked down on either side on to the enormous rounded green masses of chestnut hills, with

their wonderful white shadows and blue shadows like mists, all dotted with villages overhanging the torrent, the flame-like hills of the Lunigiana in the distance, and seemingly close above us, the bleak flank of the Monte Incoronato, one of the highest Apennine tops, white against the blue sky. Then at the sudden bending of the road you see, across the narrow, deep, deep valley, a sharp ridge, to which clings, poised and gathered on a crag, the little steepled and walled Monte Fegatesi.

At Monte Fegatesi we put up in the darkest and dirtiest inn conceivable—or rather in the house of a "signorotto di campagna," a young man descended from the feudal lord of the place, who has six or seven farms of his own, but who sells stale ham and brandy and tallow candles, never having been as far as Lucca in his life. On the other hand a sort of ragged beggar retainer of his greeted us in English, having sold plaster casts in London, as so many of these people have. This creature told us that he would take us to a place which was haunted, and as much as promised us the ghost quite hot and hot as soon as we arrived. Instead of ghosts we saw only a sharp crag covered with the broken masonry of what was once the citadel. The castle, as everything else in this part of the world, was built, he informs us, "in the times of the Goths." He pointed out some strange grottoes scooped out of the gray rock, about half a mile off. That, he said, was the place where the ghosts abided. "What ghosts?" I asked. "Why, the castle was defended by the Goths against the Lombards, who attempted to break down its walls with their artillery, but who were repulsed and slaughtered to a man at those grottoes; and it is their ghosts who haunt. And if you were to hear the noise they sometimes make by night, especially when a storm is brewing—they are like winds, without bodies or shape, but they make frightful noises; and they awfully maltreat any one they catch. Once some carriers passed along the path by night; the ghosts of the Lombards came out and enchanted them. Their donkeys were so petrified that they could not even bray, and then the spell did not end until the morning." The village folk quite confirmed this belief, and declared they would on no account again go near those grottoes after dark.

I wonder whether these Lombards were the Milanese of Sforza, who came to these parts in the fifteenth century, or whether popular tradition has merely given a later coloring to a veritable Lombard invasion—an invasion of Luitprands and Alberichs and Hildebrands, like those who possessed the self-same village of Monte Fegatesi, according to the charters of the Emperor Chlodovicus, grandson of Charlemagne, which they still keep at Lucca. Goths having been mentioned, every one had something to say about them. The donkey-driver affirmed that they had built Monte Fegatesi. He had found it all in a book, a parchment book, written in Hebrew, of which a friend of his, a cook, had translated part, and then had the whole translated verbally by a Jew clothesman. The book, unfortunately, had been since mislaid. But he had learnt from it many interesting facts relating to the history of this country—amongst others, that the strange mediæval bridge which spans the Serchio with an arch like a curved whalebone, called the Devil's Bridge, had been built in the thirteenth century. "It was left unfinished for ten years," he added, "because the country was drained of all its young men by the African War, undertaken by the Emperor of Rome." "The Crusades?" I ask. "Just so. The Emperor of Rome went to the Crusades at that moment." A peasant had joined our party. "That Emperor of Rome who went to the Crusades must have been Nero," he said. "That was the very one," answered the donkey-driver, "and, moreover, it was he, and not your Goths, who built the walls of Monte Fegatesi." The other shook his head. "I always heard it was Napoleon Primo." "Che! Napoleon Primo; it was Nero—Nero when he went to the Crusades—a-u-p! raise thy feet, Morino!" and he sent his switch over the donkey's back.

III.—A Mountain City.

Barga is a small but very ancient cathedral town, about twenty-five miles to the northwest of Lucca, built upon a ledge of the Apennines, which projects like a bracket high above the Garfagnana, the broad valley of the upper Serchio, which Ariosto once governed for the Duke of Ferrara. One of the innumerable little commonwealths which arose out of Latin villages in the early Middle Ages, Barga, which had a certain military importance in the days of the Othos and Henries, was, so to speak, stranded by its remote position, removed beyond the historical waves whose slow alluvion makes towns grow; and it is now much the same size that it was in the eleventh century. But the singular fact of the little mountain town being a speck of Florentine Territory (how it came to be Florentine I know not), inclosed between the States of Lucca, Modena and Massa Carrara, gave it the means of being, if obscure, at all events rich in no very creditable way; since during three centuries the principal families of the place amassed considerable money by keeping warehouses for the smuggling trade of the adjacent states. Thus the people of Barga, forgotten of the world, were yet able to build themselves palaces not much less handsome than those of Lucca or even Florence; and at the beginning of the sixteenth century they invited certain members of the Della Robbia family to work on the spot for their churches.

Of the smuggling there has not, for the last fifty years, remained any more than of the mediæval military prowess, and Barga is now abandoned to its small artisans and to a few proprietors of neighboring chestnut woods and vineyards. It is a walled town, surrounded by splendid plane-trees, and, so to speak, sprawling down the summit of a hill; and it strikes me as a smaller and more intensified Perugia, on its high ledge surrounded by its hill spurs and its green shining ravines gradually sloping into the wide valley, closed in by an amphitheatre of mountains bolder and grander by far than those of Umbria. Like Perugia also, with its precipitous streets, its long, rugged, black flights of steps between dark, unpainted houses, its tortuous alleys beneath black archways, its high houses of rough-hewn stone with escutcheons, and hooks for hanging out carpets and cressets and torch-holders; looking up at which you always see flowers and herbs in broken crockery at the windows; lighting at every turn upon some grim, dark wall covered with vines, or some rusty balcony crowded with sunflowers and tomatoes. The cathedral stands on the top of the town, on a wide, desolate, grass-grown terrace, a very sea of mountains all around; at one corner is an old wooden shed, where cocks and hens strut up and down, all inlaid with coats-of-arms, stone, marble and majolica, of various Podestàs of Barga. And near it, surrounded by weeds, a walled-up gate of the church, guarded on each side by a dwarfish knight in armor, like the Roland and Oliver at Verona. The cathedral, built early in the eleventh century by some Lombard masons, who have carved their mysterious monograms on a stone by the door, is, so to speak, the first rough sketch of the superb

cathedrals of Lucca and Pisa; a rough, abortive thing, with only here and there a piece of delicate carving or grotesque decoration let into the bare stone. Inside, still rough, with huge beams, and walls merely painted black and white, in imitation of the Pisan marble paneling. But inside this first attempt at Pisan architecture is a far more interesting early example of the architectural sculpture which culminated in the works of Niccolò Pisano—a pulpit of very early Pisan-Lombard style, probably by a fellow-craftsman of Biduino. A square box, surrounded by a band of high relief of the three kings and the birth of St. John, and a border of blue and gold enamel, resting upon four columns of red breccia, three with restored capitals, but the fourth original; a sort of nightmare of strange apocalyptic monsters, among whom a fat ox, strutting with dandified step and protuberant paunch on his hind legs, his wings flapping behind him like coat-tails, his snout raised with bland self-sufficiency, his fore hoofs dangling with the priggish grace of a drawing-room æsthete—altogether the drollest beast imaginable, especially in company with the weird lions and eagles of the Revelation. This capital is, so to speak, the grotesque mystical dream of the Dark Ages; the bases of the pillars, where an outstretched man plunges a knife in the jaws of the lion seated on his chest, and a crocodile munches a tiger, and a fat, squatting bearded imp bends beneath one of the columns—this lower part is certainly the bad dream of those days. Around the raised choir of the cathedral runs a parapet separating it from the body of the church—red breccia, with black and white mosaic border, and a cornice of leafage into which is set a row of heads, large at the middle and diminishing toward the extremities. Two central heads with fillets and queenly ornaments are tied together by their long plaits of hair; the others are bearded, all extremely rude, vacant and square-cut; but in the middle of them is a head placed obliquely, with sideward glance, which, according to the point from which you look, strikes you as either a real lion's head, or as some savage, semi-human face, scowling, threatening, and somehow with wonderful intensity of fierce expression; simple, a thing of few strokes, life-like; mane and whiskers slightly indicated, a masterpiece of terrible grotesqueness; it is impossible to imagine how it has come among those other heads, as if some great master had amused himself carving it while the other stone-cutters were away.

There is a good deal of Robbia work in Barga, but of the later members of the family: Andrea, perhaps, and the younger Luca della Robbia. Tradition still gives the name of the Fornacetta to a spot behind the town, in a ravine above which the cathedral with its belfry hangs poised over a precipice; the people say that the Robbias had established their ovens somewhere about there. In the church of the Monache there is a large terra-cotta altar-piece in high relief, unfortunately highly colored and, moreover, subsequently painted over in oils. It is a fine composition of the apostles round the tomb of the Virgin, which is filled with those lovely lilies which only the Robbias knew how to reproduce, and distinguished from the bonnet-flowers of other artists. From the church of the Monache we went down to S. Francesco, the deserted church of a confraternity, through the paved rough lanes in the fields below the town, box hedges, ivied walls, and old trees with immense pendent garlands of green grapes (fit subjects for Robbia work) on either side, and at every turn glimpses of the green hills opposite, bluish in the shade, golden and hazy in the light. The little deserted cloister, with wooden shed roof, supported on rude Lombard pillars, stained walls, and with an intolerable stench of damp and charnel rising from its grass-grown pavement and weedy grassplot, has inserted into one of its walls a curious melancholy vestige of art, which brings the Renaissance nearer to us: a Robbia altar-piece, coarse but beautiful, a Madonna with St. Sebastian and St. Roth, and a view of Barga in the distance; an unfinished work, having undergone only the first process of baking—brown, unglazed, abandoned by the artist, and shattered and cracked by the passers-by. There are in the dark little church three colored altar-pieces by the Robbias, far too pictorial in conception, and with a disagreeable reminiscence of Botticelli and Lorenzo di Credi; but some of the little figures of angels and saints in white framework are simply delightful. Next to the unpicturesque inn where we put up is a handsome dilapidated villa turned into a silk spinnery. About twenty girls twisted the silk of the cocoons on reels, which through the open windows flashed as if of gold, singing the while one of those strange, weird chants of the peasantry, high, nasal, metallic, monotonous, yet as pleasant in the Summer afternoon as the unflagging song of the cicala.

IV.—A Peasant Play.

Yesterday we went to a little place called Desertolo, a cluster of cottages off the road going from Lucca to Barga, to see one of those peasant plays called *maggi*. It was still too hot for the performance to begin, so we strolled for an hour through cornfields and the chestnut copses, most beautifully lit up by the broad yellow sunlight; the corn was full of flowers, and there was a beautiful effect of burning red poppies above the green wheat, and of the starry purple "Venus's looking-glass" twined among the gray rye-stalks. Going along we naturally talked about peasant plays, and of course about the Ober-Ammergau performance, which my friend C. R. saw before it had been *exploité* by Munich hotel-keepers. Comparing it with this Tuscan peasant performance, I should say the Passion play must be, despite all its artistic elaboration, in reality an inartistic thing; since it appears to aim at being a perfect repetition of a given real action, performed by intense believers therein for the benefit of other intense believers—a negation, therefore, of the free artistic principle. The people don't want art, they want to witness the Passion; and its representation, being the nearest approach to a repetition of the reality, is as unlike art as would be an exact representation of the death of Mary Stuart, based upon archæological research; only that the historic interest is replaced by the far more powerful religious one. Such a thing, deriving probably less from the Middle Ages (which were artistic in feeling) than from the morbid hysterical Seventeenth Century, is an unhealthy as well as an inartistic performance; it is one of those artificial stimulants to the love of the dreadful, the harrowing, the mystical, akin to those antique Syrian funereal rites of Adonis. Such a kind of performance as this Ober-Ammergau one would, I think, be impossible among Italians, except of the southern provinces perhaps; and the *maggio* expresses a totally different way of considering artistic and dramatic things. These Tuscan peasants want to be shown something more interesting than ordinary life, more heroic, more beautiful; it is not a love of excitement and horror and mysticism which asks for satisfaction, but a mere desire for imaginative and beautiful things. The dramatic interest is next to none, there is little illusion and no excitement, any more than in our operas; the whole pleasure consists in the sight of finer and more interesting things than the peasants usually see.

This particular *maggio*, which was performed on a plank stage erected between two farms, in a threshing-floor, was called "Il Tiranno d'Ormusse," and appears to have been concocted by the prompter out of a variety of those romances of chivalry burned by Don Quixote's curate, but constantly reprinted in cheap editions, which, together with Dante and Tasso, form the whole library of a Tuscan peasant. The performers were all peasant lads. There was not for an instant anything that could be called acting: no truth of intonation or movement or look, not an attempt thereat; but, on the other hand, considerable beauty of color, of gesture, of grouping, and of intonation. The hero, Busulmano, was acted by a very well-made young man, with a fine, well-set head, and a constant beatific, enthusiastic look; he moved very well, stepping almost grandly, and when he wrestled with the lion (the drollest beast, in brown breeches and a bear-skin) he was agile and graceful. The Tyrant of Ormus was also a fine figure, picturesquely dressed in dark-blue Turkish pantaloons, a furred caftan and turban, and wearing a very curious ancient sword with a quaint heraldic lion by way of hilt. The two princesses were very prettily got up. One was a handsome, dark, heavy-browed boy with delicate contour of jaw; the other a charming blonde little fellow. Both looked just like women, dignified and graceful, though very frigid and stiff, and gave a better idea than one could otherwise have of those choristers or young gentlemen of the king's chapel who used to play the heroines of Shakespeare and Fletcher. The others, oddly got up in old church vestments, altar-covers, and shakos like those worn by Napoleon's army, were wretchedly inanimate, but always dignified. The end of the performance was very pretty; and when, after the hero had refused the throne and declared that he must seek fresh deeds of valor for honor's sake, all stood up in a group, the tall, graceful Busulmano, in velvet tunic and cloak and spangled breastplate, in the middle, beating time with a fine gesture, and they joined in a simple, grave, solemn chorus, it gave an impression of something poetic, chivalric, romantic, in the spirit of Tasso; and this strange medley of shabbiness and beauty and childishness and poetry and grotesqueness had a singular charm of undoubted artistic feeling. The setting sun penetrated through the chinks of the rough inclosure, and threw a kind of golden halo over everything; and as we left it seemed as if we had had a glimpse of the world of romance, born of simple, unsophisticated, puzzled minds, whose highest expression was the great Italian art of the early Renaissance.

THE MAIN STREET OF BARGA.

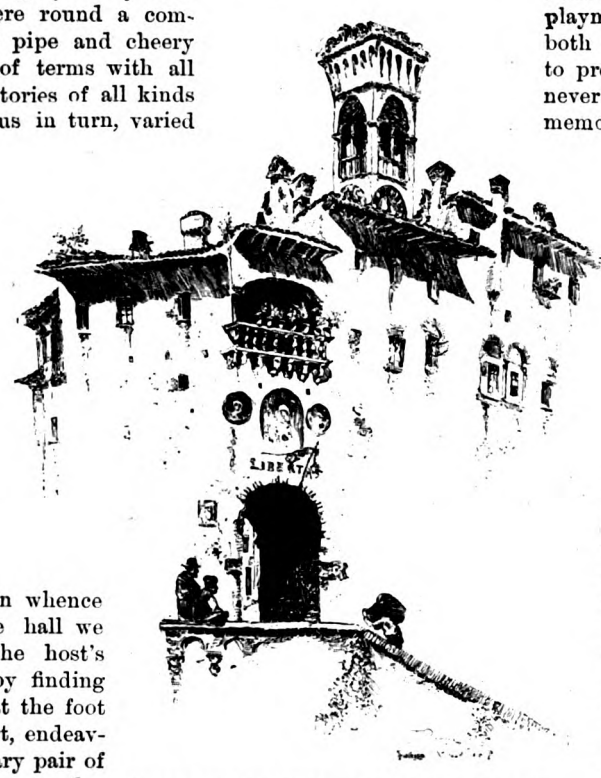
SLEEP-WALKING FREAKS.

It is now some thirty years or more since I began life as a commercial traveler. During my travels on the road I have both seen and heard much that would make the poor penned-up citizens open their eyes with wonder. To those who are of active habits, and to whom the trammels of office-work would prove irksome and unendurable, the life of a commercial traveler appears all that could be desired. To me, its greatest attraction consists in the never-ending change of scene and society it entails. Every day one comes in contact with strange faces, makes short but pleasant acquaintances, and is enabled to study character in its ever-varying forms.

It was on one of my first journeys in the Midland counties, that I found myself compelled, one wet, disagreeable afternoon, to cut short my day's work and to put up at the only inn worthy of the name of which the village could boast. Fortunately, the host proved a homely, sociable fellow, ready to do all in his power to render me comfortable, so that my regret at being forced to take refuge in such an out-of-the-way place soon disappeared. After having satisfied my hunger and finished what writing I had to do, I repaired to the parlor, to see what was going on; for I thoroughly enjoy a chat after my day's work, and soon manage to get on friendly terms with those whom I may meet. On this occasion there were but four persons present when I took my seat and lighted my pipe. One was a ruddy-faced countryman, enjoying his mug of ale; another, a gentleman-farmer in the neighborhood; the third person present, a doctor from London; and the fourth, a shabby-genteel-looking individual with a dissipated look, whom I afterward learned was the son of a neighboring clergyman.

When I entered, the conversation was upon the crops and local matters, of which I knew little or nothing. By degrees it turned upon other questions, such as politics, upon which I was enabled now and again to offer an opinion, till, insensibly, I had worked my way into the

little conclave and was thoroughly at my ease. Naturally, seated as we were round a comfortable fire, with soothing pipe and cheery glass, we felt on the best of terms with all the world. Anecdotes and stories of all kinds were narrated by each of us in turn, varied occasionally by personal remarks, banter, and repartee, which only tended to increase our good-humor. Our worthy host, who had a fluent tongue and an unfailing fund of anecdote, was in the midst of narrating some hunting experiences, when a cry of alarm—it was scarcely a shriek — caused him to break off suddenly and make his way to the passage. Our curiosity being aroused, we followed him more leisurely, to learn whence the cry proceeded. In the hall we found the explanation. The host's wife had been surprised by finding one of her children seated at the foot of the stairs in his nightshirt, endeavoring to lace up an imaginary pair of boots, with the intention, apparently, of going out. The boy was afterward with difficulty induced to return to bed, and we on our part resumed our seats in the cozy parlor.



NORTH TUSCAN NOTES.— A LUCCHESE VILLAGE. SEE PAGE 104.

This little incident caused our conversation to turn upon sleep-walking, and many were the theories advanced as to the origin and cure of the infirmity. Our host informed us that his son had on one or two previous occasions walked in his sleep, but could scarcely be considered a confirmed somnambulist. The family were one

DECORATIVE WORK, BARGA.

evening having supper, when they were startled by the youngster suddenly walking in, in his nightdress, and then going to the fireplace, where he strove his best to get up the chimney. But the freaks of this youngster were not to be compared with those of a schoolfellow of the clergyman's son above mentioned, who narrated to us the story of the really remarkable feats performed during his sleep. Incredible as the story may appear, I have every reason to believe that the facts were by no means exaggerated ; but of this my readers can judge, as I will repeat the narrative to the best of my ability as I heard it related.

"I was educated," said the clergyman's son, "at a grammar-school near Leeds, and among the boys was the son of a wealthy farmer in the neighborhood. Young Buckridge was dull and incapable of learning. All his thoughts seemed to centre upon the horses and cattle he had left, and his only wish was to be able to leave his books and return to his former playmates on the farm. It was both painful and irksome to him to prepare his lessons, for he could never retain anything long in his memory, although he might have labored for hours to master his task. In spite of every encouragement on the part of the master to brighten up the boy's faculties, no signs of improvement could be seen. He seemed to become daily more wearied and tired of the disagreeable struggle he had to maintain to prepare his lessons. This state of things went on for some time, when suddenly an inexplicable change became manifest in the manner in which Buckridge prepared the tasks he was set. He who had been the dullest and most callous of scholars, suddenly became one of the most correct and perfect in the school. Formerly, he had been unable to struggle through his exercises, but now they were found to be carefully written and almost faultless. How he managed it was a mystery. During the day, he seemed as listless and inattentive as ever. He did not curtail his hours of play, neither did he give a minute more to study than formerly. The key to the enigma was at length discovered by an accident.

"In a room adjoining the dormitory where Buckridge slept, one of the junior masters used to sleep ; and one night, fancying he heard a noise below in the schoolroom, he rose to see whether any one had broken into the house. Stealing quietly down-stairs, he peeped into the room and caught sight of Buckridge with a lighted lamp in his hand. Seeing that the boy was evidently asleep, he was led by curiosity to watch his movements. Buckridge walked to his desk, took out his books, arranged them in proper order, and began to study. The master, thinking it was a trick on the boy's part, shook and pinched him repeatedly, but without avail. The boy was insensible to everything. Having gone through all his lessons and mastered them, he walked

DECORATIVE WORK, BARGA.

up to the principal's desk and with ease went through his imaginary examination. The master informed the principal of what he had seen, and it was decided to watch his performance again the next night. Again the boy rose, stole stealthily down to the kitchen, lit a lamp, and repaired to the schoolroom. Here he once more

opened his desk and prepared his lessons, with the addition of writing out an exercise. This finished, he walked up to the master's desk, where he repeated his lessons accurately in their proper succession. He even answered correctly several questions the master (was supposed to) put to him ; and having passed through the ordeal, he returned with his lamp to the kitchen, and finally found his way back to bed.

"On being questioned next morning as to how he managed to become so perfect in his lessons, he declared he could not say, for it surprised himself. That his sleep was real, was undoubted, for he knew nothing of his nightly wanderings ; nor was his vision affected when a strong light was held up close to his eyes. There can be no doubt that the worry attending his studies had preyed upon his mind, and his brain was still affected by the excitement and anxiety they caused him, even when his physical sensibilities were deadened by sleep."

This story was listened to with keen attention by the small knot of interested listeners, and it was apparent at the close of the narrative that there was an inclination to doubt the veracity of the narrator. But whatever doubts we may have entertained speedily vanished when the doctor, a good specimen of the old-fashioned courtly English gentleman, ventured to observe that he was perfectly satisfied in his own mind of the genuineness of the story, for he had once in his own experience met with a case offering quite as many remarkable points as that we had just heard described. He was, he remarked, perfectly ready and willing to narrate the details of the case, if we cared to be troubled with a second narrative. Being assured that we were all eager to learn the particulars of his story, the doctor at once began :

"It was one Sunday evening in October that I received an urgent summons to go round to see a lad in the employment of a butcher close by. Apparently, the lad had caused great alarm by his extraordinary behavior. It seems that he had sat down in a chair during the evening and dropped asleep. Presently, he started up, went for his whip, put on his spurs, and proceeded direct to the stable. The saddle not being in its usual place, he returned to the house for it, and being asked why he wanted it, he replied, to go his rounds. Returning to the stable, he mounted the horse without a saddle. As he was powerfully made, it was only after considerable struggling that he was forced from the horse and taken in-doors. At this moment I arrived upon the scene. The boy apparently seemed to think himself stopped at the turnpike gate. Taking sixpence out of his pocket, he held it out to pay the toll, and demanded the change. The sixpence was returned to him, when he stated he wanted no nonsense, but his change. Threepence-halfpenny was then handed to him. 'None of your gammon—that is not right,' was his immediate reply ; 'I want a penny more'— making his proper change. This being given him, he made the motion of whipping and spurring his horse on. Being held down on his chair by force, he peremptorily ordered us to get out of his way and to let go his horse, or he would soon make us. He again spurred his steed, apparently to make it restive and to kick, crying out to us 'to let go its head.' Being afterward taken into the shop, he was asked what orders he had received. He then proceeded to go through the list of the customers, stating what each had ordered ; naming rump steak for one, shoulder of mutton for a second, leg of lamb for a third, and so on. Ordered to clean the shop, he at once tucked up his sleeves preparatory to executing the order. It was only by main force that he was prevented.

"Thinking there might be some trickery at the bottom of his extraordinary conduct, I suggested that a good thrashing might teach him better manners. Several heavy strokes from a riding-whip were then laid across his back, but failed to cause any impression. After certain other measures had been adopted, he woke up with a start, being quite at a loss to understand the scene around him. He could not be persuaded that he had been doing anything but sleeping, and it was evident that he was perfectly unconscious of what had passed. He recollected very well several things he had done just before he fell asleep, but after that all was blank. His eyes were several times forced open during his trance, and the pupils contracted and dilated, but his vision was unaffected. When I first saw him, his pulse was one hundred and thirty-six, full and hard ; but afterward it sank to eighty, with a slight perspiration on his forehead. I afterward learned that he had shortly before been attacked by fever, which had affected his head.

"Strange and unaccountable as this story may appear, I can assure you that it is not a solitary one ; for I have been called in to attend many other cases of somnambulism, though none were so pronounced and striking as that which I have just described."

These cases clearly prove, as dreams also do, that our mental faculties are by no means torpid during sleep ; and it is curious that persons who are of sleep-walking habits should be able during sleep to do many things, and to accomplish safely many reckless feats, from which they would shrink with dread when not under the influence of sleep.

SPEAKING A FOREIGN LANGUAGE.

Miss Selina Bunbury, the writer of "A Tour in Norway and Sweden," relates some amusing blunders committed in the course of her attempts to secure the services of a traveling companion who could drive her into the country. After sundry failures, a Scandinavian professor succeeded in finding a collector of fairy legends who was desirous of making a tour in quest of the lore of fairyland, and consented to take the whip and reins in Miss Bunbury's carriage.

"The professor had told me," she writes, "that the fairy-legend hunter spoke English—a delightful knowledge this was to me, for I am by no means strong in Northern tongues. Thus, in the hope of using and hearing my own, I was quite at ease when the next day they both made their appearance. The professor presented me formally. Herr Fairy-hunter made a great many bows, and as so many bows involve a good many courtesies, I inclined nearly as often.

"Then, with a last reverence, he spoke in English, and said, very slowly:

"'I complain of you much that you are so disagreeable ; but now I make an extra.'

"'I made my best reverence in reply.

"Such a speech, by way of a complimentary one, was rather startling, and not a little alarming. I looked nervously at the professor, who, with profound gravity, interpreted his friend's meaning thus : 'He pities you for being so disagreeably circumstanced ; but he is making an abridgment of his book, and therefore cannot now make his tour.'

"I bowed with a sense of relief, and the fairy-hunter and myself exchanged some sentences which I do not record, as I believe the fairies alone would be able to understand the language. 'I have got another plan for you,' said the professor ; 'yes ; this is the very thing.

A teacher of music here wishes to take his wife and child into the country, and one of our opera-voices, who also speaks Italian—which you do likewise—will go with them. They will join you, but as they must leave their affairs here, they expect you will pay the traveling expenses. They will bring their own provisions, because there are none to be got on the road. That is fair.'

"'Very fair, indeed,' I answered; 'the very thing.'

"'I complain of you much!' murmured the fairy-hunter, looking at me compassionately.

"'You must, then, take a carriage,' said the professor.

"'It will be quite filled,' I replied. 'Four persons, with horse-cloaks, pipes, tobacco-pouches, provisions, and luggage!'

"'And the child,' added the professor.

"'Ah, I suppose I must take it on my knee.'

"'You are very disagreeable,' said the fairy-hunter, with a look of commiseration at me; but I thought, secretly, that others were still more disagreeable.

"'But Mr. Murray's handbook says it is dangerous to take a heavy carriage over the hills of Norway, and certainly a roll down among such etceteras would not be pleasant,' I added. Herr Fairy-hunter moved uneasily on his chair, worked his hands together, shook his head disapprovingly, and said, 'You must be complained of!'"

Miss Bunbury at last succeeded in finding a guide and companion.

THE ORIGIN OF HOSPITALS.

For the origin of hospitals we must grope in the thick darkness of the most remote antiquity. Thirteen or fourteen centuries before the Christian era there lived a great healer of the sick, named Æsculapius. According to Homer's "Iliad" (Book II.), two of the sons of this physician were in the Grecian army that besieged Troy, and they, too, were physicians, endowed with superhuman skill by their "parent-god."

Æsculapius, then, was already regarded as the god of the healing art. Temples were ere long erected in his honor in Greece, and afterward in various parts of the Roman Empire. There was a famous one at Epidaurus, a city on the Greek coast, forty miles from Athens. This city enjoyed the profitable reputation of having been the birthplace of Æsculapius, and near it, in a secluded valley, was erected a temple to him. The ruins of this temple, which was of great extent and magnificence, still exist.

The Greeks called the building a temple, but it became a true hospital. It was thronged with invalids from all parts of Greece, and from more distant countries—even from Rome itself. The priests who served in this temple practiced medicine, performed surgical operations, and did all in their power to promote and hasten the cure of their pilgrims. Nor did they fail to advertise their success, for the walls were covered with tablets, describing the wonderful cures which the god had wrought, and the temple was richly decorated with the costly offerings presented to the god by grateful patients.

There was another not less famous temple of Æsculapius at Pergamus, in Asia Minor. The concourse of the sick to this temple was immense and incessant. Emperors and kings went on pilgrimage to it from Rome, and from the most distant regions of the earth, to invoke the god and take prescriptions of the priestly physicians.

Here we have every feature of a hospital excepting its charitable character. But that, too, was at length supplied. If the rich brought costly offerings to the god, the poor could not maintain themselves. For them, at length, benevolent souls erected buildings in which they could live while undergoing treatment, and this almost completed the resemblance to a modern hospital. The Roman Emperor, Antoninus Pius, mentions that he had built an edifice for the reception of sick people near the temple of Æsculapius at Epidaurus.

During the first two Christian centuries, when Christians were a despised and persecuted sect, we know that they banded together in various ways, both for mutual benefit and for the relief of poorer brethren. The first authentic information of this latter fact is derived from an enemy of Christianity, the Emperor Julian, sometimes called the Apostate. He commanded one of the high priests in Galatia to establish a free tavern in every city, and he appropriated a fund for the maintenance of the same. The emperor gives this remarkable reason for founding these establishments: "For it is disgraceful," he says, "when there is not a beggar found among the Jews, and when the godless Galileans support our poor, as well as their own, that our people should be without our help."

These words were written about the year 360, and it was at this time that hospitals, such as we now know them, took their rise. While the Roman Empire was breaking up there was widespread suffering from want and disease, and then it was that the Fathers of the Church, aided by benevolent women, founded numerous hospitals, particularly in connection with monasteries.

During this period the tide of pilgrims no longer set toward the temples of the heathen deities, but toward Palestine, a country which yielded scanty supplies to the Christian pilgrims, many of whom perished there. For their relief St. Jerome founded a hospital at Bethlehem, the money for which was in great part supplied by rich and noble Roman ladies among his converts. When Rome was sacked by Alaric in 410, many of Jerome's old friends fled from the devastated city to the hospital at Bethlehem.

From that period almost every religious house had in connection with it some kind of infirmary, dispensary, alms-house, or hospital.

RIVALS.

Upon opposite corners of a London street, many years ago, were two restaurants between whose proprietors there existed a bitter spirit of rivalry which they took no pains to conceal. Into one of these the notorious Beau Brummell, in the days of his poverty, strolled one day, and, with a nonchalant air, walking up to the host, said:

"Well, landlord, I should like to have a dinner, a good dinner; I presume I can have it for my money?"

"Certainly," said the host. "What shall it be?'

"Can't say. Where's your bill-of-fare?"

The landlord handed him the needed document, and, after poring over it for a moment or two, Brummell gave his order, and gave it with all the liberality of a prince. Nothing among the viands would suit him unless of the best, nor would he have any wines but those of the choicest and most expensive brands. The dinner was a success, and Brummell, as he walked up to settle for it, was thoughtful enough to mention that fact, at the same time putting his hand into his pocket and pulling out a shilling, which he handed to the landlord.

"What is that for?" asked the host.

"My dinner," replied Brummel.

"Your dinner, sir! Why, here is the bill for that, which, you see, with the wines, amounts to three pounds ten; and this you have handed me is only a shilling!"

"Yes, I see it is only a shilling," said Brummell, looking curiously at the coin which the landlord held up to him between his thumb and finger; "but I can't help that. You told me I could have a dinner for my money, and I assure you, on the honor of a gentleman, that that little coin is all the money I possess. By some unaccountable accident it happens to be only a shilling; I wish, for your sake, it was something else."

RATHER ROUGH ON HER LORD AND MASTER.

Indignant Mother: "WHY ON EARTH HAVE YOU REFUSED MR. OLDCRANK?"
Obstinate Daughter: "IN THE FIRST PLACE, BECAUSE HE IS OLD AND UGLY."
Indignant Mother: "MY DEAR, DIDN'T I MARRY YOUR FATHER?"

A puzzled, angry look came over the face of the landlord for a moment, and then gave place to a broad grin.

"Well, I suppose this might be called a joke—eh?—one of the very good, if not very funny, sort. Your name is——"

"Brummell, sir—Beau Brummell, at your service."

"I thought so. Well, Mr. Brummell, I assure you that, while appreciating the joke, I am not so selfish as to want to monopolize the whole benefit of it. I'll tell you what I'll do;" and, with a chuckle, he took Brummell's arm, led him to the door, and pointed across the way to the house of his rival.

"Do you see that place at the corner there?"

"Quite plainly," said Brummell.

"Well, I will give you a receipt in full for the dinner you have had, provided you will go to-morrow and play the proprietor of that house the same trick."

Brummell paused a moment, as if in thought; then, drawing a card from his card-case and handing it to his host, he said:

"You're a good fellow, and I should like to oblige you. There is my card. If you will furnish me with a list of proper establishments, I will attend to them in their order; but with this fellow across the way I might have some difficulty. You see, I was there yesterday, and he sent me here!"

OF TWO EVILS.—"HER ACQUAINTANCE WITH HER SON-IN-LAW THAT WAS TO BE BEGAN VERY PLEASANTLY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a green fern-leaf, green and slender—
Veining delicate, and fibres tender—
Waving, when the wind crept down so low;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass, grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked along the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its sweet, wild way;
No one came to note it, day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain, and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony! Oh, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres, clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away.
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

OF TWO EVILS.

BY

PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC.

PART III.—THE WOE OF THE BRAYNOR INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JOHN AMPSTEAD and Carrie Eustace were married on the evening of the last Tuesday in June, 1881.

It had been planned, at first, between the lovers, that they would join Mrs. Eustace in Europe, taking her with them for a somewhat extended tour which should last a year or more

But Mrs. Eustace unexpectedly returned to America only about a week before the wedding. The friend with whom she had been traveling had died suddenly in Paris, and Mrs. Eustace accompanied the remains home.

Mrs. Eustace was pleased with the turn affairs had taken in her absence. Prudently enough, she made some inquiries about John Ampstead, and the answers were more than satisfactory. Her acquaintance with her son-in-law that was to be began very pleasantly, and a true and genuine liking sprang up between the two. It did seem, for once, as though the old-time adage were untrue—the course of true love seemed to run smooth.

So they were married.

Mrs. Bluff had insisted on retaining Carrie Eustace as her guest as long as there was any Carrie Eustace at all, and the wedding party went from her house to the church, and the reception, later, was at her home.

Mrs. Eustace, however, had secured the necessary servants upon her return, most of them persons who had been in her employ before, and had taken up her abode in her own house at once. She wished the newly married lovers to visit Europe as they had planned; she hoped that they would remain abroad for at least a year; but she insisted that she would never again cross the ocean herself. She would remain in her own home until their return. After that she consented to do as her daughter and John desired. If John thought it best to settle in Pleanton, she would live with them in the Braynor masion; if John concluded to remain in New York, they must live with her.

So Carrie Eustace was swept out of the shallow in the stream of life, where she had found shelter; swept out on the flood of love, and, with her life blended with that of the man of her choice, Carrie Ampstead—Carrie Eustace no longer—set her face toward the bright waters of the future, and the boundless, shoreless sea on which life and love are eternal.

* * * * * *

Most wedding tours begin at once. Perhaps that of Mr. and Mrs. Ampstead is the only known exception. But there were certain things which John Ampstead felt it his duty to do before going abroad. Reading the package which John Braynor had left him was one of these things. So the young couple went to Mrs. Eustace's residence after the wedding reception at Mrs. Bluff's, instead of driving down to the pier and taking the steamer for Liverpool as they would have been glad to do.

John had told Carrie the whole story, so far as he knew it, of the package, and of Barcase, and she fully approved his intended course. John had also told Mrs. Eustace something of the strange feature of the Braynor inheritance, and had interested that worthy lady greatly.

"I think," said John Ampstead, "that the importance of this document must be such as to demand something more than a hasty reading of it by myself. I believe it only right to give a formal recognition to that importance. I propose that the document be opened, then, only in the house which was so long the home of the man who left this package to me. I propose that it be read with as much solemnity and regard to form and ceremony as would be given to the reading of a will itself. I shall wish my wife and her mother present; I shall ask my parents to attend; I shall request good old Mrs. Johnson and my life-long friend, Dr. Pilleo, to be there. Bluff & Bragg will be invited to go up from New York, and Mrs. Bluff will be my guest on that occasion. If Seth Barcase is found before then, of course he will be there also."

And thus it was arranged. Mr. and Mrs. Ampstead

were to make their home with Mrs. Eustace for the time, longer or shorter, as might be necessary, which elapsed before John Ampstead was able to obtain possession of the document. Bluff & Bragg had assured him that it would be possible, though it might be difficult, to obtain possession of it, unless some one could come forward with definite proof that Seth Barcase was no longer living.

When he had obtained it, Mrs. Eustace, Mr. and Mrs. Bluff, Mr. Bragg and Mr. and Mrs. Ampstead, would all go by the first convenient train to Pleanton. There the remaining witnesses would be invited, and an appropriate time set for the public investigation of the contents of the package.

So on Wednesday morning, John Ampstead kissed his wife "good-by," and took his way to the office of Bluff & Bragg. Bluff was waiting for him, and they went together to the bank where the package had been deposited.

All papers necessary for the peaceable obtaining of the package had been provided. If a suit at law should be necessary in order to secure it, of course the papers would be useless; they would have to trust their chances to a trial of the case. But both men had hopes that it would not be necessary to carry the matter into the courts.

These papers had been provided:

1. A sworn statement on the part of John Ampstead that the authorities of the bank had admitted the fact of the deposit of the package.

2. A certified copy of John Braynor's will, showing that the package was to become the property of John Ampstead under certain conditions which were specified.

3. Sworn proof that John Ampstead had been regularly admitted to the bar.

4. A copy of John Ampstead's marriage certificate, duly sworn to.

5. A statement regarding the absence of Seth Barcase, containing the assertions that detectives were still employed in searching for him; that the detectives had found no clew which warranted the opinion that he was no longer living, and that policies of insurance on his life had never been presented for payment, and that no legal attempt had ever been made to establish the fact of his death. All duly sworn to.

6. A formal demand by John Ampstead for the delivery of the package to him.

7. A receipt prepared to be given in place of the package if the bank authorities should consent to deliver the same.

8. A bond, ready for the insertion of any reasonable amount which might be demanded, and for Mr. Bluff's signature, to be given the authorities of the bank as security against any loss or damage which they might risk by the delivery of the package to John Ampstead instead of to Seth Barcase.

There were some weak points in this armament of legal manuscript, some very weak points; and some gaps in the continuity of the argument which Bluff and Ampstead were ready to make, which their ingenuity was unable to bridge over.

But, on the whole, the two men congratulated themselves on having done very well indeed in what they had prepared.

They came to the bank. They went in. A pleasant-appearing young gentleman stepped forward to serve them.

"I would like to see the cashier," said John Ampstead.

"I am the cashier."

"I expected to meet a gentleman whose acquaintance I made last September."

The cashier smiled.

"He is in Canada."

"Indeed? Why?"

"Because he was very smart."

"Ah."

"And thought himself smarter."

"Oh."

"And found out his mistake, one day——"

"I see."

"In Wall Street."

"And I shall not have the pleasure of meeting him, then?"

"No. He is not expected back."

John Ampstead laughed. His task seemed easy now. He half turned to his companion, though he spoke to the cashier.

"This is my friend, Mr. Bluff," he said; "I presume you have heard of him."

The cashier extended his hand to Mr. Bluff with great cordiality.

"I have not only heard of him," he said, "but I have long known him by sight. I have great pleasure, Mr. Bluff, in making your acquaintance."

Mr. Bluff expressed his pleasure in return, The cashier mentioned his own name. Mr. Bluff introduced John Ampstead.

"I know of you," said the cashier at once. "You are the gentleman in whose behalf the missing lawyer, Mr. Seth Barcase, deposited a certain package here, are you not?"

"I am,"

"I have seen the package several times, and have actually found time, once, to read a portion of the remarkable will, a copy of which is with the package."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. And I remember learning of your admission to the bar some time since."

"Do you? You have been interested in this matter, then?"

"I have. And last evening you were married, were you not? Please accept my heartiest congratulations."

"Thank you."

"And I suppose the death of Mr. Barcase has not yet been proved?"

"No sir, it has not."

"Excuse me a moment," said the cashier. He went back to the great vault. In less than a minute he returned. He laid the coveted package in John Ampstead's hand. "This belongs to you of right," he said, "and I take great pleasure in returning it to you. Mr. Bluff will bear me witness that you have it if Mr. Barcase should come back some time and call for it. And now, I am particularly busy to-day. Call again, gentlemen, at any time when you find it convenient. Good-morning." And thereupon John Ampstead and Mr. Bluff took the polite hint and left the bank.

"Well," said John, drawing a long breath, as soon as they were on the sidewalk, "there seems to be two kinds of bank cashiers in this country, don't there?"

"I—I think so," said Mr. Bluff, speaking as though something had happened which had dazed him a little; "only it looks as though the *other kind* might be drifting toward Canada pretty constantly."

The two men went down to the office. The precious package was locked in the safe.

"I think we can go to Pleanton to-morrow, can we not?" asked Ampstead.

"I think so," replied Bluff.

But Bragg looked up with a troubled expression on his face.

"There are new difficulties and complications in this strange affair," he said, slowly; "and it may be impossible for you to leave New York for days, or even weeks. It is generally understood, Mr. Ampstead, that in any legal affairs in which you are concerned we are your friends and advisers. A new and distracting matter has been brought to my notice this morning. In making it clear I shall have to repeat some things which you know already. Some of my statements will of course be new to you. Mr. Ward Dellerton married Annette, the cousin of Mr. John Braynor; she died in childbirth; her son, Mr. Mortimer Dellerton, lived. When John Braynor died he willed his property to you. A will made by John Braynor's grandfather, under which John Braynor inherited the property, contains certain conditions which leave it extremely doubtful whether the property could be legally left to you while the child of Annette lived. It will give a chance for a very pretty legal fight, and a long one; but I tell you frankly, to begin with, that I am seriously afraid you would lose in the end."

"I don't understand," said John Ampstead.

"Well," said Bragg, "the point is simply this: The Braynor inheritance could not legally be left to any one else while there was one of the Braynor blood still living."

"You mean that that is the claim made against me?"

"That is the claim."

"And who makes it?"

"Mortimer Dellerton does."

"And you think the claim a good one?"

"I fear it is."

"Had he suffered the penalty of his crime——"

Bragg raised his hand imploringly.

"If he had suffered for the murder he undoubtedly committed, there would be no one to question your rights under John Braynor's will. Were he to die now, the case against you would fall into nothingness, for there would be no heir of the Braynor blood. Even as it is, there is a possibility, a doubt, in your favor."

"You have examined the old will under which Dellerton makes his claim?"

"I have."

"And it appears genuine?"

"Yes."

"And regular?"

"I regret to say that it does."

Ampstead was silent for a little time, his head bowed upon his hands upon the table. After some minutes he looked up.

"May it not be that this package has something to tell of this matter?" he asked.

"It may have," replied Bragg.

"Let us be certain, before we decide what action to take in the matter of Dellerton's claims."

"I like the suggestion. It is wise. Let us act upon it at once."

Bluff rose and moved toward the safe.

"Wait!" cried Ampstead; "I did not mean that. I shall adhere to my idea of having that document read only in the former home of John Braynor in Pleanton. We can all go there to-morrow, which is Thursday; Friday can be given to the formal consideration of whatever message the dead may have left me; and on Saturday we can return here."

"Yes; that can be done."

"And, then, we may know what it is best to do. Meantime, I want nothing said of this new difficulty. My wife has made up her mind to go to Europe. I dread having to tell her the trip must be given up; I dread having to tell her that it must be postponed. It is possible that everything may be so arranged that she need not be disappointed. For that reason, and for others which I need not mention, let us keep this matter to ourselves."

"I agree to that, until we return from Pleanton," said Bragg.

"And I do too," said Bluff; "though I know your wife too well not to feel sure that she will be good and true, whatever happens."

"Indeed she will," cried Ampstead; "indeed she will. If we must give up the money which we had hoped to spend in Europe, she will only smile bravely, and try to comfort me."

"Yes," cried Bluff, "that is exactly what she will do."

"And I have my profession. We shall do very well after all, even though we do lose the Braynor inheritance—very well, indeed."

"But," said Bragg, "there are some things which you do not seem to have considered. There are some things of which you do not seem to have thought."

"I do not doubt it. This whole matter has come upon me like a sudden tempest. Please tell me what they are."

"First, that Mortimer Dellerton can hold all the Braynor property—or can hold none."

"Certainly; I understand that."

"And next, the money which you have been using so freely is all his, and must all be accounted for and replaced, or none of the Braynor estate is his."

John Ampstead's face was very, very grave.

"I see," he said, slowly and sadly, "I see. But, even if the case goes against me, I have done no conscious wrong; I am entitled to time in which to pay; surely the law will give me time."

"Doubtless, for the law does not require impossibilities. The money will be due when the suit is decided against you, if it is so decided, and Mortimer Dellerton will have it in his power to thwart and hinder you in your best efforts—for long, long years."

"Merciful Heaven!" groaned Ampstead, "and I have doomed the sweet woman I love to a life like this! It is more than I can bear!"

"Be brave! We will help you. We will help you with advice, credit, money," said Bluff, eagerly.

"Indeed we will," assented Bragg.

"Thank you!" said Ampstead, brokenly; "I will still hope that the need may never come, but I cannot thank you enough for the kindness which has prompted your offer. And now—do I know the worst?"

He rose as he spoke, and walked wearily to the window. Bragg rose in his turn, and, following Ampstead to where he stood, laid his hand kindly and tenderly on the young man's shoulder.

"I fear not. You have mortgaged the Braynor property."

"But you, my true and tried friends, hold the mortgage."

"We did. But we had business reverses; investments turned out badly. We were compelled to raise money. We assigned the mortgage!"

"Well, I have no fear it can be arranged. It was due one year from the time it was given, and that is not very far in the future. But the man to whom you assigned the mortgage will probably be willing to wait for his money. I see no reason why he should not."

"There is a question, even in his case, since he would have to release the security, and our business is in such a shape that we could not do what we would gladly do—give other security for you. But, unfortunately for even the little hope you might have with him, and he *is* a good man, the question is no longer one between him and you. He, in his turn, has sold the mortgage."

"And—and who holds it now?"

"Mortimer Dellerton."

There was silence in the great office for some minutes. One can scarcely imagine how much Ampstead was suffering. It was cruel—cruel—this awful blow which had fallen upon him! It was terrible, this gulf into which he must drag down the woman he loved—the

THE READING LESSON.

woman who had not been a bride twenty-four hours yet! He shrank from the words which would be said in sneering tones about him; he felt that he had almost rather die than live to see his honor and good name trailed in the dust as it seemed they must be. And only a little while ago he had been so happy. Was it only an hour since that he got the package from the bank which he had so longed to possess? Was it only last night that he called the dearest and sweetest woman in all the world by the sacred name of wife?

He spoke at last.

"We—we will read this document first, at Pleanton—and—and then——"

He paused. He was thinking of the physician from ——— Hospital. He was thinking of the clothing of the nameless man who had died there—of the clothing he had never dared go to see. After a day at Pleanton—he might dare to go.

"And then—what?"

"And then we will see what can be done with this matter of the mortgage. It had best be settled if possible, I suppose, before the suit is decided?"

"Certainly it had, if it is possible. I was going to suggest that very thing. If the suit were likely to be decided in your favor, it would not only make no difference if you left the matter in abeyance, but the half-bravado of such an attitude toward your enemies might actually redound to your good. But the suit will not be decided in your favor; law is against it; evidence is against it; and, hard though it may be to say it, I fear that justice and equity are against it too. We can fight, fail, appeal; we shall fail in the end. We have no case whatever; no case whatever."

"I have the insurance policies on the life of Seth Barcase. That is twenty-five thousand dollars. I can pay all but the interest with that."

"*If* he is dead," said Bragg, quietly.

"I pray God he is not dead," said Ampstead; "whatever my fate may be I pray that he may come back. But he has been gone almost a year. Is it not likely he is dead? Is it not likely that these documents are worth, to-day, the twenty-five thousand dollars which I paid for them?"

He walked to the safe, opened it, took out the bundle of policies, and returned to his place by the window.

"*If* he is dead," said Bragg, in answer; "*if* he is dead; and *if you can prove it!*"

"But if he is dead it can be proven, can it not?" asked Ampstead. He was thinking of the physician's story again.

And Bragg quoted Ampstead's own words for an answer, a doubting and desponding one:

"But he has been gone almost a year."

"The policies will do to borrow money on at any rate, will they not?" asked John Ampstead; "if he is dead, or if he returns?"

"That depends on circumstances. If it appears that the death of the missing man cannot be proven, they are worthless."

"Yes," admitted Ampstead, "I see that."

"And——"

A sudden thought seemed to flash through Bragg's mind.

"Give me the policies," he cried, reaching eagerly for them. "I suppose you paid the premiums on them in December last, did you not?" he asked, sharply, a minute later.

"No, sir, I did not. I—I——"

"You believed him dead, did you?"

The question was sharp and harsh.

"Not exactly. I—I feared——"

"John Ampstead, these are tontine policies; the premiums were due in December, a grace of one month was all that was allowed you in which to make your payments; unless Seth Barcase is dead—unless he died before December—and unless his death can be proven—these are simply so much waste paper. Have you any secret reason for thinking Seth Barcase dead?"

John Ampstead made no answer. He looked at Bragg, but he did not seem to see him; at Bluff, but his glance was vacant. He turned his hot eyes toward the sunny sky outside and far away—so far away!

"*God!*" he said, in a hoarse whisper; "*merciful God! whatever happens to me, to-day, or ever, send Seth Barcase back alive!*"

Bluff came nearer Ampstead. He knew him so well. He loved him so well. He laid his arm along the young man's shoulders.

"In Heaven's name answer!" he pleaded.

Bragg came nearer too.

"Have you any secret reason for thinking Seth Barcase dead?" he asked again.

There was no answer. There was not a sound from John Ampstead. The two men turned to look at him. The young man's face was pale as death. And he was looking—looking with a fixity of gaze that they had never seen in his eyes before—looking far away into the crowd upon the opposite side of the street—looking at one man—at one man only—and following his every motion with his eyes. An old man, a bent and bowed man, a man with a shuffling step and a slouching gait—was the one he watched.

One moment thus. Then John Ampstead had caught his hat, had rushed down the stairs, and was following the man he had seen from the window.

Bluff and Bragg looked at each other amazed.

"Seth Barcase," said Bluff; "Seth Barcase *as surely as God lives!*"

"Seth Barcase; Seth Barcase *as I live!*" said Bragg.

Chapter XXIX.

We must go back a little. Tuesday night, John Ampstead and Carrie Eustace pledged themselves to each other for ever, in the sight of God and of men.

We must go back to Tuesday night, but not to the scene of the wedding of the two true and noble ones whose fortunes we are following.

Tuesday evening—or, rather, almost Tuesday midnight. Mortimer Dellerton is sitting in the Dellerton mansion in New York, the mansion which came to him when Ward Dellerton died, and the law set him free. He is sitting, to-night, in the very room where he shot down a man in cold blood, and that man the one who had taught his baby lips to call him "Father!" One would have thought he would have chosen another room than this for his favorite place in which to read, write, smoke, talk, *or drink*. But tastes differ. Crime has a bravado all its own. You would scarcely think it possible for Martin Glugg to sleep peacefully every night in the very room in which Ward Dellerton died. But he does. That is, he does when night finds him time to sleep at all, and when New York has the honor of sheltering him.

Martin Glugg is sitting opposite Mortimer Dellerton to-night. Between them, on the table—the table on which the servants found Mortimer Dellerton leaning when they broke down the door one horrible night in the long ago—is a box of cigars and a decanter of fine brandy.

Martin Glugg does not drink, even yet. Ward Dellerton's death has not made an end to the need for clear-headed depravity in his case, it seems. He has an iron will, or he could not do so well that which it is so hard to do. Both men are smoking. Mortimer Dellerton has already taken a great deal more brandy than is good for him; but he shows no signs of ceasing to drink. He pours more and more of the fiery stuff down his parched and burning throat as the time goes by.

The two men are talking earnestly. Let us go in and sit in the shadows where they cannot see us, and listen to them, and watch them.

"I suppose John Ampstead and Carrie Eustace are married by this time?" said Glugg, taking out a showy gold watch and looking at the time.

"Yes," snarled Dellerton, "they were married long ago. The reception is over. The guests are gone. They must be at her home by this time."

"At the house where we tried to capture her?"

"Yes. At the place where that desperate fellow so nearly killed me, and where your promptness saved my life. I've never forgotten it of you, Glugg, never, and I never shall."

"Thank you. Nor of him, I hope."

"No, nor of him. I would do anything, not too risky, to be even, for once, with him and with her. The great danger is in his watchful friends. Bluff & Bragg are as keen as briars."

"I should think so. They got you free."

"What of that?" sharply and a little sullenly.

"Nothing, except that it proves them sharp enough. You know, as well as I do, that you ought to have been hanged for that."

Dellerton filled his glass with brandy again, and drank it off with seeming relish.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," he said, carelessly; "but that is a matter of the past. The present and the future are enough for me to think about."

"So you're beginning to have fears for your safety in another world, are you?" sneered Glugg.

"Shut up! Don't be more of a fool than you cannot conveniently help. You may be sure I don't mean anything of the sort. I am concerned solely with the matters of this world. I am interested in the future of Mr. John Ampstead, and—and—Mrs. Ampstead."

"Yes, so am I."

"Of course. Because I am."

"Of course *not* for any such reason. Do you suppose I think only with your brain? Do you believe I strike only with your hand?"

"You are in my employ?"

"Yes."

"My money pays you?"

"Yes."

"You ought to think as I do, and strike where I do, then."

"Perhaps so, perhaps not. I was not aware that I had sold my soul to you."

"I should think not. You sold that long ago to—to another."

Glugg laughed.

"Possibly you're right," he said. "I take a personal and private interest in Mr. and Mrs. John Ampstead, all the same. Once I meant to keep peace and keep silence. Once I risked much for the sake of peace; but I am deeply interested, fiercely interested, now."

"Why?"

"That's my secret."

"It is, is it?" Well, keep it so. I am satisfied with your services so far, and service is what I want; I don't care at all for the motive. When the loyal service fails, it will be time to—to——"

"Let me see?" said Glugg, reflectively and mockingly, pointing toward a corner of the room where the shadow showed darkest; "they found Ward Dellerton there, didn't they, when they broke down the doors after you had murdered——?"

Dellerton held up his hand.

"Stop!" he cried; "what do you mean? What has that to do with our relations to each other?"

"Not much, perhaps; only when you kill *me*, it won't be as it was when you killed *him*. I am not in the habit of going unarmed. You won't shoot me down like a dog, Mr. Mortimer Dellerton, when you are displeased with me—or done with me. If you ever swear that you killed *me* in self-defense, it will be true, Mr. Mor——"

"But the authorities decided that it was done in self-defense."

"The authorities are fools."

"My servant swore to what passed between my father and myself."

"Bah! A bribed perjurer! Ring the bell and ask him to bring me a cup of coffee, will you? Perhaps he'd better bring more brandy for you at the same time."

"And I explained——"

"Explained? You? *You* are a diabolical liar, Mr. Mortimer Dellerton."

"Well, well. Let us not waste words over a trivial thing like that. We cannot afford to quarrel with one another."

"You cannot afford to quarrel with me, you mean."

"Have it so; it doesn't matter. It takes two parties for every quarrel—we mustn't be two. I want to plan a matter or two to-night, with your help."

"Very well. I have a plan or two of my own half matured, and it may be that you can assist me through to the end, unless your plans point in a different direction from what mine do. Whom do you mean shall suffer?"

"Can you ask that? John Ampstead, of course."

"Good. I agree with you so far. What of the divine Carrie?"

Dellerton sprang to his feet and tramped heavily up and down the room two or three times. He came back to the table; he turned out another glass of brandy; he drank it at a single gulp.

"What of her?" he cried; "what of her? I adore her—worship her—crave a single smile or a kind word from her. I think of her all day; I dream of her all night; I—I——"

"*I hate her!*" interrupted Glugg.

Dellerton rose again, and took a step or two toward Glugg. He was a picture of the most awful passion one could imagine—white, quivering, almost speechless.

"Hate—you—you—you hate?" he gasped.

Glugg leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"Yes, *hate!*" he shouted, "*hate!* And therefore, *I hope you may get her!*"

"Oh!" said Dellerton, sinking into his chair again.

"Yes," hissed Glugg, "I do hope it, for if she could find a more awful fate than that this side of——"

"And I will have her yet," said Dellerton, springing up again, and raging to and fro in the room like some wild beast in a cage; "I will never give her up—never—never. I will have her; I will; I will; I will!"

"But you've waited pretty well, haven't you? Have you forgotten that she was married to-night?"

"No! But I'll kill——"

Glugg laid his hand on Dellerton's arm.

"There are better ways than killing," he said, sternly; "is it not better to see your enemy suffer, than——"

Dellerton shook off Glugg's restraining grasp. He started toward the door.

"Come, Glugg," he said. "Come."

"Where?"

"To the house of Mrs. Eustace."

"I won't."

"Coward! traitor! I will go alone!"

"You will not."

"I will. I will tear the shrieking bride from the arms of her husband; I——"

"You'll do no such thing. Sit down and talk sensibly."

"I will go. I will burn, I will——"

Glugg caught Dellerton by the shoulders and half-threw him into the chair he had been occupying.

"Sit there," he said, commandingly; "you are drunk. You know better than to act like this."

"You're a miserable traitor, Glugg," said the half-sobered man.

"I'm not, and you know it. I'm the best friend you have in the world, perhaps the only one. Wouldn't you be running an infinitely greater risk in doing as you started to do, than you did the night when John Ampstead foiled you before?"

"Perhaps so; but what is the risk? I'd risk anything—everything—for success, and——"

"Exactly, *for success!* But this would be a failure. Success lies in another direction. Break the woman's heart; estrange her from her husband; make life a burden to her; make her an outcast. And then, at last, when she has sunk so low that shame and sorrow can do nothing more for her—she *may* consent to come to you."

"You're right, Glugg, for once, and——"

"I'm usually right."

"Possibly. At any rate, you're right now. And I have begun something that will carry sorrow into the Ampstead family, I can tell you."

"Yes, I know what you've done. You've directed your lawyers to bring suit against John Ampstead for the possession of the Braynor property."

"How do you know? How did you find that out? My talk with my lawyer was private. Even Ampstead's lawyers, Bluff & Bragg, won't know until to-morrow. *How do you know?*"

"Never mind how I know. Did nature give me keen ears and light feet for nothing. You'd better ask me how I got that information which you use so readily and independently."

"There's no need of asking that. You're an expert thief, beyond a doubt."

"Thank you. Praise from you is praise indeed. I fancy that I am not a bungler; I flatter myself that when I undertake to do a thing, I do it—unless some wretched fool has done the very thing first. But see here, Dellerton, was it quite the thing to begin the suit in this way? Was it just and fair to use the information I furnished, and say nothing to me about it?"

"You gave it to me to use, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I didn't know as much then as I do now about—about——"

"About what?"

"I didn't know Carrie Eustace at all, for one thing."

"No, nor I Ampstead. Curse him; why did he come in my way as he did? He might have kept the Braynor estates and welcome if he had never crossed my path."

"He might?"

"Yes, he might."

"Not if I could help it. I have told you that I hate that man with a deadly hatred. Had he never crossed your cruel, crooked road to perdition, you should still have forced him to disgorge that property. Once, for a little time, I dreamed of letting a certain man's death save those he left behind him. It was madness."

"You speak strongly."

"I feel so. I would have found a way to make you do my will. Never more, for John Ampstead, shall there be peace. That is certain."

"You forget that you are my servant, Martin Glugg, and that I am your master."

"I forget nothing. Accident and circumstance made you rich; they made me poor. But he is master who has most of knowledge and the power it bestows."

"And you boast of your knowledge?"

"I do. And justly so."

"What do you know?"

"No matter now. If you will be patient for a little I think I'll tell you."

"I'll try to cultivate patience, then. Where did you find what you know?"

"Not in schools. In musty church registers and court records, and in other ways."

"Indeed! And will you consent to shed the light of your greater intelligence and superior culture upon me?"

"Don't sneer. You are not so handsome when you sneer, Mr. Mortimer Montgomery Dellerton, and, when a man has nothing but beauty to recommend him, he should take the best of care of that. I will give you some good instruction. And, since a mind unused to such a thing must be dealt with as one would deal with the stomach of a starving man, I will give you something easy to understand, at first."

"Preach on, I listen."

"First, then, this: In grinding a man like John Ampstead, with a wife like Carrie—Carrie *Ampstead* (why do you wince so?)—in grinding them down into poverty you only bind them closer together. Do that, and let no one—no strong and sensible Glugg, for instance—stay your effort, and you will have lost the woman for ever."

"I—I hadn't thought of that. I half believe you are right."

"And the pressure you bring to bear upon Ampstead will bring out the genius in him. You will make his life a success, and his name immortal, unless you are careful."

"I fear that is true. What shall I do?"

"You do not know? I thought you didn't. I have been painfully picking up information and patiently putting my plans together while you have been drinking brandy in the gambling-dens. I know exactly what I am going to do, and exactly how I am going to do it. And you are going to help me——"

"Am I?"

"Or you are going to do nothing."

"Why?"

"Because my plans will succeed. Knowledge is power. You may fight beside me and win; fight alone and lose, or sit still and do nothing."

"Thank you. Will you kindly enlighten me regarding the part in your plans which you wish me to take?"

"You're spoiling your good looks again. Don't do it. I will tell you presently. First, though, let me ask you

FATIMA OPENING THE FATAL DOOR.

a question or two. Are you going to dare try to abduct Mrs. Ampstead ?"

"I—I don't know. I think not."

"Your case is hopeless, then, unless you can part her from her husband ?"

"I confess it looks so."

"The Braynor estate is a good one. Think well before you answer my question. Which would you rather have, the Braynor lands and houses and money, or your chance to lower the woman to your level when circumstances have made it impossible for her ever to look her husband in the face again ? Which will you give up, the certainty of the property, or the hope of the woman ?"

"There isn't any question. If such a choice were given me I would give away the property in a moment. I would give anything—everything——"

"Wait a moment. This is a handsome house. Ward Dellerton left a fine estate. Would you give that too ?"

"Yes. I would give all—all——"

"That won't be necessary. How much money have you that is your own, acquired by yourself, independent of the estate which came to you with the blood of a murdered man upon it ? In other words, how much of the money which you have stolen from swindled and ruined men at the gambling-table have you had the sense to save ?"

"I don't like your mean way of putting the matter, Glugg ; but I've saved about a hundred thousand dollars."

"Hm ! That represents lots of ruined men and lost lives, doesn't it ? And you would be willing to let all else go if by so doing you could tear asunder the bonds which unite John Ampstead and the woman he calls his wife, would you ?"

"Yes—yes. I would give all for vengeance."

"You shall have vengeance, never fear. I know now that we can work together. You must give up the Braynor inheritance and the Dellerton inheritance too. I am glad you will do it willingly. You would have been compelled to do it anyway."

"Give up ? Work with you ? Compelled ? What do you mean ?"

"I'll tell you what I mean, and all that I mean ; but you must let me do it in my own way. Do you remember the first time you ever saw me ? the first time you were conscious of it ?"

"Certainly. I looked in at a certain window, and frightened you most to death."

"Glugg scowled.

"I didn't mean just that. Do you remember our first interview ?"

"Perfectly. I shall never forget that horrible, slimy pool among the hills. I can shut my eyes and see it now, with the ghastly mist hanging over it like the shadow of death, and the trees stooping down about it like——"

"Don't ! Let us eschew poetry, and stick to plain, practical, vindictive prose. You told me what you came for ; I presume you spoke the truth ?"

"Certainly. I said that I'd heard that you came and lamented over my father when he was dead. I wanted to know why."

"My answer didn't quite satisfy you, I think ?"

"No, it didn't. You said that Ward Dellerton had done something once which made you interested in him. You wouldn't tell me what."

"I will to-night. When Ward Dellerton first knew me he was visiting in one of the Southern States. I had been a slave. I have enough negro blood in my veins for that, and enough to make me as savage as the African barbarians who were my ancestors on my mother's side ; but I was white enough to be shrewd and sharp. I had earned money enough to buy my freedom, and I had bought it. Then I had a quarrel with a man, and I killed him. I was in prison for my crime. Ward Dellerton visited the prison. I was pointed out to him as one of the most remarkable men confined there—a man who had had the power to rise above the conditions under which he was born, but weak enough to commit a crime which condemned him to pass the best years of his life in prison."

"I see ; and my father——"

"Be quiet. You see nothing. I was a remarkable man ; I proved it that very night. A human life stood between me and the freedom I had always longed for, and had had once. And I—I took freedom."

"And then ?"

"And then I hid myself in the far North. I thought myself safe until Ward Dellerton came courting Annette. I even thought then, though I knew that he knew me, that he would be merciful."

"And he—he was merciful ?"

"*He was not !* I had a quarrel with him one day. He taunted me with something of my past, and he struck me with his whip across my face. You can see the lines where his lash fell, sometimes when I am very angry and red in the face—sometimes when I am very pale. I had been drinking ; I was half insane with liquor. I tried to kill him—I failed."

"I thought you never drank."

"Since then I never have. Liquor shall never cross my lips again until I have had all the vengeance which I have promised myself. What do you suppose that fiend did ?"

"I cannot guess."

"He notified the authorities where I could be found. He buried me alive for twenty long, lingering years. Think of the days of your own imprisonment, Mortimer Dellerton, and guess, if you can, what twenty years would be."

"It would be terrible," said Dellerton, in a whisper.

"It was terrible ; but I lived them all out—lived them patiently. Then I came to see Ward Dellerton, and I found him dead ! dead ! dead !"

"And you were glad ?"

"Glad ? I could have given my life to have been earlier. He was dead. He was beyond my power, and I had not killed him with my own hand."

"And after that ?"

"After that, at first, I thought for a little time that his death was enough. But no. It was not long before I swore that his accursed blood should regret having been born ; that I would torture them and kill them, and——"

"Do you mean that you hate me like that—*me ?*"

"Have you not guessed yet ? I am your friend, not your foe. I am your friend, *because you are not a Dellerton !* Two children, an Ampstead and a Dellerton, were changed in infancy ! You are an Ampstead ; your foe and mine is a Dellerton, and——"

"How do you know ?"

"No matter how I know—I do know. I can prove it, and——"

He bent across the table and whispered something in his comrade's ear.

"Is that the truth ?" gasped Dellerton.

"It is the truth—the devil's truth," said Glugg.

Dellerton grasped Glugg's hand and shook it as though he would never let it go.

"I am yours," he cried, "yours. You are master indeed. Let me be your follower and imitator. I am yours, body and——"

"Don't say it. It is not for you to dispose of that again."

Morning looked in upon them, and shone on no more wicked or dangerous men in all the world.

Chapter XXX.

When John Ampstead ran down from the office of Bluff & Bragg, he was as certain that he had found Seth Barcase at last—found him alive and found him well, as he was certain of his own existence. And he said to himself that he would follow him until he could overtake him and speak with him.

It is difficult to force one's way along a crowded sidewalk. At about noontime the sidewalks near Bluff & Bragg's were always crowded, as indeed they were in most parts of the city. But the fugitive went rapidly, and Ampstead fought his way after him.

John Ampstead was a gentleman. He never forgot the duties which a true gentleman should always perform toward his fellow men and women in the street or in crowded assemblies. He always remembered the magic effect of "I beg pardon" in healing torn clothing or tender toes; but to-day, while he remembered duty, he did not act upon it. He could not—he had not the time. Deliberately and unshrinkingly, for the time being, he laid aside his character as a gentleman and became a man of the mob. How swiftly he followed Seth Barcase! And swiftness was needed! Was the long-missing lawyer a mere man of the mob himself? or had he moved up and down in this eternal ebb and flow of human life until he knew how to take every advantage which circumstance offered to hurrying feet?

Or, was he an intangible something which would outstrip the swiftest, though the street were clear?

On Barcase hurried. Not far behind hurried Ampstead, too. Sometimes the pursuer lost sight of the pursued, once or twice he thought he had lost him altogether; but he was always wrong. He always found that stooped form, that slouched hat, and that swift, shambling gait again, ahead of him in the crowd.

Ampstead eagerly elbowed men; he pitilessly pushed women; he swung children so thoroughly out of his way that they stood at corners or in doorways, helplessly stranded, watching the current flow by, wondering, open-mouthed and open-eyed, just what had happened.

He paid no attention to the curses the men uttered, nor to those the women didn't. On he rushed, heedless of anything but the one object of his chase. What had these people, among whom he so rapidly rushed, to think of or hope for which was one-half so important as his mission? Was not he to fathom a mystery of life and death? Was not he not about to find where and why a man had been hidden from keen-eyed search for almost a year?

The chase ended at the door of a cheap restaurant, into which scores of men were crowding—a restaurant which made no great pretensions of style; a place where a man could buy a good cigar, a glass of beer, or get a decent meal for a moderate price. Ampstead had followed his man for a quarter of a mile at least.

John Ampstead went in with the crowd. The man he had followed had seated himself at a table some distance from the door. He had removed his hat; he was already giving the order for his dinner.

Was it Seth Barcase? Was John Ampstead right?

Certainly. The coat was getting old and shiny in places now, but it was the one which the lawyer had worn when John Ampstead left him standing on the steps of the bank building, so long ago. His hair had grown longer than it had formerly been—perhaps he had neither the time nor the money to devote to the proper care of it. There was a rough stubble of beard, a week old at least, on the face which had always been so smoothly shaven in the olden time. The months had bent his shoulders, weakened his step, taken something of firmness from his face. There was something on the forehead, high up, and half hidden by the long and unkempt hair, which looked like a scar, and Barcase had had none there. But the eyes, a little dimmer, perhaps, were the same; the smile, a little sadder, no doubt, was the same; the features, the posture, the gestures, the gait, all—all—in spite of the shadowy and intangible changes which time had wrought, were the same as they had been since John Ampstead's earliest memory of his lifelong friend.

John Ampstead did not hesitate. He walked down to the table where the man had seated himself, laid his hand upon his arm, and called him by name.

The man looked up at John, looked up with the eyes of Seth Barcase—looked long and searchingly. There was no trace of recognition in his glance; there was no smile upon his face; there was no joy upon brow or lips. In his eyes there was something—something vague and weary and watchful and wistful—which chilled John Ampstead's very heart to see there. It was as though life had not given light to the mind behind the eyes, as though there was some puzzling question for which experience had never found an answer. Not madness there nor mania, but rather something utterly lacking, something quenched, blotted out, gone! and half conscious sorrow standing in its place!

"You are mistaken, sir," said the man; "that is not my name. I never knew you."

He gave his attention to his dinner, then, evidently a little nervous and hurried.

Was it Seth Barcase? Was John Ampstead right?

Ampstead walked slowly down the room to where the cashier for the restaurant sat.

"You saw me speak to that man?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know."

"What is his name?"

"I don't know.

"Do you know anything about him?"

"No."

"Did you ever see him before?"

The cashier looked at Ampstead suspiciously.

"Why do you want to know? Who are you? I cannot spend my time answering your questions."

Ampstead pushed a ten-dollar gold-piece across the counter toward the man.

"Give me a good cigar," he said, aloud; "I don't care for the change," he added, in a low tone.

The cashier looked longingly at the gold coin, then at Ampstead's face, then at the coin again.

"Detective, I suppose?" he said, without looking up. Then he suddenly gazed full in Ampstead's face, and finished: "We keep an orderly place here; if you'll promise not to make an arrest or any disturbance here, I'll——"

"I promise that," said Ampstead, eagerly; "now tell me all you know about the man."

"I will," he answered, putting the money in his pocket,

"though it isn't much. I don't know his name; I don't know his business; I don't know his residence. But I have seen him before, very many times. He has taken his meals here, three times every day—morning, noon and night—for almost a year."

John Ampstead started. This was wonderful information indeed.

"Almost a year is a little indefinite," he said, trying to control his agitation; "will you try to remember when he first came here."

"That is rather a hard thing to do, especially when you remember that a man may be here several times before we notice him very much. But I should say that—that—that this man has been here regularly since as long ago as the middle of last September, and was possibly here before that."

"Possibly how much before? There was a time, if I understand you, when he had attracted your notice to such an extent that you are sure he has eaten his meals here since; you give the middle of last September as that time. Before that, there was a time, longer or shorter, during which he may have been here, or may not; you cannot say. Is that correct?"

"It is."

"Well, then, before that, if we go back far enough, there was a time when you know he had never been here. How far must we go back for that?"

"Not further than some time in August last."

"You feel sure of that."

"I do."

They conversed, then, for a little time, on ordinary topics. The subject of their conversation finished his dinner; he came down to the cashier's desk and paid his bill; he gave Ampstead a sidelong glance of puzzled distrust; then he went out.

And John Ampstead followed him.

Back again, over the same route which they had gone before, the pursuer and the pursued went. There were the same scenes of hurry and rush and crush; the same scenes of trivial personal injury or discomfort, and the same useless anger following; the same scenes—with a new audience of hindering spectators—that had characterized the former journey.

Back again, up the street down which he had followed him; back again, in full sight of the windows of Bluff & Bragg, in front of which this missing fugitive had passed six times every day since before John Ampstead knew him to be missing at all; back to the corner just beyond the staircase leading to Bluff & Bragg's office, John Ampstead followed Seth Barcase.

And then—Mr. Barcase entered the first door beyond the corner, the door of a huge mercantile establishment, employing many men in many capacities, and, going back to the rear of the room, perched himself upon a high stool before a long desk, and was soon busy with a pile of ponderous books. There were many other clerks there who were also busy with the great books, but Seth Barcase seemed most oblivious of the world about him, and most forgetful of anything but the tedious array of accounts, of them all.

(To be continued.)

LOGIC is a large drawer, containing some useful instruments, and many more that are superfluous. But a wise man will look into it for two purposes: to avail himself of those instruments that are really useful, and to admire the ingenuity with which those that are not so are assorted and arranged.

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THE SUN.

THE study of all things relating to our great central luminary has always been, and must always be, an intensely interesting one. Worshiped at one time as a god, and long regarded with awe and reverence, it is now recognized as the source of all our energy. Where, indeed, can man find a more fitting study than the great ruler of our planetary system, the prime origin of our light and lives, without which this earth would wander through space, a cold, black, uninhabited and uninhabitable globe?

In all advancement of knowledge, it is interesting, and indeed expedient, occasionally to take one's stand and to survey the labor of the past years, asking one's self what has been already done, and what yet remains for future generations to do. What do we know? and what do we want to know? The last quarter of a century has been a fruitful one in all branches of natural, and especially physical, science; few, indeed, are the departments of research which cannot show some great advance or some important point gained; and this advance has been greatly characteristic of the science of physical astronomy, especially in relation to solar phenomena. In view of the brilliant discoveries made in electricity and the kindred sciences, we are apt to lose sight of the importance of pure science. The former, by ministering to the everyday wants of man, appeals to his less refined nature; while the latter, appealing only to the mind, and not to the body, takes root with more difficulty.

Now, let us turn our attention to the sun. What do we know about it, first, as regards its place in the universe; second, its physical and chemical constitution; and third, its relation to our earth? The first of these questions may, in the present state of our knowledge, be almost completely and satisfactorily answered, and it is not now necessary to pass in review all the results which have been achieved. We know, of course, that the sun is an enormous globe, distant some ninety-four millions of miles from our earth, and round which our earth revolves. Its diameter is about eight hundred and fifty-two thousand miles; and, as far as can be detected by the most delicate measurements, it is perfectly spherical, and, unlike the planets, there is no difference between its equatorial and polar diameter. We must not, however, jump to the conclusion that the laws of nature are canceled in the solar regions, and that centrifugal force has no effect; but we must remember that measurements where the true body of the sun can never be seen, are at the best exceedingly difficult and untrustworthy. According to Laplace's nebular theory, which in a modified form is nowadays accepted by most astronomers, the sun once extended over the whole space now occupied by the planets, and by its gradual contraction has given birth to the solar system, with its countless array of planets, asteroids, and satellites. The contraction of bulk is supposed by many to be still going on, and to be the source of all the sun's heat.

Other theories have been, from time to time, advanced to account for the origin of the immense amount of energy, in the form of heat, hourly radiated away from the sun's surface, among which we may mention the meteoric theory, which supposes the heat to be generated by an incessant shower of meteorites, which, falling with great velocity on the sun's surface, raise it to an intensely high temperature. There seems, however, to be no reason for going far afield to search for the source of the sun's energy, and the simple theory of contraction has been mathematically shown by Helmholtz to be amply suffi-

cient to account for the vast amount of energy radiated into space, and, with the exception of a very small portion of it, lost.

Following almost immediately upon the discovery of the telescope was the discovery of the most remarkable physical phenomena observed on the surface of the sun—the solar spots. It is not well known who first observed them, nor, indeed, is it very important. Their discovery follows as a necessary consequence on the invention of the telescope, and no particular credit is due to their first observer. The appearance of a sun-spot is familiar to most people, yet there is scarcely a more striking object in the whole realms of astronomy. When viewed with a powerful telescope, its appearance is indeed beautiful—the dark black nucleus or central portion surrounded by the penumbra, which has something of the appearance of an interlaced and entangled mass of silver threads, but with a general tendency in direction toward the centre of the spot; sometimes projecting into the centre, forming promontories, islands, and capes of silvery white in a dead black sea. The size of the spots is enormous. Herschel observed one fifty thousand miles in diameter, or more than six times the diameter of the earth. Sometimes clusters of innumerable small ones are observed; and it is seldom that the surface of the sun is entirely free from them.

PUTTING UP THE CHRISTMAS WREATHS.

The first important result that followed the observation of sun-spots was the determination of the sun's period of rotation, which has been approximately fixed at twenty-seven and one-third days. But here a very curious

fact meets our notice, which is this—that the rate of rotation of all portions of the sun's surface is not the same; there seems to be some retarding action at work, which, acting on the equatorial regions, causes them to lag behind. We must, however, remember that nobody has, in all probability, ever seen the solid body of the sun, and that all the results are based on measurements made upon a gaseous, or, at all events, liquid envelope. The spots, too, have generally some proper motion of their own, more or less irregular; and although we can rely on such observations for obtaining roughly the general rate of rotation on the sun's surface, we cannot rely on them for delicate and accurate measurements. The formation of a spot is a slow process, and has often been observed; their disappearance, too, generally takes some time. They have, however, on one or two occasions, been observed to explode and absolutely disappear almost in a minute or two; which, when we consider their enormous size, is an astounding phenomenon.

Various theories have from time to time been proposed to account for their formation, the one which now meets with most general acceptance being that proposed by Faye. According to his hypothesis, the spots are formed of huge masses of vapor, which, having been cooled and partly condensed in the upper regions of the sun's atmosphere, sink into the fiery sea, which goes by the name of the photosphere or light-giving portion of the sun. The action may be compared to that of an immense snowflake, which, falling into water, is gradually melted. This theory seems to agree best with all the observed phenomena, and, in default of a better one, we must for the present accept it. Fresh light is, however, being thrown on the subject year by year, and we may look forward to the time when we shall possess such data as shall enable us to form a complete and satisfactory theory of sun-spots.

We now come to another and not the least remarkable thing connected with the spots—their period of maximum and minimum. To Schwabe of Dessau we owe the discovery of this remarkable law, which may be thus stated: The average number of spots on the sun's surface is maximum at intervals of about eleven years. After a period of maximum, the average slowly decreases till it reaches its minimum in five and a half years. It then as slowly increases again, till it reaches the next maximum period—thus continually and regularly fluctuating. The reason of this strange law we cannot, in the present state of our knowledge, conjecture. Various attempts have been made to connect it with the periods, or conjunctions, of different planets; but, until more exact knowledge of the precise length of the sun-spot period is obtained, we cannot admit any such explanation. One thing is, however, certain—that the periods of sun-spot maximum are coincident with the periods of maximum magnetic disturbance on the earth, and with the appearance of the aurora borealis.

The next point that attracts our attention is the phenomenon of the *prominences* or red flames seen during a total eclipse. These remarkable objects have lately been completely studied by means of the spectroscope. The special arrangements that are employed we cannot here enter into; it must suffice to mention that, by means of a particular method of employing the spectroscope, we can now see and study these prominences any day that the sun is shining, and are no longer compelled to wait for the brief moments of a total eclipse. It has thus been found out that they consist of huge clouds of incandescent hydrogen, mixed in some cases with different metallic vapors, and situated at some considerable height above the surface of the photosphere. Their movements are sometimes extremely rapid, and they have been observed to appear or disappear in the course of a few minutes. On one occasion, Professor Young saw one of these prominences erupted to a height of 200,000 miles in an hour or two. There are in the main two classes of prominences—first, the cloudy or nebulous sort, which almost exactly resemble clouds in our own atmosphere, except that they are red; and secondly, the metallic sort, which are much more brilliant, and have more the appearance of sharp tongues of flame. These latter do not generally rise to any great height, and are distinguished in the spectroscope by containing vapors of metals, such as magnesium, in addition to the hydrogen.

Prominences generally occur round a spot, or where a spot is going to break out. When seen on the body of the sun, they appear as *faculæ* or bright spots. During a total eclipse, there is another sight which attracts the attention of the observer, and that is the *corona*, which appears in the form of a silvery white light for some distance round the sun. Its outline is very irregular, and though its appearance seems to remain substantially the same during the same eclipse, it varies much from one eclipse to another. It was at first thought that this phenomenon might be due to refraction in our atmosphere; but this was disproved, and it is now generally believed to be an emanation from the sun itself. Our whole knowledge on the subject is, however, very slight; but we may look forward shortly to the solution of this difficult problem. The light given out by the corona is luckily that sort of light which has most effect on a sensitive photographic plate, and this fact early gave rise to the hope that it might be possible to photograph the corona without the aid of an eclipse. This has, indeed, been done by Dr. Huggins, who has lately obtained photographs which, in the opinion of those best capable of forming a judgment, truly represent the solar corona. The results are, however, not yet given to the world; but it is to be hoped that they soon will be, when we shall be in possession of data that will enable us to form some conjecture as to the true nature of this beautiful and remarkable phenomenon.

Photography has given valuable assistance in the study of solar physics. We have just mentioned the successful attempt to photograph the corona without the aid of an eclipse. At the time of the last few total eclipses, indeed, the corona was satisfactorily photographed. The view thus obtained, together with the hand sketches of observers, have given us useful information as regards its shape and extent. For observations whose object is to determine the amount of the sun's surface covered at any time by spots, photography is most valuable; and at many observatories, a view is taken of the sun every day that it is visible. This was formerly done at Kew, but has now, to the discredit of British science, been discontinued.

The prominences, emitting, as they do, almost entirely red light, are less amenable to this method of observation, and though they have been photographed during an eclipse, without that aid no satisfactory views have been obtained. Many attempts have, however, been made, and we may hope that they will soon be crowned with success. In making astronomical observations with a large telescope, it is necessary that the instrument be so adjusted as to keep the object steadily in view for periods of greater or less duration; else the earth's rotation would carry the object beyond the field of observation. To achieve this, the telescope is moved by clockwork at a rate which shall counteract the earth's rotatory speed.

Any slight failure in the driving clock shows itself by resulting in a hopelessly blurred image.

It is a common thing, on the other hand, for the possessors of small telescopes to think that it is impossible they should ever make anything in the form of a discovery and therefore that it is absurd to try; and they are content to let their instrument remain a mere toy. This is a mistake. A great deal of good work can be done with a very small instrument, if the observer does not lack perseverance. Continuous observations, especially if the results are carefully noted down, are the most valuable of all; and for observations to determine such a thing as the periods of sun-spot maximum and minimum, high telescopic power is not requisite. Those more fortunate observers who are blessed with the possession of a good equatorial instrument have plenty of scope for their energies in the observation of the prominences with the solar spectroscope; and as this method of observing them has only comparatively recently been discovered, there are still a great many difficult points to be solved about them.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

PROBABLY the largest chemical mechanical experiment ever thought of was successfully performed lately in New York Harbor by the removal of the obstruction known as Hell Gate, or Flood Rock, a considerable-sized island, as stated by the papers, about nine acres in extent, in Long Island Sound. The agent employed for this immense engineering work is a preparation, or preparations, of nitro-glycerine, and there is no doubt that this is the only explosive compound which could have been used for the purpose on account of the very enormous quantity required and the peculiar nature of the explosion of this substance. Twenty-four galleries were driven through this island, some of them 1,200 feet long, and these were intersected by some 46 others. These tunnels were about 10 feet high and 8 feet wide, and the roof of rock above them varied from 10 to 25 feet in thickness. The quantity of rock to be removed by the explosive was about 275,000 cubic yards, the quantity removed by tunneling being about 80,000 cubic yards. The holes to be charged were about 9 feet in length and 2½ inches in diameter. The holes were charged first with the blasting gelatine or rackarock and filled to the ends with a dynamite cartridge, to which the detonator and electric wire were attached. In all 14,000 cartridges of a total weight of 14 tons were employed. Near observers describe the explosion as being accompanied by a dull roar, but with only the slightest shaking of the ground, even at a moderate distance. An immense quantity of water was bodily raised up to heights estimated variously at 150 to 200 feet. The results, as far as can be ascertained, are very satisfactory, the rock having been very thoroughly broken up, so that it can easily be dredged away. Had gunpowder been the only explosive available, at least five times the quantity by weight of the nitro-glycerine preparations used in this experiment, would have been necessary and the results would not have been by any means so local or perhaps so satisfactory.

A NEW KETTLE.—A kettle has been invented which is entirely different in construction from the ordinary utensil, but it possesses one prominent feature. While the kettle is practically similar in shape to the article we are so familiar with, it needs but to be inverted to find that it is hollowed out, and that the metal plate is shaped so as to form a diagonal flue, which, starting with the same circumference as the kettle itself, tapers to a small opening immediately below the handle. Thus the capacity of the vessel for carrying water is reduced by about one-third, the advantage gained being that the fire, passing through the body of the kettle, causes a quick draught, and the water is raised to the boiling-point in from four to six minutes. The heat, being to a certain extent confined, of course attains considerably more intensity than if, as is usually the case, it merely played upon the bottom of the kettle and passed off on all sides without any restraint.

TO PRESERVE CUT FLOWERS.—A very important rule, though seldom or never regarded, says *Popular Science News*, is to avoid cramming the vases with flowers. Many will last some time if they have a large mass of water in the vase, and not too many stalks to feed on the water and pollute it. Vases that can hold a large quantity of water are to be preferred to the spindle-shaped trumpets that are often used. Flat dishes filled with wet sand are also useful for short-stalked or heavy-headed flowers; even partially withered blooms will revive when placed on this cool, moist substance. Moss, though far prettier than sand, is to be avoided, as it so soon smells disagreeably, and always interferes with the scent of the flower placed in it for preservation. In the case of flowers that grow only in a cool temperature, and suffer when they get into warm and dry air, all that we can do is to hasten evaporation as much as possible, and when such flowers have hairy stems and leaves, to submerge them for a minute, so that by capillary attraction they may continue to keep themselves moist and cool; but this is dangerous to table-cloths or polished surfaces, unless care be taken that the points of the leaves do not hang down, to prevent dripping. Another means of preventing delicate and sweet-scented flowers from flagging is to cut them with several leaves on the stem, and when the flower-head is placed in water, to allow only this head to remain above the water, while the leaves are entirely submerged. By this means the leaves seem to help to support the flower, which will then last for three days in a fairly cool room. Frequent cutting of the stem is of great use; but with all flowers, by far the best plan is to put them outside, exposed to dew or rain, during the night, when they will regain strength enough to last for days. Wilted flowers will revive, if they are placed in water after burning the end of the stem.

A TRAVELER in Palestine records his observation that the Arabs of the Syrian Desert are extraordinarily susceptible to narcotics. American tobacco they could not smoke at all. A few whiffs made them giddy, and gave them a headache; even a cigarette was too much for them. They use for smoking the dried leaves of a common plant belonging to the genus *Hyoscyamus*, and called by the Arabs "Sekharan," which has fleshy leaves and purple flowers. The smoking of the dried leaves produces a kind of intoxication or delirium. It is nearly allied to the mandragora or mandrake, a medicine having magic virtues in the opinion of the old herbalists, and which is itself common in the southern part of Judæa.

IN a private letter to an American friend, Louis Pasteur, the eminent French zoölogist, says that he shall present at the next session of the French Academy an account of a new prophylactic treatment of hydrophobia, applicable after the bite, in which he has great faith. He has as yet made but one trial—a severe case, which, after sixty-four days (up to the date of the letter) had shown a continuance of good health. Professor Pasteur thinks his preventive will be efficaceous even when several weeks have elapsed between the biting and its application.

THE excessive dampness and cold of the Southern Hemisphere, as compared with the Northern, is illustrated by some recent studies of mountains in Australasia. On the highest mountain in Australia, Kosciusko, patches of never-melted snow are found in lat. 37° S., 1,500 feet lower than in the Alps of Europe, in lat. 47° N., and at about the same level as the European snow-line for lat. 52°. Everywhere in antarctic lands snow and ice are much more extensive than in the Northern Hemisphere at similar latitudes.

DR. D. G. BRINTON announces that he has recently come into possession of a voluminous manuscript in Nahuatl, the language of the ancient Mexicans, which is apparently undescribed. It has 373 leaves, octavo, closely written on both sides in a small but beautifully clear hand. The contents are sermons exclusively. It once belonged to the library of the celebrated bibliographer Beristan, and paper and handwriting are of the seventeenth century.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

IT is easy enough to have a temper of one's own; the great thing is to keep it.

"NO," SAID a druggist, "it is not all profit in selling a glass of soda-water. You see, the wear and tear on the glass amounts to something."

A BACHELOR statesman says it would be quite easy to pay the national debt by imposing a tax on beauty, because there isn't a woman living in the country who would not demand to be assessed.

A TRAVELER stopping over night with a farmer whose estate was miles and miles in extent said: "You must have begun life very early to accumulate such an estate as this." "Yes," replied the farmer, "I began life when I was a mere baby."

"WHY do you wink at me, sir?" said a beautiful young lady, angrily, to a stranger, at a party an evening or two since. "I beg your pardon, madam," replied the wit. "I winked as men do when looking at the sun; your splendor dazzled my eyes."

"MAMMA," said Master Harry, "how fat Amelia has grown!" "Yes," replied his mamma; "but don't say 'fat,' dear—say 'stout.'" At the dinner-table on the following day, Harry was asked if he would take any fat. "No, thank you," said Harry; "I'll take some stout."

"YOU have mentioned several times during the evening," observed one of the audience to a lecturer, "the word 'periphrasis.' would you kindly inform me of its precise meaning?" "Certainly," said he; "It is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic circle of oratorical sonorosity circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity."

THE following admonitory notice was recently published by a French editor in his newspaper: "The wine-merchant who last week sold me a bottle of lemonade flavored with vitriol for a bottle of champagne is requested to send me within twenty-four hours a bottle of genuine champagne, failing which, his name and address will be made public." The result was that he received forthwith almost unlimited contributions of first-class wine.

BLACKBERRIES.

INSPIRATION FROM THE SOLE

FRED BROWN'S GINGER

WILL Cure Cramp and Colic.

WILL relieve flatulence from over eating.

WILL serve better than mustard in a foot bath.

Used on flannel instead of a Mustard Plaster,
WILL redden the skin;
WILL NOT blister.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES.

ndborg's Perfume, Edenia.
ndborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
ndborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
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LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

A box containing Samples of all the above five articles repaid to your nearest Railroad Express Office (which ould be named) for Fifty Cents—Money Order, Stamps Currency.
ddress: YOUNG, LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay St., New York.

PYLE'S EARLINE

OSSESSES
ECULIAR
URIFYING
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EARLINE
ERFECT.

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EARLINE.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

JAMES PYLE, New York.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

HUMILIATING ERUPTIONS ITCHING AND BURNING TORTURES

ND EVERY SPECIES OF ITCHING, Scaly, Pimply, Inrited, Scrofulous and Contagious Diseases of the ood, Skin, and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, from inncy to old age, are positively cured by the CUTIRA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, eanses the blood and perspiration of impurities d poisonous elements, and thus removes the use.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays hing and Inflammation, clears the Skin and alp, Heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the air.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and oilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indisensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, in Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

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☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

A NATURAL ANXIETY

Prompts many a man of family to seek his doctor's advice as to the best means of preventing disease and preserving health. In such cases the judicious physician will recommend the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

As a Spring Medicine and blood purifier it has no equal.

I consider Ayer's Sarsaparilla a safe, agreeable, and sure remedy for Scrofula and scrofulous diseases. As an alterative and spring medicine it stands without an equal. I have used it extensively, and always with the happiest results.—C. L. Shreve, M. D., Washington, D. C.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, from time to time, for a number of years, and have always been greatly benefited by it. It purifies, vitalizes, and invigorates the blood, restores the appetite, and imparts a wonderful feeling of strength and elasticity to the system. As a spring medicine, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly effective."—M. F. Pillsier, Malden, Mass.

Try Ayer's Sarsaparilla this Spring.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Increase the Appetite

By taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. This remedy is thorough in its action, imparts tone and strength to the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, and enables these organs to perform their functions properly.—"I have used Ayer's Pills a number of years, and have never found anything equal to them for stimulating the appetite, and imparting strength to the system."—R. D. Jackson, Wilmington, Del.

"During the spring of 1877 a disagreeable taste in my mouth entirely destroyed my appetite. My tongue was thickly coated, and what little food I ate distressed me. Believing that my trouble originated in a disordered liver, I commenced taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I felt an improvement after the operation of the first dose. I continued the use of this medicine, in diminished quantities, for a short time, and am satisfied that it completely cured me."—Sophie Harmon, Biddeford, Me.

"Last year I was troubled with Constipation, which, being neglected, caused a disorder of my liver and stomach. I also suffered from headache, loss of appetite, and debility. After being treated by several physicians, without benefit, I was persuaded to take Ayer's Pills. This medicine helped me at once. By its continued use the conditions of my stomach and liver rapidly improved, my appetite returned, and, in a short time, my health was restored."—A. C. Cotton, Janesville, Wis.

AYER'S SUGAR-COATED CATHARTIC PILLS,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

READY FOR EMERGENCIES.

Use at all times, safe and pleasant to take, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the most reliable medicine for the cure of Throat and Lung diseases. **On several occasions, during the past year, I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with excellent success. In cases of severe and sudden Colds, if used according to directions, it will, judging by my own experience, prove a sure cure.—L. D. Coburn, Addison, N. Y.

Every family should have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral to use in case of emergency. For Whooping Cough, Croup, and sudden Colds, this remedy is invaluable. **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a sure cure for Coughs and Colds in our family. My children have always taken this medicine for Throat and Lung troubles, and I am never without it.—J. J. Lawton, Rolling Green, Kansas.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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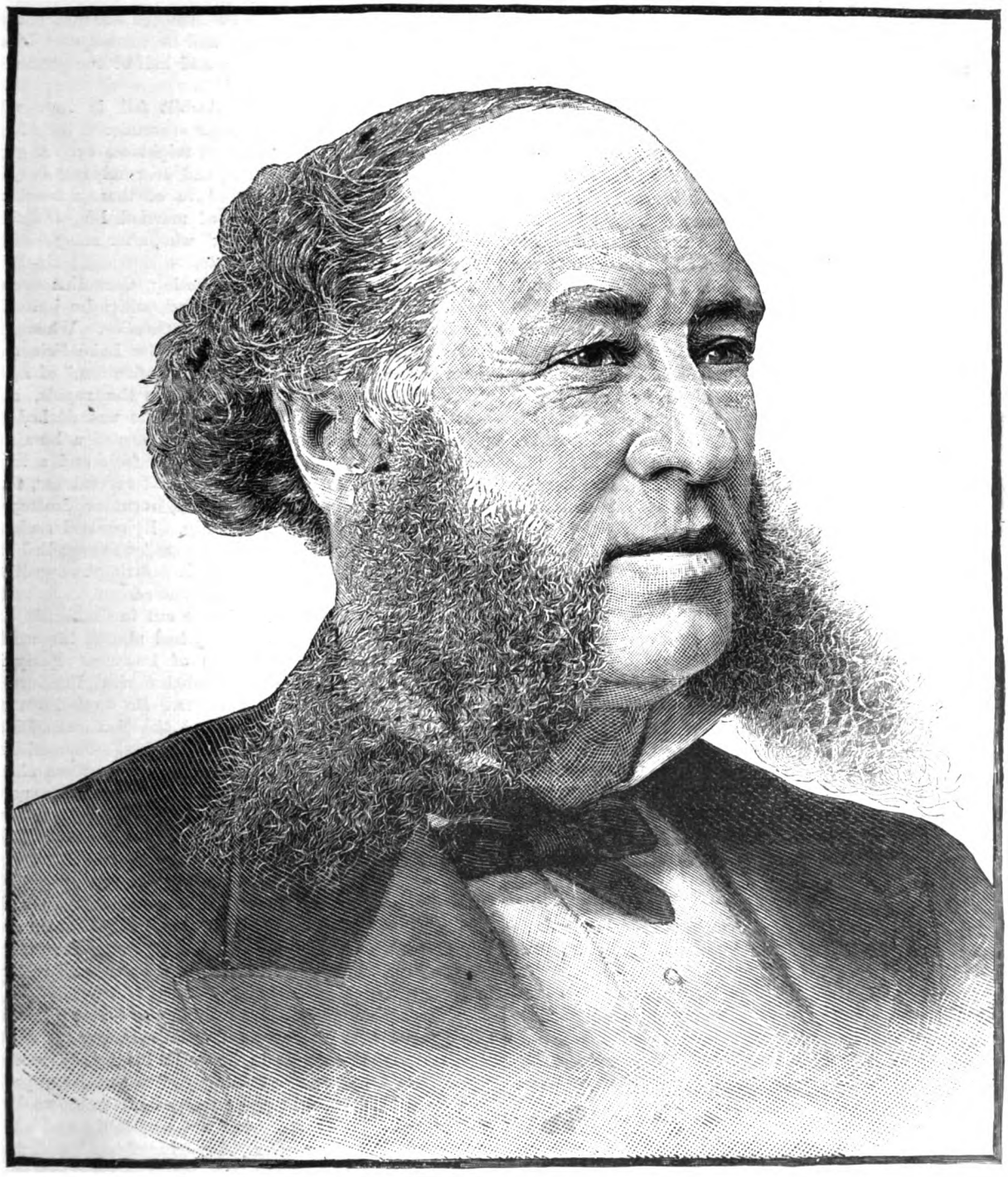


WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT.

By W. A. Croffut.

William H. Vanderbilt, who died at his Fifth Avenue mansion on December 8th, at three o'clock P.M., was richer than any other two men in the world. He was so rich that, if his property had all been turned into gold dollars, it would have taken him seven years to count it, if he had counted at the rate of a dollar a second for twenty-four hours each day, Sundays and all. He died worth much more money than he would have accumulated if he had been in the Garden of Eden when Adam was, and had received $25,000 a year salary ever since. If his wealth had been put in one dollar bills, they would, laid end to end, have reached around the earth, and lapped over from New York to San Francisco.

A minute before his death he was chatting pleasantly in his study with another millionaire, Mr. Robert Garrett, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. The two railway magnates were discussing plans for the future. Mr. Vanderbilt was making some suggestion, when suddenly Mr. Garrett perceived an indistinctness in his speech. The muscles of his mouth began to twitch violently. His face was convulsed. He rose in a spasm, pitched forward toward the floor, was caught in his visitor's arms, laid on the rug, and in a minute was dead of an apoplectic stroke. He had received one touch of it before, but he was a sturdy man of quiet habits, and it was thought by himself and his friends that he would live for many years.

Of old Dutch stock came the Vanderbilts. They were Long Island farmers five generations ago, and before the Revolution a branch of the family moved to Staten Island and continued, in an humble way, the tillage of the ground. By laborious out-door life, exposure to the elements and familiarity with varied hardships, they became hardy and thrifty, admirably equipped with stout bodies, simple habits and strong wills.

Cornelius Vanderbilt was born there, April 27th, 1794, and was the oldest of many children. His father was a hard-worker, and, though in comfortable circumstances for a farmer during those hard times following the Revolution, he never dreamed of attaining a position where he could live without toil.

Young Cornelius was healthy, ragged, tough, strong and bold. He intensely disliked two things—farm-life and school-life—tillage and books. Fitful efforts were made to compel him to "get a schooling," but the school-house was close and uncomfortable, and the teaching poor, and the boy found attendance very irksome. He was large of his age, firm-knotted, fearless, full of vitality, a strong swimmer, a bold sailor, a daring rider, fond of dangerous adventure and recognized by his comrades as their leader. But he would not study. He played the truant, lounged down to the "Narrows," and gazed through that open door of the world to the mysterious sea beyond. He soon learned to love the water, and wanted to "go to sea."

He confided his ambition to his mother. She succeeded in dissuading him, but she compromised by promising that if he would plow, harrow and plant a certain hard and stony eight-acre lot on the farm in seventeen days, she would give him a hundred dollars to buy a sail-boat with which to open commerce with New York. The boy was then sixteen. He accepted the offer, did the work, obtained his money, and rushed off to the distant slip where lay the model boat which he had long wanted. He effected the purchase, and in a week took his place as a regular boatman plying between Staten Island and New York.

He was now in the line of his chosen vocation. He soon made his mark. He did not trust to luck; but he was prompt, persevering, obliging, and worked more hours out of the twenty-four than any of his competitors on the route. Sometimes he worked all night as well as all day. He begrudged no labor, privation or exposure to do his work and do it well. He had no expensive, bad habits, and by diligence and attentiveness he soon won the reputation of being the most trusty boatman on the bay. The first three years he made $1,000 per annum with his hundred-dollar boat, and he turned over to his parents all of his day earnings and half of the profits of the night.

At nineteen Cornelius Vanderbilt fell in love with Sophia Johnson, and his parents surrendered their legal right to his earnings so that he might marry. A good wife she made him, ever loyal and ever helpful, and she bore him thirteen children. Five of these were born during the first seven years of married life, the fifth being the first son, the "Billy," who, after many vicissitudes, became heir to the estate.

After a few years more in boating, Cornelius superseded the sail with a little steamboat, which he built on the Fulton model, and called the *Caroline*. When she had served his purpose he sold her for Lake Erie, and there she was captured during the "rebellion" of forty years ago, set on fire, launched into the rapids, and sent headlong over Niagara Falls. She was dashed to pieces in the whirlpool. Vanderbilt owned a hundred vessels after that, and it is a curious fact, and a high compliment to his business thrift and carefulness, that not one of them was ever wrecked, burnt or destroyed by explosion during his ownership. By general acclaim the honorary title of "Commodore" was applied to him, first in jest, and afterward as a fitting recognition of his pre-eminence in American waters.

When the gold excitement broke out in California, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company had almost the whole carrying trade *via* the Isthmus of Panama. Early in 1849 Commodore Vanderbilt started a rival line, crossing the Isthmus at Lake Nicaragua. He went down on a steamboat in which he ascended the San Juan River above the Castillo Rapids—a feat hitherto deemed impossible—by fastening strong cables to the trees along the banks, and warping the boat over the perilous spots. Then he put three boats on the river and lake, and four steamers on the Atlantic and five on the Pacific. Then he announced that the through fare to San Francisco would be $300, while the other line was charging $600. Of course he reaped an enormous harvest, adding greatly to his already accumulated fortune. He left Central America, in short, more than $2,000,000 richer than when he entered it, in spite of the act of "filibuster" Walker in confiscating his franchise.

In the Summer of 1853 he built the finest pleasure steam-yacht that had ever sailed, the renowned *North Star*, and visited Europe in her with his family, receiving an ovation at every yachting centre and large port. Two years later he built and equipped an American line of steamers. The venture was not profitable, and when Collins declined an offer of partnership, Vanderbilt began to carry the United States mails to Europe free of cost to the Government, and drove his rival off the sea.

From this time Commodore Vanderbilt began to withdraw his money from the ocean and invest it on land, transferring his great interests from ships to railroads; so that when the Civil War broke out, and our commerce was virtually destroyed, his interests were already intrenched, and his prosperity suffered no shock.

He became President of the Harlem Road, and gave to it all his thought and energy. Its equipments were increased, its connections improved, and the stock, which had been at 30 in January, 1863, rose to 92 in July, and 179 in August, and the next year the bears were caught short of it, and the price went up one afternoon to the tremendous figure of 285! In a battle with Daniel Drew, Vanderbilt shortly after lost $7,000,000, but he showed undaunted courage, consolidating the Harlem, Central and Hudson River in the face of great opposition. At this time the property was estimated at $35,000,000; he increased the capital stock to $90,000,000, and paid on it an annual dividend of eight per cent., to the surprise of everybody.

It is to the credit of Commodore Vanderbilt that, while he had some of the offensive characteristics of Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, he never forgot his humble origin, or the old homestead where he was born. Though he lived during the latter part of his life at No. 10 Washington Place, in New York city, he built his first family mansion on Staten Island, in one corner of the ancestral farm. He had his eye on this lot early in life, and years before he built his permanent home there it was known among the neighbors as "Corneel's lot." Its site was on the northeast corner of the farm, near the water, on a rise of land overlooking the bay, midway between Stapleton and Tompkinsville, and those passing down that road may still see, surrounded by an iron fence, the residence of the great railroad king, where most of his children were born.

Commodore Vanderbilt's thirteen children by his first wife—four sons and nine daughters—lived to adult age. Miss Frank Crawford, of Mobile, Alabama, became his second wife, and to her kindly influence was due the endowment of Vanderbilt University in Tennessee, and the gift of the Church of the Strangers to Dr. Deems.

Mr. Vanderbilt's death occurred on January 4th, 1877, after a long illness resulting from a complication of disorders.

William H. Vanderbilt was born in New Brunswick, N. J., in 1821. He was not a predestined millionaire. If he had not, by the accident of birth, inherited a vast property, it is not likely that he would ever have obtained it. He was his father's fifth child and first son, and during his childhood he was the favorite, and regarded as the heir; but his father came to look upon him as dull and unpromising, and early fixed his hopes and affections on a younger son, George, who was educated at West Point. George was quick, alert, soldierly, impetuous but cautious; in many respects a contrast to William. He was one of the most powerful and athletic young men that ever studied at West Point, and on his twenty-second birthday he lifted a dead weight of 900 pounds with his hands. He early went into the Union Army, and while in camp before Corinth he contracted a disease, of which he died in Europe, completely shattering his father's hopes.

For nine years after the birth of William his father remained keeper of the inn at New Brunswick and captain of the steamboat that ran thence down Raritan Bay to New York; his wife, Sophia, a shrewd, industrious and thrifty woman, taking entire charge of the "tavern." The boy William went to the district school, but showed neither eagerness nor aptness for books. He was popular among his playmates, but did not stand well in his studies.

About 1830 the family returned to Staten Island, and three years later to New York city, where the youth was sent to the Columbia College Grammar School, then presided over by the celebrated Professor Anthon. Here he remained for six years, obtaining some rudimentary training, and as much as his father thought useful. At eighteen he was placed in the banking-house of Drew, Robinson & Co., of Wall Street, but his career as clerk was not brilliant. His employers believed that he had not the elements of success in him, and the reports the father received induced that exacting and irascible old gentleman to address his son as a "blockhead" the first time they met. The younger son, George, showed something like precocity, and he was looked upon as destined to a brilliant career.

At this time William H. wooed and won for a wife Miss Louise Kissam, the estimable daughter of Rev. Dr. Kissam, of Albany, N. Y. His father, already a millionaire, looked upon the project with great disfavor. "Two fools met!" he exclaimed, with his accustomed frankness. "What are you going to live on?"

"Sixteen dollars a week," replied his son, stoutly, alluding to his wages in the office.

So they did. For some time they lived on that slender stipend, boarding on East Broadway; but at the end of two years the confinement at a desk was found to be injuring William's health, and to escape threatened chronic dyspepsia he gave up his place.

Commodore Vanderbilt held firmly to the theory that every man is either self-made or not made at all, and that it was the duty of every rich man to compel his sons to support themselves and make their own way before trusting them with any larger responsibilities. He now proceeded to act upon this rugged conviction. He said: "Bill, you haven't made your way in the bank. I don't believe you are made of the right stuff. I don't believe there is anything in you. You have got to prove that there is before I will help you. I wonder if you can raise potatoes and garden truck? I'll buy seventy-five acres down at New Dorp, Staten Island, and it shall be yours. Go and see what you can do with it."

William did not like farming, but he took hold of it. It was a tough, stony, unimproved, barren piece of land, quite repellent of aspect. He was just of age when he went upon that farm, and he was forty-four when he quit it and became a part of his father's great financial plans. Meantime a good many things had happened. He had laid the foundation of a large family, if not of a prosperous farm. He had plodded away, improved his acres, and added to them, carted his "truck" to market, stuck to the uncongenial occupation, kept a decent name, made close acquaintance with good horse-flesh, and, above all, learned self-reliance and the value of money. His father watched him carefully during this quarter of a century of drudgery, and with rather an unfriendly eye, but did not help him. "If I help him he won't help himself," he used to say.

It does not appear that William H. Vanderbilt worked very hard with his own hands during his New Dorp farming. He was "a gentleman farmer," and insisted that he could most profitably spend his time in managing the others and keeping them steadily at work. His ability to sit on the top of a rail fence and watch the men work was the cause of a good deal of amusing criticism among the neighbors, who held that a farmer should encourage his men by setting them a lively

THE VANDERBILT MANSIONS.

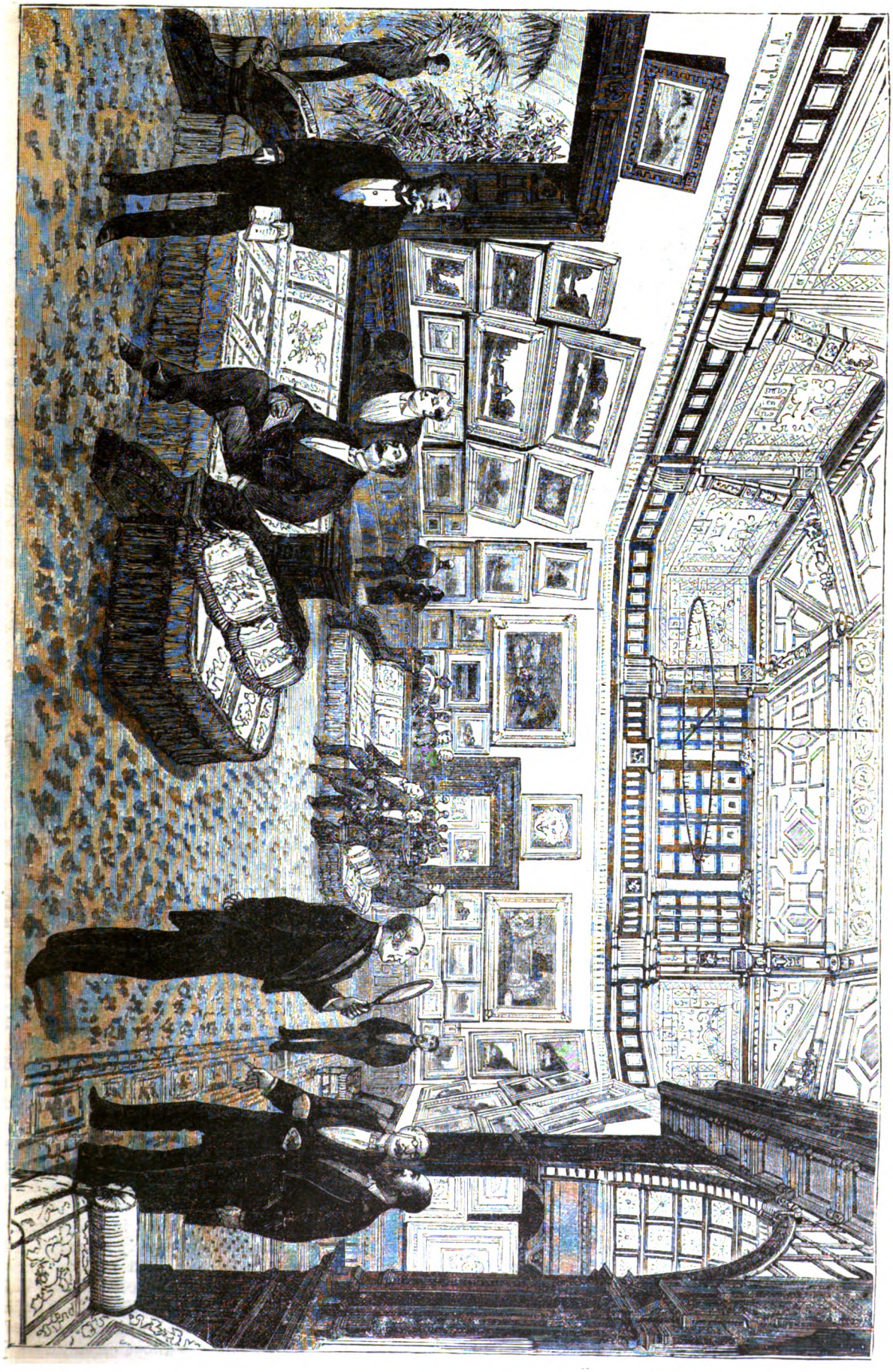
example. A good story is told of this propensity of Mr. Vanderbilt's. "Dick," a farm-hand, found it necessary to repair the fence around the field where they were working. Next morning the farmer discovered that all the top rails had been adjusted with the sharp edge up. "Here, Dick!" he called out, with surprise, "what's the meaning of all these sharp edges on top?" "Them?" answered the man; "that's all right, Boss; them's for you to set on!"

The fence was left so, and so may still be seen at New Dorp.

He used fertilizers liberally, and the farm became the

VIEW LOOKING FROM THE CONSERVATORY.

RECEIVING A GUEST.



THE PICTURE-GALLERY IN THE VANDERBILT MANSION.

best on the Island, carrying his surplus corn, vegetables and hay to New York by schooner every Autumn. For a long time the products showed an annual yield of $16,000.

William H. Vanderbilt's expenses, with a rapidly growing family, were large, and he intimated to his millionaire father that a little help would be acceptable. This the Commodore refused. So the farmer did what seemed to him the next practicable thing: he mortgaged the farm for $8,000, having previously trebled the number of acres by buying some land that he wanted along the shore. The neighbor who advanced the money was an old schoolmate of the Commodore's, who had been far outstripped in the rivalry for wealth; and he could not resist the temptation to draw forth the mortgage in the presence of mutual friends and say, triumphantly, "There is a lien for $8,000 on the farm of Bill Vanderbilt, the oldest son of the man who, *they say*, is worth ten millions of dollars. *They say* he's worth it; but, the fact is, you can't tell what a man over in New York *is* worth." The mortgagee's indiscretion was shortly reported to the Commodore, who speedily drove over to New Dorp.

"Is it true that you are borrowing money, Bill?" he asked, wrathfully.

The son confessed, but explained the necessity and excused himself, declaring that he was making arrangements to pay it and should meet the note when due.

The Commodore muttered a snort of indignation and disgust, and exclaimed, "What did you borrow money of *that* confounded old fool for? I'm lending a little money on real estate myself just now."

Whereupon he drew his check for the amount and had the mortgage transferred to his own name, to the disappointment and chagrin of his old crony, who had imagined that the Commodore's wealth was a minus quantity.

Another important thing had happened to William. Two brothers had died—the youngest, just when he arrived at man's estate, and George, the disabled soldier, some years after. He went to Europe with George in 1863 and traveled with him in search of health, but it was not to be found, and the sick man died in his arms in Paris the next year.

He had one brother left, Cornelius Jeremiah, nine years his junior. Cornelius J.—or "Corneel," as he was generally called—was the very opposite, in temperament and disposition, of his father and his brother. They were solid and stolid, having slight knowledge of books, and no literary or æsthetic training; but they had hard common sense, they were methodical and business-like in their habits, industrious and economical. He was weak and fragile, physically and morally, delicate, irritable, petulant, reckless, impulsive and improvident, with literary taste, but an idler, a gambler and easily upset by wine. He was an epileptic, too, and between his illnesses and his excesses life was almost always a burden to him. Such an erratic and unstable character could win no affection or respect from an inflexible man like the Commodore. He early distrusted him, then despised him, and never till the day of his death was there any feeling between them except a cordial dislike. "I would give a million dollars if he had never been named 'Cornelius,'" the old man would say bitterly.

Maddened by his father's continual reproaches, Cornelius ran away when he was eighteen, and shipped before the mast for a voyage around the Horn. It was the beginning of the gold mania. He made but a short stay in California, and, on returning home, was arrested and confined in the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum by his father, on the ground that the boy "must be crazy" or he wouldn't have drawn on him for money in California. "Corneel" never forgave his father for what he regarded as an inexcusable outrage. After this his father made him an allowance on which to live, increasing it at the time of his marriage, and several times paid his debts, but there never was anything but antagonism between them.

One or two other things had transpired in William's favor during that quarter of a century's drudging on Staten Island. He had conformed to his father's taste in raising choice stock and good horses. He became very fond of horse-flesh, and had a pair that he felt sure nothing on the Island could pass. He was not in the habit of taking anybody's dust. One day when he was out on the road exercising his favorite span, and passing everything upon the way, he suddenly became half conscious of rolling wheels behind him. The half consciousness of rolling wheels soon became full consciousness of approaching wheels. "Aha!" he said to himself; "somebody around here has got a new team. I'll show them!" And he drew tighter those leathern conductors which convey the purpose of a driver to an intelligent and spirited horse, and as his speed increased, he resumed the conversation with his companion. In a minute he felt that the wheels were gaining on him, and he uttered to his team that sound of encouragement which the horse knows so well "t—ck! t—ck!" following it with a "G'—long!" The buggy spun over the smooth road, and William complacently thought that the mysterious wheels had vanished. Not so. Their solid thump behind him grew painfully distinct, and he drew from the socket the whip and gave a couple of smart cuts to those astonished horses that had not been struck before in a year; and he remarked to his guest, "They are not feeling very well to-day." No use; the spinning vehicle buzzed nearer and nearer, the noses of the mysterious steeds were opposite his seat. He half turned and glanced at them out of a corner of his eye, then hauled up and exclaimed, "Why, father! It's you, is it? I wondered who on earth it could be!"

"That's a good team of yours," said the Commodore, encouragingly; "but you must give them some more oats before you race with me!" He was driving Mountain Boy and Mountain Girl.

Another important thing happened during these years to convince his father that he might possibly have "something in him." The Staten Islanders wanted a railroad, and William H. and his uncle Captain Jacob Vanderbilt, were largely instrumental in starting it. In '56 the road was built, skirting the eastern shore from Vanderbilt's Landing. It was a great public convenience and of immense importance to the development of the Island, but it fell under the gross mismanagement of a Board of Directors, and became bankrupt. It was overwhelmed with debts, and the owners resolved to put it into the hands of a receiver. Mr. Vanderbilt had, up to this period, had no experience in the management of railroads, but he had shown himself a man of energy and business capacity, and by the unanimous agreement of all parties, he was appointed receiver of the bankrupt road.

This was clearly the turning-point in his career. It gave him his "chance." He eagerly seized it. His father looked on incredulously, and said to himself, "Aha! They have put him in there because they think I will bolster him up with money. I will not!" The little broken-down Staten Island Railroad, without money, without credit, without materials, without organization, became the school from which graduated the greatest of the

railroad kings of the century. He took hold of it with a vigorous grip. In two years he had paid off all its debts, reequipped it, connected it with New York by a new ferry, and placed it on the secure road to permanent success.

The Commodore looked on amazed. "Is that the fool of the family?" he inquired of himself. "Or have I made a mistake?"

As a recognition of his shrewdness, William H. Vanderbilt was made President of the Company, and managed its affairs with increasing success till his father summoned him to accompany George to the Riviera, and Southern France.

Even before this time William H. Vanderbilt had learned to surrender his own preferences, and practice complete submission to his father's will. Not only his requests, but his lightest wishes, were heeded. No suggestion of the Commodore's was allowed to pass unheeded, no caprice of his disregarded. This course went far toward breaking down the Commodore's persistent incredulity, and making him think that there might be something in "Bill" after all.

When they were bound for Europe in the steam-yacht *North Star* an incident occurred illustrating this. The son was very fond of smoking, and as he walked the deck with his father he indulged his favorite habit.

"I wish you wouldn't smoke!" exclaimed the father, as the curling clouds of incense blew in his eyes. "It is a filthy habit. I'll give you $10,000 if you will stop it."

"You need not hire me to do it," said William H. "Your wish, father, is quite sufficient. I will never smoke again." And off the blue Canaries he flung his last cigar into the sea.

When William H. Vanderbilt returned from Europe with the remains of his brother in 1864, he was taken into his father's confidence, and made Vice-president of the Harlem Railroad. The Commodore was worth, it was thought, $50,000,000 at the time, and this sum rapidly grew. He controlled Harlem, and two years later he took the control of the Central out of the hands of Henry Keep. He doubled the amount of stock, consolidated the roads, made William H. Vice-president of the new company, and pocketed $25,000,000 from the advance in the value of stock in a single day! Consolidation and stock-watering were the two elements that made up the basis of the Commodore's campaign. First, he aimed to make a road pay dividends; next, to annihilate competition. All leakages were stopped; strict economy was enforced; idlers were discharged; ornaments were stripped from locomotives; new depots were built and new connections formed; and business developed in every way. William H. was responsible for carrying out the details of his father's plans, and he proved himself equal to the difficult task.

When Commodore Vanderbilt's will was admitted to probate, four days after his death, it was found that not less than $100,000,000, amounting to nine-tenths of the vast property, was left to William H. The bequests to all other persons were not more than $15,000,000, and half of this was given to the four sons of William H.

To the unfortunate second son, Cornelius J., the testator bequeathed only the income derived from $200,000. For years before, "Corneel" had been virtually banished from his father's house, occasional interviews being obtained only through the intercession of his sisters. Even on his deathbed the railroad king said he didn't care to see his wayward son. The feeling was reciprocal, and the latter always alluded to his father and brother with undisguised contempt.

"Why doesn't he give me a chance?" the epileptic would ask, angrily. "Everybody admits that I know more than Bill, if I don't know very much. Why doesn't father put me in charge of some little railroad and see what I can do?"

But the Commodore was unrelenting, and he emphasized his distrust when he made his will. The unequal distribution gave rise to a fierce contest of that document, which, for a time, promised to be one of the raciest and most disgraceful social scandals of the day. To his great credit, William H. compromised it, giving to his litigious brother the income on a million dollars. To the small bequests made to his sisters, William H. also voluntarily added half a million dollars to each, driving from house to house one evening and counting out the money from his own tremendous portion.

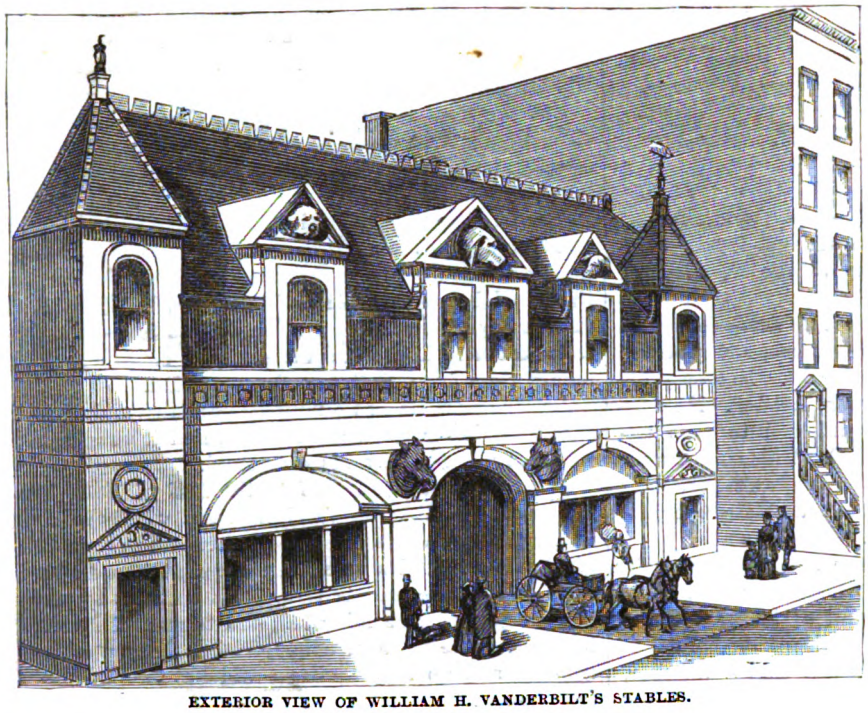
A year or two later Cornelius Jeremiah Vanderbilt was shot dead in his room at the hotel, and it was supposed the shot was fired by his own hand.

From the Spring of 1877 to the Fall of 1881—barely five years—William H. Vanderbilt was wholly in charge of the great railroads which his father had bequeathed to him. He adopted a rule from the first to take as few risks as possible, and to devote his energies to preserving the property he inherited, and to protect its natural increase. The wave of commercial activity was flowing upward, and no other policy could have augmented his fortune so fast. He had to protect Lake Shore and acquire the Canada Southern and Michigan Central roads; he had to manage the threatened strike of 12,000 men on his line, and two years later, in harmony with his method of protecting his system from the assaults of rivals, he made the largest sale of railroad stock ever made by one man—250,000 shares of Central at 120. He was known to hold $52,000,000 worth of the stock, and there was a demand for the stock on the market, to which he felt it prudent to yield. Vanderbilt and Wabash stocks immediately advanced, Central going up to 134. The $30,000,000 which Vanderbilt received for the stock he put into Government bonds. Within a year it was reported from Washington that he was getting interest on $53,000,000 of Government bonds, more than the entire fortune of the Marquis of Westminster, the richest man in England, or any of the Rothschilds. In three years William H. Vanderbilt had doubled the colossal fortune left him by his father, and had become, beyond all comparison, the richest man in the world.

The phenomenal year of 1880, a year of great crops, wild speculation and high prices, saw the outbreak of a destructive "war of rates," which terribly depressed railroad securities of all kinds during the following year, and damaged the prestige which Mr. Vanderbilt had enjoyed for sagacity in railroad management. For he led in this war, partly to punish the Erie and partly to postpone work on the Nickel Plate, and he obstinately held out against a settlement long after all other trunk-line presidents had agreed on amicable terms. He was finally beaten by the establishment of differential rates and the completion of the Nickel Plate, which he was compelled to buy.

By 1883 Mr. Vanderbilt found his health undermined by the constant strain and anxiety of his laborious position, and on May 4th he resigned the presidencies of all the roads with which he had become identified. That his sons did not succeed him caused considerable comment, but he had not yet sufficient confidence in their discretion, and other and older persons were designated for the trusts.

With his uncle Jacob, and his son, George W., he immediately sailed for Europe. James H. Rutter was

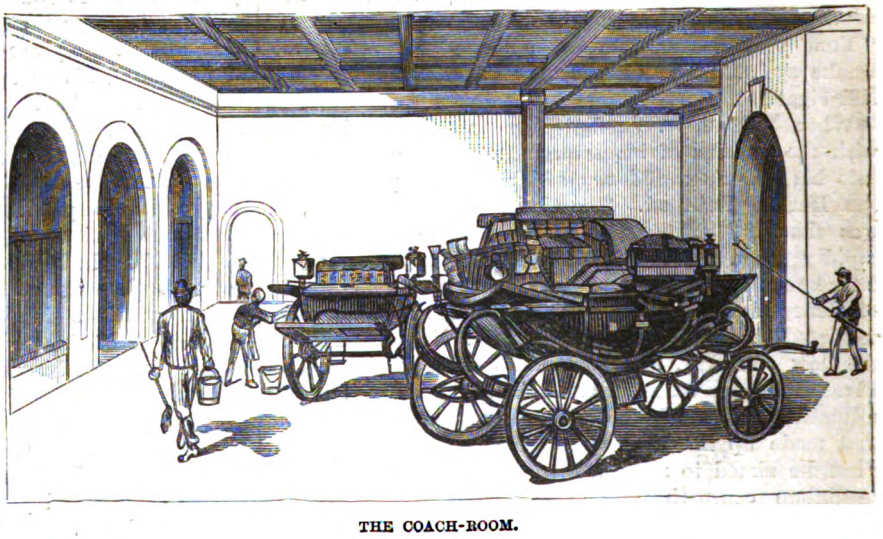


EXTERIOR VIEW OF WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S STABLES.

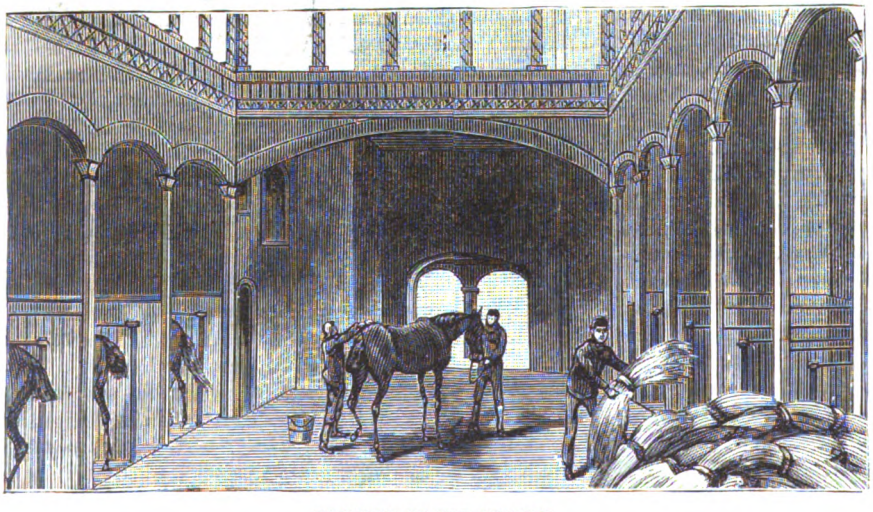
elected President of the Central, and, on his death, was succeeded by Chauncey M. Depew, who is still ably directing the management of the great property. Mr. Vanderbilt's large operations in Western Union, in Chicago and Northwestern, Omaha, Philadelphia and Reading, and the *coup d'état* which resulted in the absorption of the West Shore, are too recent and well-known to need more than mere mention.

William H. Vanderbilt kept up and honored the famous old Dutch habit of procreation, and his wife bore him nine children, eight of whom—four boys and four girls—have survived him. The Vanderbilts were not made arrogant by their fortune. They wanted their children to marry respectable Americans like themselves, and they were intolerant of those who seek "high connections" in marriage. They believed in no "blood" except that which every honest and industrious man distills in his own veins. "We have money enough," they would say to their children; "but it cannot take the place of respectability. Let your companions and your consorts be reputable. Avoid adventurers, charlatans, vulgarians and rogues, under whatever pretense they come, and insist on honest men and women."

So they did. They all married sincere, straightforward, downright men and women like themselves, and the daughters did not disdain men who worked for a living.



THE COACH-ROOM.



INTERIOR OF THE STABLES.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, the oldest and richest son of William H., is now thirty-seven. Ten years ago he married Miss Gwynne, and they have a large family of children. When these file into church together, their blonde heads make a pair of stairs of very gentle incline. He is a fine-looking man, of hearty and genuine manners, and he wears English side-whiskers, like his three brothers and his father and grandfather. He is an officer in several

charitable institutions, thereby striving to offset the doctrines of Darwin by promoting the survival of the unfittest. His wife is a *petite* and pleasant woman, and popular, though without ambition to be a society leader.

The second son, William K., is the social head of the family. His young wife was a Southern lady, a daughter of a Dr. Smith, of Mobile, and she entered the family only eight years ago, her father having come here as a cotton-broker after the war. She is a plump and attractive brunette, and she early learned her power as a society unit. She placed herself at the front by the side of Mrs. William Astor. She induced her husband to build a handsome house. She entertained. She led the German, and gave fifty-dollar fans as favors. She organized and engineered the great party which her father-in-law gave four years ago, and which is said to have cost $60,000, where the patrician Astors for the first time attended and fellowshiped the new-comers on equal terms. At her own magnificent ball, given as a house-warming, she wore an irregular coronet of diamonds and diamond buckles on her slippers.

AMONG THE FINANCIERS.

The third son is Frederick. He lost caste in the family by marrying the divorced wife of his cousin Torrance. His mother was dreadfully shocked and scandalized by

it, for she was the daughter of a Puritan parson. Frederick is said to have considerable ability, and he will know how to increase the ten millions that have fallen to his share.

The youngest son is George W. He is barely of age and unmarried. He is not robust, hates to talk of money, possesses feeling and sentiment, is studious and refined, and even has some literary ambition, like Waldorf Astor.

The Vanderbilts are prolific. The three married sons of William H. all have children, as have the four married daughters.

The eldest daughter married Elliott F. Shepherd, a lawyer who received a new bent in life from the advantageous connection, and who built a superb safe-deposit on Fifth Avenue, with the fantastic title of "The Bank of Banks."

The second, Emily, married William Sloane, the leading carpet man of the city. He is an enterprising, thrifty man, and generally liked and respected in the mercantile world. The Sloanes and Shepherds live in the second of the magnificent Vanderbilt palaces, the one north of the marble ligature that binds them together.

The third daughter married W. McK. Twombly, a successful paper manufacturer from Massachusetts. He is a gentleman, and his entrance to the family illustrated that good rule of the Vanderbilts of which I have spoken —they did not demand for their alliances "blood" or aristocratic connections, but they did demand good morals and good breeding.

The youngest daughter married Dr. Seward Webb, a talented son of James Watson Webb, the veteran journalist. They lived with the bride's parents, and since her father's death have continued to reside with her mother.

Few of the princes of Europe have palaces so magnificent and luxurious as the mansion of William H. Vanderbilt, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first Street. Hundreds of workmen were three years building it, and it cost more than $2,500,000. There is no other residence in the city approaching it in costliness and elegance. It is of brown stone, in the square, severe, box-like style of the Greek renaissance. It is four stories high, and measures 84 by 115 feet. It is ornamented within and without with a wealth of carving. The mansion is entered through a spacious corridor extending between it and the adjoining residence of Mrs. Sloane and Mrs. Shepherd; this corridor having floor of mosaic, walls of marble and roof of glass. The doors leading into the house are bronze copies of the Ghiberti gates at Florence, and cost $20,000, while the bronze railings and other bronze doors about the house cost $30,000 more.

The palace is built around a court or hall, extending to the full height of the building, and roofed with stained glass. Eight porphyry columns with bronze capitals support galleries on each floor, leading to the living-rooms. Opposite the entrance is a mantelpiece of red marble and bronze, which reaches to the first gallery, and is supported on either side by two figures in high relief. The drawing-room is on the east side. Its walls are of carved woodwork, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and the panels are hung with pale-red velvet, embroidered with foliage and flowers. Columns of Mexican onyx with bronze capitals stand beside each door, bearing handsome vases and clustered lights. Female figures, in solid silver, hold candelabra in other corners. The ceiling is being frescoed.

Sliding-doors, draped with rich portières, open on the north to the library, and on the south to the Japanese parlor. The bookcases are of rosewood, inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl. On the west is Mr. Vanderbilt's private room—the room in which he died. The ceiling of the Japanese parlor is of bamboo, picked out with red and yellow lacquer-work. There are fantastic cabinets and cupboards, and bronze panels, picked out with gold and silver. To the west of the hall is the dining-room, 28 x 37 feet. It is superbly decorated. The gilded panels of the arched ceiling are filled with carvings of fruits and foliage, and in the spaces are paintings of hunting scenes by Luminais, the French artist. Sixty European painters and sculptors were engaged for two years on this house.

To the right of the main hall, on entering, is the broad stairway with bronze banisters. The first landing opens on a gallery which runs around the aquarelle-room. The family parlor is in the northeast corner. It is finished in ebony, inlaid with ivory, and the walls are hung with dark-blue brocaded silk. The ceiling reveals frescoes of children. The next room along Fifth Avenue is Mrs. Vanderbilt's bedroom, 26 feet square, equipped by Alard, of Paris. The white marble walls are hung with silk, and on the ceiling is a painting by Lefebre, "Awakening of Aurora." The frieze is of rosewood and mahogany.

The next room is Mr. Vanderbilt's. It is spacious and beautiful, finished with rosewood inlaid with satinwood. His dressing-room is wainscoted 8 feet high in opalescent glass, of blue, gold and silver, with abundant mirrors. The bath-tubs and basins are of mahogany and silver, and are masked by sliding mirrors of plate-glass.

The mansion was thrown open in January, 1882, as a house-warming. This, also, was the first public reception of Dr. and Mrs. Seward Webb, returning from their wedding-trip to Europe.

The picture-gallery (on the ground floor) is the largest room in the house, measuring 32 x 48 feet, and the ceiling is 35 feet high, formed of opalescent glass, combined in quaint designs. This and the upper rooms of the mansion are furnished with a splendor corresponding with those already mentioned.

In the west wall of the gallery is a monumental mantelpiece of African marble, with cone of mosaic glass. The woodwork is black oak, and the caryatides and pilasters of Santo Domingo mahogany. The handsome floor is bordered with a mosaic of Sienna and black marble, in Pompeian style.

Mr. Vanderbilt's gallery of paintings forms perhaps the finest collection in the world, representing the modern art of France. These famous pictures are estimated to be worth $1,500,000, and we find here some of the finest examples of Millet, Corot, Diaz, Jules Dupré, Rousseau, Tryon, Daubigny, Ziem, Fromentin, Gérome, Bougereau, Vebert, Breton, Frère, Alma Tadema, Détaille, Fortuny, Leloir, Meissonnier, Rosa Bonheur, Knaus, De Neuville, Delacroix, and other famous ones. Of the most notable artists there are several instances, and many by Détaille, Gérome, Rosa Bonheur, Meissonnier, Leloir and Alma Tadema, were painted to his order. There is Mr. Vanderbilt's portrait, painted by Meissonnier in 1880.

This gallery was formerly accessible to ladies and gentlemen who, through proper introduction, obtained cards; but even these select few abused the trust. They rifled the adjoining conservatory of its choicest blossoms, they invaded the family apartments "to see how they looked," and they cut off and carried away bits of the curtains and tapestry as souvenirs, till at last the hospitality came to an end.

Mr. Vanderbilt's sources of pleasure were not many. He cared less for the sea than his father, and never owned a steam yacht. He cared nothing for club life. He spent his Summers quietly at Sharon Springs and

Saratoga. One of his strongest inherited traits was his love of horses. This became a passion with him, and the keenest enjoyment of his life was had when he was holding a tight rein over the back of Maud S, or driving his trotting team Aldine and Early Rose in the midst of a throng of horsemen. Then he was always at his best, talkative, cheerful and good-humored. Before he built the house above described he put up the stables on Madison Avenue. They cost $60,000 without the land, and the floors, ceilings and stalls are all finished in polished cherry and black walnut.

Mr. Vanderbilt was largely responsible for the present craze for fast teams. He astonished the trotting world by driving Lady Mac and Small Hopes to a top buggy in 2:23¼, and he afterward drove Maud S and Aldine to buggy in 2:15¼. That time has never yet been equaled. He was a skillful, bold and fearless driver, and though he was twice thrown from his wagon at Fleetwood, it did not dampen his zeal; though on one of these occasions he was struck senseless and borne to the club-house unconscious. Besides the family horses, he kept at his stable Maud S, for which he paid $20,000, Aldine, Early Rose, Leander, Lysander, Bay Dick, Small Hopes and Charles Dickens, all well-known animals. For the last year his health has interfered with his driving much. Mr. Vanderbilt showed his real love for horses when he sold Maud S to Robert Bonner for $40,000, when he was offered $100,000 for her by a syndicate of sportsmen. "Bonner will be kind to her," he said. "I think too much of her to have her hippodromed."

Mr. Vanderbilt was not a professional philanthropist, but he gave away large sums. He gave to New York city the great obelisk of Thothmes, erected 1,500 years before the Christian era, which now stands in Central Park, paying $86,000 to have it transported hither from Egypt. He gave $200,000 to Vanderbilt University in Tennessee. He gave $10,000 to the Deems fund of the University of North Carolina, and a similar sum to the University of Virginia. He gave $50,000 to one New York church, and half as much to another. He gave $150,000 to General Grant, only accepting in return the General's trophies, which he at once presented to the Government. He gave $500,000 to the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

In April, 1882, an effort was made to kill Mr. Vanderbilt with an infernal machine sent through the mails. He was warned by the explosion of a similar one addressed to Cyrus W. Field. It was the diabolical work of socialists.

Three hours before his death Mr. Vanderbilt drew his last check, and it was in aid of a charity.

There were private services at the house, followed by a quiet funeral at St. Bartholomew's Church, and then the body was borne away to the old family vault in the Moravian Cemetery, at New Dorp, Staten Island. In it are the bodies of the Commodore and his two wives and sister Phebe. Cornelius J. was buried elsewhere. Some 400 yards distant, on the hill, is the great mausoleum which Mr. Vanderbilt was just finishing. It faces southwest, and looks down on the little "meeting-house" where the Vanderbilts all used to attend service. The structure is of granite, trimmed with handsome stone from France, Italy and Palestine. The interior seems like a church. Through the arched entrance the visitor passes into a spacious vestibule, opening to the right and left through other arches. Through a second vestibule the mausoleum is reached, and here are niches for the dead, arranged in tiers. Each niche has a handsome plate for an inscription. Above is another group of niches, accessible from a gallery, which is reached by staircases. There are niches for seventy-five bodies, and in the central tomb the ashes of the Commodore will be deposited.

Under the provisions of the will, Mrs. Vanderbilt becomes the tenant for life of her husband's splendid mansion, with an annual income of $200,000. Forty million dollars are divided equally among the eight children, and forty millions more, in which they have an equal interest, are to be held in trust for them, and the interest paid to them. About $2,500,000 is bequeathed to various benevolent and charitable institutions, and a million or so goes in minor bequests. The residue of the property, $100,000,000 or more, is bequeathed in equal shares to the eldest sons, Cornelius and William K. Vanderbilt.

Mr. Vanderbilt's physician says that he died of overwork. He did not know how to shift burdens upon others. If there was work to do, he did it the hardest way. When he came up from his Staten Island farm, he was tough and rugged; he ate heartily and slept well. His health was excellent even eight years ago, when the vast burden of his possessions fell upon him. He was apparently good for a quarter of a century of life. But he has lived a quarter of a century since that. He schemed and worried and figured to hold his own; he was prevented from taking needful exercise; he lost his appetite and power of sleep; he broke down his health, and laid the foundation of arterial changes which precipitated the rupture of the large vessel in his brain. It is a mistake to suppose that any millionaire gets what is called "the worth of his money." It is one of the curious compensations of nature that no man can employ for his own comfort and benefit more than a very small sum of money, and that all that he acquires above that must go to the benefit and comfort of others. Blessed are the moderate incomes! An enormous fortune is a heavy burden to carry. To be very rich invites cares, dangers, responsibilities and annoyances for which there is no adequate offset.

ARCHITECTURAL AFFINITY.

By M. Seymour.

I was resting on the banks of a blue, rippled trout brook; the tall alders, gently stirred by the cool mountain breeze, waved their pale-green ensigns over me, and the bees were busy gathering sweet stores from the breadths of white and pink clover all around. Glancing across the little bridge that spanned the brook, my eyes followed the dusty road and rested on a red schoolhouse. It was recess, and the little ones were having a frolic. Over the edge of the hill peeped the white gable end of a farmhouse, surrounded by a nest of old barns, shaded by tall, swinging elms. Beyond rose up a higher range of hills and wooded knolls, and behind these, mountains; not the conventional mountain, with bare granite flanks and shining snows, but dense and dark with forest of pine, hemlock, spruce, maple and birch.

Glancing back at the wooden schoolhouse and farm buildings, I fell to thinking how architecture was influenced by surroundings and suitable materials; how the log cabin, the earliest product of pioneer civilization, finally gave way to the square toy houses of a New England village, that made an artist shudder at their unbroken, right-angled lines, bare and cold. And so my thoughts ranged back to the early twilight of Egyptian architecture. How stiff and formal and unnatural was

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT.—THE DEATH-SCENE IN THE LIBRARY.—SEE PAGE 130.

the result derived from the unyielding material gathered from the quarries of Syene. The rigid, colossal figure of Thebes's temple fronts—the Sphinx even—what a contrast are they to the supple, life-embodied creations of Greek marble; while, on the other hand, how inadequately would the latter material produce the effect of solidity and power, as rendered in the Pyramids. It must be remembered, however, that the connecting-link between the Egyptian and Athenian schools was the Assyrian, composed of alabaster and plastic clay.

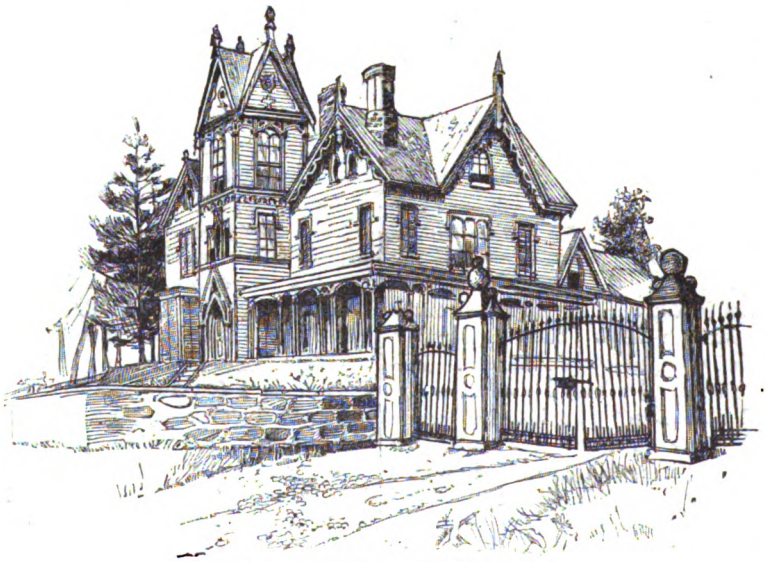
So, while we find the architect has been largely governed by the nature of his materials, we cannot but remark how sculpture, as an architectural auxiliary, has been abused in modern times. Beginning with Egyptian and Assyrian temples, to the marvelous frieze of the Parthenon—the apex of the plastic art—we find sculpture filling its proper place as the handmaid of high architecture used on a plane commensurate with the plans of the designer and the scope of his material. Sculpture was never intended for the adornment of private houses by its creators, the Greeks, except perchance, in the production of a bust; and this was placed in a convenient niche, not isolated, as one often sees a so-called group, against a black background of shadow.

Drifting to the Orient, how marked is the industrial art of China compared with Greece and Italy. A nation of tea-drinkers, how have they perpetuated its pleasures on the fictile art of the country.

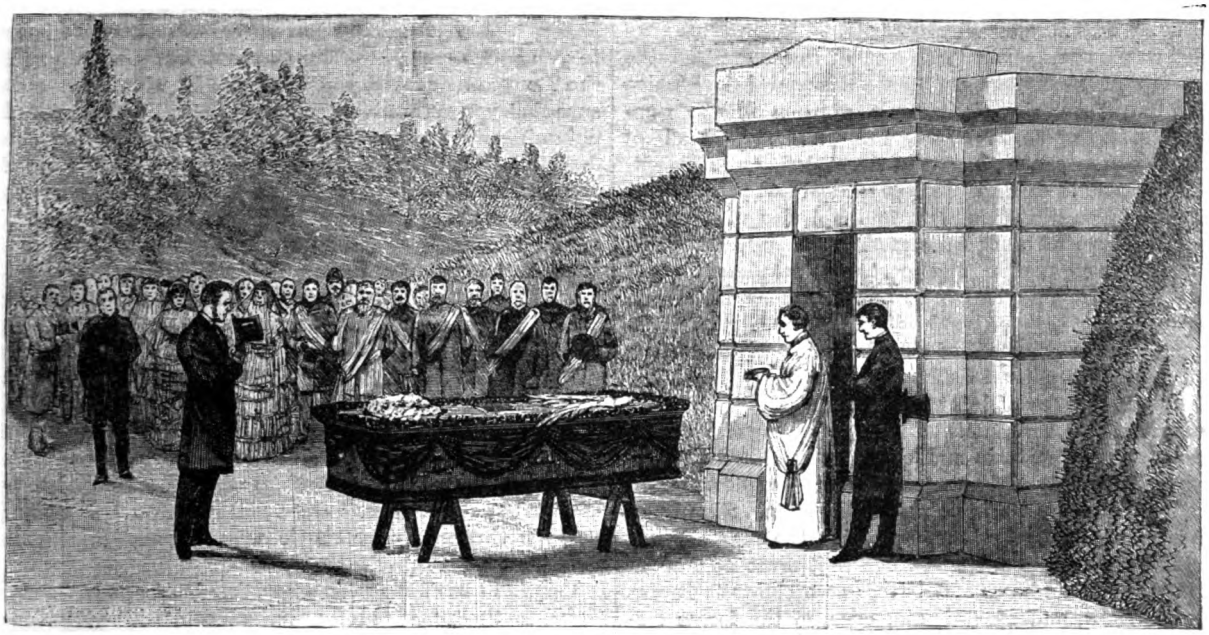
What Bohea was to the Mandarin "bulbous below the ribs," as Charles Lamb used to say, the grape was to Bacchus and his votaries, the Greeks. The amphora—the large doubled-handled vase or wine-jar—and the thyrsus, with its wreath of vine-leaves and clustering grapes, recall the lines of Omar:

> "Waste not thine hour, nor in the vain pursuit
> Of this and that endeavor and dispute;
> Better be jocund with the fruitful grape,
> Than sadden after none, or bitter fruit."

As a digression, let us remark on the effect of paper on household decoration. What innumerable odds and ends have we borrowed from Japan to decorate nooks and corners with brightness and color. It would exceed our space to follow architectural influence through its various developments in earlier times; but let us turn to London and see how the absence there of suitable material was deplorably felt by the architect. London is situated in a long, stoneless valley, strewn with loose glacial gravel. It may be easily imagined local brick was the unsatisfactory result, depressing and restricting for centuries the development of architectural beauty. Of course the Middle Ages saw the erec-



HIS OLD HOMESTEAD, STATEN ISLAND.



WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT.—AT THE CEMETERY.—SEE PAGE 130.

tion of the ecclesiastical and other palaces built of imported stone from Normandy; but to-day the principal buildings and adornments of this great metropolis are owing to importations from the granite quarries of Dartmoor, or the blue stone of Aberdeen. This dearth of substantial and handsome material also resulted in stucco, a poor imitation of stone. After long centuries of the "brick" school, came what is now known as Queen Anne, a combination of good brick and wood. Brighton furnishes another striking instance of the poverty of architectural materials above alluded to, where brick and stucco prevail, and in one case the old church is built of split flints from the neighboring barren downs. In Cheshire the old red sandstone has, in conjunction with wood, furnished the decorative and old-fashioned fronts of Chester streets; while Bath, with its noble abbey and imposing streets, constructed of local stone, stands architecturally without a peer in Great Britain, if we except, perhaps, a portion of Edinburgh or Aberdeen, where the same course has had the same effect. The marvelous and beautiful cathedrals of England and Northern France owe their peculiar influence as much to the massive material of their construction, as they do to the supreme art which designed them. Glancing at Paris—the Paris of Baron Haussmann—composed of a soft white sandstone peculiarly adapted to ornamentation, radiating from central points, and alive with color and life—how the *abandon* of the gay populace seems to be imprinted on their walls.

And now, strolling up Broadway and Fifth Avenue, we find a warmth of color in the brown stone edged with Virginia creepers that sparkles under the glory of our cloudless skies. The Tribune Building, with its craning neck of tall tower, is made of granite from Maine quarries; but, as a general rule, the brown stone is the builder's favorite in New York city.

In Philadelphia, with its clean-as-a-pin air, which, by-the-way, is attributed to the marble trimmings, polished and white, brick and white and green marble predominate. In Richmond we find red brick predominating. In Washington, the public buildings of white marble give an air of solidity and contrast with the more lowly surroundings of red brick. St. Augustine, Florida, furnishes a most unique material in "coquina," or fossil shell, as durable as it is picturesque, and suitable to the damp climate of that locality. Fort Marion, at this point, is said to be the most perfectly preserved specimen of the military architecture of the Middle Ages. Who that has ever strolled through its quaint old-time streets will forget the picturesque tone of the coquina walls?

THE MAUSOLEUM.

Chicago, with its marble and granite front on the blue waters of Lake Michigan, is a type of the energy and strength of its designers. Glancing through the South and West, stoneless and barren, we find wood and brick; until, beyond the confines

of the grassy seas of Southern Colorado, we strike the remnants of Aztec civilization in the "adobe" or clay which boasts alike the Cathedral of Santa Fé and the dug-out of the Greaser. As we descend into Mexico and Central America stone again appears in the wondrous ruins of its temples, red with the blood of countless captives, their fronts decorated, as in Egypt, with endless forms of hieroglyphical art; and pursuing our course still further, to the Andes of Peru, we tread the deserted stone halls of the mighty Incas. Asia, with the exception of Hindoostan—including Persia, China and Japan—cannot be considered as having an architecture, when the bamboo hut in the tropics alternates with the "igloo" of the Arctic aboriginal. The same remark applies to Africa, except Egypt, and the Moorish influences of later times.

It may not be without interest to the general reader to know how the Pyramids and other colossal buildings of Egypt, Peru and China were erected — explorers still found edifices in Peru in an unfinished state. Simply by means of an inclined plane, up which the masonry was carried by sheer strength. Of course it must be remembered that human labor and time, as we compute it, was of no account, and an estimate, even, of the forces employed would be so great as to create incredulity.

BOWING.

By H. R. Haweis.

I have often wondered why Thackeray never wrote a "Roundabout" on "Bowing." It is one of those dreadful social—I had almost said—"evils," which concern alike every gentleman and every snob. "To bow or not to bow" is often an absorbing, even agonizing question. To bow just in the right way to everybody, and do it right each time (suppose, for instance, you meet the same person six times a day at Brighton), requires so much presence of mind that absence of body is almost preferable.

I remember poor John Parry used to do it at the piano. Up and down the Esplanade walk the victims of each other's salutations; the first time they meet, they stop, shake hands cordially, and chat a moment; the next time, they exchange a warm "How d'ye do?" the third time, a hasty "Here we are again!" accompanied by a feverish smile; the fourth time, they hurry past with an excited nod; the fifth time, they rush by with averted heads; and the sixth, they see the horrible crisis from afar, and immediately turn tail; the situation has grown untenable, and they have driven each other from the Esplanade.

But that is only one case. I asked Hawfinch, who goes everywhere, what he did at an "at home" when he met his hostess about a dozen times face to face in the same evening. He said, promptly, "I never meet her but once; if I chance to come upon her again, I always say 'Ta! ta!' after which neither of us need speak or notice each other, for I'm supposed to be gone." A good hostess is in a better position than her guests; she has her little phrase which she says to everybody. I have been met three times in the same evening by a late lamented lady of fashion with the same beaming smile, and she always said, "Tea in the next room!" This did capitally; it enabled me to hurry off in that direction. Another hostess adopts the phrase, "Oh! ——— is dying to know you!" and gazes vaguely for ———. This does well, for it enables *her* to hurry off in pursuit of the mythical ———. But what are you to do when you meet a friend with whom your wife has had a row? or when Jones, who serves you in Regent Street, takes off his hat to you at Margate, or offers to shake hands with you at the Louvre? or when you meet a lady who is not quite sure that you remember her, or worse still, a lady who is not quite sure that she remembers you? and when you are doubtful, is it better to bow? or when you have taken off your hat to the wrong person, or actually stopped to speak, what on earth are you to do then? If you have a bad memory for faces, or are known, like most public men, to a number of people whom you don't know, are you to bow right and left, and be thought insane; or are you to cut half the people who expect recognition, and be thought churlish?

I declare, I have lain awake worrying over these affecting problems after making some unusually bad mistake. But a new side of the question turned up last week. I was surprised and comforted, on crossing the Channel the other day, to find that difficulties which I supposed to be confined to the awkward and insular Briton had begun, perhaps through his barbaric ways, to worry the once invariably polite Gaul.

Perhaps one of the most agonizing incidents of foreign travel is the practice of universal salutation—standing with one's hat off out-of-doors, when addressing a lady, or in the presence of government flunkies, capping people you never knew because they happen to know the friend you are walking with; bowing to the shoeblack at your hotel, to the scullion in the yard, to the chambermaid on the stairs, to the secretary, to the shop-girl, to the indefinite female character seated at the desk in all the *cafés*, to the people at the *table d'hôte*, in the railway or omnibus, and I know not where besides! Well, I thought all this was understood abroad; I went about saying, "How beautiful is this custom! how much we have to learn in politeness!" I did a little of it with great difficulty myself, and pretended to like it, and looked surprised and shocked when any one voted the whole business a bore! Judge, then, of my astonishment upon reading the following note in the Paris *Figaro*: "Ought one to salute on entering a railway-car, omnibus, etc.? This question, which we have submitted to our readers, has been answered differently by many correspondents. Out of twenty, eight are affirmative, and twelve are negative. We select the following replies. This is the *Affirmative:* 'When you get into a train, you enter a private or a public place, whichever you may choose to consider it. In raising your hand to your hat, you simply act in a polite manner to whatever strangers who will do the like to you when they alight; 'tis a simple rule of good company.'

"Here is the *Negative:* 'Never whilst I live! I have paid for my place, I take it, and occupy it like the rest; they are prepared to growl at me the instant I get in, it is needless to salute them.'

"Here is another *Negative:* 'No; no more need to bow in a railway-car than at a *café* or restaurant; you might as well bow on entering a circus! Notice the people who bow; they either look nervously timid, silly, or like people afraid of the police.'"

But the most remarkable sentence is this closing opinion of the editor of the *Figaro*: "*This last negative is on the whole our own!*" Now, upon this truly awful and complex subject of Continental bowing I almost hesitate to pronounce an opinion, but one of two things is clear. Either bowing is essential to politeness, or it is not; if it is, the influence of the rude Briton is rapidly corrupting the polite Frenchman, who evidently won't go on bowing without a return, in which case the Briton is an importer

of bad manners; or if all this bowing is not essential to politeness, why then the Briton is a public and courageous benefactor, a model of good sense, and the Frenchman ought to be thankful for being corrected.

I should like to believe this, but I have some quaims. As naturally practiced abroad, a certain almost universal grace of manner, of which this bowing is a part, seems to me to add sweetness and dignity to life. I don't think it can be imported into England, but I confess I should be as sorry to see the Frenchman or Italian give up his bow in imitation of the Englishman (as the editor of the *Figaro* seems to propose), as I should be annoyed to see the English shopkeeper adopting the foreign practice of haggling over the price of his goods. Alas! how truly has some one said: "When nations meet, they exchange their vices, not their virtues!" Personally, as to bowing at home, I intend to err steadily on the wrong side; but when I am in France and Italy, I intend to do as much like the foreigner as I can, short of wearing out my hat or wagging off my head!

ACCURATE PERFORMANCE.

PARENTS are fond of presenting to their children large ideas, of encouraging them to high endeavors, of putting before them fine models; and this is right. But they are less solicitous to inculcate habits of faithful and accurate performance in every particular of life.

This can be done without overburdening their young minds or overtaxing their powers. It is far better to limit demands upon them to a very few, carefully showing them how to fulfill them in the best and most orderly way, and insisting on promptness and accuracy in each particular, than to crowd upon them numerous vague commands and general directions which we cannot and ought not to expect them to observe with any degree of thoroughness or exactness. Let them be well grounded in one study, rather than have a smattering of ten. Let them learn how to do one thing well, methodically and completely—rather than twenty in a desultory and feeble fashion.

AT HER BECK AND CALL.

AT a Socialist meeting lately held at Geneva a Frenchman had possession of the tribune, and was discoursing on the rights of man, the infamy of kings and priests, and the sacred duty of resistance to tyranny, when a female voice shrieked out, "Get down, and come right here!"

Dead silence. The dismayed orator hesitated, and the summons was repeated.

"Do not interrupt the speaker," said the president.

"Not interrupt him!" cried the *citoyenne*. "He is my husband. I was dying in Paris; I telegraphed for him; he never came. I have come to Geneva to look for him; and here he is. Let him get down and come here!"

The champion of liberty meekly succumbed, and was walked away by his lawful possessor.

PRACTICING OUR PART.

A GENTLEMAN living a short distance in the country, who had a telephone in the same circuit with several other instruments, has come to the conclusion that the system embraces many objectionable features.

He learned that loud conversation near the transmitter could be heard by all other parties along the line. The other evening he had a loud quarrel with his better-half near the "plaguy little talking machine."

At the conclusion of the discussion, Mr. ——, remembering the distinctness with which the conversation must have been heard by the others in the circuit, explained through the telephone as follows: "If any of you have been listening, let me explain that my dear wife and myself are practicing our parts in an amateur play."

THE GROUND-BIRD'S NEST.

BY D. H. R. GOODALE.

SHE is a maid of high degree;
A son of faithful labor he.

Her statesman father, proudly poor,
Much sought, much feared, holds many a door,

And she, in beauty's flush and power,
Thinks but with scorn of baser dower.

Her lithe, tall figure, molded fine,
With pliant curve and noble line;

Her faultless head, well-poised and small,
With thick-wreathed tresses crowning all;

Her kindling features, fearless eyes,
Where every strong, pure feeling lies

Each but obey the aspiring soul
Whose gracious charm surrounds the whole.

He walks with step untrained but free
The land that knows his ancestry.

O'er far-stretched acres, swelling fair,
He draws, deep-breathed, his native air.

And serves full sturdily his kind,
With brawny strength and willing mind.

There comes a day, when pleasure brings
A gay-fledged crowd to seek his springs,

And spread their rural feast beside
The oaks upon his broad hillside.

Saxon in type, erect and tall,
He stands a man above them all,

And, by the polished, town-made man,
His large, free manner adds a span.

The farmer, by the high-bred girl,
To eyes unfriendly seems a churl.

To hers, a-weary of the town,
The world grows broad as he looks down.

Of petty aims impatient grown,
She sees his boundless like her own,

And Nature, 'mid a world so fair,
Knows these her dearest creatures there,

And pours into their willing souls
The tide of urgent life she holds.

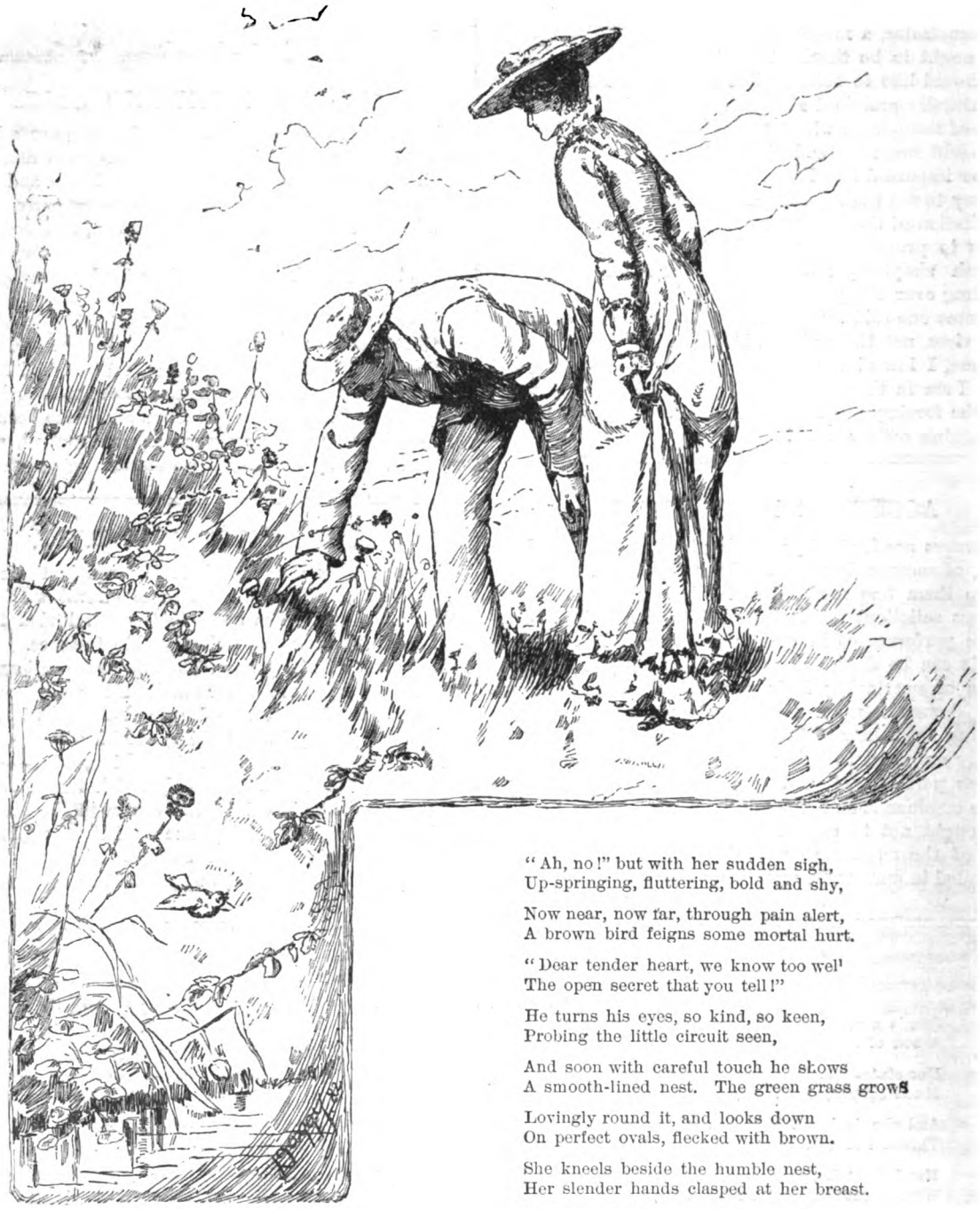
Lured by the brook with babbling song,
They stroll the greensward soft along.

The secrets of the wood and field
And all the keen delight they yield

He knows, and with a woodman's eye
Makes clear each sylvan mystery.

They touch on human themes—"For me,
I do the work I like"—(and she

Lifts questioning eyes) "because I hold
No true man gives his life for gold,



"But takes his share of work for all,
While scarce disturbed, whate'er befall,

"As counting all mankind his kin
Yet most concerned with things within.

"But" (hastily) "to most men life
Means something different—eager strife,

"Hot contest—to your father even
My creed might seem a dangerous leaven.

"His work is wrought upon mankind—
A higher task; and I shall find

"Few, surely, never one, maybe,
To share my modest choice with me.

"A woman (and his dark cheek burns)
Such homely ways to laughter turns."

"Ah, no!" but with her sudden sigh,
Up-springing, fluttering, bold and shy,

Now near, now far, through pain alert,
A brown bird feigns some mortal hurt.

"Dear tender heart, we know too well
The open secret that you tell!"

He turns his eyes, so kind, so keen,
Probing the little circuit seen,

And soon with careful touch he shows
A smooth-lined nest. The green grass grows

Lovingly round it, and looks down
On perfect ovals, flecked with brown.

She kneels beside the humble nest,
Her slender hands clasped at her breast.

To her quick fancy in that round
All Life's mysterious change is bound.

She gazes long, and in her eyes
From their deep spring soft tear-drops rise.

Shyly she turns her to her friend—
"Of woman's fruitless will, what end?

"Her husband or her sons alone.
Fulfill the dreams that were her own.

"Her life is never hers, but given
To those who make her little Heaven.

"Happiest she who closest clings
To the brown Earth from which she springs.

"*My home, my own?*" The timid bird
A flutter calls. With each fond word

Their hearts recall her poignant tone:
My own, my home; my home, my own!"

A FAIR CLIENT'S STORY.—"SUDDENLY LIFTING HER HEAD, SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE BABY-SOCKS ON THE MANTELPIECE. SHE TOOK THEM IN HER HAND, AND SOFTLY KISSED THEM."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

TO A SNOW-BIRD.

Bird of the winter time!
That comest near when winds are wild and bleak,
And gusty tempests through the forests shriek,
In the cold northern clime:

How like a thought art thou
Of some departed joy, our own no more,
Whose memory flits around Life's wintry shore,
Even as thou dost now!

Thou waitest not for Spring
To fill the fields of heaven with cloudless blue;
Nor for the merry June, whose breezes through
The fragrant forests sing.

Morn, with its golden mist,
That floats like incense up from wood and river,
And Evening, of sweet scents and dews the giver,
And waves by moonlight kissed:

October's long bright days,
When hill and hollow teem with the sweet story,
And the wind whispers its *memento mori*,
Through woodlands steeped in haze:

Thou heed'st them not: alone,
Where the sad Northern day is cold and brief,
Thy quick chirp gladdens the great forest's grief,
When the far tempests moan.

Contented with my part,
Oh, thus would I, when storms do loudest roar,
In HIM who "cares for thee" trust evermore
With an unfaltering heart:

That when at last I stand
By Death's dark stream, my soul may take its flight,
Where Summer with its everlasting light
Fills heaven's enchanted land!

A FAIR CLIENT'S STORY.

By Mrs. Lew Wallace.

One cold November night my husband and I settled to a long, quiet evening with books and newspapers.

A furious storm was raging. I had closed blinds, drawn bolt and bar against it, and heaped the hall mat behind a crack under the street door, which long has baffled the skill of the most expert carpenters in Jefferson. The children were fairly extinguished in bed and asleep, after repeated recitations, at their own request, of a gay old ballad briefly setting forth the life and death of Solomon Grundy, and the production of a certain imbecile conundrum sacred to snowy evenings.

As usual in such a night, I had almost destroyed myself in the vain effort to guess "what's that which goes round the house and round the house and lays a white glove in every window." This done, and the whole house still as a mouse, I put the finishing stitch and ribbon to a pair of baby-socks, and set them on the mantel for further admiration. In answer to my question as to their being too sweet for anything, Mr. Willis responded, with manly fervor, "Yes, presently," without raising his eyes from the *Tribune*.

The wind raved and tore at the shutters, and sharp sleet forced its way between their slats and rattled like shot against the glass where "white gloves" piled in deepening drifts. Firelight and lamplight glowed warm on crimson curtain and carpet, and tipped with ruddy shine bright molding and polished mirror. The pert cuckoo flew out of the clock, flapped her wings, and chirped eight times. The sleepy canary stirred on his perch, gave an answering cheep, tucked his head under his wing and rolled himself into a little yellow ball.

It was the best hour of the week, Saturday night. My six days' work done, I saw it was good, and very good; before me were hours of restful ease and enjoyment, and then dear old Sunday. My lines had fallen in pleasant places; I felt as though I could stretch myself on the velvety rug with Malta and purr in measureless content.

At this happy moment we were startled by a ring of the doorbell; a time unheard-of for visitors even in a pleasant evening, and, in this storm, surely no one on pleasure bent would be out. We looked at each other.

"It can't be one of those dreadful book-agents," I said, doubtfully.

"No; they never make their rounds at night," answered Mr. Willis. "I'm afraid it's a message from the Common Council"— he glanced affectionately at his slippers—"and I've just this minute taken my boots off."

Nora appeared and reported, "A lady to see the gintleman of the house. She says she will wait in the entry till you send word if you bees home for business."

"Now," said Mr. Willis, in a tone of vexation, "Mike Brady has cracked his wife's skull again, or Hartung has tried his butcher's whip on poor Fräulein."

"No, it's not thim," said Nora; "it's a raal lady!"

Feminine clients were by no means rare in my husband's law practice. They usually came to our residence instead of the office; and the first glance at this intruder on our peaceful evening showed her to be what Nora had proclaimed, "a real lady."

She entered the door in a startled way — such a wee mite of a woman!—and with irregular step, which resembled the movement of a blinded bird fluttering to the light, sought the fire and held both hands toward its blaze. Her shawl slipped from her throat and unvailed a diminutive figure, shaped with exceeding grace, frail as a lily-stem bending under the weight of rain. A profusion of light flossy curls hung below her hood, covered her shoulders and fell about her waist in damp ringlets.

She looked like one born to wear soft raiment, to be shod in satin, mantled and lapped in fur, and borne from velvet carpets to cushioned carriages.

What business could this tender girl, or woman, have, seeking a lawyer's counsel, alone in the wild night, breasting ice and snow, jaded, numbed and chilled?

In seeming forgetfulness of her purpose, she stood mutely facing the fire, as though merely enjoying its warmth and cheer. As we stood behind her, waiting to learn her errand, the mantel mirror gave to view a childish face, delicately molded and deadly pale, which could not have reached its first score years. Livid rings encircled eyes burnt out with tears or fever; lovely eyes they must have been one day, like violets undimmed, now faded and lustreless. The glance from under their languid lids told of infinite sorrow and long despair.

Suddenly lifting her head, she caught sight of the baby-socks on the mantelpiece. She took them in her hand—thin as a bird's claw, and almost bleeding with cold—and softly kissed them. There was no mistaking

the sign. It was the mother's kiss for her own baby out under the snow.

Ah, thought I, the old tale so often told! She has been deceived, betrayed, deserted. I whispered to John:

"She may not like to speak before me. I will slip out."

The stranger's hearing was too quick for me, and my words broke the trance.

"No, do not go," she said, laying her hand on my arm; "let me tell my story before you!"

There was an appeal in her voice not to be resisted.

"Certainly I will stay. Now take this low chair, put your feet on the fender, child! Let me offer you a glass of wine."

"No, nothing—I want nothing. You call me child; I am a woman. Married—or was." Her voice faltered, and sunk into silence. After a moment, she said, simply: "I do not cry any more. I cried my tears away long ago."

"Let me have your shawl." I took it from under her feet and spread it across my lap. "There, it will be good and warm when you want it. Now take your own time."

Again she essayed to speak, and failed.

"I am in no hurry," said Mr. Willis, kindly. "Don't distress yourself. You have a secret to tell me."

"Yes, it was a secret; but I suppose every one must know it soon. I have been very ill, and it is not easy for me to control my thoughts. I am here for a paper to show that my marriage was unlawful."

My whole heart went out to the bruised and broken creature. Misguided she might have been, but there was neither guilt nor shame in the fair face so young in years, so worn by suffering.

I tried to reassure her, and gradually she nerved herself to speak; and, addressing me rather than my husband, told her woful story.

No words of mine can give you an idea of the rapid utterance, the swift gesture, the forlorn wail, "I shall never see him again," at the end of the story. It was like the old refrain, "Nevermore."

"Why did you choose such a night as this to come in?" I asked, as she rose to go.

"Because I was advised to consult a lawyer, and it has been on my mind so long, I thought speaking would lighten the load I bear. Thank you both for your patient hearing. I came in a carriage. The snow is so deep, you did not hear it."

"Let me dismiss it, and you wait till morning. If it is no warmer, the storm will have passed by that time."

"Oh, no; my mother would be alarmed; indeed, to make a full confession, I came off without her consent, and in my haste forgot my gloves."

"Then you must at least let me wrap you in my fur cloak."

I brought it, warmed and muffled her in it, and saw her safely lifted to the coach, where she sat alone, passive and desolate, but in better heart—so she said—than when she came. From that night dated a friendship, or rather, love, for Anne Singleton which ended only with her life.

I have never known a woman—and I have known many women—cursed with so fine an organism. Fashioned of clay well-refined, body and spirit were alike sensitive and quivering; and for such natures there is in this bitter world one common doom. From the beginning, they are elected to toil up the steep paths of life, against driving misery, and tread its sharp thorns with naked feet, torn and bleeding.

A few months after our first meeting she went abroad, and I lost sight of her two years, when she returned to Jefferson, homesick and travel-worn, spent with seeking rest and finding none. In appearance unchanged, except that her skin had lost its waxen look, and her silky tresses, those "ringlets rich and rare," showed faint streaks of gray.

I had opportunity to do her a kindness she greatly overrated, and by slow degrees—for she was shy as a humming-bird—I won her to be our frequent visitor, and she became dear to me as a daughter.

She was made to love and be loved, was full of eager tenderness, especially for the little ones, and had kept her pure childish beliefs to womanhood. A certain native grace of movement, and low voice, clear as a meadow-lark's, gave her address a delicate charm. I hold nothing in sweeter memory than the little sing-song in which she used to read fairy tales and recite "The Flower of Love Lies Bleeding," to her adorers — our children, Ben and Mary.

Habitually silent, yet attentive, in the presence of her elders, she rarely smiled. Now and then there were varying tints in her exquisite cheek, and a quick flash of the violet eyes, but her face usually wore the fixed calm of one who has a long time mourned for the dead.

Her home was four miles beyond the town—or city, I suppose it should be called, though it numbered only five thousand souls—which lay between us. There she lived alone with her mother, a good old body whose chief end and aim appeared to be the cultivation of hollyhocks and the drying of apples in the sun. It takes whole generations of culture and refinement to produce such a woman as Anne Singleton, and if the gushing old novels were yet in belief I should fancy she had been changed in the cradle.

Toward the town people Mrs. Singleton held a thin ice of reserve in manner, which distanced familiarity and silenced gossip. There was a suspicion, named only in the lowest whisper, that this dainty fine lady who had traveled everywhere and seen everything, had been converted to Romanism. Perhaps the Mother Church, in its marvelous adaptation to every want of the human soul, had seemed to her the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and she had found refuge in its broad shelter. She kept aloof from society and all churches. The gracious charities, which large fortune gave her ample means of dispensing, went far toward averting heavy judgments from her neighbors. She was quietly allowed to pass as a privileged person, not to be judged by ordinary rules.

Various elegant belongings brought from abroad made her rather conspicuous in town. Among these was a phaeton of cunning work, the airiest, fairiest thing under the sun, light as a wicker toy, graceful as the sea-shell after which it was modeled. Add to this an Indian pony, Tecumseh by name, a genuine mustang, ready to kick and bite every one but his gentle mistress, a brave harness of blue and silver, with gay rosette and streaming ribbon, and there was a turnout the envy and despair of our whole country.

She was very fond of driving over the prairie with Mary and Ben, our two elder children. They were brought up, or, as we Indianians say, "raised," on Pilgrim's Progress, and had named it the "King's Garden," and well was it so called. Not in the flower-beds of England, the tulip borders of Holland, nor even in the pleasant land of France, have I seen such outpouring of vivid color from the hand of the Great Master as on the sweeping levels of the Western plains.

From long excursions the children, as we called them,

came in at evening with a fragrant load of herb and flower, and garlanded with vines and braided creepers.

"You have a special knack at this sort of work," I once said to Anne.

"Generous woman! and what return can I make you?"

"That you lend me your jewels through all the fine days. Mary is a pearl which needs sunning. You know

"HOW I DO LOVE HIM!"

"Yes, I learned it of the basket weavers of Brabant; but they have no such material as this, only twigs, reeds and rushes. There is no end of treasure in the King's Garden, and I give you the spoil of our whole day's hunt."

pearls require air and exercise; lock them up and they lose their complexion."

"Precisely. Take them and welcome; but I lay an injunction on you to be back and the youngsters in bed by dark."

"Depend on me, and many thanks for the loan. I will teach your pretty boy every blind road and by-path throughout the length and breadth of Pea Plains."

Well did Anne keep her promise. From the day the first dandelion looked up in the grass, till Indian Summer, with its magical lights and dreamy mists lulls the world to rest, the children haunted prairie and forest, apparently as happy as though youth was eternal and fauns still piped to the wood-nymphs of a new Arcadia, and Endymion slept in the moonlight on low western hills.

In the heart of the prairie they often met a professional hunter, who made a living by sending game to the St. Louis market. He was skilled in the subtle mysteries of trapping and fishing, and had so long been monarch of all he surveyed as to watch with jealous eye even a picnic that had appeared encroaching on his game preserves. A surly fellow, gaunt, mackerel-eyed, "sandy complected," and freckled as the tiger-lilies growing by his cabin-door.

One Summer morning while I was at work with trowel and scissors among my roses, he scaled the garden-wall, which was neither high nor hard to climb, strode up the walk and favored me with a generous burst of confidence. Without needless preface plunging at once into his subject:

"I say, Miss Willis," he began, "that Miss Midget who totes your young folks round in the gay buggy had better mind what she's about!"

"What's the matter, Griffith? She's a very harmless lady! Only a child herself. Are you in danger of taking her for a fawn or a fox?"

"Not yet awhile," grinding his heel into the gravel. "But the way she does go on, it beats all! I've saw her wade out with your little Mary to whare the grass is higher'n both thare heads. Why, I mind the time when thare was blue racers thare more'n six feet long."

"You haven't noticed any lately, have you?" I asked, seating myself in the arbor, for I saw my visitor had come to "talk his mind."

"No, I'm obleeged; just as cheap standin'." Here Griffith struck the classic pose of the Colossus of Rhodes. "As I was sayin', I disremember the last, but the parayra rattlers! Every fool knows nothin' can cure their bite, not even red ash-leaves. And that isn't all. Down by the swamps, among the skunk-cabbage and cat-tails, there used to be hoop-snakes that would take their tails in their mouths and roll arter you like a bar'l-hoop, and jointed snakes that fly to flinders at a blow, and every piece git together and in running order by sundown."

"But really nothing appears to hurt Mrs. Singleton," I pleaded.

"Nobody knows when he's safe. I've tuck notice to her ever since she was knee-high to a duck, and she's out a-flyin' round every day, rain or shine."

"I promise to warn the little lady of these perils. Perhaps she's a trifle willful."

"Willful's a feeble word," said the hunter, warming with his own eloquence. "I told her once she'd better not take off them boots of hern to paddle her feet in the spring branch, the first thing she knowed there'd be leeches a-hangin' on her toes. She jest looked me through and through, and Ben he snickered out in my face."

"I shall call Ben to account for his ill manners."

"Oh, I don't keer; but it 'pears like that young woman's no account. What good is sich people in the world, anyhow?"

"What good is there in a rose, Griffith?"

"Why a rose is a good for pretty?"

A NOVEL LETTER CARRIER.— SEE PAGE 158.

"Yes, and so is my children's friend. She sweetens and brightens this whole country, and the boy fairly worships her; and, now I think of it, she left a nice fishing-rod here for you, with her compliments. Will you take it now?"

"Bless me, yes, and snap at it."

I ran into the house and brought out the case. He unlocked it, and scanned each separate joint of the pole, fitted them together, rubbed them with his handkerchief, and then burst out:

"Well, I swan! That woman *is* a rose and no mistake! Who'd a-thought I'd a-lived to own a bamboo Chinee fishpole!"

"She has some nice ways, after all, hasn't she?"

"Yes, she has; and many a bass I'll send her for this. Now I must be a gittin' along to the train." He turned to go, and, after a few steps, came back, and thrusting his freckled hand in his pocket, said, sheepishly: "Maybe you'd best not tell Miss Midget—bother—what's her name?—about the blue racers. I have my doubts about 'em, anyhow."

"No; and as you say it might make her afraid, so we'll keep it to ourselves."

The hunter seemed relieved, and pensively chewing a budding rose, he inquired:

"Do you mind the old ellum that leans over the creek by Indian Ford?"

"The one wrapped with poison ivy?"

"Jes so. Well, I see her thare last October in the Fall, kinder campin' out, and a mighty pretty sight it was. Ben he built a fire, and Miss Midget she spread a striped table-cloth on a stump, and laid a row of blood-red maple-leaves round it, and red haws on green leaves, and black haws on yellow ones, and a pile of pawpaws in a bunch like them furrin things."

"Bananas, you mean."

"Them's um. I peeked a while, and heern her chatter away like all possest; but the minit I hove in sight, she shet up tight as a clamshell, yet she doesn't seem skeary, neither. As I was sayin', your little Mary said a blessin', then they passed round crackers no bigger'n a minit, and poured tea in baby cups, and topped off with a mess of chinkapins and hickory-nuts. A gay bird set on a swingin' limb and winked at 'em, and the chipmunks didn't seem to mind 'em no mor'n if they was squirrels theirselves. She's mighty peert and sociable with them sort of things, but not with folks. Now I must break for the train."

"Good-by, then, if you will go."

"Good-day. Tell Ben if he'll come round some Saturday, I'll teach him how to track woodchucks, and some moonshiny night we'll tree a coon. I'd a showed him long ago, but boys is so leaky they can't keep nothin'."

A timely call to the nursery ended the parlance, which otherwise might have flowed on like the brook we all know and love so well.

It was plain that my sweet Anne was condemned in a society where the useful contends with the beautiful; set down as "no account" by the housekeepers of Jefferson, who did their own work and cooked their way through all the books, from Miss Leslie to Pierre Blot.

'Twere vain to tell what sylvan treasures accumulated in our back yard that Summer. The flights of catstairs, the rushes to scour tins with, the roots for transplanting, forgotten over night, sassafras for tea nobody liked, catnip for babies never born, pennyroyal for musquitoes never near, thyme good for all time, everlastings for eternity, and balsam for everything.

In tangled thickets, dark as robber paths, their bright eyes glanced, and many a dusky labyrinth

"Made by Nature for herself,"

bore the light print of their innocent feet.

There is no cure for sorrow like the company of happy children.

A year went by; in their unconscious ministry, and under the sweet influences of nature, Anne's face rounded, healthful tints played on cheek and lip. There was healing in the wings of the south wind, balm of Gilead in shrub and tree; and bird, bee, and murmuring water revealed to her finely tuned ear snatches of the old music in which the young earth answered the song of the morning stars. Such tender light beamed in the violet eyes and brightened the pensive face, I had hope that somewhere in the secret places of the King's Garden she had found, and wore hid in her bosom, a sprig of the herb called heart'sease.

One afternoon in June they were gone later than usual. The long, hot day was spent, and shadows fell in blessing on parched earth and drooping flower. Six o'clock came, seven; tea was over, yet no children. I feared Tecumseh, true to his Indian instincts, might, after years of kindness, play some vicious trick. I walked to the carriage gate and looked a little anxiously toward the east, where a winding lane, by which they should return, led to the broad road, now fast growing to the dignity of a street.

It was a heavenly evening. The new moon, a faint crescent, hung dim in the western horizon, crickets chirped their shrill song, and swallows circled low in airy flights. The sky was soft, the winds were whist. Opposite me, across the way, a glorious forest of beech-trees stood in close ranks, with trunks solid and immovable as shafts of stone. Beneath their drooping boughs the leafy arches were vistas of silence, where even at noon light and darkness strove for the mastery, and when the sun scorched like flame their foliage was cool and fresh. There twilight trailed her banner of purple-and-gold, and in its shadow—the first halting-place of advancing night—hovered peace and midnight hush.

My watch was not long. Soon my eager ear caught the sound of rapid hoof-beats and voices gayly singing:

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

A sudden turn of the lane brought in sight the fairy chariot, flaming with scarlet poppies and wild eglantine, its three passengers crowned with lilies and embowered in an arch of plaited red willow mixed with plumes of feathery fern. Every portion of the harness was a wavy rope of blossom and verdure, and Tecumseh was further embellished with a necklace of star flowers, his mane braided with larkspur, and in his forelock shone a big Miami rose. The golden light transfigured each face, and as the fantastic car approached, iris-hued and radiant with its burden of beauty and bloom, I thought it the loveliest picture I ever beheld. I think so still.

We merrily saluted with waving hats and handkerchiefs. The children jumped over the wheels and hung round me with hugs and kisses.

"Now," said Anne, "be quick, Mary and Ben. It is too late to drive in; unload your things and be off."

They gathered up their flowers and scampered away to the house.

"What kept you so long?" I asked. "I began to think some outlaw had spirited you away to Redwood Forest."

"I did not notice the time. We have been by the

riverside beyond the prairie, saw the mirage for the first time this year, and found——"

"That the happy land is not so 'far, far away,'" I said, interrupting her.

"It may be nearer than we know," said Anne, reverently, with a weary smile. "I have a bunch of violets for you. They grew under the moss and alders of the lower spring, a little wilted now, but sweeter in death than anything else in life." She stepped lightly from the low carriage to the sidewalk. "They are lovely against your brown hair."

She fastened them carefully (I have those withered petals yet), and after a moment's pause reached up and kissed me.

Anne had never been given to caresses; her warmest endearment was to call me "my friend," and the action was a sweet surprise. I drew the slight, pliant figure close to my side, my hand on her heart, and felt it throb in irregular, heavy strokes.

"You are tired, dear, and a trifle out of spirits. Isn't it so?"

"Somewhat tired; but I shall sleep well to-night," she answered, evasively.

"Something ails you, little one. What is it? Whisper to me now, and I will bend my ear so close even pony cannot hear a word."

Just then there swung through the deepening hush of evening the mellow chime of the cathedral-bell. It was a delightful bell, made at Milan, and bought with a great price. Wherever we might be we always hushed to hear it, partly because it was newly hung and had the charm of novelty, more for its rich and resonant note, which held the ear and swayed us like music. I felt Anne tremble as we stood in silence, listening to what seemed a deep wave of sound swelling toward us from an unseen world close at hand. Her head bowed as to a benediction, and when the quivering echo, long lingering, died into silence, she said, softly:

"It is the vesper. Oh, how often have I heard the answering bells on the hills about old Rome. How good it is to hear it here."

Her eyes wore the unseeing gaze of a dreamer. They wandered over the green earth filled with the "pomp of glorious Summer," then up to the sky, which vapory shadows vailed in a robe of tender gray. As she stood in the paling light, the silver lilies about her brow, so fragile in her evanescent beauty, her appearance impressed me painfully. My motherly heart yearned toward the fair creature who looked fleeting as her dying flowers, and I said, with an effort at unconcern:

"Are you going abroad again? It is plain you are plotting something. Is that it?"

"No, no! To-day is Friday. If I live I shall come again next Tuesday. Now, one kiss, and a thousand good-nights! I have four miles to make in this dusk!"

"Good-night, pretty one! Mind the iron bridge! Don't let pony shy off!"

She seated herself in the phaeton, picked up the blue ribbons. The pony sprung forward at her touch. She looked back, shouted and pointed toward the sundown, but Tecumseh was on the home-stretch, and her words did not reach me.

It was Dante's fair spirit wreathing flowers with flowers on the edge of happy Lethe. I saw Anne Singleton in life no more.

She died suddenly and alone. Physicians thought, and I suppose truly, it was with heart-disease. Among her effects was found a small Roman cabinet, sealed and addressed to me. With many tears I opened it, and the first thing my glance fell on was a sealed envelope marked, "My Husband." It held a locket of plain gold, containing a ring of shining hair, and the miniature of a young man—a serene, poetic face of surpassing beauty.

Possibly the artist had idealized his subject, but one does not see three such heads in a lifetime. Its graceful outline was relieved against a background of dark-blue; the deep, Judean eyes were managed with wonderful skill, in life they must have shone with steady lustre; the forehead, ample, but not too high; the hair and beard, colored the peculiar reddish-brown familiar to the old masters' pencils. Only a nimbus was lacking to make the pictorial face a close copy of Murillo's "Ruler of the Marriage Feast in Cana."

Under the portrait were a few trinkets—souvenirs of travel—mainly of Florentine work. An ivory crucifix; a package of letters, perfumed, like the dead, with heliotrope and tuberose; and a journal kept at intervals over a period of six years. It touched me deeply to find the last note in it was made but a few days before our final parting. In fresh ink below it was written, "I leave this to you, my friend, because I cannot burn what is so dear to me."

From these broken, scattered threads I have woven the brief history, which is most naturally repeated, as the greater portion came to me in, the first person.

* * * * * *

I have no recollection of my father. I cannot remember beyond a time when my mother and I lived alone in a little cottage near a maple-grove, beyond which the prairie—a flowery savanna—rolled away to the edge of a river, whose course could be easily traced by the white fog in Summer, the black line in Winter. I grew up with slight restraint or control; a lonely child, given to idleness and dreaming, and the prairie was my garden, my playground and companion. Sometimes I fancied it was a sea, stretching to the eastern horizon; the groves dotting its surface were regions like the Fortunate Isles of the story-books, blossoming in fadeless splendor, filled with spicery, myrrh and balm, whose faint odors reached me in Summer evenings. Though seeming near, I knew they were miles away, and longed to break the mystery that shrouded them, and explore the rich solitudes which promised everything to my imagination. When the rank grass was taller than my head, I knew where fern-leaves grew broadest, where strawberries were sweetest, and loved to watch a shower, and run before wind and rain into the house. But I loved the prairie best in hot August days, when before my dazzled eyes uprose the wonderful mirage; fairy towers and palaces, silver fountains and plumy palms hanging in mid-air over the green waves of verdure. I filled those airy castles with princes and paladins, heroes and crusaders, and, in girlish dreaming, fancied a mounted knight in bright armor, with flashing sword and spur, would some day dash up to the door, swing me into the saddle, and gallop away with me to the great world which lay hidden beyond the river. Thus I grew to womanhood in the wild beauty of the prairie; its bloom on my cheek, its freedom in my step, and, I would willingly believe, some portion of its sweetness in my heart and soul.

The mailed knight on the coal-black steed tarried so long on the mountain I quit looking for him, and met my destiny in the guise of a merchant of New York. It was at a small party given by one of my schoolmates in the neighboring village. The word beautiful is rarely applied to men but it rightfully belonged to William Singleton. The turn of his head and shoulders was peculiarly graceful, the color of his hair and beard precisely that I have

since seen in Old World pictures of Christ, "the color of a ripe filbert," as Lentulus described it

Something of city polish and refinement marked him from the rustics about him ; he entered heartily into our sports, and when the evening's fun was at its height a game of romps was proposed, and, amid shouts of laughter, Mr. Singleton was blindfolded. The room was too crowded for escape, and I was soon caught.

"It is the little lady in blue," said he, holding my arm tightly, "I don't know her name, but now she must sit down."

I did so, and in the shadow of a curtain watched the progress of the game. It mattered little who was caught or who struggled away, I saw only the dark eyes, the princely brow, the chestnut hair of William Singleton ; heard but the one voice which touched my ear and subdued my soul as the south wind quieteth the earth. He drew me as by subtle magnetism, and in that hour all the currents of my being set toward the graceful stranger.

He walked home with me, the way was long, he talked like one well pleased, and at parting asked leave to visit me. In Jefferson society scant ceremony sufficed, and the permission was readily given. He called next day, and the fourth day after our first meeting I sat in the latticed porch idly gazing at the western sky, then ablaze with yellow light, which gilded the long grass and groves which lay in the level expanse like "Summer isles of Eden."

A narrow footpath wound across the open meadow, and slowly, as one oppressed with thought, I saw Mr. Singleton approach. Though unrevealed by word or sign, I knew he sought me, and why. Some presence or intelligence, spirit of earth or air, whispered the coming secret.

We sat in the porch together, and he made a passionate declaration of love, which I heard without affectation of surprise or indifference. He said his life had been one long disappointment, his aims baffled from first to last.

"If the sunny places dreamed of in childhood were spread for me, I never found them, till now I seem to be nearing a sweet resting place." He paused, trembling visibly, while I held my breath to hear. "I love you, truly, as I could after a year's acquaintance. Has hope befooled me ? If you are not promised to another, give me a little love now, more by-and-by ; for this moment, Anne Raymond, you are dear to me as my own soul."

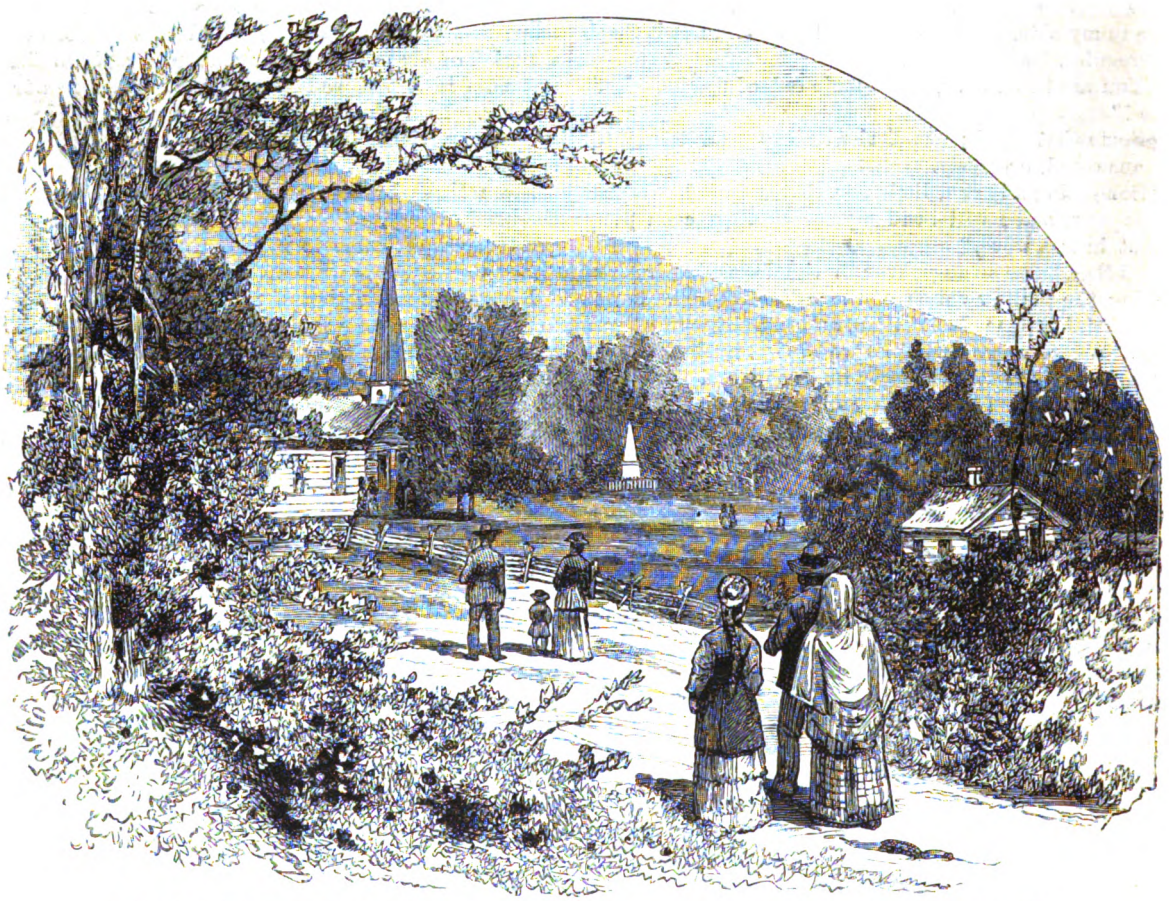
He snatched my hand fiercely as if I had intended to break away, but I had no such purpose. I frankly looked into the dark, bright eyes, and said :

"I have loved you from the first, and shall love you to the last."

He wrapped me in his arms and covered my face with lingering kisses. Oh, why did I not die in that hour ? his cheek against mine, his voice in my ear, murmuring words from the first love song :

"Thou are all fair, my love ; there is no spot in thee ! My dove, my undefiled is but one, she is the only one of her mother."

Evening fell round us, myriad voices of bird and insect echoed through the gathering gloom, but we heard them not. We had drifted away, whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell, and heeded nothing on earth or in heaven but the rapture of loving. The noise of closing shutters snapped the spell.



THE HOME OF THE NOTED INDIAN CHIEF, CORNPLANTER.— INDIANS GOING TO CHURCH.— SEE PAGE 156.

THE HOME OF THE INDIAN CHIEF, CORNPLANTER.—VIEW ON THE ALLEGHANY.—SEE PAGE 156.

"I must speak with your mother," said William, releasing me from his arms. "In the early train I leave for New York to-morrow. In four months I will come to you again, and then"—he spoke exultingly—"then, my little darling, we will be married."

I wonder now at my ignorance and blind trust. At mother's consent, when asked to give her only child to a stranger—we were but simple women—he appeared to us like some Eastern prince come on purpose to seek and claim his own, and a half-hour's pleading won her to his cause. We parted, not without tears—my betrothed to business a thousand miles away, I to my little chamber under the roof, and which thoughts of him made brighter than ever before. Mine was the perfect love which casteth out fear. I asked no questions, required no pledge, sure he was mine, and our union natural as to live and breathe. I never thought of asking whether he was rich or poor, or, indeed, of any question. I only knew him to be young, beautiful beyond the privilege of men, and my lover. My cup was crowned and filled. My colorless life, flushed and warmed, glowed with tropic splendor.

The Winter sped swiftly. I was busy tucking and ruffling, preparing for the future into which doubt, suspicion or regret never for one moment entered. It was agreed the wedding should take place in June. Mother should live with us just the same, with only the difference that then she should have a son as well as a daughter. The bright hour came, and one soft, fair evening, when the earth, long buried in snow, put on youth again, rising as to resurrection, we were quietly married. There was no tour proposed by him or anticipated by me. Whatever he suggested was best, and wherever he went there was my home, my only home. A month went by—thirty precious days, like the thirty rooms in the enchanted castle, each more beautiful than all the others. An idle, foolish, happy time. Under the blue sky, like the protecting hand of God above us, we wandered beside glassy ponds bordered with lilies, and through flowery meadows, repeating the endless story, old as the hollow murmur of the river, sweeter than ever sang bird in Summer.

REV. MR. SILVERHEELS, INDIAN PREACHER.

As we sat in the doorstep one evening, William said to me:

"Anne, my little girl, I cannot wait longer to tell you I cannot live with you all the time."

"And why not, my love? You know I cannot live without you."

"Because of business. I must be in Owego three months of the year, three months I travel, and

the remainder of the time am in the city when I am not with you. It would be very expensive to take you everywhere, and much better to stay with your mother, who cannot well do without you."

"I will if you make me," I answered, clinging to him; "but it is very hard. Indeed I did not expect this, William, and am not ready to obey you, though I promised so lately to do it."

A whippoorwill set up his boding cry in the willows, and the dismal notes fell on my ear like a dirge.

"A bird of ill omen," I said.

"Yes, but I don't believe in signs. If you do, look at the lovely light in the West and take that as a sign of safe return and long reunion." He drew me to him closer, and added: "Tell me, sweet, if a stranger should come and tell you of a crime I had committed, would you believe in me all the same?"

"I took you for life and death; but what a question. Have you murdered somebody?"

I laughed and smoothed his clustering hair, those beautiful silken locks, without misgiving. Lovers always talk so, I thought.

"Would you believe the tale?" he asked, earnestly.

"Would I? Oh, yes," I said, lightly. "I would believe you murdered a lone traveler, robbed him, cut off his finger for the ring, and buried him under the stones of the hearth. Yes, I warn you I shall believe the story when it comes, and then I shall leave you for ever and a day."

In the dying twilight I saw his face change, and made haste to say:

"I was only laughing at you, foolish boy. Though all the world should forsake you, I should never."

Oh, how my young heart bowed down to that man who was to me an embodied day-dream! It was pnre idolatry. I could have laid all the crowns of earth at his feet, and anointed them with my lifeblood had he demanded so high a sacrifice.

He left me the day afterward, and long separation followed, cheered by hopeful words for the hour of my great trial—a trial without reward, for my baby never breathed. We laid the little waxen image away under the ice and snow, and mourned for it with bitter tears. The fairy socks and dainty embroideries, worked with loving care, were sprinkled with rose-leaves and lavender, locked in a drawer which seemed like a grave, and so that dream died.

Health returned slowly, but sickness had a charm, for it brought me nearer, if that could be, to my husband, and no one was ever petted, caressed, indulged more than I was. I think William must have been happy, too, as he sat through long hours in silence, better than others' speech, holding my wasted hand in his own. I had reached a tranquil pause, a calm resting in the present. A peace fell on me, deep as the old Pilgrim's after he had passed the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and lay down and slept in a meadow curiously beautified with lilies, and it was green all the year long.

But this could not last, and the day came when business claimed my husband once more. Softly fell the dews of that last evening. Let me linger a moment over the dear, remembered picture. I see it yet, the low cottage shaded by wild vines that climbed to its roof, the grassy lawn sloping to the fence by the roadside, beyond it the prairie, blooming in tangled luxuriance down to the black line of the river. The world without us might be dull and dreary, but ours was all peace and love.

We sat by an open window, through which the breeze brought health and perfume, the voices of robins calling their young, and the rush and roar of the river, now swollen by Spring rains. My heart was full, and my voice faltered as I asked, for the hundredth time:

"When may I go with you, my love?"

"I do not know, child. Some day, when it seems best—some day," he repeated, dreamily, as if talking with himself; "if not here, up yonder," and he pointed to the evening star, twinkling pale in the twilight.

"You put me off so long. Fix a day, even if it is a long while to wait; give me a promise to rest on. When may I go?"

"Maybe not on earth, maybe next time I come. My little girl," he said, with pitying tenderness, "try to be content. I do all with a view to what is best for us both, and bear you a love passing the love of woman. Now for a lock of your hair, that is all of you I can take away this time."

My hair, escaped from its net, hung in loose masses over my shoulders. He took the scissors, long unused, from the work-basket, cut a bright band of gold, wound it in a ring, and fastened it under in a locket I had given him. I swallowed my tears and looked toward the east, radiant with Orion, Arcturus and his sons, and thought I could welcome the death which would give us eternal reunion there. He soothed and quieted me, but would not or could not stay, nor yet allow me to go with him.

I watched his receding form as he set out next day. Now and then he turned to wave his hand, till a bend in the road shut him from sight, and I felt I should see him no more till I see him for ever.

Several months passed. I was not strong, and life without my husband was as altered as my faded face. Slowly the time wore on till I began to expect him home. The thought gave my cheek new brightness. I was well again, and no one but myself should arrange the house for his coming. Our snug parlor was the very picture of serene comfort; the easy-chair of my father was in its place, slippers were on the rug, and, as the day was damp, a wood fire behind the brightest andirons crackled a merry welcome home. Train-time came, and I, too happy to sit still, restlessly wandered through the house trying to find something left undone, but all was in perfect order, every chair in proper standing, every fold of drapery exactly right. I could not bear the sight of mother quietly knitting, she appeared so unconcerned, and, oppressed and expectant, I leaned over the gate and looked toward the village by which he should come. No William in sight, but a woman walking toward me. As she slowly approached, I had ample time to mark her dress and bearing, and a dark presentiment fell on my heart that this person was a messenger of Fate coming from him to me.

She was, perhaps, thirty-five years of age, hard featured, muscular, sallow, not exactly vulgar-looking, but common—exceedingly common. Her clothes were costly, but badly chosen and ill-fitting. She carried a small valise, which she rested on the ground when she neared the gate. Then she boldly eyed me a moment, and then asked:

"Does a man named William Singleton live here?"

"He does."

"Is he tu hum?"

Her manner was eager and curious, and she spoke in Western New York dialect.

I shivered as with sudden pain.

"He is not," I answered.

"Air you acquainted with him?"

"I am his wife," I replied, trembling from head to foot.

"You air, now deu tell! You may as well know it first as last!" She paused before striking the deadly blow. "So be I! Now, now——"

I heard no more. I fell prone on the earth, my face in the dust.

I afterward learned she lifted me in her arms and carried me into the house, where she explained to mother that *she* was the true Mrs. William Singleton—married ten years ago; had heard a rumor of this marriage, and, after finding an empty envelope post-marked "Jefferson, Indiana," determined to know the truth. She set out at once. The result is already known.

The story was told without much feeling, and the woman, coarse but kindly, said: "She didn't know how Bill could make up his mind to act so, and was very sorry she hadn't broke it easier to the poor young thing!"

Mother was easily moved, and invited the stranger to remain with her, instead of returning to the hotel. She did so, and for one night two wives of the same husband slept under one roof.

And I? How truly has it been written of utter, *utter* misery, that it cannot be remembered? A great horror of darkness fell on me—the blackness of desolation! A deluge had rushed over my world! Above its wreck no light of sun or star, sign of promise, dove or olive! Bless you, dear mother! for your gentle nursing, that, little by little, raised me from prostration of mind and body, and won me back to life again! I went down into the very gates of Death and looked in his face; "I lay in his lap and slept in his outer chambers."

A letter came, and my feeble pulses fluttered at sight of the familiar handwriting, but weeks went by before I could gain courage to break the seal. I smoothed the envelope as though it had been a living thing that could feel caresses. Many times I kissed it; many days carried it in my bosom pressed close to my aching breast! I longed to open it, but was afraid. How could he explain his deceit so I could—as I must!—forgive him? Broken in heart and body, moaning and wellnigh dead, I yet kept one thought which saved me from madness. I had loved and been beloved!

At last, by the dim light of the lamp, while my worn-out mother was buried in sleep, I unsealed the revelation. Still and solemn was the night, dread the moment, as when the seventh seal was broken and there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour.

The letter was long; explaining how, in the seclusion of the country, William thought he had loved a woman four years his senior; a boyish *penchant*, which would have died and been forgotten, but under a hasty and mistaken impulse they were married:

"At the time I had no one to compare with Ellen, and as my observation enlarged and showed me of what coarse fibre and make the companion I had chosen for life's journey really was, I speedily rued my folly. Had we children they might have brought us together, but this was denied us, and, as I grew older, I grew away from her, and wore the marriage-bond not as a rosy garland, but a heavy fetter, dragging me down to the very dust. I tried to be just and kind, and believe I was, in every outward sign. She was easily satisfied, and a happy obtuseness prevented a sense of inferiority on her part or of coldness on mine.

"Artfully I vailed my disappointment, and, having accepted this order of things, I thought by doing my whole duty to find in that difficult path all the happiness destined for my portion. My heart grew hard and indifferent, but never swerved from its allegiance to her, and, after years of trial, I believed myself beyond the reach of temptation.

"I saw you and the delusion burst. To a terrible blunder I determined to add foul crime, but never did I mean to torture you, my darling, my darling! Some day I thought she would die, and then you could be lawfully my own. *She* die! The very birds of the air would carry my hideous secret. Fool, fool! that I was, and blind! She has the strength of ten such women as you, and resolution enough to strangle me in my sleep if once she willed it.

"Forgive me for your abused trust, your blighted life, your ruined name! I have no excuse but the mad passion which possessed me when I recognized in you all my nature demanded but never found in her. Do you remember the old verse I used to sing under the clematis by the porch?—

"'Thou art all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine;
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers are mine.'

"But this is mockery. The poets say affection never was wasted, nor any true love in vain. The purple and gold of your heart are mine to hold and to keep for ever. Blessings on you for the fleeting glimpse of Eden which you gave, and you alone can restore! That vision cannot fade, till all fades! Even now, I look backward to its happy gate, nor can awful cherubim or flaming sword drive me far from the garden where the fairest of women walked with me, making it Paradise.

"I linger over this page. Slowly I bring it to a close, for it is parting the last strand of the bond that unites us.

"Of course you know our marriage is null. Go to some lawyer, have him give you a paper to that effect, and send it to Ellen, as a security against future visits from her. She bears my name and enjoys my fortune, but henceforth my arms are empty, for there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

"These are my last words on earth, but I shall find thee again, sweet wife! in the better land, where all wrongs are righted, and shall be there, as I am here—only thine,

"WILLIAM SINGLETON."

You have seen old forests called deadlings—girdled trees standing bare and lifeless, their branches bleached to ghastly skeletons, which Spring rain or Summer sun will never warm to leaf or flower. Such is my life. The bloom has vanished from it, and cannot come back any more than the rose leaves we used to toss into the river can drift to our feet again.

I wrote a few words to my husband—let me call him by that very dear name still—and returned his many valuable gifts, but not all of them. In the churchyard is a nameless grave, scarcely more than a span long, where lies buried dust that is his as well as mine, binding us yet by the mystery of death and the deeper mystery of life.

Shortly afterward an unexpected inheritance fell to us, and with mother and her youngest brother I wore away two years in travel, finding in the din and tumult of cities something in accord with my restless, unsatisfied nature. We visited Rome, Constantinople, Damascus, and, driven by feverish unrest, flew from place to place, trying to escape memories which haunted me like pale spectres. We saw Karnak and Luxor, the splendors of the furthest East, and with reverent feet trod the holy hills round about Jerusalem.

But the magic light was gone from sea and land. There was no thrill when I rested my hand on the stone where the Saviour of the world might have lain. Coldly I looked on Gethsemane and Calvary, wearily I rocked in the fairy boats of the Adriatic, and names whose glory has filled the earth, legend, fable and story, all the siren songs of the Mediterranean, fell on listless ears.

I thirsted for the cool springs of my own meadow brook; in dreams gathered lily buds and bells, and sat among the purple water flags and dipped my fevered feet in the golden-brown ripples that rose to kiss them. Better to me the prairie breeze, with its fresh scents of spicewood, mint and calamus, than all Æolian airs, wafted from Summer seas across the soft Campania. So I came home to them as the tired child to its mother.

Time, the consoler, laid his hand on my heart, stilling its pulses to quiet, healthful beating, and I settled to the calm duties of the kind of life the world gives those of whom it significantly says, "She has been disappointed."

JOHNNY-CAKE STATION.

I have health, one tried friend not bound to me by ties of blood, and mother's love, the daily manna of the wilderness. Yesterday a newspaper paragraph (*she* sent it) announced the death of William Singleton. I had thought my love, too, was cold and dead, but it stirred under its winding-sheet, uncovered its face, rose and stood before me in the light of morning.

Through the long afternoon I threaded familiar paths beside glittering waters, and listened to words like old remembered music heard in the stillness of Summer nights. The risen dead, beloved of my soul, went with me. I saw the perfect face, with its divine eyes, so like the King in His beauty. I leaned on my beloved, and in the purple twilight tiny hands waved to us from out the shadowy distance. Last night, oh, happy night, some pitying spirit lifted the weight of years. I felt warm breathings, soft touches of my baby that died without the light, and under the shadow of sheltering wings slept as they sleep who wake in Paradise.

Divided from *her*, he is all mine. And now I await reunion, warned by surer tokens than fading lips and whitening tresses. The time of my departure is at hand. In the night I have dreamt dreams, in the day I have seen visions, and as I write tears dim my eyes; but they are not tears of sorrow. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it. I look across the gulf which daily narrows, and fearlessly stand and wait for—well, ah, well, I know whose he shall be in the resurrection.

THE HOME OF THE NOTED INDIAN CHIEF, CORNPLANTER.

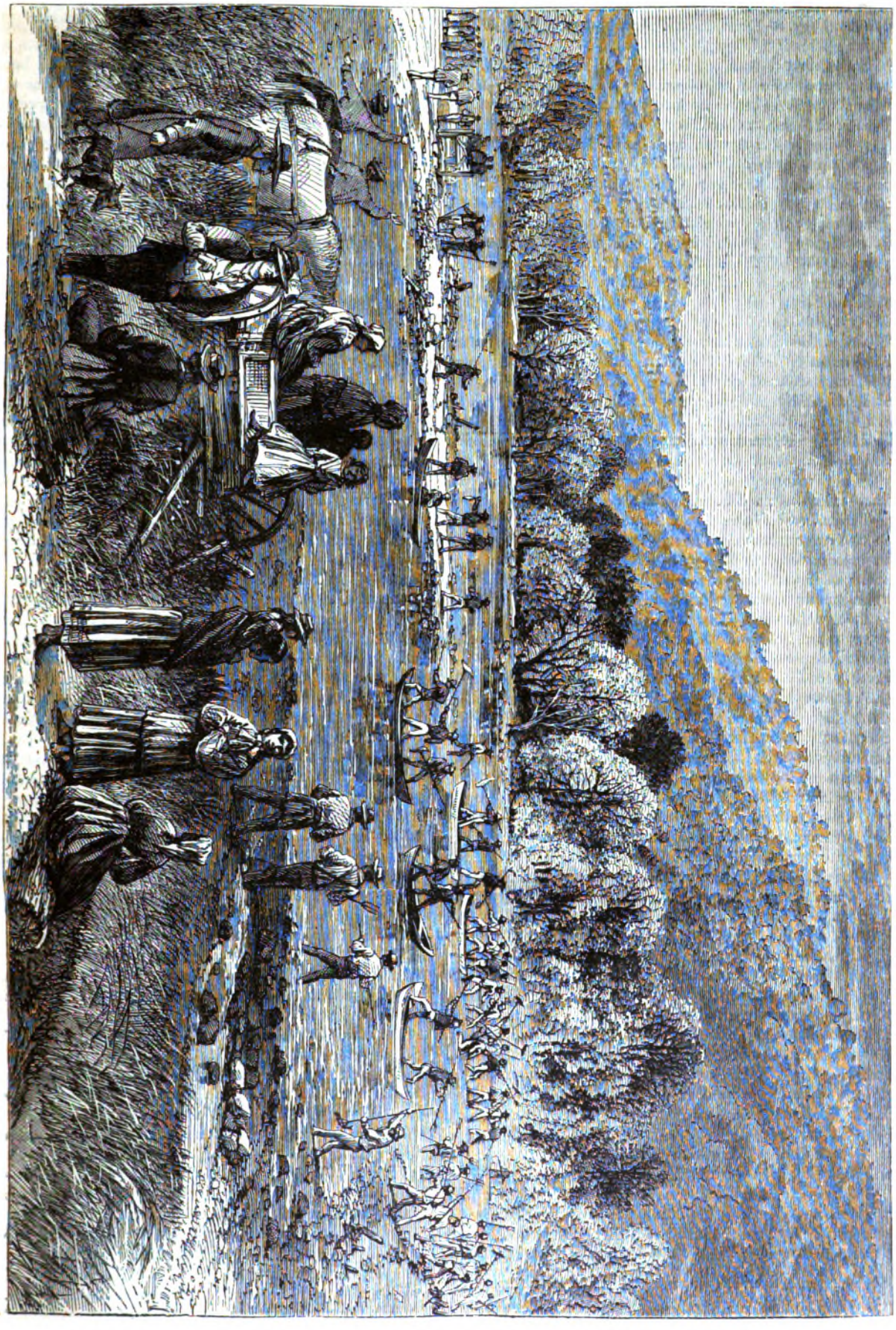
A Historic Place and a Famous Man.

Johnny-cake Station, Warren Co., Pa., *October 26th*, 1885.

Such is the euphonious (?) title of a station on the line both of the Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia Railroad, and the Alleghany River, about twenty miles from the town of Warren, Pa. Immediately across the river are six hundred acres of land occupied by descendants of the celebrated Indian chief, Cornplanter. This land was donated for their perpetual use many years ago, by the State of Pennsylvania, and is in a fair state of cultivation, with comfortable little dwellings scattered

AN INDIAN ELDER.

THE INDIAN SOPRANO.



INDIANS FISHING IN THE ALLEGHANY RIVER, NEAR CORNPLANTER, PA.

over it. A conspicuous feature is a monument erected to the memory of Cornplanter, for which the sum of $500 was appropriated by the Legislature.

Cornplanter was born in 1736, and died in 1836. He was a remarkable man, physically and mentally. In the War of the Revolution he first espoused the cause of England, but, discovering his mistake, adopted the side of the struggling colonies, and, with his people, fought bravely and efficiently until the termination of the eventful contest. Attracting the attention of George Washington, a warm friendship grew up between the two great leaders. By special invitation Cornplanter visited Washington in Philadelphia, and subsequently at the present seat of the National Government, receiving on each occasion a cordial welcome. He was moral, upright and habitually temperate, walking all the way from his home to Harrisburg to urge the passage of a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks to his followers. His constant efforts were directed to the development and improvement of the Seneca tribes, and his success is attested by marked progress in industry, education and general civilization. He died universally respected, and deservedly ranks with the ablest and wisest chiefs of the original dwellers upon American soil.

The descendants of Cornplanter, albeit civilized and fairly educated, with somewhat refined tastes, yet cherish and manifest the love of a wild and roaming life peculiar to their forefathers. The hills and valleys and streams of their native region are constant sources of attraction, and under the bright rays of the sun may ever be seen some member of the tribe, with fishing-pole or berry-basket, wandering from point to point with the usual companion, the dog. Their faces in many cases betoken intelligence and dignity, and visiting strangers are welcomed to their homes with marked cordiality.

Prominent among those from whom they have received attention are the Quakers of Philadelphia, who early taught the women habits of order and cleanliness in their homes and their personal appearance; to cultivate the vines and flowers about their doorsteps, and to spread the inviting table. Up to the present time this class of philanthropists have exhibited kind interest in their welfare, aiding to any extent found necessary, and contributing by every possible means to mental and moral development and improvement. Hon. Thomas Struthers and Hon. Samuel P. Johnson, well and favorably known citizens of Warren, have long acted the part of true friends, and by legal advice and personal favors won the regard of this struggling tribe of Senecas.

A lately finished church, located near the monument, was dedicated by appropriate exercises not long since. About one hundred ladies and gentlemen were present from neighboring places, thus properly encouraging a deserving enterprise, to which they had liberally contributed. The choir was composed of Indian men and women, and the sermon given in the Indian language by Rev. W. Silverheels. Bright sunshine, balmy air, gentle breezes and singing birds, conspired to impart pleasure to an occasion so full of interest, that it will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The home of the descendants of Cornplanter is replete with natural beauty. Picturesque scenery attracts the eye, especially along the winding Alleghany, and gratifying evidences of progress are everywhere seen.

"Sound Sleep" is usually considered a healthy state of repose; but Dr. Wilson Phillip says: "No sleep is healthy but that from which we are easily roused."

A NOVEL LETTER-CARRIER.

Dogs have sagacity enough to be employed on many errands. There is a dog at Peckham, England, belonging to a fishmonger and poulterer, which acts as a very clever messenger. When his master is far away and wants anything from his shop, he ties a note to the dog's neck, when the sagacious animal immediately runs off home. He often runs a mile in less than five minutes, and when he arrives at the shop, he goes straight to his mistress, who opens the note, and then sends off what is required.

The dog never manifests any inclination to run home until he sees his master getting the note ready, and then he is most anxious to be off.

SHARP SAYINGS.

In Ireland, a sharp fellow is said to be as 'cute as the fox of Ballybotheram, which used to read the papers every morning to find out where the hounds were to meet. It was probably an Irishman who said: "Man is like a potato—never sure when he will get into hot water." But Pat has rivals in many countries, some of whom could run him close in repartee and sharp sayings.

It must have been some foreigner taking off their national reserve who described the meeting of two Englishmen on a steamer in mid-ocean. One asked: "Going across?" "Yes. Are you?" And there the conversation ended. A gentleman at a foreign restaurant who had just been assisted to a bottle of wine, was thus addressed by the smiling proprietor of the establishment: "Now, what do you think of my wine, eh? Genuine first-rate stuff, isn't it?" "Oh, yes; as far as that goes," replied the other, smacking his lips; "it fairly makes one's mouth *water*." An item from a German paper says: "The cashier of a Prussian bank has absconded with a considerable sum of money, and will, according to astronomical calculations, be seen again in four hundred and fifteen years."

Many a boarding-house patron gets into hot water when he ladles out the soup, says one of our contemporaries. Another paper, commenting on the assertion that the human figure is six times the length of the feet, remarks, that the Chicago people must be about twelve feet high. With much humor and satire, we are informed how a lamentable mistake was lately made by a girl in St. Louis. She married a man under the impression that he was her father's coachman, and he turned out to be a Mexican nobleman. She pronounced him a fraud, and wants to get rid of him.

"Can dogs find their way home from a distance?" is a question frequently asked. It is according to the dog. If it is one you want to get rid of, he can find his way back from Africa. If it is a good one, he is apt to get lost if he goes round the corner. A great writer says: "A man ought to carry a pencil and note down the thoughts of the moments," "Yes," remarks a Yankee editor; "and one short pencil devoted exclusively to that use would last some men we know about two thousand years, and then have the original point on."

Some men, says another writer, are ever ready to offer a remedy for everything. The other day we remarked to one of these amateur apothecaries: "An idea struck us yesterday"; and before we could finish he advised us: "Rub the part affected with arnica."

The man who said, "A landlady who boards her lodgers, like the rest of us, has her weak and strong

points, the weak being her coffee, and her strong, the butter," would probably be ungallant enough to agree with the following: "The reason why a woman always adds a postscript to her letter is because she's bound to have the last word, if she has to write it herself." Equally uncomplimentary was the man who, reading that a woman's voice can be heard for two miles by a man in a balloon, remarked that perhaps that was the reason so few men go up in a balloon.

A wit says the times are so dull that it is difficult for him to collect his ideas. Perhaps this is the man, said to be so lazy that he has worked but once, and that was when he was laboring under a mistake. Another wag says: "To forget a wrong is the best revenge, particularly if the other fellow is bigger than you." "I do not say that that man will steal," said a witness on trial; "but if I was a chicken, I'd roost high when he was around." A humorist says: "If you think no one cares for you in this cold world, just tell your neighbors that you propose to keep hens. You will be surprised to see what an immediate interest they will manifest in you." A philosopher declares that no thoroughly occupied man was ever miserable; but that philosopher is reminded by another that he probably never spent a forenoon among his friends trying to borrow a dollar bill.

"The wisest of all sayings," said a member in a club, "is the old Greek maxim, 'Know thyself.'" "Yes," remarked another; "there's a deal of wisdom in it; 'Know thyself,' but never introduce a friend." A country-woman made an amusing remark to a thirsty tourist who had emptied several cups of milk and asked for more. Bringing him a large bowl filled with milk, she said: "One would think, sir, that you had never been weaned!"

A young married man gazing at two trunks in the hall belonging to his mother-in-law, sadly observed: "She has brought her clothes to a visit; would that she had brought her visit to a close." As witty was the critic's comment on hearing that a lawyer had composed a poem on "My Conscience." "It ought to sell well," said he; "the public are fond of novelties."

Speaking of dancing, a clergyman hit the right nail on the head when he remarked "that people usually do more harm with their tongues than with their toes." "What is the usual definition of conscience?" asked a man of his pastor. "A man's rule for his neighbor's conduct is about the way it comes out practically," was the apt reply.

"What a number of ladies there were at church this morning wearing sealskin cloaks!" exclaimed Smith's wife. "I counted no less than twenty-seven."

"Do you think that is the proper way to occupy one's mind while at church?" replied Smith. "I didn't notice a single one."

"One can scarcely be expected to notice such things, when one's asleep," was the sharp retort.

Not very complimentary to the sex was the answer of an old bachelor to a young mother, who exclaimed: "Shouldn't you like to have a family of rosy boys about your knees?" "No, ma'am," said he; "I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pocket."

"You say your brother is younger than you, yet he looks much older." "Yes, he has seen a great deal of trouble; but I never married," was the ready reply. More sarcastic is the next. "Are you fond of tongue, sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, madam, and like it *still*."

Rather severe are the three following comments. "I've turned many a woman's head," boasted a French dandy. "Yes," replied his hearer—"away from you." "That's the sort of umbrella that people appropriate," said a gentleman to a companion one morning, showing him a very handsome one. "Yes," rejoined his companion, quickly; "I thought so when I saw you holding it." The guests having dined, the host hands round a box of cigars. "I don't smoke myself," he says; "but you will find them good—my man steals more of them than any other brand I ever had."

THE VALUE OF HAIR.

THE Countess of Suffolk had married Mr. Howard, and they were both so poor that they took a resolution of going to Hanover before the death of Queen Anne, in order to pay their court to the future royal family. Such was their poverty that, having some friends to dinner, and being disappointed of a full remittance, the countess was forced to sell her hair to furnish the entertainment. Long wigs were then in fashion, and the countess's hair, being long, fine and fair, produced her twenty pounds. The countess's hair, however, appears to have been exceeded in value by that of an Oxfordshire lass, of whom we find the following story recorded in the *Protestant Mercury* for July 10th, 1700:

"An Oxfordshire lass was lately courted by a young man of that county, who was not willing to marry her unless her friends could advance fifty pounds for her portion, which they, being incapable of doing, the lass came to the city to try her fortune, where she met with a good chapman in the Strand, who made a purchase of her hair, which was delicately long, and gave her sixty pounds, being twenty ounces at three pounds an ounce. with which money she joyfully returned to the country and bought her a husband."

Even the hair of this Oxfordshire lass is rivaled by that of an old lady who died in 1720, whose long gray tresses are said in the journals of that period to have been sold to a periwig-maker for fifty pounds.

SAVAGE FANCY.

THE group of islands known as the Nicobars, situate about one hundred and fifty miles south of the Andamans, has been but little explored, though the manners and customs of the inhabitants of these islands offer very interesting peculiarities to the notice of the ethnologist. One of the most noticeable of these, and one which seriously affects the trade of the islands, is the passion for old hats, which, without exception, pervades the whole framework of society. No one is exempt from it. Young and old, chief and subject, alike endeavor to outvie each other in the singularity of shape no less than in the number of old hats they can acquire during their lifetime. On a fine morning at the Nicobars it is no unusual thing to see the surface of the ocean in the vicinity of the islands dotted over with canoes, in each of which the noble savage, with nothing whatever on but the conventional slip of cloth and a tall white hat with a black band, may be watched standing up and catching fish for his daily meal. Second-hand hats are most in request, new hats being looked upon with suspicion and disfavor. This curious passion is so well known that traders from Calcutta make annual excursions to the Nicobars with cargoes of old hats, which they barter for cocoanuts, the only product of these islands; a good tall white hat with a black band fetching from fifty-five to sixty-five good cocoanuts.

TO A JAPANESE BABY.

By Henry Tyrrell.

You dwell in yon dovecote, where tinkle
The ornaments hung from the eaves.
Strange trees shade it ; blossoms besprinkle
The dark, plumy leaves.

Tea-garden and temple and fountain
From out the wide window you view ;
And yonder, the snow-crested mountain
High up in the blue.

Or, bending your baby-eyes nearer,
Where slumbers the still-watered moat,
You watch, like rose-leaves on a mirror,
The lotus blooms float.

Your face is as brown as a berry,
In outline as round as a rose ;
Black slits of eyes, wakefully merry,
Slant down to your nose.

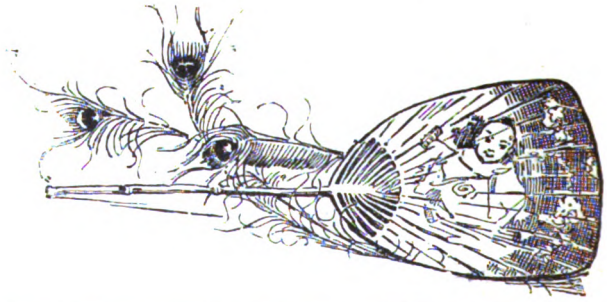
Your head like a friar's is shaven—
How droll ! not a hair can one find,
Except the tuft, black as a raven,
That's twisted behind.

Around your form airily flutter
Fantastic and bright-colored "things."
You look like a gorgeous rare butter-
Fly, resting its wings.

You've soft mats to romp on and tumble ;
Of furniture, though, there's not much :
No breakage, to make grown folks grumble—
No caution, "Don't touch !"

Your world is so simple and sunny,
So pleasing and quaint to the eye—
No wonder your plump face grows funny,
But never can cry.

We love you, Babe Bric-à-brac, dearly,
Though ne'er have we been to Japan ;
We know your wee, dimpled face—merely
Through this painted fan.



FAMOUS OLD MAIDS.

Elizabeth of England's (one of the most illustrious of modern sovereigns) rule over Great Britain certainly comprised the most brilliant literary age of the English people. Her political acumen was put to as severe tests as that of any other ruler the world ever saw.

Maria Edgeworth was an old maid. It was this woman's writings that first suggested the thought of writing similarly to Sir Walter Scott. Her brain might well be called the mother of the Waverley novels.

Jane Porter lived and died an old maid. The children of her busy brain were "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "The Scottish Chiefs," which have moved the hearts of millions with excitement and tears.

Joanna Baillie, poet and play-writer, was "one of 'em."

Florence Nightingale, most gracious lady, heroine of Inkermann and Balaclava Hospitals, has to the present written Miss before her name. The man who should marry her might well crave to take the name of Nightingale.

Sister Dora, the brave spirit of English pest-houses, whose story is as a helpful evangel, was the bride of the world's sorrow only.

A PASSING IDYL.—"'YOU WILL NOT WASTE YOUR HEART—YOUR LIFE—ON A WOMAN WHO TELLS YOU PLAINLY THAT SHE IS TIRED OF YOU AS SHE HAS TIRED OF EVERYTHING ELSE.' SHE ROSE AS SHE SPOKE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

A PASSING IDYL.

By Christian Reid.

"Where are you going, Miriam? It is frightfully warm."

The languid voice proceeded from one corner of a carefully darkened room where a heap of white drapery on a couch seemed to indicate the presence of a human being. A tall, slight figure crossing the floor with almost noiseless step turned slightly and answered:

"I am going to finish a sketch. It may be less warm out than indoors."

"How *can* it be?" said the voice, with an accent of protest against the absurdity of such an idea. "And you forget that Gilbert is coming!"

"No, I have not forgotten it," the other answered. "I shall be back before he comes."

She left the room with the same quiet, noiseless step, unheeding a remonstrance which proceeded from the couch, and of which the words "sunstroke," "eccentricity" and "very inadvisable," were alone audible. The person to whom these words were addressed looked altogether unmoved by them, when the stronger light of the outer hall fell upon her, showing her to be a graceful woman of distinguished presence. She glanced at the closed doors which surrounded this upper hall, behind which the inmates of Mrs. Benton's Summer boarding-house were enjoying their siestas, and then passed down the staircase to the lower floor. All was quiet here also; but as she swept her soft draperies toward the outer door, a quick step sounded on the polished floor of the large parlor, and from its open door a young man emerged. Evidently he had been lurking in ambush.

"You are going out, Miss Russell!" he said, eagerly. "May I come with you and carry your portfolio?"

Miss Russell frowned slightly.

"So you are there, Mr. Torella!" she said, with an air of resignation. "I was hoping to leave the house without being seen by any one."

The young man colored. He was as handsome as one's ideal prince—an Italian prince at that—and as the blood mounted into his clear, olive cheeks, the woman regarding him thought, as she had often thought before, that a more beautiful face had never looked at her from a canvas of Titian or Velasquez. It was a beauty that pleased her artistic eye not only by the perfection of its lines and tints, but because of the stamp of virile energy and intellectual force which it bore, and from its suggestion of other lands and different times.

"He is as purely Italian in appearance as if he had not been born on American soil," she said, when she saw him first. "He makes one think of Genoese or Florentine, or, better yet, of Roman, palaces."

It was so now. As he stood before her in the parlor-door, with the flush that her words had called to his face, she seemed to see a dim vista of great Italian *salas* stretching behind him, and to catch the murmur of a fountain playing in a vast, cool court surrounded by massive walls. The frown vanished, changing to a smile.

"Come if you will," she said, more gently; "but I warn you that I am in a very bad humor."

He was not deterred by this. He came forward with alacrity, and took the large portfolio which she carried from her hand. Then, as they emerged from the house, he lifted and held over her a light parasol, although the sun was dropping low toward the western mountains. Blue, misty, heavenly fair, those mountains lay before them, ranged in great masses against the distant horizon, while in the immediate foreground green hills and valleys followed each other in undulating sweep. Over the vast wide scene cloud shadows were shifting and falling, colors deepening, sudden lights striking here and there like great chords in music. Miriam Russell drew a deep breath as she gazed. The great expanse, the wonderful beauty of the picture, touched and thrilled her.

"If one could only put it down *as it is*," she said; "but it seems as if Nature laughs to scorn our poor little attempts to copy her in art."

"But you are as modest as you are faithful in what you attempt," said the young man.

"It is only by being modest that one can be faithful—at least that *I* can be," she said. Then she glanced at him with a laugh. "But I am not modest in anything except my art," she added. "You know that."

"Modesty is for the violet, not for the rose," he answered. "You must know, of course, how brilliant you are."

"I think I have heard, however—I think we are told, are we not?—that modesty is becoming to every one, no matter how brilliant or how exalted. But it is easier to lay down such rules than to put them in practice. Oh, dear me!" (with a sigh) "what is *not* easier in theory than in practice! But here we are at the scene of my labors. Now, Mr. Torella, I really think that after you have settled me comfortably, you had better go back to the house."

"Why?" asked the young man who was engaged in settling her comfortably, arranging her seat and her light, portable easel.

"Well, it cannot be very interesting to you to watch me at work. I don't like to talk while I am painting; and, as I have already told you, I am in a very bad humor."

He looked at her doubtfully.

"I have watched you at your work many times before without disturbing you," he said; "and as for the bad humor—if *I* am not the cause of it——"

"How could you be?" she said, impatiently. "Well, if you *will* stay, and if you will *not* be warned—then you must accept the consequences, and not be surprised at any outbreak on my part."

He did not look apprehensive as he sat down on a bed of mossy turf at her feet.

"No consequences could frighten me in comparison with banishment," he said. "So long as you let me stay, I am satisfied."

"Ah!" said Miss Russell. The exclamation seemed to escape her involuntarily, for she set her lips closely the next moment, and began to dash color on her painting rather recklessly.

The young man at her feet glanced at her, then recognizing the wisdom of silence, turned his dark, liquid eyes up the beautiful reaches of the stream on whose banks they were sitting. It was a view of this stream which the artist was engaged upon; and she had worked hitherto with so much care, fidelity and skill, that her proceedings at present were to be deplored. Perhaps she felt this herself, for she presently put down her brushes.

"A serene, mental atmosphere is necessary for art," she said. "I can never do anything when I am discomposed."

"Do *I* discompose you?" he asked. "Would you really rather be alone?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "You do not discompose me—why should you? I told you when I first met you, that my mental atmosphere was not serene."

"And is there no way to render it so. Can nothing be done?"

She laughed.

"*You* can do nothing. It is only that I shall presently be called upon for a decision which I am not prepared to make—which it is a nuisance to be asked to make at this time!" she added, almost resentfully.

The face looking up at her grew a little pale.

"I think I understand," the young man said. "I know that you are expecting—your cousin."

"Yes." she answered. "And I am provoked—why should he come and disturb me? I am enjoying the Summer—that is, I have been enjoying it so far—it has been full of a quiet, idyllic charm. And now to have it marred—in this way! To be forced to decide——"

She broke off, frowning and looking away, up the stream. Her words were certainly not very clear, but her listener had apparently no difficulty in understanding them.

"I have heard," he said, after a moment—"I have been told—that you are engaged to your cousin?"

"It is not true," she answered, indifferently. "There has been a kind of understanding that it might be some day; but it has never been yet. And Gilbert Saville is no eager lover—why should he grow impatient and annoy me—*now?*"

If it struck the man at her feet that such complaints were singular, especially singular as addressed to him, it was with no sense of surprise. Her strangeness, her originality, her total unlikeness to other women, had formed part of the fascination which she had exercised over him from the first. And that she should speak in this manner was altogether in accordance with the tradition of their intercourse. He was silent for a minute; then he said, with a gravity that sat well on him:

"Since you have to decide on the claims of one lover, is it too much to ask you to take another into your consideration? I have no such advantages to offer as your cousin no doubt possesses; but you cannot say of me that I am not an eager lover, for you know as well as I can tell you how the thought of you has dominated my whole being since the day I first met you."

She let her eyes fall on him with a mingling of tenderness and compassion in their expression.

"Poor boy!" she said. "Yes, I know—and it has been very pleasant, your homage, your passion, the aroma of poetry and romance about you. But *I*—well, you know I am a *blasé* woman of the world, and I am five years older than you are!"

"What has that to do with it?" he asked, impatiently.

"Alas! it has everything to do with it," she answered, with a sigh. "It means that, though I like you very much, I have sense enough to realize that this is but a passing idyl, while life and the world lie beyond."

He lifted himself from his recumbent position, so that his face was more on a level with her own—the beautiful face with its soft southern tints, that seemed to set itself in graver, almost sterner lines as she looked.

"'A passing idyl'!" he repeated. "It may be so for you—but not for me. Is it worth while to ask you to realize that? I am in no sense a boy, though it has pleased you to consider me so—and I, for your pleasure, would have been willing to be considered anything whatever. I am twenty-five years old, and in the hard fight which I have had with the world since my father died I have not only conquered my place—an honorable place among men—but I have gained a knowledge of life and an experience of its phases, deeper than you imagine. It is not your life—the life of society in great capitals—but it has brought me face to face with the realities of existence, it has added to *my* existence more than the five years that apparently divide us, and it has made me sure of myself when I say that you have entered too deeply into my heart, into the very centre of my being, ever to be withdrawn from it."

His earnestness, not vehement, but deep and serious, evidently startled her. Still, she laughed a little.

"Your last words," she said, "prove, in spite of your protestations to the contrary, how young you are. As one grows older, one learns that nothing enters too deeply into one's heart or being to be withdrawn by time."

"That must depend upon the nature of the person concerned," he answered. "There are shallow streams, but all streams are not shallow."

"I hope for your sake that you are mistaken in your nature, and that you are shallow enough to forget things which there is no good in remembering," she said, with another sigh. "Half of what the world calls constancy seems to me to be sheer stupidity. For myself, I make it a point of duty to forget unpleasant things as rapidly and completely as possible."

"And shall I be an unpleasant thing which you will forget as rapidly and completely as possible, after we part?" he asked, with a pang in his voice.

She looked at him for a moment before replying, and the tenderness in her eyes seemed to deepen.

"No," she said, at length, in a low tone. "But you may force me to remember you as something painful, and I would rather not do that. As I have told you, our intercourse has been to me like an idyl, and I should like to preserve that memory. You have seemed to me like a breath of Italy, with its generous sweetness, its sunny warmth."

"And something of Italy's passion, too," he said, abruptly. "I cannot be content to stay in your memory as a mere plaything. You *must* believe that I am a man, with a man's heart craving more than liking, which is only an artistic fancy. If your own heart speaks for me a little—and I feel as if it does—why not listen to it? Why not believe that the things which separate us are mere trifles, and that I might—ah, I *would!*—make you happy!"

"That is not as easy as you think," she said, with the sigh that came so readily to her lips. He had her hand now, and was pleading passionately with eyes as well as voice, and she seemed to receive his homage with the pleasure which she had frankly acknowledged. But it was a pleasure mingled with sadness, as her next words proved. "I am not a woman easy to satisfy. If—if I were foolish enough to listen to you, you would find that you could not make me happy, and that would make you miserable. Remember I am not eighteen like that pretty girl whom you will one day marry. I am—— But all this is folly! Let us go."

He released her hand at the quick, imperious change in her tone, but the expression of his face did not alter."

"I believe that I could make you happy," he said; "but even if I failed, should you be more likely to be miserable with me than with the man whose coming is vexing you now?"

"Oh, we understand each other very well, Gilbert and I," she said. "I should not be miserable with him; and as for happiness, I am neither young enough nor sentimental enough to believe in *that*."

"But it may be within your reach, nevertheless," said Torella, looking at her with eyes in which all passion and all romance seemed to dwell.

When Mrs. Benton's guests assembled around her tea-table that evening, every one knew that the fair, graceful man with Mrs. and Miss Russell was Mr. Saville, the cousin and reputed *fiancé* of the latter. He was, of course, regarded curiously, and the general observation resulted in two conclusions—that he was more distinguished-looking than handsome, and that his manner was quiet to the verge of indifference. He, on his part, comprehensively surveyed the company with one glance, and decided that only two members of it merited any attention. Concerning these two he spoke to Miriam when they found themselves alone a little later. They were seated on a veranda upon which the windows of the

ON THE BALCONY.

parlor opened, and as a sudden brilliant chord was struck on the piano, Mr. Saville glanced in. Torella was seated at the instrument.

"I was attracted by that young man's face at the tea-table," he said. "It is remarkably handsome, with much spirit and intelligence, too. He looks like a young Roman of the Trastevere. Who is he?"

"I scarcely know," Miss Russell answered, "further than that he is of Italian blood, and comes from one of the Southern cities. I have only met him here, and, like yourself, I was struck by his appearance. He is as clever as he is handsome, and of good social rank, I believe."

Silence followed, and while she was wondering if her voice had betrayed anything, Mr. Saville spoke again:

"And who is the young lady standing by him and preparing to sing? I noticed her also at the tea-table. They look like prince and princess out of a fairy tale."

"She is a very pretty girl, is she not?" said Miriam, carelessly. "She comes from the same place as Mr. Torella, and they are very intimate—have known each other always. Her name is Nina Layton."

"She is charmingly pretty," said Mr. Saville, with the air of a connoisseur. "That freshness is transitory, but entrancing while it lasts. I think I should like a nearer view of it."

"I will present you with pleasure," said Miriam.

THE WHITE MICE.

It was a relief to her that he cared for anything of the kind; that a Hebe face could divert him, however temporarily, from the purpose for which he had come.

So Mr. Saville was presented to Miss Layton, who looked at him and thought him very like the heroes of some of her favorite novels. He on his part thought her not less pretty on nearer view, and was agreeably surprised to find that she could talk well—with gay, girlish humor. Such a discovery in such a case has generally the force of surprise. One does not expect to find

shrewd observation and clear good sense behind a wild-rose face and curl-covered head.

Presently, without definite intention, the gay tongue helped him to a discovery which he would certainly have made before very long, but scarcely so early, unassisted. What, he had asked, were the amusements of life in this place, and Nina had answered, laughing:

"Our chief amusement—or perhaps I should say our chief occupation—has been one in which I am sure you will join, that of admiring Miss Russell. We have been as absorbed in it as if she were a sunflower, and we devout æsthetic disciples."

Seville smiled.

"I am a great admirer of Miss Russell," he said; "but I have known her a long time, so I could scarcely be expected to devote myself to the contemplation of her attractions. She is very fortunate to rouse such enthusiastic admiration, however."

"She is a new type to the most of us, you see," the young lady answered. "We are quiet, stay-at-home people, not accustomed to anything so brilliant. She seems to me an ideal woman of the world."

"She is certainly a woman of the world and very brilliant," said Mr. Saville, composedly.

He glanced across the room at the subject of their conversation, as he spoke. The handsome, clear-cut face, the easy, half-haughty manner, the perfect art of toilette, all were well known to him; but what was not so well known was an expression which he surprised just then on the face as it was turned toward Torella. Unconsciously he started slightly, and then glanced back to find Nina Layton's eyes fastened on him.

"You perceive one of the worshipers," she said. "I assure you it is a cult in which we all share."

The kindly intention of the speech pleased him, for he was sure she had observed his involuntary movement.

"Nothing could be more natural than such worship, especially in one of Mr. ———'s age," he said. "To a very young man, a woman of the world is apt to prove irresistible."

"I should think Miss Russell would prove irresistible to any one," said Nina, with evident sincerity.

He looked at the exquisite freshness of her face and smiled.

"It would surely be an unhappy thing if we were all forced to kneel at a single shrine," he said. "And not only an unhappy but an embarrassing thing as well."

The girl laughed.

"But rivalries are so amusing," she said.

"To lookers on, perhaps so. But not to those engaged in them. At least I can speak for myself. I could not endure rivalry at the shrine where I knelt. It would most likely make me rise and walk away."

She glanced at him with quick surprise.

"You would not wish the woman you love to be admired?"

"Admired?—Oh, yes; I should have no objection to that. But when we speak of rivalry, there is understood a collision of claims or demands. I could not endure a contest of the sort."

His tone expressed even more dislike to the idea than his words — a dislike which surprised himself by the vividness with which it suddenly sprang into life.

"I thought—" said Nina, after a moment; "I mean, one is told, that the knowledge that he has a rival stimulates a man's devotion."

"Not such an indolent man as I am," said Saville, smiling—perhaps at the insincerity of his words; for it was not indolence so much as a proud fastidiousness that made him feel it intolerable that he could ever submit to have his claims weighed, measured, placed on an equality with those of another.

The next day passed, followed by several other days, and to Miss Russell's mingled surprise and relief, her cousin made no attempt to broach the subject which she dreaded. He conducted himself in the most admirable and cousinly manner, was at the service of herself and her mother, fell easily into the ways of the place—lounged, walked, joined riding-parties, made mountain ascents, and altogether seemed to have forgotten the purpose which had drawn him to this quiet resort.

But forgetfulness was not one of his characteristics, as Miriam well knew; and when her first surprise subsided she said to herself that he was, as usual, equal to the occasion. His quick perception doubtless told him that it was not a moment to press his suit, and therefore he simply waited, as he had waited without impatience for so long. She was relieved, yet it was impossible not to contrast this indifference with the impetuosity of another man, and to sigh a little to herself. It was characteristic of her, too, that she made no change whatever in her manner or conduct to Torella. He was still her favored attendant, and if from this it resulted that Mr. Saville was driven to bestow a good deal of his society upon Nina Layton, that was not a matter to which Miss Russell was likely to give a thought.

But she soon found that her security was more apparent than real. When it pleased Mr. Saville to claim his privileges, he did so with a quiet decision which admitted of no protest.

"You are going out to sketch?" he said, one day, when Miss Russell came down-stairs with her portfolio. "If you have no objection I will go with you."

Objection was of course out of the question, and so Torella, who was as usual in readiness on the veranda, saw, with mingled surprise and apprehension, his place taken by the man whose right to it was unimpeachable. The quick disappointment on his face was legible at a glance to Saville, and he said to his companion as they walked down the lawn:

"I feel as if I should apologize to Mr. Torella, and perhaps I owe an apology to you also for offering myself in the place of so picturesque an attendant. My excuse is that I want to talk to you for a little while without fear of interruption."

Miss Russell did not often blush, but there was a slight flush on her clear, pale cheek as she answered, coldly:

"You must know that there is no reason why you should apologize to any one."

"Is there not?" he said, quietly. "So much the better, then, for really I have doubted of late whether I should not remonstrate in behalf of that poor young man's peace of mind. He is, as I have just observed, very picturesque, and, I am sure, very interesting also; but, my dear Miriam, it is the old, old story — what is amusement to you may be death to him."

The ease of his tone provoked her beyond control. It seemed to take everything so entirely for granted, that she turned upon him with a flash of fire in her glance.

"How do you know that it is only amusement to me?" she asked.

There was a perceptible pause before Saville replied. Then he said, as composedly as he had spoken before:

"I have only judged by my past experience and knowledge of your character. But it is, of course, possible that I have made a mistake."

She did not answer immediately. For a minute they walked on silently, but there were signs of excitement about her which did not escape his observation. At last she said, "No, you have not made a mistake. It *is* amusement with me—what else could it be?"

He looked at her keenly.

"I had not thought that it could be anything else," he said; "but now—you almost make me believe that it is. If so, I should be glad to know it, for I am sure I need scarcely tell you what has brought me here."

"You certainly have been in no haste to tell me," she said, her lip curling rather scornfully."

"Why should I have been in haste?" he answered. "You knew it as well as I. And I thought it only considerate to let you pursue your—amusement in peace."

She laughed—a laugh which startled him a little; it was so entirely without mirth.

"You are certainly a most considerate person, my dear Gilbert," she said; "and if happiness is to be extracted from life at all, it ought to be within the reach of one who has his feelings so admirably under control. You are exactly the person to suit such a cold-hearted, capricious, worldly creature as I am; and yet—and yet—instead of suiting, you repel me!"

"That is a pity," he said, still preserving his calmness, "for I entirely agree with you that I should suit you much better than a more volcanic person. But if you prefer the latter, there is no more to be said. To enter into a contest of rivalry is the last thing of which I am capable. I should not have come here if I had imagined it was such an inauspicious time for the suit I wished to offer. But since I *have* come, I must ask the answer which has been delayed so long."

"Delayed by whom?" she demanded, turning toward him. "Certainly not by *me*."

"By me, perhaps, then," he said. "I grant that I have not been an impatient suitor. I thought that there was time enough before us, and we both liked our liberty. But I think that the time has come when we should definitely and finally decide upon our future."

"In short," she said, "the time, in your opinion, has come when *you* decide to that effect. But does it not occur to you that *I* may have something to say in the matter?"

He made a gesture of deference.

"You have everything to say," he replied. "It is for you to say whether we shall spend the rest of our lives together or apart."

She turned pale with anger.

"You persist, then?" she said. "You insist upon forcing the decision on me *now?*"

"And why not now?" he asked. "What do we gain by deferring the matter? We are neither of us in our first youth, and we do not stand in need of further acquaintance to increase our knowledge of each other."

"I am not sure of that," she answered. "I think that you decidedly need to increase your knowledge of *me*. Else you would not employ such a tone. I have never submitted to dictation in my life, and I shall certainly not do so now. I am not ready to decide at a moment's warning a matter which concerns my whole life. You must wait, or——"

"Or—what?" he asked.

They both paused now and stood facing each other. Certainly nobody could have imagined from their appearance—one pale and defiant, the other cold and composed—the nature of the subject which they were discussing. Miriam hesitated an instant, but only an instant, before she answered: "Or submit to a refusal."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"A refusal is not pleasant," he said. "But one at least knows where one is. To wait, however, means simply to be weighed and balanced against this handsome stripling who has taken your fancy. I confess that I have not humility—or shall I say ardor?—sufficient for that."

"You forget yourself," she said, in a tone of concentrated anger, "when you speak to me in this manner."

"Are you not in danger of forgetting yourself more seriously?" he asked, gravely. "Forgive me if I take the liberty of our old friendship to ask the question. I do not speak as a rival—I have already said that such a position is not possible to me—when I say that attractive as Mr. Torella is, he does not strike me as exactly fitted to make you happy."

"You have no right to suppose that Mr. Torella will ever be more to me than a pleasant acquaintance," she said, haughtily.

"Then," said Saville, "despite your displeasure I can only repeat that what is amusement to you may prove very serious pain to him."

* * * * * *

After this conversation Miss Russell thought that Saville would speedily take his departure. He was eminently a man of his word, and having said that he would abide by her decision, she had no doubt of his doing so. Though too proud to make an effort to detain him, she sighed a little over the necessity when her anger had subsided. She had never doubted that "in the end" she would marry him, and her general frame of mind was one of entire reconciliation with the idea. They knew each other intimately, he suited her fastidious taste and understood her peculiar nature better than any one else. Both were fully aware, and had long been aware, how desirable their marriage was, and now—what had they done? What midsummer madness had possessed them, that the one had forced his suit at an inauspicious moment, and the other had yielded to an impulse, the source of which she found it hard to determine, in rejecting it?

Instead of taking his departure, however, Mr. Saville surprised his cousin by remaining and pursuing the even tenor of his existence as if that stormy interview had never taken place. In his manner to her there was no shade of difference, and presently she began to say to herself that after all it was *she* who had gained her point, and that on cooler thought he had decided to wait her time for decision. It was an agreeable conclusion, and one which simplified the position very much; for now as ever she felt it well to have Saville as the final good to fall back upon when other caprices ended, leaving only a faint flavor of disgust.

This consciousness did not diminish, however, her immediate interest in Torella. She had a curious knowledge, born of past experiences, that her fancy for him would be likely to prove of a passing nature, but at the same time there was no doubt of its present vividness. He interested her more than she had been interested by any one in years, and she caught herself sighing to think of the inevitable end of their intercourse.

"If I were only eighteen," she thought, with a half-sad smile, "it might end like a fairy tale. But as it is, *he* will marry Nina Layton, and I Gilbert Saville."

A month or two earlier Torella would certainly have acquiesced in such a prophecy for his future, and asked nothing better than that it might be fulfilled. From childhood Nina Layton and himself had been friends, with the friendship that merges easily into love, and, indeed, had gone far toward merging on each side, when

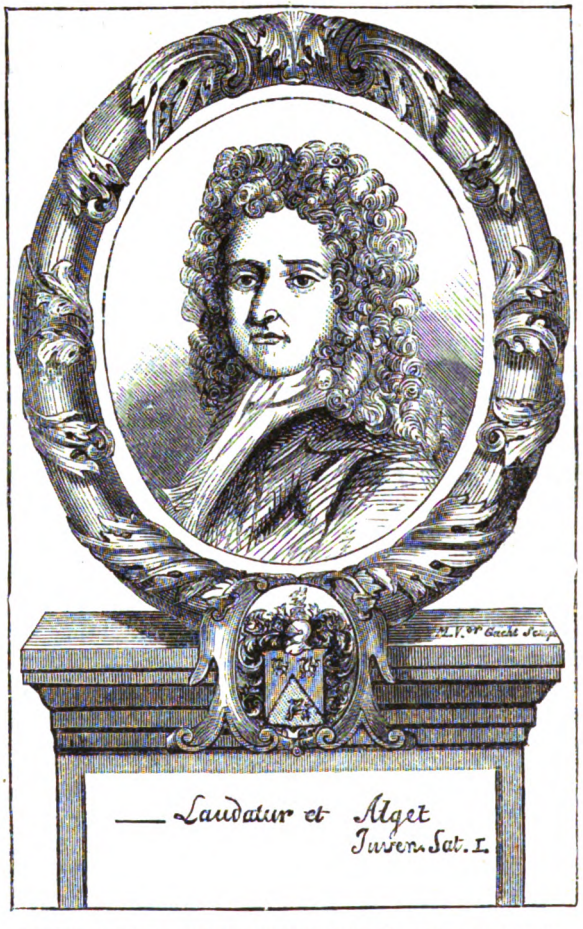
fate sent Miriam Russell across his path. What a sharp pang the girl's heart and pride suffered in the sight of his immediate surrender to the brilliant woman of the world, it is not difficult to imagine. Such pangs are very common. Most hearts at one time or another have suffered them, and it is well when they can be suffered as bravely and silently as Nina Layton suffered hers, and conquered it. For let romances say what they will, there are some women who only need to be convinced that a man's heart does not belong to them, in order to cast him out of their own. It is the impulse alike of pride and dignity. So this girl, without a sign to betray the wound she had received, washed away with hot tears the dreams of many days, and came forth from the ordeal stronger than she knew.

"Nina," said her mother one day, "what is the meaning of Mr. Saville's attentions to you, if he is engaged to his cousin?"

"I do not think that they have any meaning at all, mamma, except that he must bestow his society upon some one when Miss Russell bestows all hers upon Mr. Torella," the girl answered, quietly.

"But that is no reason," said Mrs. Layton, "that he should devote himself to you as if—as if——"

"He takes it for granted, no doubt, that I am a sensible girl, and not likely to make mistakes," said Nina; "and he is quite right. I shall never again think that a man's attentions mean anything. But indeed I should be very foolish if I misunderstood Mr. Saville's. He flatters me by liking my society, in default of better, and I like him extremely. He is an agreeable man of the world, who helps me to realize that—that there are many agreeable men in the world!" She ended with a sigh which her mother understood.



DANIEL DE FOE.—FROM VAN DER GUCHT'S FRONTISPIECE TO "JURE DIVINO," 1706.—SEE PAGE 171.

"There certainly are men able to appreciate my Nina as she deserves to be appreciated," said Mrs. Layton.

"I fear you are not a trustworthy judge of the degree of appreciation which I deserve," said Nina, smiling.

Meanwhile another mother also noticed Saville's liking for the society of Miss Layton, and spoke of it in a different strain.

"I cannot imagine what you are thinking of Miriam," said Mrs. Russell, "to allow Gilbert to devote himself as he is doing, to that girl!"

Miriam laughed.

"Why should he not, if it amuses him?" she asked. "It saves *me* the trouble of amusing him!"

"My dear," said her mother, in a tone of exasperation, "it strikes me that with all your cleverness, you act very foolishly sometimes. Does it not occur to you that if you are so indifferent and so intent upon amusing yourself in a very objectionable manner, Gilbert may relieve you of the trouble of considering him at all?"

"I should not be inconsolable," said Miss Russell, coolly. "But I have no fear of such a result. A man of Gilbert's age and experience is not likely to be attracted in any serious manner by the pretty face of a girl like Nina Layton."

And in this opinion she was sincere; for there is nothing a woman of the world is less able to understand than the possible attraction of a girl in the ignorant freshness of her youth. Moreover, had she not drawn Torella from this attraction with scarcely an effort? She had no cruel purpose in doing so—it was to be merely a bit of education for him, a little amusement for her—and if the amusement had grown more serious than she anticipated, she had still no doubt of the final result resting entirely in her own hands.

The shock which assured her to the contrary, came one day very unexpectedly. She was on her way down to the stream where she was in the habit of sketching, when she turned a little out of her way for a glass of water at the mineral spring which gushed out of the side of a green hill and was picturesquely shadowed by a group of large trees. Under these trees were seats, and from one of them two people rose as she approached. They were Saville and Nina Layton. Something in their appearance startled Miss Russell as her eye fell on them. It is difficult to describe these things, but the expression of their faces flashed upon her a conviction which for a moment made her heart stand still. But she was brave enough to rally outwardly.

"Pardon me for disturbing you!" she said, after an instant's involuntary pause. "I only came for a glass of water."

Seville stepped forward under the pavilion and filled the glass for her, and, then, standing with it in his hand, looked at her with eyes brighter than usual and a face somewhat flushed.

"You did not disturb us," he said, "or—if you did—I am glad to be able to tell you, first of all, that Miss Layton has promised to marry me."

"I congratulate you," said Miriam. Her voice did not falter, though a curious kind of mist came over her sight. She put out her hand and took the glass steadily. "I have the pleasure of drinking to your future happiness," she said, lifting it to her lips.

Perhaps the water revived her. At least, she handed the glass back to him with a smile, and turning, went to

Nina, who stood motionless by the seat from which she had risen. As their eyes met, did any instinct tell the girl that every pang which she had suffered in Torella's desertion was more than repaid? If so, there certainly was no light of triumph in her glance, no tone of triumph in her voice, as she said a few words in reply to Miriam's good wishes. Then she looked rather wistfully after the stately figure as it moved away under the soft, flickering shade.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Saville, coming back to her.

"I am thinking," she answered, "that I wish you had not told her—yet!"

"I was glad to tell her at once," he said. "Things cannot be made clear too soon. If she did not understand before, she understands now."

There could be no doubt of that. She now understood everything clearly, as she walked on, scarcely knowing where she was going. She felt like one in whose face a door had been suddenly and sharply closed—a door that commanded a vista down which she had confidently expected to pass to the future of her life. What had she said to Torella—that their intercourse was only a passing idyl? But it seemed now that it was something which had changed the whole course of her existence. She had been so certain that everything was in her own hands, and now it was taken out of them with a suddenness and a completeness that fairly startled her.

FAC-SIMILE OF SIGNATURES OF DE FOE AND WIFE.

The sense of amazement was still her predominant feeling when she came in sight of the vine-shaded nook where she usually sat, and where she discerned the top of a straw hat which she had no difficulty in identifying. At that sight she stopped. All that she had lost for the sake of *this* rose vividly before her, invested with the hues which only the thing we have hopelessly lost ever possesses. Was it her heart or her pride that cried out passionately against her folly? Whichever it was, there was almost a cruel light in her eyes as she moved on. To wound another as she had been wounded was at this moment her strongest impulse.

It was not disarmed by the eagerness of Torella's face as he rose to meet her. Was she growing tired of the beauty of this face? Had the weariness and disgust that followed in the wake of all her fancies already set in? She spoke to him coldly, and sat down in her usual seat with an air of indifference that the dullest person must have felt. Her companion, sensitive as the strings of a violin to her least touch, to every change and shadow of her moods, flushed a little as he looked at her. He scarcely knew whether to go or to stay, so entirely did her manner set him at a distance from her. But as he hesitated, she glanced at him.

"I have had a great surprise," she said. "If

CRIPPLEGATE CHURCH, NEAR WHICH DE FOE WAS BORN AND DIED.

you will sit down I will tell you about it. It interests you a little."

He sat down obediently, and looked at her with eyes full of passionate expression. Time had not lessened the thrall in which he was held.

"I have no interest," he said, "in anything which does not concern you."

She laughed a little, bitterly.

"As it chances, this concerns me also a little," she replied. "I have just heard that Mr. Saville has offered himself to Miss Layton and been accepted."

Amazement, incredulity, relief, were all mingled in the expression of Torella's face. "Impossible!" was, however, all that he could say.

"It is true," she answered. "The communication was made to me officially—by Gilbert himself. It was an insult," she said, with a sudden red spot coming into her cheek. "I most certainly understood that he meant it so."

"An insult!" repeated Torella, with a flash in his dark eyes. "Do you mean—was he bound to you?"

"No," she replied. "Do you think he would have *dared* if he had been? But the letter of engagement is one thing, and the spirit another. I refused to be hurried in my decision, to give him a positive answer at his demand. And this is his revenge."

TILBURY FORT, FROM THE SITE OF DE FOE'S TILE-YARD.

"But why should it matter to you, since you do not care for him?" asked Torella, quickly.

She looked at him scornfully. Her impulse was to say, "How do you know that I do not care for him?" But pride stopped her. Even with her reckless frankness, she could not avow that she felt now as if she really cared for him alone.

"You do not know much of women," she said, "to ask such a question. Of course it matters when one is—defied. And you—do you not see how it concerns you?" she went on. "The pretty, insipid girl you would have ended by marrying, is lost to you now."

He made a gesture of indifference.

"She has not existed for me since the day I first saw you," he said. "End by marrying her. A man who has drunk the nectar of the gods cannot go back to milk-and-water."

Angry as she was, her heart melted a little, as it always did when she came in contact with his ardent passion.

"The nectar of the gods!" she said, sadly. "My poor friend, what you have drunk deserves another name. It has wrought only harm and misfortune to you. The woman whom you loved—well enough—and who would have made you happy, is hopelessly lost to you, and you have gained—nothing."

"I have gained the knowledge of you," he said. "And perhaps—in time—now that your cousin is taken out of your path—I may gain more."

Her face hardened quickly.

"No," she said. "The only good I can do you now, the only hope of undoing the harm, is to make you understand that the end has come. I shall leave here to-morrow, and we shall never meet again."

"It is impossible! It is impossible!" he said, with passionate emphasis. "I will follow you over the great wide world!"

"You will gain nothing by it," she answered, "and I cannot imagine that you would be so foolish as to throw your life away for nothing."

"It should not be for nothing!" he cried, with an energy that startled her. "I should compel from you at least a return of my devotion! It must be so, for you cannot deny that you have felt something for me, even here, now——"

She withdrew her hand from the grasp that would have taken it.

"Listen to me," she said, gently but coldly. "I see that you can only be cured by heroic measures, so I will tell you the truth. What I have felt for you has been such an interest, such a fancy as I have felt for many others, but always with an inevitable end. Sooner or later the interest dies, the fancy goes out like the flame of a candle, and I could no more revive it than I could make a fire of ashes. I knew from the beginning that it would be so with you, and you cannot say that I did not warn you. What I have to tell you now is that the end has come in its completest sense—the end of my interest."

He looked at her with an expression which she will not soon forget. All the rich color left his face, and there was something almost tragic in the despair that filled his eyes. Her words were like merciless stones that seemed to crush him.

"The end of interest!" he repeated. "Then I have indeed been only a plaything."

"I have warned you," she said again. "I have tried to make you understand——"

"Not this!" he interrupted; "not this! You talked of your age, of your cousin, of many things that might divide us; but you did not say that you looked for your interest in me to go out like an extinguished flame. And yet you must have known that I was giving you my heart, my life, all that I am, and now—— My God! do you know that you are killing me?"

"No," she answered, quailing a little, but preserving her outward composure. "I am giving you that bitter tonic which will cure you. You will not waste your heart, your life, on a woman who tells you plainly—brutally, if you will—that she is tired of you as she has tired of everything else."

She rose as she spoke, and moved away. If her tonic was to be efficacious in its bitterness, she felt that she must not lessen its effect by any gentler words. Only when she had taken a few steps she turned and looked at Torella. He had not stirred, but his eyes were following her with a gaze, beside which words would have been weak. In that moment all the anguish of the pain which she left behind was made clear to her, and with some echo of it in her own heart, she hurried from the scene of an idyl already past.

THE ROAD-RUNNER.

THERE is a queer bird in Arizona called the chaparral cock, or road-runner. In size he is twice as large as our common jay, in color is brown and black, wears a crest and sports a long tail. He can run faster than a horse, and, though he can fly, he rarely chooses to do so, preferring to use his own swift feet. He is a saucy bird; will keep just ahead of his pursuer, traveling fast or slow, timing his gait so as to be always out of reach, and when both horse and rider are exhausted and defeated, Sir Cock Chaparral will turn and give his antagonist a look of calm defiance. It is related upon good authority that this bird will plan and execute tricks that seem to lie beyond the boundary line of instinct and within the pale of reason. One such is the following: He cherishes a hatred to rattlesnakes, so when he finds one asleep, coiled up in the Summer's sun, he breaks off leaves of the prickly-pear cactus and carries and piles them all around his sleeping enemy. When he gets this bristling fort built, and his unconscious foe securely hedged in, he darts down and picks Mr. Snake on the head, who wakes up in a fury, and, seeing the cactus, tries to push it away, but is stung by the sharp needles. This still more enrages him, and he strikes at it with his mouth, only to get it filled with thorns. At this point he becomes what is called blind mad, and strikes at random again and again, each time to be freshly wounded, until in his rage and agony he bites himself and dies; and this is the way the road-runner kills a rattlesnake.

DANIEL WEBSTER, once good-naturedly wrote a letter for an ignorant servant, and when he asked him, "Is there anything else you wish me to say, Mike?" the man scratched his head and finally said, "Yes, if you please. Just say they must excuse the poor scholarship and want of sense the letter shows." Daniel accepted the suggestion, and put it in as a postcript.

"HOW CRUEL to the little fishes for people to angle for them!" exclaimed a lady to Charles Lamb, as they looked out of his window upon the New River. "Not so cruel to the fish as to the worms," answered Elia, "for I have noticed 250 worms are used as bait for every fish taken."

IN FOR IT.

I ROSE betimes, and donned a suit
Of clothes, whose fit immaculate
Was not a question for dispute,
Whose cut was far above debate.
I breakfasted, or rather tried,
But strange my appetite behaving,
A "B. and S." alone supplied
My feeble craving.

I fidgeted about the place,
I smoothed my hat some twenty times;
I almost cursed the clock's slow pace,
And listened for the neighb'ring chimes.
I stretched my gloves—they were a pair
Of lemon kids, extremely "fetching";
And so I used peculiar care
About the stretching.

'Twas past eleven when my friend
Arrived, and took me 'neath his wing,
For he had promised to attend
Upon me kindly, and "to bring
Me smiling to the scratch," as he
Was pleased to term it, being merry;
'Twas quite another thing with me—
'Twas diff'rent, very.

We drove to church, and there I found
Myself the object of each gaze;
I scarcely dared to look around,
I felt completely in a maze.
We had to wait—I dropped my hat,
Then split a glove in very flurry,
Grew hot, and wished devoutly that
The rest would hurry.

When all was o'er we had to face
A grinning crowd's rude, gaping stare;
I strove to don unconscious grace,
And look as if I didn't care.
We braved it out, got home, and then
There came a plethora of kissin'—
Of course I took good care the men
Did not join this in.

We next were victims of a meal,
A melancholy, sad pretense,
And I thereat was made to feel
How hard it is to utter sense.
The carriage came at last, and we
For not a single moment tarried,
And driving off, it dawned on me
That I was married!

THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO WROTE "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

"I KNOW too much of the World to expect good in it, and have learnt to value it too little to be concerned at the evil. I have gone through a life of Wonders, and am the subject of a vast variety of Providences; I have been fed more by Miracle than Elijah, when the Ravens were his Purveyors. I some time ago summed up the scenes of my Life in this distich:

'No man has tasted differing fortunes more,
And thirteen times I have been rich and poor.'

In the School of Affliction I have learnt more Philosophy than at the Academy, and more Divinity than from the Pulpit; in Prison I have learnt to know that Liberty does not consist in open Doors, and the free ingress and regress of Locomotion. I have seen the rough side of the World as well as the smooth; and in less than half a Year, tasted the difference between the closet of a King, and the dungeon of Newgate. I have suffered deeply for cleaving to Principles, of which Integrity I have lived to say, none but those I suffered for, ever Reproached me with it. The immediate causes of my Suffering have been the being betrayed by those I have trusted, and scorning to betray those who trusted me."

In these eloquent words has Daniel de Foe, whose epitaph is written indelibly in the hearts of millions, summed up the experiences of his peculiar career.

The world does not recognize—not, at least, ostensibly—its chief benefactors. Splendid monuments are erected over the dust of statesmen and warriors, and glorifying titles are inscribed thereon; but men who have shed light and mirth find scant stone or marble recognition. Their works, instinct with the life of life, are their true monuments. "Si requiris monumentum, circumspice" (If you seek a monument, look around), is the grand epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren, inscribed over the chancel of St. Paul's Cathedral, of which he was the designer. That epitaph has a wide application, and to few men it more directly applies than to the author of Robinson Crusoe.

A worthy alderman of London burst into tears and refused to be comforted upon learning that Crusoe was but the wondrous creation of a fascinating pen. To how many a boyish heart, at this hour of writing, would not such a doleful piece of information bring sorrowing and sadness? How many there are amongst us—their name is legion—who have fought the battle of life and are now reposing on such laurels as were picked up in the dust and din and fray, who turn to De Foe's delightful work with the intense pleasure begotten of old and cherished friendship? Never was told so thrilling a tale, never was born a story so absolutely imperishable!

He was an odd, wrong-headed man, this Daniel de Foe. He did not even know or suspect, till he was sixty years of age, that he could write fiction; did not before then imagine that he had a Robinson Crusoe stored away in the storehouse of his brain.

Daniel Foe was his real name, the De was added in after life, when, with venial weakness, he was desirous it should not be known that his father, James Foe, was a butcher long established in London. He was born in 1661, in the Parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate. Honest James Foe was desirous that his son should have nothing to do with trade, as, he himself being a dissenting minister, he resolved that Daniel should be a dissenting minister. He was a very refractory, unpromising pupil of a Mr. Moreton, who kept a dissenting academy on Newington Green, at which he, nevertheless, acquired a smattering of five languages, mathematics, logic, geography and history.

He seems to have been a boy of great courage, a quality that strongly marked his future career. In one of his "Reviews" he says: "From a boxing young English boy I learnt this early piece of generosity, not to strike my enemy when he is down," a disposition which he cherished through the whole of his controversial life.

Referring at a later period to his being intended for the ministry, he writes: "It was my disaster first to be set apart for, and then to be set apart from, the honor of that sacred employ.

The "principle" of dissent—that of refusing submission to or acquiescence in authoritative teaching—took firm hold of Daniel Foe's mind, which was essentially combative and antagonistic. At the age of twenty-one, and just toward the close of the reign of the "Merrie Monarch," Charles II., when unblushing licentiousness had full sway in high places, he must needs write a biting satire upon the clergy, entitled "Speculum Crapegownorum." There was nothing very terrible in that

paper thunderbolt—it was merely a weak flutter of the young eagle's plumes.

His mercantile pupilage ended, and having no business engagements to occupy his mind, and, furthermore, bitterly disappointed that his pen had failed to overthrow the Crapegownorum, Daniel Foe had recourse to the less mighty weapon, the sword, and joined the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion against James II., much against the sage counsel of a friend, who advised him that, since he felt no aptitude for preaching, it would be wise to follow his father's trade—slaughter beasts, not men—which vocation he would find to be much more profitable, as it was decidedly more moral. Daniel Foe, who had not then cut his wisdom-teeth, demurred to his good friend's advice, and girding up his loins, sallied forth to give battle at the fatal fight at Sedgemoor. We have the testimony of Lord Macaulay, that never was the stubborn bravery of peasant Britain more conspicuously displayed than by Monmouth's mob—a mob ill-furnished with efficient arms—than in that disastrous affray. "It is doubtful," says Russel, "that the victory would have been with James's disciplined troops had it not been for cannon, which the Protestant Bishop of Winchester enabled the Royalist commander to bring up against the 'rebels.' This prelate lent his carriage-horses to drag the guns into action against men who were fighting to prevent the subversion of the Church of which his lordship was one of the mitred chiefs. Foe often alluded to this circumstance with great bitterness."

How the rash young soldier escaped the vengeance of the triumphant party is not shown with distinctness. There are several versions of his hair-breadth escapes from the hunters. According to one account he was at a farmhouse in the capacity of swine, sheep and cow herd, when it was visited by a party of "Kirke's Lambs," as the murderous ruffians and rascally cutthroats were popularly and ironically named. They were, as usual, in search of victims, and to fall into their hands was certain death. Instead of concealing himself, Daniel Foe, whose secret was known to the farmer and his wife, waited, in a plowman's guise, upon the soldiers, and "made merry with them."

Be that true or not, he had the good fortune to escape, facilitated, no doubt, by the circumstance of his being a native of London, and his person not being known in that part of the kingdom where the insurrection took place. He returned home to the metropolis, and thus avoided figuring in the Bloody Assize. Three of his friends—all of whom had been students in Moreton's Academy—lost their lives on the scaffold. Shortly afterward, in the same year, De Foe entered in the business for which he had been prepared—the wholesale trade in hosiery—and carried on the same in Freeman's Court, Cornhill, until 1694. It was then he assumed the aristocatic prefix De to his name. It gave him consideration with the manufacturers. He also, being free by birth, became an enrolled citizen of London.

DE FOE IN THE PILLORY AT TEMPLE BAR.—FROM A PAINTING BY EYRE CROWE.

The nation was in travail with the revolution of 1688. William of Orange was known to be actively preparing for a descent on England; the tongues and pens of numerous speakers and writers were borrowed, and the agitation of the people, especially the Londoners, hourly increased. Daniel de Foe rushed at once into the thickest of the excitement, and no sooner did the news arrive of the successful landing and advance of the Dutch, than De Foe armed, and on horseback left the city, and at Henley-on-Thames joined the second line of the army of the Prince of Orange.

The Revolution itself was hailed by De Foe with transports of joy, and he ever afterward kept the 4th of

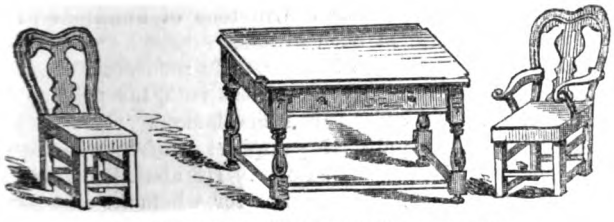
November, the anniversary of William's landing, as a festival. After that monarch's decease no master of an Irish Orange lodge ever drank the "great, glorious, pious and immortal memory" with more hilarious gusto than Daniel de Foe. He, moreover, buckled on his sword again and joined a royal regiment of volunteer horse, who made a most gallant show upon the occasion of William and Mary's first ceremonial visit to the Guildhall.

In 1691 was published De Foe's first effort in verse with the following title :

"A New Discovery of an Old Intrigue : a Satyr level'd at Treachery and Ambition; Calculated to the Nativity of the Rapparee Plott, and the Modesty of the Jacobite Clergy. Designed by way of Conviction to the CXVII. Petitioners, and for the Benefit of those that Study the Mathematicks. *Unus Nobis Cunctando Restituit.*—Ennius. Printed in the year 1691."

HOUSE ONCE OCCUPIED BY DE FOE IN CASTLE STREET, BRISTOL.

The Revolution established, the Constitution settled, the enthusiasm for the "deliverer" visibly cooled, the main cause of which appears to have been that he was not an Englishman. This waywardness on the part of the nation greatly incensed De Foe, who had in no wise cooled, and he immediately rushed into print in defense of his hook-nosed Dutch hero. This time it was a satirical poem entitled, "The True-born Englishman : A Satyr." This work, which was printed without any name of author or bookseller, instantly took possession of all readers, from the king on his throne to the humble buyers of penny piracies hawked in the streets.



VESTRY FURNITURE IN CHURCH AT TOOTING, FOUNDED BY DE FOE.

De Foe, speaking of the pecuniary loss he had sustained by spurious editions of his work, says :

"'The True-born Englishman' is a remarkable Example, by which the Author, tho' in it he eyed no Profit, had he been to enjoy the Profit of his own Labour, had gain'd above £1,000. A Book that besides Nine Editions of the Author, has been Twelve Times printed by other Hands; some of which have been sold for one penny, others twopence, and others sixpence, the Author's Editions being fairly printed, and on good Paper, and could not be sold under a shilling. Eighty thousand of the small ones have been sold in the Streets for twopence, or at a penny; and the author thus abused and discouraged had no remedy but Patience."

"The True-born Englishman" is written with rough vigor, and proves what no one ever doubted, that the inhabitants of England are a race compounded of many races—Welsh, Saxons, Danes, Normans, Scotch, Irish, Germans, etc., for which reason he argued with curiously twisted logic that the true-born Englishman, according to the popular idea, was a myth, and that in a real sense King William was as much an Englishman as any one born within the sound of Bow Bells. The King was so much pleased with the poem that he sent for De Foe, and highly complimented him upon his genius and good sense ; the sincerity of which praise was proved by the monarch's frequent consultations with De Foe on important matters of state during the latter part of his reign. Reverting a few years later to the injurious treatment of the King at this time, De Foe says : "I am not at all vain in saying I had the honor to know more of His Majesty than some of those who have insulted him know of his horse." Had the life of King William been spared to old age, it is most probable that De Foe would have attained a high and noble position, as he had clearly before him a prospect of great national influence and its usual attendant, substantial rewards. The King's favor, however, if it conferred a sort of factitious fame upon De Foe's literary efforts, did not fill his purse. It was very pleasant to be a man whom a king delighted to honor with words ; but a man with a wife and a fast coming family could not be content even with royal breath, so Daniel de Foe turned again to the vulgar stocking business.

"Misfortunes in Business having unhing'd me from Matters of Trade, it was about the year 1694, when I was invited by some Merchants with whom I had corresponded abroad, and some also at home, to settle at *Cadiz* in *Spain*, and that with Offers of very good Commissions; but Providence, which had other Work for me to do, placed a secret Aversion in my Mind to quitting *England* upon any account, and made me refuse the best Offers of that Kind, to be concern'd with some eminent Persons at home, in proposing *Ways* and *Means* to the Government for raising Money to supply the Occasions of the War then newly begun."

De Foe became secretary to and ultimately owner of works at Tilbury, in Essex, for the manufacture of bricks

DE FOE'S HOUSE AT TOOTING.

and pantiles. The capital invested in this concern must have been considerable, for he informs us that his own loss by its failure was £3,000 ($15,000), all of which loss, however, he most honorably paid off.

The peculiar eccentricity of the broken-down merchant or trader was never more strikingly illustrated than by the mode hit upon by Daniel de Foe to regain a good position in the world. He had sadly failed to provide ways and means for the support of himself and family; but, nothing deterred by that trifling failure, he at once addressed himself to the task of instructing the Government as to how they should provide for the "ways and means" of the nation. His counsels were appreciated, some of his suggestions were adopted, and his expedient for "raising the wind" had a double effect. The financial measures of the ministry derived a certain success from his suggestions, and he in requital obtained a situation, with other favors, which placed him in a position of modest competence.

That De Foe, as I have already stated, was a wrong-headed man, and never a one to pursue the safe, beaten paths of life, albeit he had given hostages to fortune in a beloved wife and children. He was off at a tangent again. The accession of Queen Anne—that lady of whom it is so often asserted that she is dead—was the signal for an outburst of bigotry such as has been rarely witnessed even in "bigot England."

The dissenters this time were objects of popular fury. The High Church party were rampant and inflamed by the teachings of Dr. Sacheverell, a University preacher. A frantic mob swept through the streets of London, demolished dissenting places of worship, burned the dwellings and obtained such brutal ascendency that it was not safe for any dissenter to be seen in the streets.

De Foe came out with a pamphlet, "The Shortest Way with Dissenters," a clever caricature of the High Church Party, but so subtly colored that the more blatant of that party deemed they had never been limned by a more skillful artist. The tract was soon discovered to be the work of a Dissenter, and a satire upon the High Church Party. Then they saw they were taken in their own net, and determined to destroy the author. During the first outburst of fury De Foe sought concealment, but the Tory Government, moved by his enemies, resolved to crush him by a state prosecution; and a proclamation, offering a reward for his discovery, was advertised in the London *Gazette* of the 10th of January, 1703. I insert it in full, for the description it gives of the person of the author of "Robinson Crusoe":

"Whereas, Daniel De Foe, alias De Fooe, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet, intitled 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters.' He is a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth: was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor, in Freeman's Yard, in Cornhill; and now is owner of the brick and pantile works, near Tilbury Fort, in Essex; whoever shall discover the said Daniel De Foe to one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, or any of her Majesty's justices of the peace, so he may be apprehended, shall have a reward of £50, which her Majesty has ordered immediately to be paid on such discovery."

De Foe was persuaded to plead "Guilty" under the most solemn assurances, by highly placed people, that the Queen's pardon would be immediately extended to him. De Foe's keen sagacity must have forsaken him at this trying crisis. He was rudely awakened from his dream. Directly his plea of "Guilty" was recorded he was sentenced to be pilloried three times, have his ears snipped off, to pay a fine of one hundred marks, be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure, and upon liberation find sureties for his good behavior.

Pope's line in allusion to De Foe in the pillory,

"See where on high stands unabashed De Foe,"

is interpreted by the courageous thinker and writer of his life as his highest eulogy. After the passing of the sentence De Foe was confined to Newgate, and an interval of twenty days was allowed to elapse before exposure in the pillory. When he was pilloried the multitude formed a guard to protect him from any injury or insult, in other words, from rotten eggs, stale cabbages and other evidences of mirthfulness on the part of the many-headed. It was summertime, and they decked the pillory with garlands of flowers. They drank his health, and provided refreshments for him after his being on exhibition. The triumph was as great as the moment would admit of; but he had a more lasting triumph in store. His High Church enemies had made him a gazing-stock to the world for three hours; but his hymn to the pillory pilloried them for all time. He indignantly bids the pillory:

"Tell them the Men that placed him here
Are Scandals to the Times;
Are at a loss to find his Guilt,
And can't commit his Crimes."

It would have been a great loss to England and to the world had Daniel de Foe not been an eccentric man; if he had been content to dwell in conventional decencies after attaining his place. No nation has ever been deficient in "respectabilities." They are the dust of graveyards; the spots where they lie, in crowded heaps, signalized by lying tombstones. Daniel de Foe lives with hearty, vigorous life in tens of hundreds of thousands of homes in both worlds.

De Foe was superior to his fate. He recovered, when cast down into apparently remediless ruin, his pristine, mental vigor. He commenced his famous "Review" and re-engaged in political pamphlet warfare with as much energy and firmness as ever. He abated not one jot of heart or hope. The Whigs, for whom he had so strenuously labored, abandoned him to his fate. The Tories, to whom he had always been strenuously opposed, were more generous, more just toward the wayward, willful, high-principled writer. Upon the accession of Harley, through the influence of Mrs. Masham, to power, that Minister induced Her Majesty to order De Foe's liberation from prison, and even prevailed upon the Queen to liquidate from the privy purse his fine and expense. This was not, perhaps, a piece of purely quixotic generosity, Harley and Bolingbroke having been, no doubt, anxious to secure for their party the pen of so vigorous and versatile a writer. The horizon brightened rapidly. Harley commissioned De Foe to act as confidential agent at Edinburgh in endeavoring to bring about the union of Scotland and England, a duty of which he creditably acquitted himself.

The following story is very creditable to De Foe's genius. When Drelincourt's book on the "Fear of Death" first appeared in the English language, the publisher was disappointed in its sale, and, being a heavy work, he is said to have complained to De Foe of the loss he was likely to sustain by it. De Foe asked him if the author had blended anything marvelous with his pious advice, which the bookseller answered in the negative. "If you wish to have your book sell," replied he, "I will put you in the way of it," and he immediately sat down and composed the story of the "Apparition of Mrs. Veal," which was made to recommend

Drelincourt's book, and has been appended to every subsequent edition. After this there was no complaint for want of a sale, and since that the work has passed through more than fifty editions. The first edition of De Foe's pamphlet was published on the 5th of July, 1706, by B. Bragg, at the Black Raven in Paternoster Row, and was entitled,

"A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death, to one Mrs. Bargraveat Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705."

De Foe, always unpractical, would not lend his talents to the advocacy of the Tory measures of the Cabinet. He, however, refrained from writing against them. His obligations to Harley commanded such a negative service as that. He determined to withdraw from active conflict of parties. He had suffered more from his reputed political friends than enemies. Unwarned, however, by the persecution brought against him by "The Shortest Way of Dealing with Dissenters," he must needs launch forth a similar *brochure*, by which, to ordinary minds, he appeared seriously to propose the bringing in of the Stuart Pretender, to the exclusion of the Hanoverian dynasty. This was done, as in the former instance, by caricaturing and exaggerating the arguments of the Jacobites. The irony was not understood by the commonalty. One Benson, an ardent partisan of the Whigs, honestly thinking that De Foe was in covert league—his official, or officious connection with the Harley-Bolingbroke Ministry giving force and color to this suspicion—with the exiled Stuart, petitioned that Daniel de Foe might be tried for high treason. A judge was found to commit the unlucky pamphleteer to Newgate for presuming to write in defense, or, rather, in explanation, of the inculpated pamphlet, after Benson's accusation had been preferred before the Grand Jury—a true bill was found, and he was compelled to find heavy bail to surrender for trial. But for his ministerial friends it might have gone hard with him, so inveterate were his enemies, so obtuse the public as to the true meaning of the pamphlet. Harley, to avoid all danger to a man whose talents he respected—much as he laughed at his erratic follies—covered him with a royal pardon; an incident to which he afterward alluded with much humor. The accession of George I. put the finishing-stroke to De Foe's political career. He had no longer one single influential friend; was sixty years of age; had once been struck with apoplexy; was lonely, and afflicted with gout and stone. Under these exhilarating circumstances, the peculiar, indomitable man betook himself to romance writing! His first essay was the immortal "Robinson Crusoe."

The idea was suggested by the stay of Alexander Selkirk, a Scottish seaman, who had sailed in the ship commanded by Captain Rogers in his voyage around the world. Selkirk was *marooned* for some offense, and left upon the Island of Juan Fernandez, in the Pacific, where he contrived to exist for four years.

Such is the groundwork upon which De Foe built his most celebrated romance; the first volume of which was published on the 25th of April, 1719, with the following title:

"The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner: who lived Eight and Twenty Years all alone in an Uninhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the Mouth of the Great River Oroonoque; Having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein All the Men perished but himself. With an Account how he was at last as strangely deliver'd by Pyrates. Written by himself. London. Printed for W. Taylor at the Ship in Paternoster Row. 1719."

De Foe must have felt that, in writing a preface, his task was needless as a recommendation. His brief and simple address is therefore intended to aid the little artifice that he had merely edited Crusoe's own narrative:

"If ever the Story of any private Man's Adventures in the World were worth making Publick, and were acceptable when Publish'd, the Editor of this Account thinks this will be so. The Wonders of this Man's Life exceed all that (he thinks) is to be found extant; the Life of one Man being scarce capable of a greater Variety. The Story is told with so much Modesty, with Seriousness, and with a religious Application of Events to the Uses to which wise Men always apply them (viz.), to the Instruction of others by this Example, and to justify and honour the Wisdom of Providence in all the Variety of our Circumstances, let them happen how they will. The Editor believes the thing to be a just History of Fact; neither is there any appearance of Fiction in it: and however thinks, because all such things are dispatch'd, that the Improvement of it, as well to the Diversion as to the Instruction of the Reader, will be the same, and as such, he thinks, without further Compliment to the World, he does them a great Service in the Publication."

The great beauty of this fiction consists not in the hero, but in his situation, and the admirable manner in which he is made to adapt himself to it. Human sympathy attends his every action, and the simple, natural pathos of a plain, unsophisticated man, and the sublimity and awfulness of perfect solitude, move more than would all the feeling and eloquence of Rousseau, had he attempted a similar story. No wonder this tale has been translated into every European language, and even into Arabic, Hindostanee and Chinese.

Chalmers says that the manuscript of "Robinson Crusoe" passed through the whole circle of the publishing trade before it could find a purchaser. De Foe sold all his right in it for probably a very inadequate sum, and William Taylor, the publisher, made an enormous fortune. So instantaneous was the demand, that the second edition was published only seventeen days after the first. The third edition followed twenty-five days later, and the fourth edition on the 8th of August.

This favorable reception encouraged De Foe to pursue the subject. A second volume was published on the 20th of August, with the following title:

"The Farther Adventures of Robinson Crusoe; Being the Second and Last Part of his Life, and of the Strange Surprising Accounts of his Travels round three Parts of the Globe. Written by Himself. To which is added a Map of the World, in which is Delineated the Voyages of Robinson Crusoe. London. Printed for William Taylor at the Ship in Paternoster Row. 1719."

The first public attack made upon "Robinson Crusoe" and its author was by Charles Gildon—a clever writer, but a sorry wit—who published on the 28th of September a pamphlet which had nothing to recommend it but the following title:

"The Life and Strange Surprizing Adventures of Mr. D— De F—, of London, Hosier, who has lived above fifty years by himself, in the Kingdoms of North and South Britain. The various Shapes he has appear'd in, and the Discoveries he has made for the Benefit of his Country. In a Dialogue between *Him, Robinson Crusoe*, and his Man *Friday*. With Remarks Serious and Comical upon the Life of Crusoe. *Qui vult decipi, decipiatur*. London. Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick Lane. 1719. Price 1s."

On the 6th of August, 1720, De Foe published a sequel to his celebrated work, with the title:

"Serious Reflections during the Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe: With his Vision of the Angelick World. Written by himself. London. Printed for W. Taylor, at the Ship and Black Swan in Paternoster Row. 1720."

Where was "Robinson Crusoe" written? A house in Halifax is pointed out. Gateshead, in Durham, has

claimed the honor. A dwelling in Harrow Alley, Whitechapel Market, London, has been said to be the birthplace both of "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Journal of the Plague." It has also been asserted that it was written in a back chamber over the wash-house of a cottage in the little Kentish village of Hartley, while William Lee roundly declares that it was written in De Foe's own residence at Stoke Newington.

The other romances of Daniel de Foe have fallen out of current literature—are practically dead and buried. "Moll Flanders," a copy of which, strange to relate, was presented to the writer on board the *Aurania*, recently, by Mr. Frank Shelley, a descendant of Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet, "Colonel Jack," "Captain Singleton" have disappeared, though they were not without much merit. The pre-eminent quality of De Foe as a writer of fiction was his power of *realization*. Any one would go before a magistrate and make an oath, to the best of his belief, "A Citizen's Account of the Great Plague of London" was a simply told narrative of what had really, and, to the writer's knowledge, taken place. And yet Daniel de Foe had never been to sea, and had never lived through a plague.

FRONTISPIECE TO THE FIRST EDITION OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE," 1719.

De Foe, though his writings had a large sale, was beset with pecuniary difficulties, embittered by domestic affliction. Himself on the verge of both jail and grave, he was doomed to experience "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." His son, to whom he had made over in trust some property for the benefit of his wife and daughter, appropriated the whole to himself. The pitiful story will best be told in the following touching letter, the last of the writings of the author of "Robinson Crusoe," addressed to Mr. Baker, an eminent naturalist, who had married De Foe's favorite daughter Sophia. This letter may truly be pronounced one of the most painfully affecting in the English language:

"DEAR MR. BAKER—I have your kind and affectionate letter of the 1st instant. It did not reach me till the 10th; how it has been delayed I know not. As your kind manner and kinder thought, from which it flows—for I know all you say to be sincere, Nathaniel-like, without guile—is a particular satisfaction to me; so the delay of a letter, however it happened, deprived me of that cordial too many days. I stood so much in need of it to support a mind sinking under a weight of affliction too heavy for my strength, and looking on myself as abandoned by every comfort, every friend, every relative, except such only as are unable to give me any assistance.

"I was sorry you should say in your letter you were debarred from seeing me. On the contrary, it would be a greater comfort to me than any I now enjoy, if I could receive your agreeable visits with safety, and could see both you and my dearest Sophia, could it be without giving her the grief of seeing her father in his present situation, bowed down under the load of insupportable sorrows. I am sorry I must open my grief so far as to tell her it is not the blow I received from a wicked, perjured, contemptible enemy that has broken my spirit. She well knows I have borne up against greater disasters. But it has been the inhuman dealing of my own son which has ruined my family and broken my heart. As I am at this time under a weight of very heavy illness, which I think will be a fever—and a fatal one—I take this occasion to vent my grief in the breasts of those who I know will make a prudent use of it; nothing but this has conquered or could conquer me.

"I depended upon my son; I trusted him; I gave up my two dear unprovided children into his hands; but he has no compassion, and suffers them and their poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door, and to crave as it were as alms what he is bound under hand and seal, beside the most solemn promises, to supply them with, himself at the same time living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me. Excuse my infirmity; my heart is too full. I can say no more; my heart is too full. I only ask one thing of you as a dying request. Stand by them when I am gone, and let them not be wronged whilst my son is able to do them right. Stand by them as a brother; and if you have anything within you owing to my memory—I, who have bestowed upon you the best gift I had to give—let them not be injured and trampled upon by false pretences. I hope they will want no help but that of comfort and counsel; and that, they will indeed want, being too easily led by words and promises.

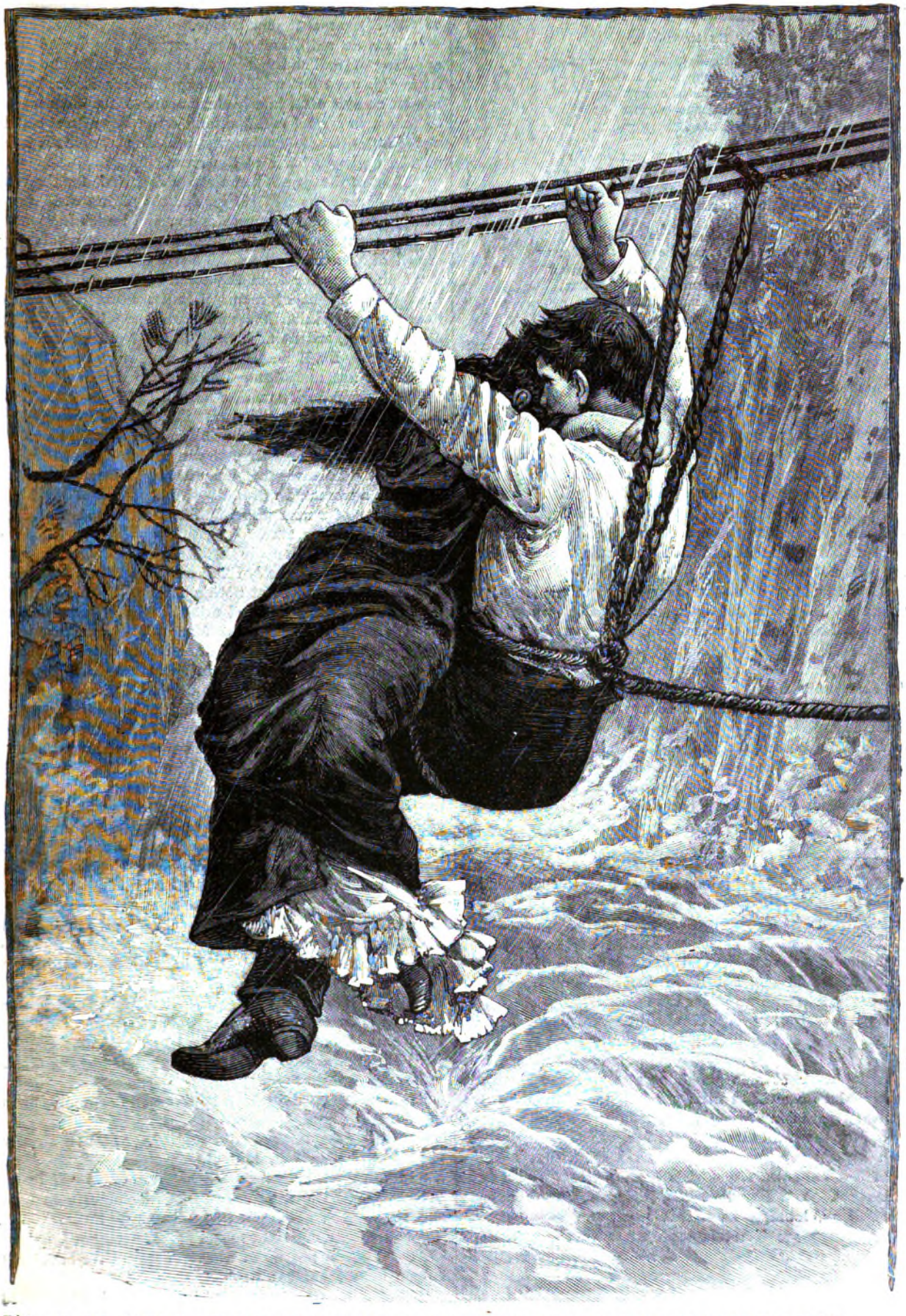
"It adds to my grief that I must never see my little grandson. Give him my blessing, and may he be to you both your joy in youth, your comfort in age, and never add a sigh to your sorrows. But that, alas! is not to be expected. Kiss my dear Sophy once more for me, and if I must see her no more, tell her this, that her father loved her above all to his last breath.

"Your unhappy D. F.

"About two miles from Greenwich, Kent,
"Tuesday, August 12th, 1730."

Daniel De Foe died on the 24th of April, 1731, at a lodging in Ropemaker's Alley, Moorfields, in the Parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where he was born.

Is it not a cruel irony upon human life to say of a rarely gifted man like De Foe, that he died in misery and lives in fame?



AL ARAF.—"SHE CLASPED HER ARMS ABOUT MY NECK, AND, BURYING HER FACE IN MY BOSOM, LEFT ME FREE TO ACT. OUR MOVEMENT OVER THE WET ROPE WAS TERRIBLY SLOW."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

CHANGING DAYS.

By Rondeau.

With changing days that come and go,
Like painted puppets in a show,
Having the shape of everything
From beggarman to crowned king,
To-day grows into long ago.

As well inquire for last year's snow
In next year's Spring, as seek to know
What gifts the Autumn's hands shall bring
With changing days.

But, kindly Fate, contrive to sow
Some flowers amid the weeds that grow
Around Time's feet to climb and cling
About his scythe and stop its swing;
I trust that you may find it so
With changing days.

AL ARAF.

By C. L. Hildreth.

The singular name which my friend Sidney Acton had chosen for his estate, a charming property overlooking the Conestoga, near the railway bridge, had always been a mystery to me. I had a notion of the meaning of the phrase, but how it came to be applied to a pretty modern villa, surrounded by tasteful grounds, and occupied by a respectable gentleman and his lovely wife, was a problem I could not solve.

After turning the matter over in my mind for a considerable time, without seeing any light, I ventured to ask my host for an explanation, during a visit to the place.

"Is it possible that you have never heard the story?" he said, with a smile. "It is incredible, considering how fond I am of relating it to any one who will listen. Well, in that case, if you will come with me to the brow of the hill opposite the bridge, you shall have the advantage of hearing the drama, on the scene of its occurrence, from the mouth of one of the principal actors."

I followed him to the spot indicated, where we seated ourselves upon a rustic bench beneath a clump of sycamores.

"In the first place," he began, "you are aware that Al Araf is the name the Mohammedans give to their Purgatory—a sort of half-way house for departed spirits, midway between heaven and hell. Into the latter, a gloomy pit, whence arises continually thunders and roarings like the voice of a thousand waterfalls, the condemned soul is sent with a plunge. Into the other, the true believer is led across a bridge no wider than a hair. You shall presently decide for yourself whether the name I have given to my estate, commemorative of my experience, is apt or not.

"The river at this point, as you perceive, is compressed into a swift, turbid stream, not more than five hundred yards in diameter, between two steep walls of rock over three hundred feet in height. The bridge, an iron structure, supported by two brick piers, springs from the bluffs on either side of the stream where it is narrowest. You may discern, a little below the roadbed, three lines, looking from this point like fine spiders' webs. They are the telegraph wires of the company, resting upon the projecting buttresses of the piers. How would you like attempting to enter heaven over such a bridge as those would make, knowing that the chances were ten to one in favor of your plunging headlong into that hell of water whirling below. Well, if a woman's love be heaven, as the poets tell us it is, I have made my way to it over that very bridge.

"I was an ambitious young lawyer at the period I am speaking of, and as hard a worker as ever entered a plea. Although worn out with the long Winter's labor, I gave myself no rest until late in the season. Then I consented to take two weeks' vacation, and came down to spend it at the hotel, whose gables you can see through the trees on the opposite bank of the river.

"Most of the guests had already departed, for the cold September storms had set in, and the nights were sharp and blustery; but there was one person remaining whose society proved an ample substitute for the whole gay crowd of pleasure-seekers. Need I say it was a lady?

"I thought her then the sweetest woman that ever blessed the sight of man. I must have been right, because my opinion has undergone no change to this day. Young, ardent and, despite my legal training, inexperienced, I fell madly in love with her at first sight, and made not the slightest attempt to disguise it.

"I followed her about like her shadow. It seemed that I could not breathe or live outside of the atmosphere of her presence. There was no sun in the sky when I could not see her smile; no harmony in nature when her voice was silent. Extravagant, you will say? Doubtless; but if I were a woman I wouldn't give the turn of my hand for the love of a man who would not make an arrant fool of himself for my sake.

"Nevertheless, I made little or no visible progress with her. She evidently liked me as a friend; she was gentle and gracious, but nothing more. Of course, had I been in a cooler frame of mind, I should have understood that under the most favorable circumstances I could expect nothing more after a ten days' acquaintance. But those ten days were to me ten long years of delicious hope and desperate despondency, alternative every half-hour of the day and night. Sometimes, when she would suddenly raise her eyes and detect my own fixed upon her with a yearning intensity, she would flush slightly and her voice would tremble. Then my heart would cry out exultantly, 'She loves me.' Again it would occur to me that no woman, however cold, could witness the signs of a man's passion for her without some confusion. Then I would curse my own mad folly and drop miles deep into the pit of despair.

"So matters ran on until the end of the fortnight, when one rainy afternoon, as we sat upon the porch together, she told me that she was to return to the city on the following morning. If she had read my own death-warrant instead, I should have borne it more stoically. For a moment I sat mute and bewildered. Going away from me! Returning to the great city, among whose teeming thousands I should perhaps lose her for ever! The thought cut me to the heart like a knife.

"'Oh, do not say that you are going away!' I cried. 'What shall I do?'

"She looked at me with a faint blush deepening upon her cheek.

"'The season is over,' she replied. 'I have already staid longer than I intended.'

"'I cannot bear it!' I said, impetuously. 'If I cannot see you, be near you always, I do not care to live. Octavia, do you not know that I love you?'

"'You should not talk to me so,' she returned, agitatedly. 'You do not mean what you say. We have only known each other two weeks.'

"'Two weeks or two years,' I cried, 'it is nothing to me. I could not love you more, I shall never love you less.'

"'We are almost strangers,' she answered, gently. 'Such sudden love as you profess for me cannot be lasting. It is only a fancy which you will soon forget."

"If it should so chance that by giving my life I might save yours, you should know if it were only a fancy, as you call it; or love so deep-rooted in my heart that only death can silence it.'

"'Hush!' she said, giving me her warm, white hand; 'do not speak of dying. Such chances as you speak of do not occur in these commonplace days. Let us talk of it no more. We are friends, are we not?' she added, looking up at me with her soft eyes, in which there was a strangely tender expression. 'You shall call upon me in the city, and perhaps when you know me better, you will be glad that I did not take you at your word.'

"'Yes, let us talk of it no more,' I responded, sorrowfully. 'I should have known that there was no hope for me. I am not worthy of such love as yours.'

"I pressed my lips to her hand convulsively, and rushed away.

"The morning of her departure broke dark and stormy. The rain poured down in blinding floods, and the equinoctial gale roared through the sere woods and over the roofs of the hotel. I had not the heart to bid her a formal farewell; but after she had entered the carriage to be driven to the station, I took a short cut through the grounds, hoping to catch a last glimpse of her from the train as it passed the bridge.

"Even in this region of tempests such a commotion of the elements had been rarely known before. The valleys were converted into turbid lakes. The great trees groaned and creaked overhead, the air was full of flying branches, and more than once I had to climb over some huge uprooted trunk. When I reached the open space upon the bluff the wind was so violent that I could only keep my feet with a great effort. The river below was now a swollen torrent, choked with fragments of wreck and dashing against the piers of the bridge with a noise like continuous thunder.

"As I crouched behind one of the heavy iron stanchions I began to be aware of some startling change that was taking place in the great structure before me. I felt a series of shocks vibrating along the trestle, as if a Titan's hammer were beating at its base. As I continued to watch it, the faint tremor grew to a visible rocking motion, and, before I could fairly comprehend the cause, a seam opened between the ironwork and the stone anchorage. Then I understood what was going on. Under the combined power of the wind above and the torrent below the bridge was giving way. At that moment the bridge-tender came leaping along the ties with a face of fear.

"'The bridge! the bridge!' he cried. 'It is going! it will be down in five minutes.'

"Then, with a thrill of horror, I remembered the approaching train, already overdue. Under its weight, the bridge would go down like a structure of cards.

"'The train, the train!' I shouted, in reply; 'stop the train.'

"He comprehended me, and, seizing his danger-signal, ran up the road at the top of his speed. But at the same time I felt the peculiar jar which an advancing train communicates to the rails, followed by the shriek of the escaping steam as the startled engineer reversed his brakes.

"Shall I ever forget the agony of that moment as I saw the engine and its one car flash into view around the curve, pouring forth clouds of vapor, like the breath of a laboring giant? On it came, presenting to my terror-glazed eyes the likeness of a living thing struggling against its own destruction. I beheld the engineer standing, grim and determined, at his throttle-valve; I beheld the face of the woman I loved pressed against the car-window, and the glimmer of her white hand waving an adieu. In a frenzy of despair I endeavored to spring upon the platform, determined to share her fate, but I missed my grasp, and the huge mass rolled heavily on.

"Great God! how the bridge swayed and shook! I saw the top of the car sink down; first on one side and then on the other, recover itself, jolt on a few paces further, and stop directly over the central span; while the engine, which had become detached, shot on and reached the shore in safety as the section it had just left crashed down almost from beneath its trucks.

"The car remained upon the central span, so close upon the verge that one of the wheels hung over the gulf. And now the hither section connecting with the bluff upon which I stood, was sinking inch by inch from its anchorage. Bolts, pins and braces cracked with reports like cannon, until but one twisted and splintered girder supported it. Mad with despair, I sprang down upon it, determined to make my way across it to the car, but I was seized by one of the crowd which had quickly gathered upon the scene, and drawn back.

"'What are you doing, sir?' cried a voice. 'You will be dashed to pieces.'

"'What do I care!' I returned, struggling with those who held me. 'Men, men, in God's name! let me go! The woman I love is in that car!'

"'Too late, sir! Look!'

"There was a grinding, tearing sound, a roar like near thunder, and a torrent of water upflung even to where we stood. The second section had fallen! The middle span, supported upon the two piers, bearing the car, alone remained.

"'That won't stand half an hour!' I heard a voice saying near me. 'Look! there goes a brace! Poor girl!—Poor girl!'

"I turned upon them, fiercely: 'Help me save her, if you are men!'

"'Gladly, sir! But how? Look for yourself! Nothing but a bird could reach that car now!'

"I looked and turned pale at the sight. A boiling gulf of water intervened between me and my loved one, and, could I have passed it alive, by what means could I have mounted three hundred feet of masonry as smooth as the walls of a house!

"Oh, Heaven! was she indeed doomed? Must she die so young, by a death so horrible?—die under the very eyes of the man who loved her more than his life?

"I believe I was about to end my agony by plunging headlong into the river, when I was restrained by seeing her come out upon the platform and look toward us. For a moment, seemingly resigned to her fate, she made no sign. Then she recognized me, and stretched out her arms, appealingly.

"A groan of sympathy went up from the throng of spectators. On my part, I answered her with a wild cry of love and despair.

"Was there no way to save her? Here was the opportunity I had spoken of—of giving up my life for her! Oh, how gladly I would do it, if only there were the hint of a chance! At that moment my eyes rested upon the three telegraph wires, still suspended between the shore and the piers. A hope and a plan flashed into my mind like an inspiration. If only they would bear my weight! I knelt down and examined their fastenings; they were

THIBET.— PRIESTS WORSHIPING GRAND LAMA.— SEE PAGE 182.

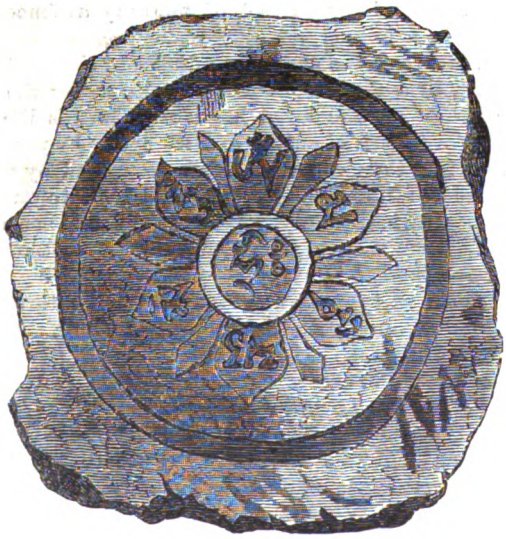
looped over stout hooks, buried in the solid woodwork. If the opposite attachment proved equally strong, I might cross in safety. But I must risk that.

"I arose and spoke to the crowd who had been watching me pityingly. They thought from my actions that I had gone mad.

"'Friends,' I said, calmly, 'I have found a way to reach her. If you will help me, God willing, I will save her!'

"I pointed to the telegraph wires and explained my plan. There was a universal protesting cry:

"'Madness! Sheer waste of life! Sure death!'



THIBETAN INSCRIBED STONE, IN FORM OF WATER-LILY.

"But I persisted, argued, threatened. I swore that if they refused to aid me, I would try it unaided. Finally, one of the men, a mechanic, who had been examining the wires, joined the group.

"'There *is* a chance, boys! A mighty slim one, I admit, but who of you wouldn't risk his neck to save his

THIBETAN INSCRIBED STONE—ROMEEQUE CHARACTER.

wife? And as this here girl is the young man's sweetheart, I reckon there ain't much difference, so I vote we give him a hand!'

"His rough eloquence evoked a cheer of approval, and a dozen men hastened to offer their assistance. I had already settled upon the course I ought to pursue. I called for rope, and a hoisting-apparatus near by was speedily stripped of its three hundred feet of stout cable. I hurriedly constructed a sling—such as housepainters use—with a loop, which I fastened over the wires; the latter being fortunately placed so near together that my weight would be equally distributed over all these. I got into my sling, fastened the end of the rope about my waist, with directions to secure it firmly to the shore and

INTERIOR OF THE BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN THE MONASTERY OF MANGNANG, AT GNARI KHORSUM, THIBET.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

pay it out as I advanced, and, amid a breathless silence, began my perilous journey.

"As I swung outward over the gulf, for a moment my head swam and my heart throbbed violently. But the sight of my darling crouched upon the platform of the car with her hands clasped together as if in prayer, renewed my courage and I went bravely on.

"If the wires should part with my weight, if the fastenings at the other end were defective, if a knot should slip, I should be plunged to instant destruction. I knew it, but the fear had passed away. If I must die, how could death be met more fitly than in the name of love!

"My progress down the slope of the wires was not difficult, for my own weight assisted me. It was on the upward curve, toward the pier, that my real struggle began. Painfully, a few inches at a time, with the heavy ropes bearing upon my loins, I drew myself along hand over hand. In the increasing fury of the gale I was dashed to and fro on my slender support, sometimes so fiercely that I was almost head downward over the hell of water beneath.

"At last, panting and exhausted, I reached the buttress of the pier and drew myself upon it. A faint cheer from the shore hailed the success of the first part of my endeavor, but the more perilous portion still remained to be accomplished. I unbound the rope from my waist, and, slipping the loop of my sling over it, knotted it firmly to a projecting beam.

"Picking my way over the violently swaying fabric, I reached the car where Octavia sat. With a ghastly face and starting eyes she had watched my slow progress, but she smiled with a sad composure as I mounted the platform.

"'You have risked your life for me,' she said; "why have you done it?'

"'For the sake of the love which you called a fancy!' I replied. 'Did I not speak the truth?'

"'Forgive me,' she answered, 'I did not know my own heart! In the face of death I have learnt it! If we escape together I am yours—all yours. If not——'

"'We die together,' I interrupted. 'But come, there is no time to lose. The piers are quaking like reeds.'

"I made her enter the car and remove all of her superfluous clothing; then, wrapping her in her waterproof, I lifted her in my arms and bore her to the starting-point of our terrific journey.

"I secured myself in the sling, and, holding on with one hand, assisted her down with the other. She clasped her arms about my neck, and, burying her face in my bosom, left me free to act.

"Our movement over the wet rope, flung about by the force of the wind, was terribly slow. There were moments when I was compelled to pause and hold on for mere life. But I was laboring for that which was infinitely dearer to me than life, and I seemed to possess the strength and courage of a dozen men.

"Once I looked back. Masses of masonry were falling from the pier, and it shook so violently that the rope was jerked as if by a strong hand. For the moment my courage failed me, and my blistered hands slipped from the rope. But I set my teeth and went on.

"We were within a dozen feet from the shore, and a score of hands were already outstretched to grasp us, when there was a frightful tug at the rope, a general cry of horror, and as the remainder of the bridge fell with a hideous crash into the water, I was dashed violently against the bluff.

"I remembered nothing more until I awoke and found myself lying upon the wet grass, bruised and bleeding, with Octavia bending over me.

"'You are safe,' I whispered; 'thank God for that!'

"'Yes,' she answered, softly; 'thank God and the devoted love of a noble heart!'

"She kissed me before all the spectators, and I am bound to say that they appeared to regard it as a very justifiable proceeding.

"But little more remains to be told. My wounds were not serious, but they confined me to bed for several weeks. Not long after my recovery I claimed my reward, which was paid me with a very good grace, with due accompaniment of wedding-bells and bridesmaids. As I perceive Mrs. Acton coming to invite us to dinner, you may have an opportunity of asking her if she has ever found reason to regret her bargain."

THIBET.

By Charles H. Lepper.

Thibet! how little does the name of that unexplored and jealously exclusive country convey to the average reader! To the scientific it is known as the most extensive and highest tableland in the world, the watershed from whence the majority of the largest and longest rivers in the world derive their sources. It is also the actual centre of Buddhism, and upon the miscalled "Lama" priesthood is bestowed the undeserved reputation of much learning, and the possession of the secrets of ancient mystical and occult science. It requires only a moment's consideration of the striking fact that, notwithstanding its thousands of miles of frontier, no European can now evade their frontier-guards at any point along those thousands of miles, for it to become apparent that a country with a Government which can maintain such a system can scarcely in reason be called effete. Yet, strange to say, notwithstanding this apparent evidence of its power, there is probably no country in the world of equal size which contains such real weakness from a political point of view, and which could be so easily made a prey of by a designing neighbor.

To familiarize the reader with the surroundings and conditions of life of the people under description, let us picture a typical Thibetan house.

The outside walls are generally of stone, set in a very inferior mortar, but oftener in puddled mud. When clay is available the builders much prefer only the foundations of stone and the walls above ground of well-prepared clay, which latter they build up between plank molds. These are removed as each layer is finished, and then raised to act as molds for the next layer.

The houses have two stories, and frequently there is a shed along one side of the roof, in which the inhabitants work when the sun is oppressive. A great part of their work, such as threshing grain, etc., is done on the flat roof. The ground floor is devoted to the cattle—horses and pigs, etc. The fowls usually roost with the family on the first floor. The construction of the floor of the upper story is sufficiently curious. Its main supports are cross-beams; on these smaller beams are placed at right angles, on which are laid slabs of wood; on these again are laid small twigs like brooms, and then a coating of

mud plaster is spread, on which the planks are finally placed. A hole is left in this floor for their primitive ladder (a piece of wood with notches cut in it), up through which hole ascend all the effluvia from the animals below!

There is only one door for the whole house. In front of this door there is generally a courtyard surrounded by walls. All manure and refuse is allowed to remain under the house and in the court the year through, till shortly before the season for manuring the fields, when it is all collected into a big heap and left to ferment there from a fortnight to three weeks, after which it is spread over the land.

The larger houses have one or more wings and a veranda. The floor forming the roof is made in the same way as the other, only there is an addition of cow-dung to the mud instead of planks, and the plaster thus made is beaten for days with sticks to make it amalgamate. All cracks, as the plaster dries, are carefully filled up with fresh plaster till the whole is a good solid roof and floor combined, and very well adapted for threshing.

The common-room is the kitchen on the first floor, in which they all sleep, with their heads toward the fire-place, never with their feet toward the fire, as that is considered an insult or affront. In Summer they sleep on the roof.

The Thibetans who live in the valleys are not, as a rule, fine men physically, but the shepherds and others up in the high Thibetan mountains, are massive *beaux hommes*.

The people of the valleys, more or less idle gossips, dislike work intensely. The men do no field-work except plowing, and few who can afford to pay another will do even that. When not absolutely doing nothing, the men occupy themselves by sewing, spinning, looking after the mules, horses and cattle, but above all in attending to the petty business of the family. The women sow, irrigate, weed, thresh, winnow, carry the grain to the granary, and do all the household work as well. If there are loads to be carried, the women carry them. If a man be asked to carry a big case or heavy load, he is certain to say, "That! that's a woman's load," and of the baggage he will select the smallest parcel he can find. In the pasturages the women milk, make the butter, and look after the flocks when near the tents or encampment. The men herd the flocks when grazing at a distance. The women ride as well as the men, and in the same fashion. From constantly throwing stones at the cattle the women are adepts, and make it very unpleasant for any person who may irritate them into putting their science into practice. Dirt is the ruling feature in Thibetan households. It pervades their houses and their persons, prevails in their customs, and gives a tone to their speech.

An English official in India, once desiring to see the real color of the Thibetan skin, paid the parents of a child to wash it in hot water, several waters, and with unlimited soap. Every effort was vain, the skin could not be reached through such a plating of dirt. It is said with every show of truth that it would be impossible to wash an adult Thibetan down to the skin. The beauty of a woman in Thibet consists in her being stout, broad, thick-set and heavily membered, and the accomplishments to be desired are that she should be above all things audacious, a good hand at a bargain and at repartee.

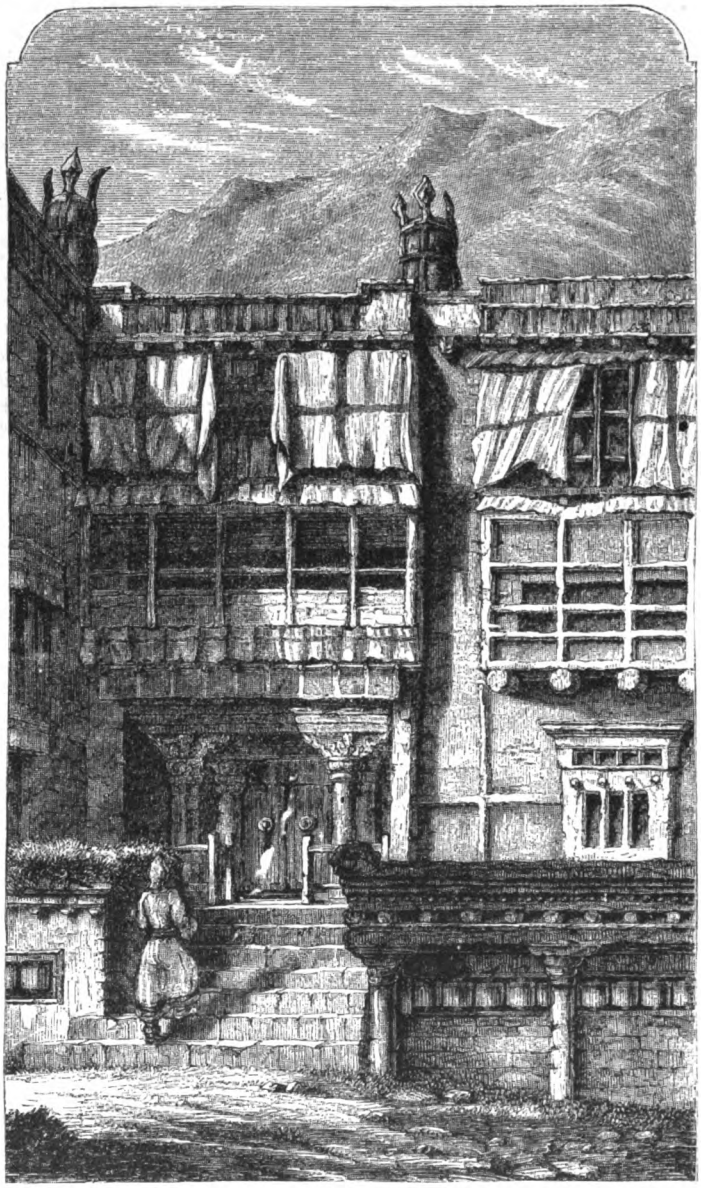
The ordinary food is barley, parched and ground; it is called *Tsam pa* or *Tsang pa*. This they moisten with tea made of boiled "brick-tea" buttered and salted—or else, if too poor to use tea, moistened with soup, by mixing it in a cup and working the paste round with the fingers against the side of the cup. They eat this paste soft and moist. Tea made in their way, and the mixture well churned, is the ordinary drink of the country, soup taking its place among the poor. They have a kind of *chupatti*, or scone, a common food. They eat flesh, chiefly of pigs and fowls, but all depends upon their locality and means. They have no established rules, customs or fixed hours for eating, the nearest approach to a rule being to take what they can get on the spot when hungry. Tea is the chief article, so that it is the custom to ask people to come and "drink tea" when dinner is really intended, and this even in cases where the family is too poor to provide tea, and no tea is expected. After tea comes a kind of barley beer called *Khiong* in the east, *Tchong* in the west, and then a kind of distilled barley whisky called *A ra*. In the pasturages butter-milk is the ordinary drink, and curds and whey, called *Tu ra*, are in favor. On the days on which they boil their meat they prepare no tea, but use the broth instead, and on broth days they mix the *Tsam pa* with broth instead of tea.

Coming to the Thibetan costume. The men wear the *Tchru ba*, a long and thick woolen robe, sheepskin in Winter, descending down till it would drag considerably on the ground if let loose. It is doubled well across the chest and front till the ends or edges almost meet the shoulders, where one edge is fastened under the right arm with a tape or string bow. In dressing, the man, having on his *Tchru ba* hanging loose about him, holds his sash or belt about on a level with the knees, or a little above them, and this he draws in to make a gather, and then the belt, with all of the robe above it, is drawn up and the belt fastened round the waist. This leaves a large pouch of course, falling over the belt all round, and leaves the foot of the robe about half-way between the knee and the calf. Into the pouch so formed they put anything they have to carry, such as their *Tsan pa* cup, and even little dogs, and sometimes pigs.

At night before lying down they take off their boots and belt, and with these make a pillow. They then judge their distance from the "pillow," and kick that part of their robe (now trailing on the ground after removing the belt) which they intend to lie on toward the "pillow"; thus by a kick converting one side of their *Tchru ba* into a mattrass, and by this arrangement leaving themselves still the other side of the robe to act as a complete bed-covering on lying down; and all without undressing. Only the rich indulge in a carpet to sleep on, and rich people sometimes use a Chinese carpet. This bed-making is almost universal throughout Thibet, or at all events throughout Eastern Thibet.

Women often wear the same costume, but their proper dress is a kilted petticoat of woolen, sometimes decorated in colors with flowers. It is worn so as to fall to about the ankles. In putting it on they commence on the left hip, pass it round the body once, and again across the front, thus having a double thickness in front; they fasten it on the right hip. This petticoat is made up of many narrow strips, each a few inches wide, sewn together and kilted in such a manner as to have the pleats only down the sides, being quite plain both front and back. For a waistband it has a strong strip of long-cloth sewn to its inner side. Attached to this waistband is a sleeveless bodice, generally of cotton cloth, which is supported by bands over the shoulders, and this garment carries the weight of the petticoat. The bodice is doubled across the chest and tied on the right at the neck, under the right arm and again lower down. They

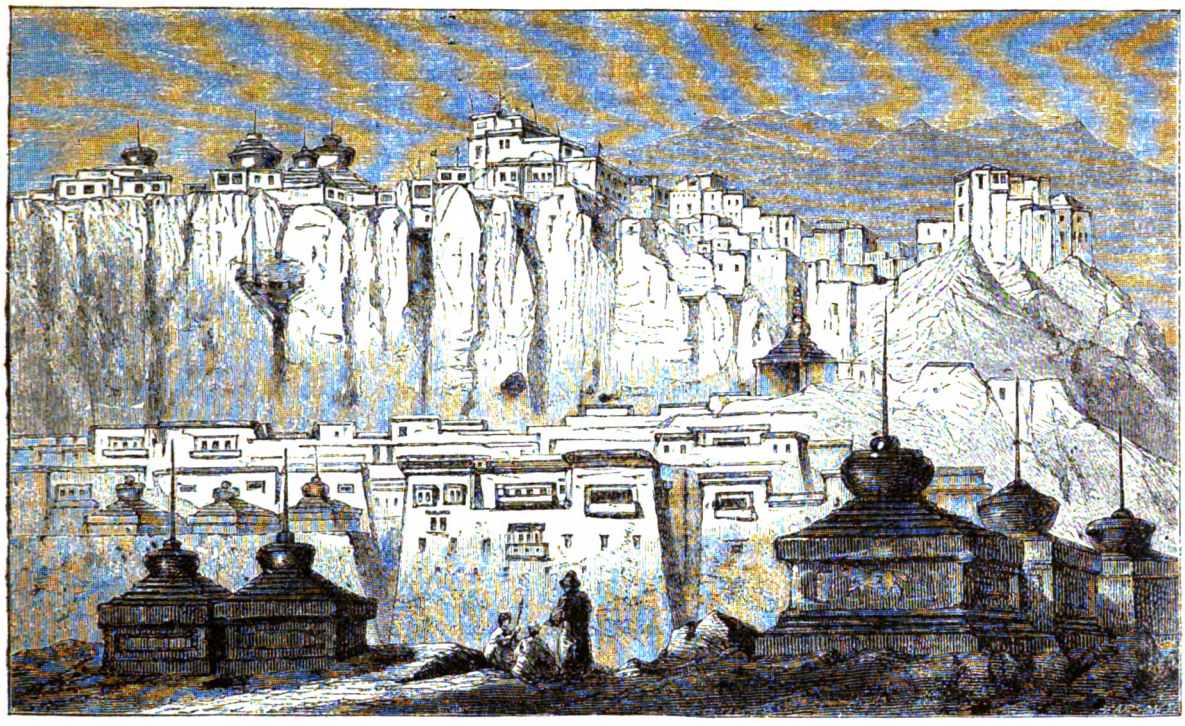
also wear a sash six inches wide and about ten feet long, with ends falling loose under the belt on the right. This is the ordinary female attire, but when they wish to dress better, they wear a sleeved chemise under the bodice; this, however, is very rarely worn at home in their houses or at work. On state occasions they wear a jacket with longer sleeves and longer body than the Chinese *ma quoi* or *quen shen tze*, but something like it. This jacket is of silk or cotton or woolen cloth, etc., and falls to about half-way down the thighs. The sleeves descend some seven inches lower than the tips of the fingers, and are very full, though not so much as the *ma quoi*. From the wrist to the ends of the sleeves the color is always different and of a more vivid and striking nature (sometimes red, green, etc.) than the stuff or material of the main portion. The collar is nearly always of red broadcloth, and is fastened by a large silver and coral brooch on the chest. The jacket is closed down the right side with galloons or braids of mixed and pronounced colors. They wear boots like those of the men, the tops being of woolen or colored cotton material, and the soles of leather. They very seldom wear a hat. The coiffure varies much. Their ornaments are generally of silver (very rarely of gold) and precious stones, but chiefly of coral. The stones used are turquoise, lapis-lazuli, agate, aqua-marina and amber. They also wear ornaments made of a colored porcelain, etc. Great people, such as governors, have large ornaments in gold. Most of their precious stones come from the Singpho country, north of Upper Burmah, between Assam and China, also from India *via* Cashmere. When a woman prepares for sleep she simply wraps a man's *Tchru ba* round her head, and lets the skirts fall about her, rolling herself up in these, and with her boots and belt for a pillow.



MONASTERY OF HEMIS, THIBET.

Trade is by no means insignificant, but the system can be summed up in the word "peddling." Every family trades; the Lamaseries trade; the officials trade; but it is in every case on the peddler system. Members of a family attend to the trade of the family, and travel immense distances with their laden mule and yaks, exchanging their goods at different places as they go along. Shops are almost unknown. The Lamaseries have their own officials to look after the trade of the Lamasery. This system prevails from Cashmere in the west, from whence Indian goods and rupees are obtained, to Ta-tsien-lu, in China, on the east, and to the Shan States, east of Burmah. Hundreds of thousands of Indian rupees find their way all through Thibet to Ta-tsien-lu. "Brick-tea," made up in bales of so many bricks of different qualities, finds its way from China to Cashmere. The "bricks" bear little patches of gold-leaf, which indicate the quality of the "brick," and according to the quality they are accepted in barter as currency, the weight being accepted in an arbitrary way. These instances of the flow of rupees in the one direction and of the "brick-tea" in the other will illustrate sufficiently well the immense distances overcome under this primitive system of trade.

Every male in Thibet, from the *Ta li lama* (properly *Ta lei lama*) and the King and "Mandarins," down to the lowest mendicant, is an infatuated trader. The *Ta lei lama*, King, "Mandarins," Lamaseries, private individuals, all have their mobs of baggage-animals, and the great men and Lamaseries their *Gar peng*, or commercial representative. *Gar peng* really means a Customs officer, but it is always used as well in the above sense. Those, again, who trade on their own account without *Gar peng*, but on a decent scale nevertheless, are called *Tsong peng*. An agent would be called a *Tsong pa*. Goods are always in a packed-up state, ready for sending away by caravan. Although there are no Thibetan shops, there are, in some towns, as Bathang, a few Chinese. The usual course, supposing an article is required, say a cooking-pot, is for the purchaser to apply at the house of some one who has just returned from Yunan, from whence he knows they are usually brought; he inquires the price and bargains



LAMIEROO, THIBET.

on the spot. The same practice is followed in the purchase of anything required for use: silks, tea, horses, etc.

There is no scientifically arranged large commerce in Thibet. There are no large undertakings, embracing several agencies. There is none of the Chinese capacity for combination or for highly developed schemes. The whole trade is done by traveling from one place to another, and the exchange of goods obtained at one town for others at the next. Thus salt, their original stock in trade, is obtained at Yur-ka-lu, on the eastern frontier, is taken to Ta-tsien-lu, and there exchanged for tea and silks. These are brought back and exchanged again in different towns in Thibet for woolen stuffs, horses, mules, musk silver, etc. What is left over they leave at home for sale locally, and then they again start off for the gold-pits. They keep no books or accounts.

A THIBET NUN.

They never talk of how much *money*, but of how many horses and mules, a person has. The money question does not interest them, the horses and mules do and these serve to indicate a man's standing and capital in trade. Even the herdsmen in the mountains join in this system of trade, by hiring their yaks and beasts to passing caravans of traders in want of carriage, carefully accompanying their beasts themselves, of course.

The value of an article in many places is still assessed at its value in "brick-tea," or in "bricks" of tea, or in packages of "brick-tea," but this is dying out since the large introduction of rupees.

In private families, if the father is still robust, he goes on the journeys with the family venture, and one of the sons remains at home. If he be too feeble, then he remains at home, and the eldest son, or one of the sons, goes in his place. If the father is very old or dead, the eldest son remains at home in charge of the family, and he is recognized as its head.

When starting on a journey, small traders combine in bands of five or six or more for the sake of mutual assistance and protection against robbers. Once arrived at their destination, they separate to sell or barter their goods, each on his own account.

The polyandry existing in portions of Thibet may be owing as much to this system of sending members of families away on long journeys (when, under ordinary

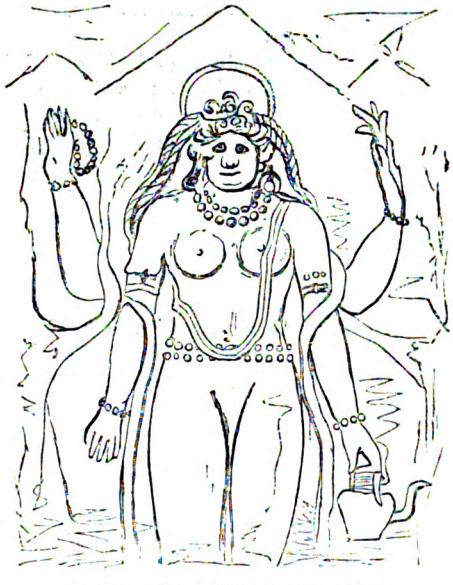


FIGURE CUT IN ROCK AT MOOLWEE.

marriage laws, the wives would be left at home unprotected for some months at a time).

Buddhism prevails throughout, but is divided into a

great number of independent sects. There is no hierarchy down from the *Ta lei lama* to the lowest novice, as although the *Ta lei lama* is the civil proprietor of Thibet, he has no control whatever over any sect but his own (the *Gé luk pa*). Owing, however, to his position of Chinese *protégé*, as chief of the official sect (the *Gé luk pa*), the other sects often pay respect to him which they would not do but for his political position. He exercises religious authority only over the *Gé luk pa* sect.

Each Lamasery governs itself according to the general rules of its sect. As regards the internal organization of the Lamaseries, we may mention first of all the titles of the members.

The *Tchre Ke*, or *Tchre Ko* (meaning the person transmuted), a "living Buddha" or "incarnation," is to be found in several Lamaseries. He receives the adorations of the other members of the Lamasery, and of the people in his jurisdiction. For all that the *Tchre Ke* is not superior to the other members of the Lamasery.

The real Superior is the *Kheng bo*, who is both spiritual and temporal chief. Under him there is the *Gé ke*, who is only a spiritual superior.

Next, is the *Gé she*, or prefect, in charge of the internal police of the Lamasery, whose duty is to maintain order and the regulations. Judging by results, this must be a sinecure.

Next, is the *Ung Dzé*, or chapel-master, whose duty is supposed to consist of looking after the choir and religious ceremonies.

After this we may mention the *Shiang ze*, or purser and treasurer, who looks after the property.

These officers are elected generally for three years. They form the administration, and at the end of their term must account to the body of members and to their successors in office.

The *Shiang ze* selects one member to assist him in the business, and this assistant is called *Shi zo*, or commercial chief.

Then come the *Ta peng*, in charge of the horses and mules, and the *Nur peng*, who looks after the cattle.

N. B.—There is no schoolmaster!

Altogether apart from these, is the section comprising the literati, or an academical hierarchy.

The degrees may be described as follows, commencing with the first or lowest:

1. The *Ram Diang* (or *Géssa*, as it is called in some parts of the country). To obtain this degree no examination has to be passed. It is not even necessary to be able to read or write. The qualification is to have been to Lhasa and to have presented twenty *taels* to one of the three great Lamaseries there, all of the sect.

2. The *Gé dang;* to obtain this degree the applicant must return to Lhasa, present thirty *taels* to one of the Lamaseries, and must be able to read and write a little; but he need not understand what he reads!

3. The *Gé lung;* for this degree the applicant must pass several years at Lhasa, and there study seriously, and must have learned by rote a certain number of volumes, which are, however, barely understood; and he must be able to write.

A library of Thibetan books seen by Knight consisted of an upright frame divided into square compartments, each with a word cut deeply into the wood over it, and containing the volume. These were merely long narrow sheets, collected between two boards, also carved on the outside with a name similar to the one on the shelf. The characters were beautifully formed, and I tried to purchase a small volume, if a thing about two feet long could be called so, but without effect. There were in the place about thirty of these books, ponderous tomes, carefully covered up, and little read, to judge by the quantity of dust collected on them. They read us, however, a small portion of one, in a drawling, sonorous tone, and with no very great facility!

4. The *La ma* (Lama); to obtain this degree, the *Gé lung* must pass a further period at Lhasa, and must be able to read and write fairly well, as the examination consists in his being able to read and explain what he reads from a book taken down from the shelves at hazard, and opened in front of him. This is all the examination a *Gé lung* has to pass to obtain the highest degree, that of *La ma*. He has, of course, to present more money—at least five hundred taels. Very few, indeed, obtain this degree of *La ma*, perhaps two or three in a thousand, and it is from amongst them the *Kheng bo* of Lamaseries are chosen. Should there happen to be no unemployed *La ma*, then a *Gé lung* is selected for the post. The general term for members of Lamaseries not owning degrees is *Tchra pa* or *Pend dé*. But it will be evident that they are *not* "Lamas," as we call them all.

The young apprentices or novices, passing through their novitiate, are generally called *Peng Giong*, and sometimes *La Tchru* (small Lamas). These are generally recruited as follows: Should there be a son too many in a family, as the third would prove in a poor one, or the fourth in a richer one, he is generally packed off to the Lamasery of the district. Not only to disembarrass the family of a surplus son is this done, but also to gain the favor of the Lamasery; as, although these have no civil power by right, still they are strong enough to usurp and exert a great deal of power. Again, if a boy has shown particular sharpness or boldness—in fact, that he is worth having—a *La ma* or some lower "ecclesiastic" walks into the parent's house unasked, as is quite permitted to any Thibetan to do in any Thibetan house, and in the course of conversation this "ecclesiastic" casually tells the "fortunes" of the family. For the son he wants he predicts all sorts of ills and sickness, which can only be averted by his entering a Lamasery. This has the desired effect, and the boy is handed over to save him from the unhappy alternative. This result has often to be led up to by preparatory predictions given from time to time concerning the son. There is now about one-twelfth of the total population of Thibet in Lamaseries.

As regards the interior "monastic" life and regulations, the members of a Lamasery roam whither they will, and, as a rule, with no proper purpose. No real rules are followed, except perhaps at three times of the year. These periods are the fifth and ninth moon, during each of which three days must be spent in the Lamasery, ostensibly in prayer; the other period is at the new year, when they must pass two weeks in the Lamasery, also ostensibly in prayer.

The members have no communism, some being very poor—these often acting as the servants of richer members; others being rich, and all living exactly as suits each individual's taste and means. A few of the elders remain pretty constantly in the Lamaseries, when, having outgrown the pleasures and passions of youth, their vices have left them, and they have in consequence elected to abandon their vicious courses.

Their religion is a farce they do not believe, save in so far as it brings them in the good things of this world. For that purpose they thoroughly appreciate its value. The people realize and make common talk of the immorality of the "Lamas" as a body, and only except from slander a few, chiefly the very old "living Buddhas," of which there are one or more in all large Lamaseries.

The "ecclesiastics" are chiefly disliked, however, for their rapacity, which is limitless. Under one pretext or another they exact from any lucky layman most of his gains as soon as it becomes known he has acquired them.

The very boys in the streets of towns sing songs in which they ridicule the gross immorality of these men.

Few religious ceremonies are performed by them. There are none at a birth, but sometimes an ecclesiastic is called in to make his predictions. Even at a marriage there are no ceremonies, though an ecclesiastic is asked to declare a lucky day on which to give up the son or daughter, as the case may be. It sometimes happens that the son is given up by his family, and he enters and becomes the heir in the family of his father-in-law. Should, for instance, the father-in-law have no son, or the bride be the eldest child, even though she may have younger brothers, then the son-in-law is adopted and enters the family as heir, and gives up his name and all claim on his own father's estate, and he takes the name of, and rights of heir in the family into which he marries.

The Lamaseries have been called monasteries and convents by some writers, but they are totally unlike Christian monasteries, and should not be so called, as it is misleading. They have no cells and although formerly they were within walled inclosures, and their regulations require it now, they are more like villages, and in many cases form part of a town. They are, however, generally situated in a more or less retired spot. The wealthier members who can afford it, have a house for themselves, others rent a portion of a house, and others perhaps only one room; whilst the poorest are usually servants of other richer members, and live in the houses of their masters.

The chapel or pagoda is generally in the centre of the Lamasery, and before it is a covered gateway, in which are hung the drums or cylinders (about two feet and a half by one foot) used as praying machines. Passers-by turn these drums, and all the prayers contained in them are supposed to be "taken as read" by the Deity.

At sunrise a drum is beaten, when the members are supposed to repair to the pagoda to pray; but this not being obligatory, most abstain. This is the only time of the day allotted to prayer, and all the praying the inmates are supposed to do, except when called to pray in private houses, which call they gladly respond to, for the sake of the fees.

There are isolated pagodas with gateways, as mentioned above, at certain shrines; but as people visiting them for prayer, instead of going to the Lamaseries, are a loss of money to the Lamas, these pagodas are not encouraged. Villages, and even individuals, own little water-wheels which turn a prayer-cylinder and thus materialize the idea of perpetual prayer. Another plan is to suspend banners, with prayers written on them, to trees, and each time the prayer is turned by the breeze it is also "taken as read."

At a place called Moolwee, says Knight, we came to a curious block of massive rock standing close beside the path, with one of the red-topped houses built into its side. Above this was a colossal figure with four arms, rudely cut on the face of the rock, and above all was perched an implement, something after the fashion of an umbrella of large proportions, together with sundry sticks and rags, which seem to be the common style of religious decoration in these parts.

The figure was about eighteen feet high, the lower extremities being hidden behind the building at the base of the rock. It resembled in some measure the sculptures occasionally seen among Hindoo temples, but no one appeared to know anything whatever of its origin or history.

Close to this there were an immense number of stones collected together, bearing inscriptions in two different characters, one of which resembled slightly the Devanagree or Sanskrit. Seeing such a profusion about, I appropriated one which happened to be conveniently small. and carried it off in my pocket.

Afterward I examined more minutely the inscription on the stones, which, as we advanced into the country appeared to increase considerably in number. They consisted in almost every case of the same word, containing five letters in one character and six in the other, though occasionally there were additional letters, and sometimes, though very rarely, a stone with a different inscription altogether. After a good deal of difficulty I succeeded in unearthing a Lama from the village to help me in my researches, and a strange-looking dignitary of the Church he turned out to be when he did make his appearance. He was a bloated and fat old gentleman, dressed in a yellowish red garment of no particular shape, and looked altogether more like a moving bundle of red rags than anything else, human or divine.

Finding that nothing was required of him more expensive than information, he appeared delighted to show off his learning, and by means of the sepoy, who was the only one of the party acquainted with both Thibetan and Hindoostanee, I ascertained that the words carved upon the stone were "Um mani panee," and meant, as far as I could make out, "the Supreme Being." As the old gentleman repeated the mystic syllables, he bobbed and scraped toward a strange-looking monument close by, in an abject, deprecatory way, as if in extreme awe of its presence.

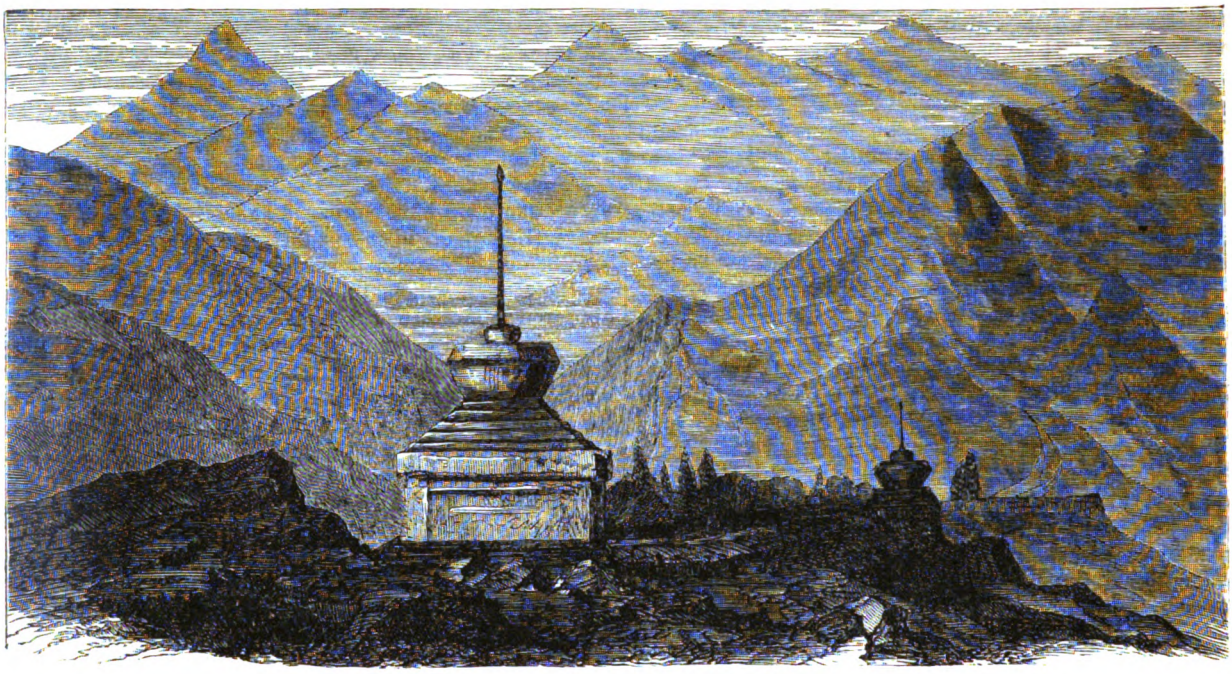
This appears to have been one of the Dagobas or bone-holders, which are erected either over the corpse of a Lama or the ashes of some person of consequence. The tribute of respect is paid in Thibet to the manes of the dead in various ways. It is the custom to preserve entire the mortal remains of the sovereign Lamas only. As soon as life has left the body of a Lama, it is placed upright, sitting in an attitude of devotion, his legs being folded before him, with the instep resting on each thigh, and the sides of the feet turned upward. The right hand is rested with its back upon the thigh, with the thumb bent across the palm. The left arm is bent and held close to the body, the hand being open and the thumb touching the point of the shoulder. This is the attitude of abstracted meditation.

The bodies of inferior Lamas are usually burnt, and their ashes preserved with the greatest care, and the monuments in which they are contained are ever after looked upon as sacred, and visited with religious awe.

On inquiring the origin of this new structure, which was built of stones and plaster, and decorated with red ochre, all we could get out of him was a fresh string of "Um mani panees," and a further series of moppings and mowings, accompanied by a sagacious expression of his fat countenance, indicative of the most entire satisfaction at the clearness of his explanations, and a sense of his own importance as a Lama and an expositor of the doctrines of Buddha.

He also explained the only other inscription which I had seen; and according to the interpretation of the sepoy, it ran thus: "As God can do so, none other can."

The most striking objects on our route were a series of tomb-like buildings, without entrances, and adorned on



CHOD-TENS AND DUNG-TENS NEAR MOOLWEE, THIBET.

all sides by the most hideous effigies, rudely executed in colored mud. These monuments would appear to be of the kind designated *Chod-tens* and *Dung-tens*, which have been thus described: "In the monuments which are dedicated to the celestial Buddha, the invisible being who pervades all space, no deposit was made; but the Divine Spirit, who was light, was supposed to occupy the interim. Such are the numerous *Chod-tens* in Thibet dedicated to the celestial Buddha, in contradistinction to the *Dung-tens*, which are built in honor of the mortal Buddhas, and which ought to contain some portion of their relics, real or supposed. The first means an offering to the Deity, the latter a bone or relic receptacle. In the Sanskrit these are termed '*Chaitya*' and '*Dagoba*.'"

Some of these were men, depicted in bright red on a yellow ground, with horrible countenances; others, women, adorned with numberless necklaces and other ornaments. Besides these there were peacocks, griffins with human arms, deer, etc., and all in the most flaring colors and the very rudest designs.

In the perpendicular face of a rock beyond was a very curious monastery, or abode of the Lamas. It was built completely *in* the rock, and was reached by a natural cavity on the face of the stone.

The Thibetans have four ways in which they perform the obsequies of the dead. The souls of wealthy people here, as elsewhere, require a good deal of ceremony and prayer under the auspices of the ecclesiastics—in fact, as much of both as the estate can pay for.

1. If a man of means dies while the crops are standing, it would bring hail were he disposed of at that time, so he is pickled to await the harvest. This is done by tying his head between his knees and putting him, surrounded with salt, into a bag. The bag is put in a basket, and the basket is sewn up well in cloth to prevent unpleasantness, and he is placed in the stable under the first floor to await the suitable day. Then, the day being chosen for his incremation, the ecclesiastics commence their prayers, etc., as many days ahead of the day fixed upon as the wealth of the family will allow. The day having arrived, he is cremated on a pile of wood saturated with melted butter to make it burn quickly. After that, there only remains to give a good dinner to the ecclesiastics, and settle their bill satisfactorily.

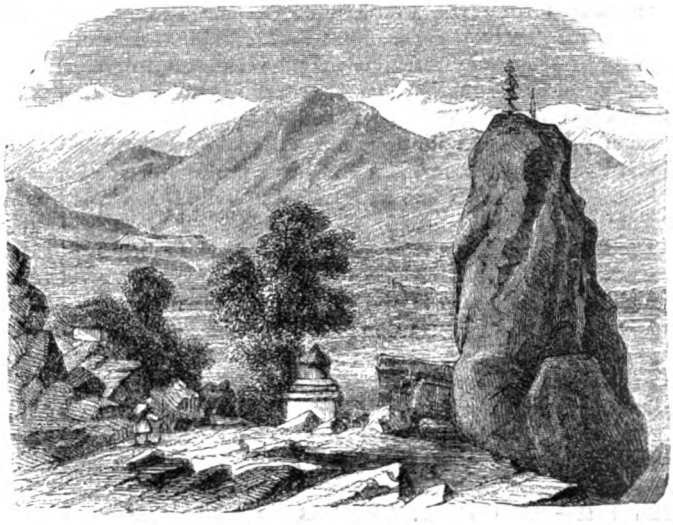
RELIGIOUS LITERATURE. THIBET.

2. For very important personages, chiefs and high ecclesiastics, the body is carried to the top of a mountain after the usual protracted ceremonies, and then gongs are beaten and fires are lighted to attract vultures and wild dogs. These know the signals only too well. The head ecclesiastic then cuts the body into very small portions, and throws the pieces, bit by bit, to the dogs and vultures. When nothing is left but the large

bones, these are powdered and mixed with barley meal (*Tsong pa*), and the mixture is thrown after the flesh. The highest token of respect paid to a very exalted personage consists in the head ecclesiastic (after having gone through the above process) mixing up a cup of *Tsong pa* with his fingers, without having washed his hands, and then—eating it himself!

As a strange coincidence relating to the admixture of barley with the flesh of dead bodies, and connecting the present time with the early days of the Christian era, we quote the following from Gibbon's "Roman Empire," in which, speaking of the abuse by the pagans of the moment of their prosperity under Julian, he says: "The entrails of Christian priests and virgins, after they had been tasted by those bloody fanatics, were mixed with barley and contemptuously thrown to the unclean animals of the city." Might not the present Thibetan rite be traced back to the Huns?

3. The most ordinary course is to take the corpse to a river or to a hill, and there place it on the ground, naked, and tied by the head. The body is then cut in two with a sword to assist the wild animals in their office, and left there. Any ceremonies that may be performed take place at his house.



TEMPLE-ROCK AT MOOLWEE.

THIBETANS AND A LAMA.

4. A pauper's body is carried, usually at night, and thrown into the nearest river. Failing a convenient stream sufficiently large to carry away the corpse, it is treated as in the third class.

There are two distinct administrations in Thibet—the Chinese, and the Thibetan, or native—and these are distinct in both the civil and military branches. To commence with the civil Thibetan branch; first in order of rank is the *Gyéwa rinbho khié*, as he is called in Thibetan (*Gyéwa* = twenty-four hours, *rinbho* = precious, *khié* = the grand; or say, "the Grand precious twenty-four hours," or day). This is the *Ta lei lama* of the Chinese from whom Europeans have accepted the designation. The *Gyéwa rinbho khié*, or *Ta lei lama*, is the head civil and religious chief of Thibet, and is virtually the proprietor of Thibet. But nether he nor any official in the Thibetan or native administration is allowed to correspond direct with the Emperor of China; this is a privilege reserved for two Chinese officials. Under the *Gyéwa rinbho khié* is the *Peu Gyébo* in Thibetan, or *Tsang Wang* (Tributary King).

The *Gyéwa rinbho khié*, or *Ta lei lama*, occupies himself only with religious affairs and playing at divinity. The king is civil head under him, and for the past fifty years the king has been a Lama, so as to avoid the possibility of the power becoming hereditary.

Under the king, or *Peu Gyébo*, are four officers of state called *Kalong*, his ministers. These are: The *Tsé pang kalong*, or Minister of Justice; the *Dé pang kalong*, or Minister of the Interior (civil affairs); the *Ding pang kalong*, or Minister of Finance; the *Da pang kalong*, or Minister of War.

Each of these has four high mandarins, who

ROADSIDE MONUMENT, THIBET.

may be called secretaries to the ministers. All require commissions from the Emperor of China. They form the central (native) government and reside at Lhasa. The population of Lhasa, it may be as well to state here, is, after deducting some 25,000 members of its Lamaseries, not more than about 15,000.

Each province has its governor, called *Ti Gyé*, and is divided into prefectures, and the head prefect is called *Dé ba*. Then there come sub-prefectures under a *Shé ngo*, or sub-prefect.

The above are all considered mandarins; the following are not:

Each sub-prefecture is divided into two or more cantons, and the head of a canton is called *Ding pang*. The cantons are again sub-divided into collections containing ten or twelve families, and the responsible official is called *Bé se* in the east and *Kempa* in the west.

The mandarins generally hold office for three years, except when their term has been extended for special service rendered the state. The people are treated as little better than slaves by all the officials, and are looted by them on every conceivable pretext.

Each mandarin is judge, collector of revenue, and, in fact, everything he chooses to be. Before obtaining a post a candidate for office has to pay a considerable sum, and at the end of his term an account has to be rendered to the person who nominated or appointed him.

There is no established or permanent local native army in Thibet, but each community, consisting of a certain number of families, has to furnish a man and provide him with arms and the means of living, and must send him off to join the army thoroughly equipped in case of war. These levies are under the civil authority of the place in which they are mobilized. There are, however, a few military officials called *Ma pang* who are always in receipt of small pay from the Emperor of China, as also a certain number of important families, considered military families, and these form an official class of their own, receiving pay in the same way from the Emperor of China for doing nothing. They are nothing better than licensed robbers, and the people take care to hide their treasures, etc., on a band approaching.

Coming now to the Chinese civil administration of Thibet. First of all come the three residents or commissioners of the Emperor of China, who are always Manchus, and who reside at Lhasa.

The first two are called *Am ba* or *Am bang* in Thibetan and *Kin-Chaï* in Chinese. The third bears the Chinese title of *It-sin*.

The *Am bang*, or *Kin-Chaï*, correspond direct with the emperor, but their letters must be countersigned by the *It-sin*. No other officials, from the *Ta lei lama* and king downward, are allowed to correspond direct with the Emperor of China.

The *It-sin* resides at Lhasa, and has charge of the "independent" principalities, some eighteen in number, and independent of the Thibetan civil code or procedure.

Amongst these principalities are: Sa Kia Gung, southwest of Lhasa, near Nepaul; Hëu Kié and San She Kiu Tso, small states to the northwest of Tcham Tu (*San she kiu tso* means thirty-nine families, and is so called, it is said, because thirty-nine families belonging to the Chinese army which conquered Thibet established themselves there); Tcham Tu, and Tchra Ya, south of Tcham Tu, toward Kiang Ka, but to the north of the latter; and lastly, Po Yew, west of Kiang Ka, and almost due north of the British station of Sadiya, in Assam.

Besides the above states under the supervision of the third commissioner, or *It-sin*, there are several others, which are independent of Lhasa by rights conceded to them.

After the three commissioners there are seven civil mandarins, who reside at the seven following towns: Bathang, Litang, Chong Tu, La régo, Lhasa, Kiang tze, near the Nepaul and Sikkim frontiers, and Tra chi lung bo (called Shi ga tze by the Chinese). These officials are the paymasters of the Chinese soldiers, and of the subsidized Lamas, and they are the collectors of the Imperial revenue, and are civil mandarins. They decide all cases in which Chinese or Chinese mixed breeds are concerned, and may be asked to assist Thibetan officials in deciding cases.

The Chinese army of occupation numbers about 4,000 of all ranks, very much scattered over the country, from Ta tsien lu in the east, to the extreme west. The officers receive pay regulated in proportion to their distance from China, and they are paid out of Chinese or Imperial funds.

The principal garrison is at Ta tsien lu. The next most important are at Litang, Bathang, Kiang Ka, Tchra Ya, Tcham Tu, Shu pan tô, Lo rong dzon, Lali or La ré, Kiam da, Lhasa, Kiung tze or Giong su, Tra chi lung bo, and Tingré. All along this line at each day's march is a post of about four soldiers to carry dispatches. There are only about 300 to 400 troops at Lhasa, the capital!

At Bathang there is a major, *Tu se*, in command. At the other places there are captains, or lieutenants, or yet lower officers, in command.

These officials have various badges of rank and distinguishing braids on the breast. The peacock's feather with the eye, and again without the eye, form two distinct badges of honor or decorations, the former being the higher. It is not a grade-badge or mark of rank. These peacock-feathers are seldom given in China to officers below the rank of *Tu se*, but in Thibet, that being considered foreign service, it is given to the rank of *Shu pi*. Below this rank, squirrels' tails are worn as decorations.

Formerly, Mongolia, the Corea, Cochin China, Siam, Burmah and Thibet were all tributary to China, and sent ambassadors to Pekin to acknowledge their dependence. Thus China was completely surrounded by a chain of smaller tributary states, and this fact helped to establish the belief that the Emperor of China was emperor of the whole world, as even now represented in popular editions of Chinese maps on which China occupies nearly the whole sheet, leaving Japan, the Philippines, and Europe to be represented by small dots. These maps are accepted and thoroughly believed in by the people in the interior of China. The belief that the Emperor of China rules the world, so earnestly propagated by the Chinese officials, found additional support from the fact of European ambassadors being sent to Pekin; these being understood by the people to be sent like the ambassadors of these tributary states to pay respect and do homage to the Chinese Emperor.

As a matter of fact, the Chinese Government does not derive much pecuniary gain from Thibet, chiefly in duties levied at Ta tsien lu, still it is a mine to the Chinese officials, even though it may be actually a burden pecuniarily to the Chinese Government. The burden, however, is compensated for by having another dominion in the empire for the sake of prestige, and this is really why China is so jealous of European enterprise entering Thibet, the Corea, or Tonquin.

The following story, as it accounts for the present position of the *Gé luk pa* sect, as the recognized official

sect, and of the present influential position of its chief, the *Ta lei lama*, may prove interesting, apart from the political importance some attach to it:

At the end of the last Chinese dynasty there occurred a civil war in China against that dynasty, the partisans of which called in to their assistance a celebrated Manchu general. This general some years before had had his fortune told by a Lama high-priest of Thibet, and it was prophesied then that he would become Emperor of China. Being called by the Chinese loyal party, he went to the emperor's help, and, finding on his arrival that the emperor had fled and that the throne was vacant, he "sat down," and proclaimed himself emperor, thereby fulfilling the high-priest's prophecy. This, says the story, was the origin of the present Manchu dynasty, and the success is of course attributed to the old high-priest, who belonged to the *Gé luk pa* sect. Owing, to this, the present dynasty nominated that as the official sect, and in order to retain its prayers in favor of the dynasty, the sect is paid a yearly subsidy by the emperor, and the Manchus believe that, were those prayers to cease, the dynasty would fall, and then the whole of China be lost to it.

The Chinese are alive to the probability, indeed certainty, that were Europeans to obtain a footing in Thibet, the influence of the "Lamas" (already so much hated by the people) would cease, and as the Lamas themselves express it, "their cup would be broken." With the collapse of the Lamas would vanish the prayers for the dynasty. Thus it is evident how from political and religious motives it is entirely in the interest of the Emperor of China and of the Lamas, more especially of the *Gé luk pa* sect, to exert every effort to keep Europeans out of Thibet. So runs the story as believed in Thibet.

The Darjeeling Railway, and the intercourse it permits by allowing Thibetans to visit India, is already making a stir in public opinion in Thibet. It is encouraging comparisons between British rule, with its justice and freedom from official pilfering and tyranny on the one hand, and the unhappy conditions ruling in Thibet on the other, where the people are "looted" by both Lamas and officials to the last point of endurance.

Following the above superstitious belief and its consequences, we may as well here mention four prophecies concerning Thibet, current there, and instructive in their way:

1st.—There is a prophesy to the effect that the Thibetan religion will be replaced by another from the East.

2d.—That after the thirteenth *Ta lei lama* there would never be another.

The present *Ta lei lama* is the thirteenth (others say he is the twelfth), and even at his selection there was a strong party against raising another; that party protesting against the inutility and waste of money caused by having one.

3d.—There is a prophecy among the Buddhists, extracted from their scriptures, and much talked about by the Thibetan people, which assigns dates or terms for the duration of several Buddhist sects. According to these dates the Buddhist religion itself should pass away about this time; and it is also said that it will be replaced by a religion coming from the south; not east, as in Prophecy No. 1.

It is true that, as regards numbers and wealth, the Lamas were never so well off as now; but it is equally true that, as far as respect from the people and moral strength are concerned, they were never so badly off. Their rapacity, disgraceful misconduct and immorality have extinguished all respect for the class as a whole, leaving very few exceptions, personally respected.

4th.—This prophecy is to the effect that when a certain lake's water—probably the Tangri Nor or Nam Tso—runs low and becomes salt, then the Lama power will come to an end. This, in the matter of the water, is said to have already occurred.

The Thibetans hate the Chinese officials, and say that the latter come to beggar them and grow rich at the expense of the country. The people of Thibet are, indeed simply considered by the official classes as the wealth-suppliers of the Lamas, and of the Chinese and Thibetan officials.

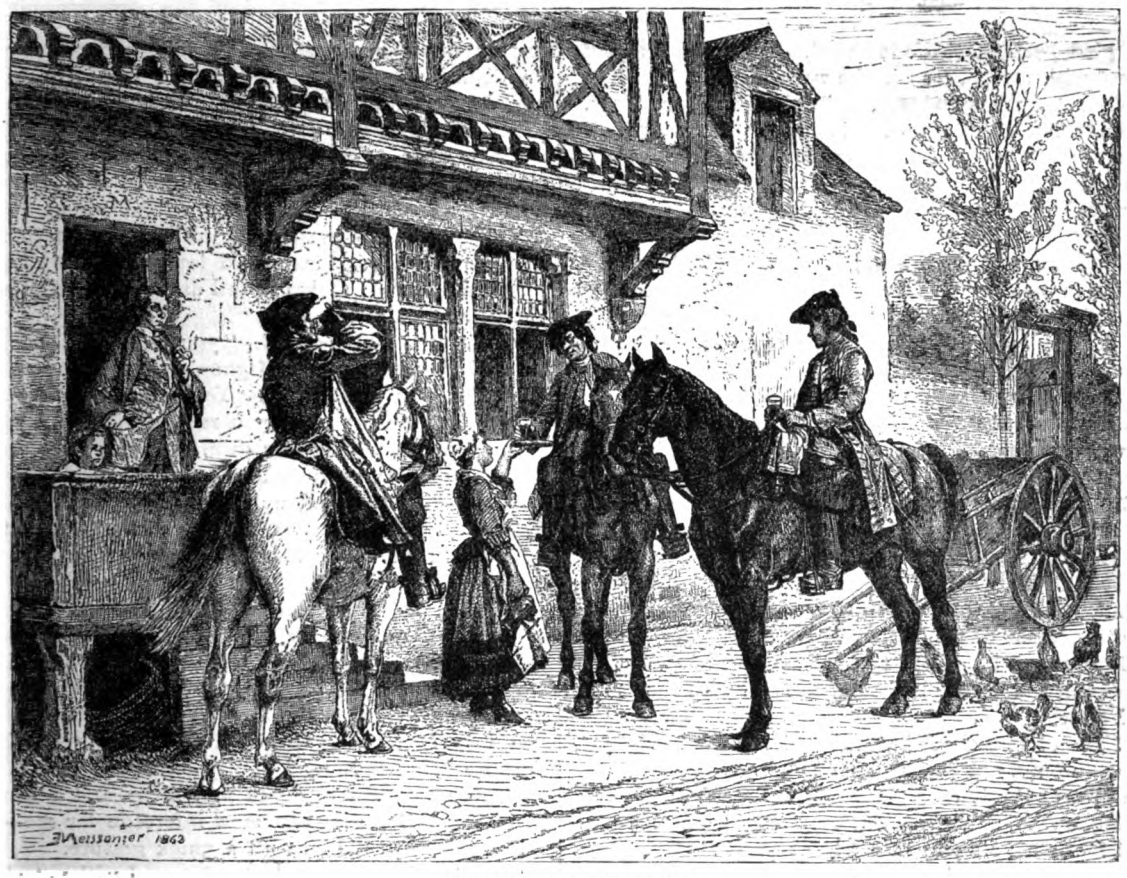
By the peculiar arrangement of the system of government, the Chinese can at any moment lay all blame on the Thibetans for any hostile act against Europeans or for any obstruction they may have thrown in the way of the latter; whilst at the same time the Chinese Government may, and probably have given the very orders which brought about the act of hostility or obstruction. Thus while apologizing at Pekin for some Thibetan obstruction, the very orders for such obstruction probably emanated from Pekin. As an instance of this sort of double-dealing, whilst Sir Thomas Wade was arranging a treaty of convention by certain clauses of which Europeans were to be allowed to travel in China, the Chinese Government, agreeing to these clauses, at the same time dispatched two special commissioners to the Thibetan frontier with express orders to see that the frontiers were *extra* well guarded, especially those adjoining Boutan and Sikkim! Had an attempt been made to enter Thibet by, let us say for the sake of argument and with all respect, a Sir Richard Temple, even he would have been turned back, and the Chinese Government, if appealed to, would have protested its sorrow, and would have regretted the obstructiveness of those barbarian Thibetans! That the above orders were sent we have on good authority.

The Count Széchényi arrived in Pekin with his European companions, and most excellent letters of recommendation to the Pekin officials. After remaining some time in Pekin, in order, we presume, to become personally known to the authorities there, and to acquire their goodwill, he obtained through his powerful letters of recommendation, and on account of his rank, an escort of some forty to fifty soldiers, several mandarins, and every possible requisite in the shape of passports and special letters commending him to the authorities in the interior.

In this instance we have the case of a gentleman specially recommended to the court at Pekin, a person of high rank, with practically unlimited means at his command and with great determination, and yet the above shows how all these qualifications counted for nothing in assisting him to carry out his real object, that of crossing the Thibetan frontier! English envoys have been treated somewhat similarly, though with less indignity, and the ill-success of these several attempts has only ended in making the Chinese mandarins more audacious in their double-dealings, and the Thibetans more audacious in their open resistance and obstruction.

As a matter of fact, the Chinese mandarins play externally the *rôle* of friends and protectors, and under this use their authority to organize the Thibetan opposition, which they pretend not to be able to control. This is now their successful and systematic plan. Naturally never having been punished, as they were only obeying orders, the Thibetans on the eastern frontier will probably carry their resistance further than mere demonstration on some future occasion.

HOME, SWEET HOME.



THE HALT.— BY MEISSONIER.

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN.

BY

ETTA W. PIERCE.

SUMMARY OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

THE Overland Mail Company's stage is stopped by Black Dave's band. One passenger seeing his mother's letters and the portrait of his betrothed in the hands of the robber chief, struck him senseless to the earth by a well-directed blow, then fell lifeless himself, pierced by the bullets of the gang. The stage drove off, leaving him there stark and alone. As he revived at last, he heard the tramp of horses, and, astonished and dazed, beheld Black Dave return—not to make sure of dispatching, but to save him; to bear him, in fact, to the ranch of his friend Crawford, the objective point of his journey. Under the care of his friend, aided by Hoxie, his odd man-of-all-work, Fleetwood came slowly back to health. During his tedious hours of convalescence, he wormed out of Hoxie the story of his life. One chapter was his connection with Black Dave, who thought him at present dead. The cloud over his life was the bandit's discovery of his existence, which he felt meant death! His crime had been intercepting a letter to the robber leader, evidently from a daughter in the States. Her address Hoxie, though hung for his crime and left for dead, never forgot. It was "Miss Concordia Tempest, Cinderville, Maine."

Maud Loftus, Fleetwood's betrothed, received the news of her lover's adventure at Madame Verb's school, and imparted it to her bosom friend Mignon, daughter of a Western cattle king. Soon after, during a picnic, the girls visit a gypsy camp, and Maud Loftus is warned that she is to lose her lover, and to beware of the tempest.

CHAPTER V.— ROOKWOOD.

IT was a charming room, furnished in blue and terra-cotta, with deep, wide chairs and sofas, and long windows that opened into what seemed to be a wilderness of roses —roses of every hue and size, blooming in splendid thickets, climbing, coiling, twisting wide arms of beauty; for it was June, and the garden of Rookwood was in its glory.

"It is time for our travelers to appear," drawled Cyril Vye, pulling out his watch, and giving at the same time a careless kick to his mother's lapdog, a snub-nosed English pug who had ventured to approach him too closely; "the blonde Canadian, Miss Loftus, is a jolly girl, with no nonsense about her, but in the matter of beauty, you will find her leagues behind Mignon."

The person addressed stood at one of the long windows, wistfully watching the driveway—a fragile, middle-aged woman, with a timid, oppressed look. Her dinner-dress swept in long, rich waves upon the carpet, superb diamonds flashed on her thin, nervous hands, and in the priceless lace at her throat; but her wan, dreary face told its own story. Nobody ever thought of envying the wife of that distinguished lawyer, Philip Vye; nobody ever thought of calling her a happy woman.

"Few girls can, in point of beauty, compare favorably

with Mignon," she answered. "What joy it will be to have her again at Rookwood!—to have her *constantly* now! I am glad her school-life is ended. The child is as dear to me," with a sigh, "as if she were my own."

"She is very dear to me, also," said Cyril Vye, dryly.

He was not at all like his insignificant mother. He was arrogant, foppish, insufferable. He wore an eye-glass screwed in his pale-gray eye, and his red mustache was waxed to the last degree. Red also predominated in his brows, his lashes and his hair. Ill-natured people sometimes likened Cyril Vye to that mean little animal, the ferret; nevertheless he was a power in his father's famous law-firm. The study of law had been a passion with all the Vyes. They boasted of judges and magistrates in the family, and many brilliant names well known in the annals of the Suffolk Bar.

"I come of five generations of lawyers," Philip Vye was wont to say, "all of whom have made a mark in their profession."

A brilliant, distinguished race—an arrogant, ambitious race, mighty in wealth and social position, yet with few lovable qualities.

"My dear mother," said Cyril Vye, airily twirling the red mustache, "there is one thing that you must make haste to prepare yourself for—Mignon, with her beauty and fortune, will be sure to have no end of suitors."

The pale, faded lady looked at her son with something like horror.

"Mignon! why she is but a child! Suitors? Not yet, I hope—no, no, not yet, Cyril!"

He shrugged his carefully padded shoulders.

"Mignon is almost seventeen. Shall I tell you a secret? I am going to marry her myself!"

She gave a queer little cry.

"Cyril!"

"Yes," he replied, with great *sang froid*, "my mind is made up. I have adored Mignon from her saucy, tantalizing childhood, and I give you my word that I shall move earth and heaven to make her my wife."

"But she is your cousin," gasped the poor, pale lady.

"And what of that?" he sneered. "Why do you stare at me so stupidly? Is there a law in the commonwealth to prevent the union of cousins?"

She *was* a little stupid, perhaps. A woman who lives under a purely despotic form of domestic government, with neither strength nor courage to resist that despotism, is apt, in time, to grow stupid.

"I don't know—I don't know!" she answered, wringing her hands, helplessly. "But there is something in the world besides law. Mignon professes an open aversion for you, Cyril, and she has made no secret of the same since the day she came to us, a child, from the West."

He started up from his chair and began to walk about the blue and terra-cotta drawing-room.

"There is a love that thrives on discouragement," he answered, "and mine is of that sort. As a child, spirited, insolent, spoiled, Mignon fascinated me strangely. The more unkind she was to me, the more I adored her; and now, that she is grown to womanhood, it is the same, I am her slave—her frowns are dearer to me than the smiles of other girls. All her slights and insults add fresh fuel to the fire of my passion."

"I tell you, Cyril, that Mignon dislikes you!" repeated this illogical woman.

He stopped short in his walk, and gave her an ugly, unfilial look. Cyril Vye might be foppish and shallow and insufferable, but he was also dangerous.

"It is of small consequence," he sneered, "whether she likes or dislikes me—this fact remains the same—Mignon, willing or unwilling, will be my wife. Willing or unwilling, our pert Western princess must, at no distant day, fall body and soul into the hands of her despised Cousin Cyril. That high spirit of hers needs to be tamed, and," with an ugly glitter in his weak, gray eye, "I am the person most eager to undertake the task! The Vyes, you know, are famous for home government. They always find means to bring their women into proper subjection. My father says that, as a family we are noted for our docile wives."

She shuddered. Only too well did she know the marital characteristics of the Vyes.

"Oh," she half sobbed, "you have laid some unscrupulous plan against Mignon's peace! It is her fortune that you want, Cyril. You know that she is her father's sole heiress; but you reckon without your host. Mignon has a will of her own, and the days are past when a girl can be forced into an obnoxious marriage. If you make Rookwood unpleasant to her, you will only defeat your own purpose, for she will complain to her father, and he will come and carry her back to Colorado."

"I shall not make Rookwood unpleasant to Mignon," answered Cyril Vye, as he twirled the red mustache. "Aw—no—I love her too much for that! She will find me her devoted slave. Nevertheless, I intend to press my suit with vigor. And now, my dear, foolish mother, you may ask, perhaps, why I have told you all this. Because Mignon is fond of you—because she will listen readily to any plea that you may make, and I want you to intercede for me—you *must* intercede for me——"

She interrupted him with a quick gesture.

"Don't ask me, Cyril! I refuse. I will not attempt to influence the child. You are not calculated to make her happy—with your habits you are not fit to be her husband."

He laughed mockingly.

"Thanks for the compliment, mamma! When I marry Mignon I will mend my ways, as my father did when he married you!"

She had some spirit left in her still. She turned sharply upon her son.

"I told you just now that I loved Mignon as though she were my own. When your Uncle Gilbert brought her here from the West with her sick mother, and committed both to my care, and when that mother died, and left Mignon in my hands, I solemnly promised to watch over the child, and keep her, so far as lay in my power, from all harm. Cyril, you are my only son, but I would as soon see Mignon lying dead before me as married to you!"

Severe words, indeed, for such timid lips. He winced and grew violently red.

"Then you will not use your influence to prosper my suit, eh? Happily, I know of a person who is more obliging—I mean my father. His heart is set upon this match."

She cowered suddenly, as if brought face to face with a power that she could not resist.

"Your father?" she echoed, blankly. "Why does he lend himself to such a scheme? If he had Mignon's interests at heart he would not—no, he could not. Perhaps you have also consulted your Uncle Gilbert?"

"It is scarcely time for that, wise mamma. Moreover, I am tolerably sure of the consent of my uncle, the cattle-king. Being a Vye, he will certainly look with favor on the son of his only and elder brother. Mignon and I are the last scions of our race, and in us will be united all

the family money and the family honors. Don't you see?"

"I see," she answered, drearily; "but I do not like the plan, Cyril—I do not like it! Surely some one ought to think a little of Mignon's happiness——"

"My dear mother," interposed Cyril, airily, "compose yourself. Hark! I hear the carriage. Our travelers are here."

The noise of wheels was plainly audible in the driveway. Cyril Vye sprang through a low window, and disappeared in the direction of the sound.

"Oh, Mignon—oh, my poor child! God keep you in your great peril!" Elinor Vye had just time to murmur, then came a rush of light feet across the piazza, and Mignon herself, in a gray serge traveling dress, rushed into her aunt's arms.

"My school life is over, Aunt Elinor," she cried, like the glad, free thing which she was, "and here am I, come to live indefinitely at Rookwood. Here, also, is my dear friend, Maud Loftus; surely you will give her a warm welcome for my sake."

Phil's Vye's pale wife clasped her husband's niece to her heart, and cordially embraced Maud Loftus, as the latter, dusty with travel, appeared in the drawing-room. Close in the wake of the two girls entered a small, iron-gray man, with a smoothly shaven face, a hooked nose, a narrow eye and faultless manners — Philip Vye, the lawyer, distinguished for a tongue of superhuman eloquence, and a heart harder than flint. It was curious to see his wife cringe as he approached her.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured, in a miserable, deprecatory tone. She usually addressed him in that way.

"Don't be a fool, Elinor," he replied, in a low, severe voice. "I am glad these young folks have come. You need them, and they will soon change everything at Rookwood, I trust, even to your nerves. Now ring for a servant to show them to their rooms, or dinner will be late; and if there is one thing above another to which I object, it is the guest who delays my dinner."

Rookwood was no modern dwelling. It had been in the possession of the Vye family for full two hundred years. A splendid specimen of colonial architecture, steeped to its very chimneys in historic reminiscences, it stood in that most aristocratic suburb of Boston known as the Dale, looking forth disdainfully, as it seemed, upon the modern mushroom growth of Queen Anne palaces and Mansard roofs, and French villas, which bankers and statesmen and retired merchants had built around it. From the curiously wrought brass knocker on the huge door, to the oaken timbers in the roof, all was ancient and carefully preserved. The house abounded in priceless things—cabinets and chairs and porcelain that might have belonged to a *salon* of Louis XV.; and there were low-studded rooms, paneled in oak and cedar, winding staircases, carved balustrades, old portraits of colonial celebrities, ancient brass-faced clocks, polished wainscots, and rare tiles painted with Scriptural scenes. At the foot of the great garden the Charles River rippled peacefully away toward the sea.

"What a dear old museum!" cried Maud Loftus, after peeping into, at least, a dozen delightful rooms. Then the two girls came to the chambers which had been assigned them—charming twin apartments, furnished in blue and gold. "It is just my idea of an English mansion of Elizabeth's time," went on the blonde Canadian. "I admire Rookwood, *m'amie*. I like your meek little Aunt Elinor, but your Uncle Philip gives me the shivers, dear; and as for Cyril—angels and ministers of grace defend us!—that young man ought to be vigorously suppressed. He is in love with you, Mignon—I used to tell you as much when he made his stupid calls at the school. Really, you should make haste to check such amatory aspirations. That eyeglass and that waxed mustache are insufferable."

Mignon's scarlet lip curled.

"Don't jest about Cyril. I detest the subject. Talk about Rookwood instead. All the Vyes are inordinately proud of the old place—it has been in the family for more than two centuries. Uncle Philip received it from his father as his half of the paternal inheritance. Papa, the younger son, took his portion of the family fortune, and, like the prodigal of Scripture, departed into a far country. Uncle Philip declares that papa was wild in his youth, but I do not believe it. Of course he studied law, like Philip, for all the Vyes are lawyers, but the East was not large enough to hold him. He preferred to raise cattle rather than plead cases—live-stock to law, you know, and I, for one, approve his taste."

The two girls were leaning against a window which commanded a view of the wooded, romantic Dale, with its shimmering river and red-roofed villas.

"Have you interesting neighbors in this charming suburb, dear?" asked Maud.

"Yes—mostly old Boston families, descendants of the Puritans—the Dale is really a Summer retreat. You may look forward to stately garden-parties and gypsy teas on the river, and kettledrums and *recherché* dinners and kindred dissipations."

"Good!" said Maud, with her fair head half out of the window. "I have some new toilets in my boxes. Pray, what place is that across the river, opposite? It is like the Tower of Windsor rising through a primeval Yankee forest. And, oh, just look at the boat yonder at the stone jetty. Surely it is a Venetian gondola—*do* look, Mignon!"

Mignon obeyed. All the estates along the river boasted a landing-place—boating was a favorite pastime with the Summer idlers of the Dale. Straight across the current, in a bee-line from Rookwood, some very densely wooded grounds swept down to the water's edge. Out of the tops of broad-leaved chestnuts and copper beaches arose the tower which had attracted Maud's attention—a structure of dark slate veined with quartz, the stones arranged to produce lovely low-color effects; and at a stone jetty belonging to the estate, lay the gondola, for such the boat really seemed to be, with its gilding and carving, its brass sea-horses and awnings of Indian silk—yea, verily, a barge pretentious enough to have belonged to a prince of the Doge's time. Long-eared hounds lolled about the landing-place, but no human thing was anywhere in sight.

"That house," said Mignon, knitting her smooth brows, "is the finest in the Dale. Why! Somebody must be living there!"—with an intonation of surprise. "You see, it has been closed for years. The owner went abroad, because of some dreadful family catastrophe. I once heard the servants gossiping about it, and Aunt Elinor rebuked me because I listened."

"Ah, I detected romance in the air!" cried Maud, gayly. "The very aspect of that tower tells me that its master is no common person. What is his name, what is he like, and, above all, *what* was the dreadful family catastrophe of which you speak?"

Maud looked grave.

"His name, if I remember aright, is Lispenard. I do not know what he is like, dear. I never saw him. He had already gone abroad when I first came, an eight-year-old

child, to Rookwood. The family tragedy was connected with his sister, a beautiful young girl, who died a raving maniac in that tall tower. Nobody at the Dale ever mentions the story, and, really, that is all I know about it."

"Lispenard! what a grand-sounding name!" mused Maud Loftus; "mark my words, he is a Byron or a Rochester, or an Edgar Ravenswood. I find his gray tower and his Venetian gondola altogether too unique for this commonplace, insignificant Charles River. Oh, I wonder is he dark or fair? I do so admire dark men, of the melancholy Charles Stuart type."

"Fie! you giddy creature!" laughed Mignon; "how dare you stand here, meditating future conquest, with Guy Fleetwood's ring on your hand?"

Maud lightly kissed the diamond that sparkled on her third finger.

"It is not that I love dear Guy the less," she replied, "but your neighbor across the river piques my womanly curiosity. Does insanity run in the Lispenard blood?"

"I do not know, dear. Some day we will ask Aunt Elinor."

"By-the-way, Mignon, I received letters from Guy yesterday. He has quite recovered from his wounds, and is about to shake the dust of Colorado from his feet, and return home, a wiser man, to his Canadian possessions, and to—me."

"I wish you much happiness, dear," said Mignon.

With the help of a mulatto maid, who came to unpack the trunks, the two girls dressed for dinner. The meal was served in a great wainscoted dining-room, rich in faded portraits and ancient brass-bound buffets. On these latter glittered plate and china and punch-bowls older than the Revolution. Mignon, with her intensely yellow hair and seal-brown eyes, was seated beside her cousin Cyril.

"At last we have you back at Rookwood," he chuckled, under cover of clattering forks and spoons.

She gave him a withering look.

"I do not know how long I may be content here," she answered, coldly; "the only thing that binds me to the place is Aunt Elinor."

His knitted brows made an ugly red line across his forehead.

"You are as cruel as ever, *belle cousine!* Still sighing for your father's ranch?"

At that instant the voice of Philip Vye came from the head of the table.

"Now that Abel Lispenard has returned from his wanderings around the world, and settled down at his Tower, the neighborhood will not be likely to suffer from *ennui.*"

Mignon and Maud Loftus exchanged quick glances.

"I beg your pardon!" quavered poor Aunt Elinor, who seemed to feel that she must apologize for every word uttered in the presence of her lord; "it is quite delightful that Lispenard should return just at this time, when Mignon is about to enter society."

Philip Vye, who never encouraged small talk in the wife of his bosom, fixed his annihilating gray eye upon her, and commanded:

"Explain yourself, madame!"

"I—I *beg* your pardon, Philip! You know that Abel Lispenard entertains like a prince. One is always sure to meet distinguished people at his table. He is really the idol of the best families at the Dale."

"Lispenard!—that *thing?*" cried Cyril Vye, scornfully.

"Why do you call him a *thing?*" demanded Mignon.

Cyril Vye laughed.

"That you will understand when you see him, my dear cousin. He is a vulgarly rich person—worth nobody knows how many millions, and he has a family skeleton so huge that no closet can contain it. He went abroad to escape the talk of the public."

"Oh, hush, Cyril, hush!" pleaded his mother, and then, catching her husband's eye again, she feebly stammered, "Beg your pardon!" and sank into silence.

"Ridiculous airs the Lispenard gives himself!" Cyril drawled, without heeding his mother in the least; "sails on our Yankee Charles in a Venetian gondola, reads his Bible in every language, living or dead, plays Wagner's music, and keeps an Egyptian mummy grinning in his private library; typical, perhaps, of that family business which sent him tramping around the antipodes."

"Pray take pity upon us, Mr. Vye," cried Maud Loftus, "and clothe the Lispenard skeleton with tangible outlines—in other words, tell us its story."

He made a grimace.

"Really you must excuse me, Miss Loftus—I might spoil your digestion. It's something so deucedly unpleasant that we never mention it in polite society."

"Oh, dear!" cried Maud, "you interest me deeply in this unique Mr. Lispenard. I pant to behold him!"

"And I also!" laughed Mignon.

"You will find one look sufficient, ladies," sneered Cyril; "I'll wager my head that neither of you will care to see Mr. Lispenard a second time."

Philip Vye looked blandly at the two girls.

"Cyril means that Abel Lispenard has—hum! few personal attractions. Nevertheless, he is a most fascinating person, and he has made many conquests, I assure you, among the fair sex."

"And he is still a bachelor?" asked Maud, with preternatural solemnity.

"Yes, he is still a bachelor," replied the lawyer, and then he began to talk of something else.

Dinner over, they went back to the drawing-room. Philip Vye, who never lingered long with the family circle, retired to his library to write letters. Maud Loftus, with a view to relieving Mignon of obnoxious attentions, decoyed Cyril Vye to the piano, and kept him there turning leaves of music, while she sang selections from Verdi's operas. Mignon and her aunt were thus left alone at the other end of the drawing-room.

"My dear," said Mrs. Vye, looking wistfully up into the lovely, spirited face of the girl, "permit me to ask you one question: have you come back to Rookwood heart-whole?"

Mignon stared, then smiled.

"Entirely, Aunt Elinor."

"Then you do not yet know what love is, Mignon?"

"No; papa is my one only lover, and he," with a sigh, "is not as affectionate as I could wish, since he seems content to keep me far, far from him."

The elder woman toyed nervously with some meshes of bright embroidery silk.

"Your father is quite right, my dear. The Far West is no place for a girl like you. Pray, what *could* Gilbert do with such a daughter on a wild cattle-ranch? Mignon, you believe that I love you, do you not?"

"Most certainly, dear Aunt Elinor."

"Well, then, I want to give you a—a—word of warning. Never allow yourself to be coaxed or coerced in the matter of marriage. Be on your guard, dear, against—ah—undue influence. I dare not say more. You should be allowed to choose a husband for yourself. All women," pitifully, "ought to have that privilege. But my papa cherished other views. He believed in the

SEE HER SPIN! — DRAWN BY LOUIS DESCHAMPS.

French method—he selected my husband for me, and, you know, my dear, there *is* such a thing as incompatibility of temper. My married life has not been altogether felicitous."

Mignon lifted her delicate, dark brows.

"Dear Aunt Elinor, if I ever marry, be sure that I shall choose my own husband—I, and no other! We Western-born people dearly prize our personal liberty, our inalienable rights as individuals. Uncle Philip is an unmitigated domestic tyrant. He has ruined your health and broken your spirit with his petty cruelties. Rest assured *he* will have no voice in any future plans of mine! I have the strong, defiant Western blood in my veins, you know. My mother was the daughter of a *ranchero;* I am not meek and docile like you, Aunt Elinor."

Alarmed at such boldness, Mrs. Vye glanced nervously around.

"Hush, oh, hush, dear!" she entreated, as though she feared her lord might hear, even through the wainscoted walls. Then, not daring to trust herself to speak further, she, with a heavy sigh, fell to manipulating her embroidery silks.

Mignon stood watching her for a few moments, then slipped out into the hall, where the gas-jets had just been lighted, and looked around for a portrait of her father, which had always hung at the foot of the staircase ever since her earliest remembrance of Rookwood. Its position had been changed. She did not find it at once, and her search for it led her to the vicinity of Philip Vye's library. The door stood ajar, and within the room voices were plainly audible.

"I sent for you to-night," she heard her uncle say, in a strangely abject tone, "because I felt sure that I could safely rely upon you in my hour of need. I want twenty thousand dollars immediately. You see, I have sustained severe pecuniary losses of late, and find myself greatly embarrassed in consequence."

"My dear sir," replied another voice that was altogether strange to Mignon, "I am very glad to accommodate you. I will send you a check for the amount in the morning. Command me at all times, and to any extent."

She drew back abruptly.

"Uncle Philip has a visitor," she thought, startled at this sudden glimpse of the true inwardness of her relative's affairs. "Is it possible that he is obliged to borrow money? Why, I always supposed him to be rich—very, very rich!"

Then she looked up, and on the paneled wall above her head, saw the portrait of a youth, with fair hair and handsome, open countenance—the shadow of what her father had been in his boyhood—Gilbert Vye, the cattle-king, possessed far more personal attractions than his elder brother Philip. Mignon straightway forgot her involuntary eavesdropping.

"Oh, papa!" she whispered, with her adoring eyes fixed on the canvas, "this painted square is all that your homesick child possesses of you. Where are you to-night? What are you doing? Are you thinking of me? When are you coming to take me home?"

As she stood, like a rapt devotee, before that youthful face, with her tear-suffused eyes uplifted to it, there was a stealthy step, an audacious touch, and somebody bent back the girl's head and kissed her upon her sad, red, drooping lips.

"Cousinly, you know," drawled Cyril Vye. "Aw! don't be offended. 'Twas shabby of you to leave me to Miss Loftus and her deuced Verdi songs."

She flung back from him, her brown eyes charged with hot lightnings, her face as white as death. The scorn, the indignation in her look, might have withered a nobler man than Cyril Vye.

"Till my dying day," she said, in a tone that made him cower and change color, "I will never forgive or forget this insult!"

Then she turned and walked straight to the library, pushed back the door, and, without ceremony, swept into the presence of Philip Vye—a splendid, indignant vision, with wide velvety eyes dilated, yellow head thrown back, lily-like throat swelling, wrathful tears crowding up under her long lashes.

"Uncle Philip!" she cried, so absorbed in her own grievance that she deigned no glance left or right, "Uncle Philip," and her voice was like a silver trumpet, "I will not remain at Rookwood a day nor an hour longer, save upon one condition!"

"My dear," cried Philip Vye, rising hastily from his table, "what *do* you mean? What has happened?"

"I mean that I have been grossly insulted by my cousin Cyril," she stormed, "and unless you assure me of proper protection against a repetition of such insults, I will leave your house now—yes, this very minute!" And she stamped her little foot on the bare, polished floor.

"Why! why!" cried Philip Vye, in such a tone as one might use to a spoiled child, "what *can* Cyril have done?"

"He *kissed* me!" she cried; "and, oh! I had rather a reptile had crawled across my lips! I hate Cyril—I abhor him!" stamping again to emphasize her words.

Philip Vye laughed outright.

"Pardon! my dear little tempest-in-a-teapot, are you not a trifle violent? A kiss? Why, is that such a terrible offense, Miss Prude? No, on the contrary, it is a common privilege among cousins. Where is Cyril? What punishment shall we mete out to the rascal? Ah, let me call your attention, my dear, to the fact that we are not alone. But I beg Mr. Lispenard to excuse you, for, as yet, you are only a child—a sweet, distracting, but sadly impulsive child!"

He waved his hand toward a chair on the other side of the table. With a curious shock Mignon saw, arising from it, the strangest shape she had ever looked upon. A man, but his head would scarcely reach to her own shoulder. His legs were short, his body square to grotesqueness. As for a neck, he seemed to possess none. The head was set almost flat upon the powerful shoulders, which, with the deep chest and muscular arms, looked out of all proportion with the extremely short lower limbs. The face surmounting this body was of the refined student type—delicately cut, olive-tinted, pale almost to transparency. The eyes were intensely black, melancholy in expression, yet with volcanic gleams showing in them now and then. The hair was black, also, and lay in soft waves along the low, womanish forehead. This man hopped down from his chair, like a great frog, and bowed low to the girl, who started back, terrified, in spite of herself.

"Mignon," said Philip Vye, airily, "let me present to you my neighbor, Mr. Lispenard—the gentleman of whom we were speaking at dinner. Mr. Lispenard, this is my niece, the daughter of brother Gilbert, you know, our Western cattle king."

Abel Lispenard bowed again, but did not speak a word. That shocked, frightened look in the girl's eyes he had become sadly familiar with. Strangers often regarded his deformity in that way; but, for the first time, he felt a sharp pang.

Mignon stood her ground bravely for a moment, but

Philip Vye, with a mocking smile, hastened to say: "My dear child, I will attend at once to your grievance. Trust me, Cyril shall be properly rebuked for his gross breach of propriety. He shall not kiss you again—that is, against your will. And now," with playful irony, "I have some business affairs to transact with Mr. Lispenard—shall I invite you to remain with us?"

Overwhelmed with sudden shame and confusion, Mignon fled to the door, but quick as she was, Abel Lispenard was quicker. He sprang and opened, and held it for her to pass through. He looked up at her, she looked down at him, and in that fateful instant she became aware that this singular frog-man had eyes like two-edged swords. He did not seem to find anything amusing in the vigorous protest which she had made against Cyril Vye's cousinly kiss; on the contrary, his face was very grave.

"If my presence here has annoyed you, I beg a thousand pardons!" he said, in the low, cultured voice of a gentleman.

She made no reply. The door closed. She found herself out in the wainscoted hall, her heart beating fast, her breath coming in little gasps.

"Oh," she said to herself, "what a strange caricature of a man, and, oh, what a pair of eyes!"

CHAPTER VI.

CAPTAIN SHIRLAW.

HALF an hour later a servant closed the door of Rookwood behind Abel Lispenard, and the latter went away down the asphalt walk of the garden, hopped into a skiff that was lying against the bank, and rowed across the river to his own domain on the opposite shore.

Moonlight sheeted the rippling current, the night-wind was heavy with the perfume of flowers. Lispenard moored his boat at the stone jetty, and took the nearest path to the house. This led, for a space, through thick trees; then it emerged suddenly on a strip of garden running over with white and yellow lilies, and surrounded by a sunken wall, like that of some old English pleasaunce. Lispenard paused, looked around the fair spot, lifting his hat quickly as if to some invisible presence.

"*Lilian!*" he muttered.

It was the name of the beautiful sister who had died, a raving maniac, behind bolts and bars, high up in the gray tower. As Cyril Vye had said, the skeleton in the Lispenard closet was a formidable one.

He went on past the garden, and climbed the ascent on which the house stood. There were no flowers here, only a short, close turf, like velvet, and the intense green of carefully pruned shrubbery and century-old trees.

Out of these arose the dark gray walls and towers, their haughty, forbidding aspect, broken only by one great patch of color—a terrace filled with palms and hibiscus, and strange tropic vines, set in Delft jars and immense blue China vases. Here a plate-glass window chanced to be standing open. Lispenard made his way to it, and hopped—for that word alone describes the motion—through into a luxurious smoking-room.

"Shirlaw, are you here?" he called.

In an easy-chair at the far end of the apartment lounged a young fellow in an undress uniform with the face and figure of an Antinous. He was puffing at a cigar, and teasing a half-dozen dogs that were grouped around him in various attitudes.

"Behold me, old man!" he answered, lazily. "'Pon my soul, you feed these brutes too much—they are growing so fat and indolent that they refuse to perform the most common tricks. Hallo! How odd you look, Lispenard! Where have you been?"

"Across the river!" replied Lispenard, briefly.

Captain Victor Shirlaw dropped his cigar into a Moorish jar beside the lounging-chair, and straightened himself with sudden interest.

"To Rookwood?"

"Yes. I went in response to an urgent summons from Philip Vye—he had a little matter of business to transact with me."

Shirlaw lifted his handsome brows.

"I understand. The distinguished lawyer has, of late, been drawing pretty extensively on the purses of his friends. That precious son of his is going the pace with a vengeance. Don't frown, Lispenard. Of course, you allow no meddling in your private affairs, but I must speak my mind. To tell the truth, I am somewhat prejudiced against our legal friend. He browbeats his wife—he snubs and abuses her in the face and eyes of everybody, and a man who will do that is capable of anything. Oh, come now! whom did you see at Rookwood?"

The olive face of the dwarf was slightly averted from his guest. He patted the sleek dogs that were leaping affectionately upon him.

"Whom did I see? An angel!"

"By Jove! Are such beings to be found in the Dale, old man?"

"When you stand face to face with Miss Vye, you can decide that question for yourself."

Shirlaw's brown eyes kindled—he was thoroughly aroused.

"Oh, you mean the daughter of the cattle king? Then the expected young lady has arrived from school? Ta, ta! Like Byron, I have an antipathy to schoolgirls—I detect, as did his lordship, the lisp of the nursery in their utterance, and the odor of bread-and-butter about their persons. But, by Jove! this one must be an extraordinary creature if Abel Lispenard admires her!"

Lispenard continued to stroke the dogs.

"I did not say that I admired her," he answered, irritably, "but it would be well for that distant cattle king to come East now and take charge of his daughter. With her unearthly beauty, and the fortune which she will presumably inherit, she certainly needs a different guardian from Philip Vye."

"'Her unearthly beauty!' By Jove! this grows interesting," thought Shirlaw. Aloud he said, "How you pique my curiosity, old fellow! I must hasten to make the acquaintance of Miss Vye. So," with a languid smile, "you do not think Philip Vye a proper guardian for his niece?"

"No—decidedly no!"

"There's a rumor abroad in the Dale that he means to marry the young lady to his worthless son."

"I dare say."

Shirlaw settled himself again in his lounging chair, his splendid soldierly figure in strange contrast to the square, grotesque shape of his host.

"Well, I do not know as *I* am called to meddle in the family affairs of the Vyes," he said, carelessly; "*en passant*, old fellow, I had callers in your absence—the Berkeleys came in force, Nina leading the van, her arms full of Wagner's atrocious music, which she desires you to play over in your hours of leisure. She grew melancholy when I told her you had vanished. I confess, Lispenard, that I'm deucedly afraid of that young woman, with her eyeglass and her Boston culture, and her long pedigree; and

when, like Silas Wegg, she drops into poetry, my hair rises on my head. Mark my words, old man, she'll marry you yet, in spite of your teeth!"

"Shirlaw, you are nothing, if you are not absurd!" answered Lispenard, with a spark of anger in his sombre, dark eyes; "to speak of marriage in connection with a monster like me"—how bitter his voice grew!—"seems little less than sacrilege! Where is Miss Berkeley's music?"

"She left it in the drawing-room. You call yourself hard names, Lispenard—why, bless me! you ignore the fact that you are considered a great catch——"

"Hush, for God's sake, Victor! You mean that there *are* women, who, for money and social power, would even sell themselves to a being like me. Yes, I dare say, it is quite possible; but I swear to you, Shirlaw," and now a white heat, like lightning, overspread the olive face, "that no woman shall barter herself for the Lispenard fortune, or the Lispenard prestige, while I remain custodian of the two!"

He went out quietly, and closed the door of the smoking-room. Directly Shirlaw heard the distant sound of a piano played with great skill and power, he knew what that meant—he would see no more of his host for the night. Guests in Lispenard's grand house were often left to entertain themselves. Shirlaw, however, was something more than a guest—he was a very intimate friend and distant kinsman, and Lispenard's eccentricities never troubled him in any way.

"He has gone to quiet his disturbed soul with music," yawned the brown young soldier, "so I will fare forth, and look at the moon."

He sauntered out of the house, and down the shadowy walks, past the garden of lilies to the river. As he paused on the little jetty and looked across the track of moonlit water to the opposite bank, a sudden idea struck him.

"If I should jump into Lispenard's skiff," he mused, "it might be my luck to catch a glimpse of the houri opposite. Shirlaw's luck was a proverb at West Point, and more than once it has served me in my little bouts with the 'fiery-eyed Apache'! Here goes!"

Instantly he was in the boat, pushing out into the current. A burning curiosity had seized the young captain. If there were angels about, he meant to see them. He sent the skiff straight into the shadow of the trees that fringed the banks of Rookwood. As he did so, gay girls' voices saluted his ears, a gleam of Summer draperies was visible in the shrubbery, he could hear light footsteps on the dewy gravel.

"I adore a garden by night," said the voice of Maud Loftus. "Behold the supernatural proportions which these roses take in the glamour of the moon! Yonder is one, seemingly suspended in space, like a great white star; here is another as red as your cousin Cyril's eyebrows. By-the-way, how rude that young man is, dear! I sang to him until I was hoarse—it was solely for your sake—and all that he said by way of thanks was, 'Confound Verdi!—I wish he had never been born!'"

"Yes, he *is* rude," replied Mignon's severe young voice; "as rude as a Hottentot. Let us go down and look at the river?"

"With pleasure, love; but do you not feel a slight dampness here? I have neuralgia sometimes, you know, in spite of my avoirdupois. I will run and ask your aunt Elinor for shawls."

Away toward the house flashed one white cloud; the other remained motionless for a moment, in the walk, then it began to move slowly down toward the river. Shirlaw, sitting in his skiff under the shelter of the trees, and scarcely daring to draw his breath, saw a lovely head, like a deer's, emerge from the garden shadows—saw such a shape as sculptors love pause on the bank and look across the rippling river. The moonlight only added a new glory to her uncovered golden hair and flawless face. Her white hands were full of roses, and she began to tear their petals apart and drop them down into the river, and as she did so, he heard her hum softly to herself these lines of an old song:

"'Oh, I loved in my youth a lady fair,
For her azure eyes and her golden hair;
Oh, truly—oh, truly I loved her then,
And naught shall I ever so love again,
Save my hawk, and my hound, and my red-roan steed,
For they never have failed in my hour of need.'"

"*Mignon!*"

A man had started suddenly up behind the lovely vision, and seized the hands with their burden of shattering petals.

"Mignon," repeated Cyril Vye, "you were angry with me to-night in the Hall, and I have followed you to apologize for my rashness there. Forgive me, because I love you, and men in love often do foolish things, you know."

She tore her hands free.

"I told you I would *never* forgive you," she answered, sternly.

"Oh, but that's nonsense, for you *must!* Long ago I made up my mind to marry you. To be sure I had not meant to speak so soon, but you yourself force me to do so; and, after all, one time is as good as another. Come, now, my beauty, for custom's sake I must ask the usual question: Will you be my wife?"

She stood tall and white in the moonlight, drawing her draperies closely about her, as if to escape all contact with him.

"For custom's sake," she replied, in a withering tone, "I will condescend to answer you. No, a thousand times no! Your impudence is quite inexcusable, Cyril, for you are well aware that I find you now, as I found you years ago—detestable! Now leave me, and never approach me again in the character of a lover."

"I cannot leave you, Mignon, till you reconsider your answer. I love you, I say, and I mean to marry you! You cannot escape your fate, so yield to it gracefully."

"Marry a man like you, Cyril?" she cried, in high indignation. "I would sooner leap into this river! Stand back—no, do not *dare* to touch me." But he pressed suddenly toward her with arms outstretched. She gave a cry. The next instant Shirlaw was out of the skiff and on the bank, his fiery young blood tingling, his bonny blue eyes all ablaze.

"I will give you just one second, Mr. Vye, to take yourself out of the presence of this lady!" he said.

The sudden apparition of young Antinous made a visible sensation on the bank. Cyril Vye grew white with wrath. Mignon caught her breath as the brown soldier lifted his hat deferentially to her in the moonlight.

"By what right, Captain Shirlaw, do you interfere betwixt my cousin and me?" stammered Vye.

"By the right which any gentleman has to aid a lady who has fallen into obnoxious company," replied Shirlaw.

"Be off or I will throw you into the river!" cried Vye, choking with rage, and he made a rush at the intruder, as if to fulfill his threat.

The next moment he was lying flat and senseless on the earth, and Shirlaw stood over him making his best bow to Mignon.

THE MATERNAL INSTINCT.—FROM A DRAWING BY F. REISS.

"I regret that I was obliged to knock the fellow down in your presence," he said. "Pray pardon me. I am Victor Shirlaw, now and always at your service; and you—yes, I am sure that you are Miss Vye. Permit me to escort you safely to the house."

Tall and maidenly, showing no sign of confusion, she stood, her beauty growing upon him,

"Luminous, gem-like, ghost-like."

"You have done me a service, Captain Shirlaw," she replied, sweetly. "I thank you. No, do not trouble yourself——"

And then Maud Loftus came flying down the walk with some gay-colored wraps on her arm, and burst upon the scene in round-eyed wonder.

"Oh, Mignon, what is the matter, dear?" she cried, and straightway began to scream at sight of Vye's prostrate figure.

Perhaps that sound aroused the lawyer. At any rate he arose to his feet. The two girls fled.

"I demand satisfaction for this outrage, sir!" foamed Cyril Vye, turning furiously on the brown captain.

"In what form will you have it?" answered Shirlaw. "Pistols at six paces?"

"Yes, by Heaven! Yes."

"Very well," said the young soldier, with great *sang froid;* "name the time and place."

"Here and now," stormed Vye, with increasing rage. "I demand blood. We need have no delay, no seconds, no preliminaries. We want nothing, in fact, but the weapons."

"What admirable simplicity!" said the captain. "Do you happen to have any pistols about you?"

"I regret to say that I have not," answered Vye, stiffly. "You, a military man, may be better prepared for an emergency."

"Scarcely," replied Shirlaw, with airy good humor; "it is not the habit, even of military men in this nineteenth century, to go about like walking arsenals. Remain here, however, and I will guarantee to bring the weapons in ten minutes' time."

Vye changed color. With an air of morose vindictiveness he had stiffened himself against a tree.

"Very well," he replied, coldly; "make all the speed possible. Do not keep me waiting."

"Not for the world!" said Shirlaw.

He sprang into the skiff and pulled for the opposite bank. Lispenard's piano was still wailing forth its wonderful music when he reached the house. He hurried, unseen, to his own room, found a brace of revolvers, and with the same started gayly back to the rendezvous. As he for the second time crossed the river, the whole affair began to assume a highly ludicrous aspect.

"I wonder," he thought, "what Lispenard will say to all this? In the space of a half-hour I have made the acquaintance of the angel, and now, great Jove! behold me about to indulge in a duel with her rejected lover."

He was out of the skiff before it touched the bank. He had not lost a moment of time; but where was Vye? In vain he searched for that fiery foeman. He had vanished. He walked up and down the garden, peering under trees and into shadowy thickets, but no living thing was there.

"Evidently Mr. Vye has changed his mind," said Shirlaw.

He went back across the river, but his heart was left behind at Rookwood.

CHAPTER VII.

ESTHER.

"I NEVER knowed anybody by the name in these parts, sir, and I've lived here, man and boy, for fifty years. I recken you're on the wrong track. Tempest—Tempest," meditatively. "No, sir! There's no Tempests at Cinderville but sich as whoop and holler up and down the coast, and play the devil with the fishing boats and any other craft that may be laying about loose, sir."

The speaker, a wrinkled fisherman, in a flannel shirt and canvas jacket, with his trousers tucked into a pair of enormous sea-boots, was calking a boat, drawn up on the stocks, in the sleepy little Maine fishing-town of Cinderville. Guy Fleetwood, the person addressed, stood leaning against the sagging gable-end of a fish-house—a queer, tottering structure, yellow with lichen, and decorated with the rotting figure-head of some lost ship—lazily watching old Tom Dexter at his labors.

In front of the two men lay an old wharf, strewn with *débris*—lobster-traps, broken yawls, damaged tubs and barrels, and a great sea, like *lapis lazuli*, combing and curling in gloomy waves against the sandy beach. Behind them, the little hamlet of Cinderville went straggling up a steep hill, its paintless church well in advance, the gray fish-houses bringing up the rear. The whole hillside seemed set with "flakes" for drying fish. There were cornfields, however, and flocks at Cinderville, for the place was half-marine and half-agricultural.

"Hereabout, sir," said Tom Dexter to Fleetwood, "a man can't wholly get his living neither on the land nor on the water—he's got to draw from both."

"Then," said our Canadian friend, helplessly, as he leaned against the old fish-house, "you are sure, Mr. Dexter, that there is no lady by the name of Tempest residing in Cinderville?"

"By the great horn spoon, I never knowed of any sich—I never heard tell of any!" replied Mr. Dexter, with growing impatience. "I ain't one of the over-curious kind, but what may be your business with this Tempest woman, sir, when ye find her?"

Fleetwood laughed; then gave his blonde mustache a thoughtful stroke.

"Well, really, Mr. Dexter, I haven't any business whatever with her, and, besides, you must first catch your hare before you cook him—no, I should say, catch your hake before you transform him into chowder."

"Haddock is best for chowder, sir—never take hake when you can git haddock."

"All right. I will remember. One week ago this very day, Tom Dexter, I arrived in Cinderville, led hither, I confess, by an abnormal curiosity to discover a certain Concordia Tempest, whom I had good reason to believe was a resident of this place. And now, for seven long days, I have searched the town high and low, up and down, and can find no person answering to the name; consequently it is plain to me that I must give over my quest, and go home to Canada. Since an old inhabitant like you knows nothing of her, I feel quite convinced that Concordia Tempest is a myth."

It was quite true. Guy Fleetwood, bearing in his pocket the address given him by poor Hoxie, had actually come to this out-of-the-way fishing hamlet in search of Black Dave's correspondent. Maud Loftus, his betrothed wife, was watching for him at Rookwood. His fond English-bred mother waited impatiently for him across the line; and here the young fellow was, wasting his time in this strange place, and upon this ridiculous quest. Why had he voluntarily assumed the task of finding the daughter of that cutthroat and robber, Black

Dave? He could not tell. Why will men ever do foolish, inexplicable things?

"Well," said old Tom Dexter, calking away for dear life, "I knows about hake and halibut and porgies, and squib, and mackerel and menhaden, but I'm blessed if I knows anything about myths, sir. Howsomever, it's my belief that there's no Concordia Tempest in Cinderville, nor never was; and a woman with a name like that oughtn't to be let live anywhere. Now, in what quarter hev ye been a-looking for her?"

Fleetwood shifted his position carelessly. The small waves were lapping against the old wharf. A batttered schooner lay at anchor close by—its crew had gone ashore. The gray wing of a mackerel-gull hovered over a distant wave, like a moth above a blossom. A wasp, which had made her nest under the old figure-head on the fish-house, was buzzing angrily about Fleetwood's blonde head, her long legs hanging straight down, her black body ringed with vivid yellow. He took off his straw hat and brushed the troublesome insect languidly away.

"I have been east and west," he laughed; "up the hill to the church, and down the hill to the beach. I have vainly implored every man, woman and child in Cinderville to give me information of Miss Tempest. More than all that, I have been to the post-office—the greasy rat-hole under Sampson's fish-house."

"Ha! And what did old Sampson say to ye, sir?"

"I politely inquired if letters addressed to Concordia Tempest ever came to Cinderville, and if that person herself appeared at the post-office to claim them. By Jove! your antique postmaster turned on me, like a dog-fish—said he never told tales about letters, or spied on parties that came for them, and bade me go about my business. I showed him a handful of money, I coaxed and cajoled, but he remained incorruptible, and I unenlightened. That man ought to be put in a pickle of Cadiz salt, and preserved to a virtuous immortality."

Old Dexter grinned.

"Maybe 'twas the cut of yer jib—yer white hands, and sich, that set him agin ye. Old Sampson don't like the Summer gentry. He's as close-mouthed as an oyster—wouldn't tell ye, if he knowed, but he don't know, sir—he ain't lived at Cinderville but a few year—he came from Eastport way—*I* was born here"—with conscious superiority—"and I can count you out every family in the place—I'm as well acquainted with 'em all as I be with my own, sir. Now I ask you, ain't that enough? Do you 'spect any woman Tempest can be a-hiding in Cinderville and I not get wind of it?"

"No, Tom," replied Fleetwood, "you are right. It *is* enough, my search is over—I give it up, here and now."

He drew from his notebook the address which he had received from Hoxie, the herder, tore it into the most minute fragments, and cast it upon the Cinderville beach.

"Hallo!" cried old Dexter, "here comes Rube, with his catboat. Is he a-going to take you out for a sail, sir?"

A boat came gliding up to the wharf, manned by a raw-boned young fellow in a red shirt and canvas trousers—Reuben Dexter, the son of old Tom.

"Yes," replied Fleetwood, growing lively, "I have an appointment with Rube. This is our last sail together. I shall leave Cinderville to-morrow."

"Sorry to hear that, sir. *I* like ye, if Jake Sampson doesn't. Now, if ye're a-going out with Rube," raising his voice suddenly, so that his son might hear, and grinning from ear to ear, "ye sheer off from Porgy Light, sir—there's a gal over in that air direction that Rube is mighty taken with. If it be that ye go too near the rock, he may neither bring you back, sir, nor come himself."

Rube's sunburnt face grew redder yet, as Fleetwood dropped down into the boat. During the Canadian's brief sojourn at Cinderville, the younger Dexter had been his constant guide and attendant.

"Is that so, Rube?" he asked, jocosely; "do you find yourself, at your tender age, a victim to the grand passion?"

Rube hung his head.

"Dad hadn't any call to speak of *her*," he answered, in a low voice. "She don't care nothing about me, and never did. She ain't like any other girl about here."

"Ha! Is it a case of unrequited affection, Reuben?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other, humbly.

The little harbor, as they swept across it, was speckled with hakers, trawlers, and long, sharp seine-boats. The sail of a jigger flashed gayly by them over the gloomy water, which was all alive with finny things—shrimp, and herring and menhaden. Fleetwood was fond of sailing. He had been out with Rube Dexter numberless times in the last week, but never before had he seen the young fellow so absorbed and dejected. "Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round," and 'tis love, also, from which most of the sorrows of the world spring.

"Where *is* the Porgy Light of which your father was speaking?" asked Fleetwood, at last.

"Over yon," replied the unhappy lover, with a vague nod toward the far horizon; and then, with a sudden burst of confidence, as though his harrowed soul *must* find voice, "I'm that cut up at times, sir, that I've a good mind to jump into the sea, and let the darned dogfish eat me!"

"Don't do it, Reuben," said Fleetwood, scarcely able to repress a smile. "A faint heart never won fair lady. Don't immolate yourself! She may relent."

"No, she won't," answered poor Rube, as he trimmed his sail, disconsolately. "I'm no mate for her, and I know it. I never see her, but what I thinks of the sun coming up over the water. She orders me about like a slave. She looks at me, and my breath goes—I'm limp as wet seaweed—I couldn't speak a word to her to save my life; but she knows I'm ready to die for her, and she don't hold me of any more account, sir, than sand under her feet."

"She must be a very high and mighty maiden, Reuben."

"Yes, sir," drearily, "she's that, and a good deal more. There's nothing that can go ahead of her in these parts. She's like an eagle among a lot of mackerel-gulls."

"Poor fellow!" thought Fleetwood, "he has the disease bad! Thank Heaven! the woman does not live who could reduce me to this state of mind."

They flew on for a space in silence.

"By Jove!" called out Fleetwood, suddenly, "what is this?"

It was fog, thick, white, curious, dropping upon them in a moment, like a great blanket. The catboat was completely enveloped, and cut off from all surrounding objects. Very sudden it was, and very disagreeable. Fleetwood could scarcely see the face of his companion.

"Dern it!" said Rube, in disgust, "that's the way the stuff drifts in on ye, sometimes, thick enough to cut."

"Is it likely to lift soon?"

"That's mighty uncertain, sir."

Directly a sound, like stertorous blowing, saluted the ears of the two. Who can tell if Rube's amatory abstraction had not affected his seamanship this morning? At any rate, he sat, as if paralyzed for one moment, and the

next, Fleetwood saw looming up and over the catboat, in that white, blinding mist, a great dingy sail, a black, battered bow, and lo! in an instant he found himself struggling in the intensely cold water, Rube Dexter with him, and away went the catboat down the crest of a great wave, bottom side up.

"Help!" roared Reuben. "You have swamped us! Help there, for God's sake!"

But the schooner, hearing nothing, seeing nothing in that blinding fog, vanished into its ghostly embrace with no response. From another quarter, however, and from a greater distance, a woman's voice rang out across the sea, and never was sound more welcome to the ear of Fleetwood.

"Speak again!" it said. "Where are you?"

Rube, with his mouth full of sea-water, raised a cry: "Boat ahoy—ahoy—ahoy!"

"Ahoy it is!" the voice answered.

There was what seemed to be an eternity of suspense—both Fleetwood and Rube had laid hold of the catboat—then came the dip of oars, the outlines of a skiff growing out of the fog, and Fleetwood, from the cold black water looked up and saw a girl's face bending down to him—never would he forget it.

It was of that rich, creamy pallor which is entirely different from the hue of ill-health. The low forehead was half hidden in rings and tendrils of night-black hair. The splendid eyes, unfathomably dark, gazed down on Fleetwood like dazzling moons. For the rest he saw a cotton handkerchief knotted under a soft round chin, long, silky braids streaming out beneath it, a pair of statuesque arms, bared to the elbows, and shoulders that a goddess might have envied.

"Mind what you're about!" she said, sharply, as Fleetwood instinctively grasped the gunwale of her boat. "Don't upset the dory! What!" derisively, "is that you, Rube Dexter, floundering there like a dogfish? I thought you knew how to sail a catboat!"

And then Fleetwood felt assured that he was in the presence of Rube's enchantress.

"And so I do, Miss Esther," stammered poor, drenched Rube; "but that darned schooner run us down in the fog. Can you take Mr. Fleetwood into your skiff?"

The young Canadian had not wholly recovered from his Colorado wounds. The coldness of the water struck to his vitals. As Dexter was speaking a sudden faintness seized him. His hand fell helplessly from the boat. The girl who had been called Esther seized him promptly by his fair hair.

"He is swooning!" she called to Rube. "Help me to get him into the skiff."

Rube, a vigorous swimmer, flew to her aid, when, by their combined efforts, they had got Fleetwood safely into the dory, the dark-eyed maid and Dexter with some difficulty righted the catboat, of which the young fisherman resumed possession. While the pair were thus engaged, Fleetwood, although he lay limp as seaweed in the bottom of the dory, was not so far gone but that he could hear the following conversation:

"Who is this man?" said Esther Hart.

"He's a Canadian gentleman—Fleetwood is his name, and a fine sort of fellow he seems to be. I'd be sorry to have anything happen to him here."

"What's he doing at Cinderville?" disdainfully.

"Well, looking arter a woman, as near as I can find out. I don't rightly know what he wants of her—I dunno as he's ever told that part of the story; but it's somebody as was never heard of hereabouts, and he's going to leave to-morrow?"

"Who is the woman?"

"I'm blessed if I know! Seems to me you're mighty interested," with a quiver of jealousy in his tone. "Tempest is her name, he says. There's something that goes afore it—'Cordian or Concertina, I don't remember which. Nobody knows her at Cinderville."

For a moment Esther Hart sat as if dumbfounded, then she broke into a ringing laugh.

"Think again, Reuben. You are frightfully stupid, you know. Was not the name Concordia instead of Concertina?—Concordia Tempest, does *that* sound like it?"

"Yes, that's it, I dare say," replied Reuben, in an aggrieved tone; "but I can't rightfully see as it's of any account to you or to me. How did you come to know it, anyway?"

"A little bird whispered it in my ear. Your Mr. Fleetwood is absurdly good-looking."

"Is he? I ain't much of a jedge. Seems to me you will have to take him to the Light. I'm afeard he's lost his senses."

Not altogether. Fleetwood, lying flat in the boat, was tingling with a new and sudden interest. This girl knew something of Concordia Tempest. Her laughter, the very tone of her voice as she pronounced the odd name, told him that. Immediately he became aware that the dory was gliding swiftly off through fog and water, with the catboat in its wake. The girl pulled with long, steady, practiced strokes.

Not even the dense mist could baffle her, for directly a great black object loomed dimly up through the vapor before her, and straight as an arrow to its mark, the skiff shot up to the rude landing-place of Porgy Island.

Here, with suspicious suddenness, Fleetwood revived, and sat up in the boat.

He saw a bare, lonely rock, with no vegetation upon it save clumps of dog-weed and hills of potatoes distributed wherever the soil could be found to receive them, and no sign of human habitation but the tall light and the attached dwelling-house of the keeper, both painted white, and standing up with ghostly effect against the gloomy darkness of bare rocks and tumbling waves.

"Gran'ther!" called Esther Hart from the landing-place.

An old man came shuffling down the path from the tower—a weather-beaten Triton, with a face like wrinkled leather, and the rolling gait of a sailor.

"Here's a gentleman," explained the girl, briefly, "who has been capsized in Rube Dexter's boat. Take him up to the Light, and ask Aunt Deb to give him a change of clothes, while I moor the boat."

"Ay, ay," responded the Triton, gruffly.

Fleetwood followed him to the house—a snug little place, shining with neatness. The Aunt Deb referred to was a lank, tall spinster of fifty, with a washed-out look, and a solemn, woe-begone air. She stood at an old-fashioned dresser, peeling potatoes, as the two men appeared in the door, and singing in a high, cracked voice:

> "My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
> Damnation and the dead!"

Life on barren Porgy Island, with the storms and the seagulls, seemed conducive to melancholy.

"Hi! Debbie," shouted the Triton, "git this young man a glass of hot grog and a change of clothes—he's drenched to the skin, and his teeth be a-clattering like castanets."

Miss Debbie jumped nervously.

"Oh, goodness gracious me! How you do scare one,

CHAMOIS IN THE DEEP SNOW.

Father Joe!" she cried, shrilly. "We must be mindful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. I misdoubt, though, if your clothes will fit him. Things seldom come right in this world, even to coats and trousers. His legs are too long."

"I do not see how I can make them shorter, madam," shivered Fleetwood. "Believe me, I am very sorry to tax your kindness in this way——"

"Tut, young man," she interrupted; "you'll find the rum and sugar in the cupboard, and I'll throw the shirts and pantaloons down the stairs."

And she vanished through a door leading to the upper story of the cottage.

Fleetwood had effected a change of raiment, and warmed his chattering teeth before Hester Hart appeared in the path. He was watching for her, and as she came into view, he thought of what Rube Dexter had likened her to—the sun breaking upon the sea.

She was not above the medium height, but her superb carriage, and the proud turn of her full throat, made her appear taller. Her black braids rippled like unraveled silk down her shoulders. Betwixt the exquisite creamy pallor of her skin, and the dark splendor of her turbulent eyes, her beauty was something startling. Rube followed humbly behind her, carrying her oars. Through the open window Fleetwood could hear the unlucky lover pleading:

"Haven't you any sort or kind of good word for me, Essie?"

"No," she replied, shortly, and without turning her handsome head.

A moment after Rube thrust a disconsolate face in at the door.

"Mr. Fleetwood," he said, "I've got to get back to Cinderville to go a-trawling with dad, but you'd better stay here till your clothes dry—the fog is a-lifting a'ready, and old Joe will bring you over to the mainland, by-and-by, in his boat."

"All right, Reuben," answered Fleetwood, with admirable resignation.

Rube went off down the path, and left Guy Fleetwood stranded for three long hours at Porgy Island Light.

There was a dinner of savory chowder, baked bluefish, hot corncake and coffee—in all his life Fleetwood had never tasted such a delicious meal. The girl Esther paid no heed whatever to the unbidden guest, but old Joe and Aunt Debbie entered readily into conversation with him. The latter, who never lost an opportunity to wipe her pale faded eyes on anybody who approached her, groaned over the scarcity of the rainfall, the unsatisfactory state of the potatoes, and the general hardship of life on Porgy Island.

"Father and I and Essie," she lamented, "have lived on this rock for seventeen year', come next Christmas, and it's worse than the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the Prophet. Lor', if one of us should die here, there ain't soil enough on the whole island to dig a grave in. A dead body would have to be thrown to the sharks, that you'll see a-coursing round the rocks almost any fine day, sir. The time that Essie went off to the mainland to get her eddication, I thought I should clean give up. I war as lonesome as a pelican in the desert—you could hear the bones a-rattling in my skin for clear lonesomeness."

"Have you no assistant at the Light?" Fleetwood asked of old Joe.

"Ay, sir," replied the old keeper, "here's Essie—she's my assistant. She tends the light when I'm away, and she goes to the mainland for supplies, and she can handle a boat as well as the oldest sailor on the whole coast. There ain't a rope in *this* ship that she don't know."

Neither pride nor fondness was in his tone—only business, pure and simple. As far as Fleetwood could see, little affection seemed to exist between the girl and her kindred, or else they were a singularly undemonstrative family.

"I congratulate you upon having so able a lieutenant," said Fleetwood, quietly.

As he arose from the table, he espied a stand of books in a corner of the room—Shakespeare's plays, histories, and some of the best-known poets.

"Most of them are the books that Essie took as prizes over at Barton Academy," explained Aunt Deb. "She was an awful smart scholar—was our Essie—the smartest, all the teachers said, in the whole school."

Considerable interest was manifested by the light-keeper and Aunt Deb in Fleetwood himself.

"I take it you're a Summer boarder at Cinderville?" said the old spinster; "though the Lord only knows what people want to come to Cinderville for, even in Summer—nothing there but hake and pollock, and fish-flakes, and the smell of old rotting wharves and fish-houses.

For the first time Esther Hart turned, and fastened her grand eyes on Fleetwood. Highly amused, he answered:

"Yes, I am boarding at Cinderville. A private matter brought me to the town. Just now I am not at liberty to speak of it."

He fancied he saw a mocking smile on the girl's lips. Shortly after, she went out upon the rocks with the light-keeper.

Fleetwood followed her.

The fog had vanished. The sun was shining brightly now on the wastes of igneous rock, and Aunt Deb's scattering hills of potatoes. His blue flannel yachting suit was swinging in a stiff breeze, and seemed rapidly approaching a state of dryness. He found Esther Hart standing on a black, weed-draped ledge, with old Joe's battered telescope in hand, looking out to sea.

"In my semi-conscious state out there in the water," he began, "I overheard your conversation with Rube Dexter. May I ask, Miss Hart, if you really know a person called Concordia Tempest?"

She lowered the glass. There was a mischievous gleam in her grand black eyes, the quiver of a dimple about her red lips.

"Do *you* know her?"

"I do not," he replied, with great frankness.

"Have you any particular business with her?"

"No."

"Then, pray, what do you want with Concordia Tempest?"

"Well, really, I am somewhat curious to see her—nothing more."

"I always supposed curiosity to be a strictly feminine weakness," said Esther Hart, with fine irony; "I never before knew that the mighty mind of man could harbor it. Pardon me, Mr. Fleetwood, I cannot tell you anything about Concordia Tempest."

He leaned lazily against the ledge, his bold eyes eagerly drinking in a beauty which perplexed as much as it dazzled him.

"Very well. My interest in her is on the wane. Another object has pushed it aside, and is absorbing that feminine trait of curiosity at which you rail. You may remain silent till doomsday on the subject of Concordia if you will only consent to tell me something about yourself."

Her lip curled. She put up the glass again.

"Have you not been told that I can tend the beacon, and manage a boat, and that I have been to Barton Academy, and taken all the prizes for superior scholarship there?"

"Vague and unsatisfactory. You are not indigenous to this soil. I feel the same wonder that a botanist might experience in coming upon a Gloire de Dijon rose, growing in volcanic scoriæ."

It was quite a speech for Fleetwood, but the blood was plunging through his veins more rapidly than usual. She received the compliment without the quiver of an eyelash.

"A Gloire de Dijon rose," dryly; "that is something I have never seen—indeed, one sees very few things at Porgy Rock."

"At least, I have seen one thing here which I shall never forget. When I embarked in Rube Dexter's boat this morning, it was my intention to leave Cinderville to-morrow. Now, however, I have changed my plans. I shall remain awhile longer, and with undaunted resolution pursue my search for Concordia Tempest."

A genuine girl's laugh bubbled over her lips.

"You may find many tempests in Cinderville, but scarcely Concordia. Why does hope revive in you so suddenly? Have you discovered any trace of this elusive female since you set sail with Rube?"

"No," he replied, "but all the same, I can make her useful to me. She will serve as a pretext to lengthen my stay on this hospitable Maine coast."

Half an hour after, Guy Fleetwood, clothed in his own garments, came down the rocks again, to take leave of Esther Hart. She was still leaning against the ledge, her black braids streaming in the wind, her dark eyes fixed upon the tossing sea. The fair, good-looking Canadian extended his hand to the island girl.

"For the service you did me out yonder in the water—for bringing me hither in your boat, I thank you—for all your hospitable kindness I thank you." Then, his gay, debonair manner changing to almost tragic earnestness, Maud Loftus's lover added, in another tone: "Miss Hart, may I come again?"

Her hand just touched his own, then slipped away.

"No," she replied, with lowered eyelids, "do not come again."

"Very well," said Fleetwood, audaciously. "I will not, until to-morrow." (*To be continued*).

REMARKABLE MEMORIES.

A PHYSICIAN, about sixty years ago, could repeat the whole of "Paradise Lost" without a mistake, although he had not read it for twenty years.

Euler, the great mathematician, when he became blind, could repeat the whole of Virgil's "Æneid," and could remember the first line and the last line in every page of the particular edition which he had been accustomed to read before he became blind.

One kind of retentive memory may be considered as the result of sheer work, a determination toward one particular achievement, without reference either to cultivation or to memory on other subjects. This is frequently shown by persons in humble life in regard to the Bible. An old beggar-man at Stirling, known about fifty years ago as "Blind Alick," afforded an instance of this. He knew the whole of the Bible by heart, insomuch that, if a sentence was read to him, he could name book, chapter, and verse; or, if the book, chapter, and verse were named, he could give the exact words.

A gentleman, to test him, repeated a verse, purposely making one verbal inaccuracy. Alick hesitated, named the place where the passage was to be found, but at the same time pointed out the verbal error. The same gentleman asked him to repeat the ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of the Book of Numbers. Alick almost instantly replied, "There is no such verse. That chapter has only eighty-nine verses."

Saunderson could repeat all of Horace's Odes, and a great part of the other Latin authors.

CASTLE KEEP.

By H. McD.

In Castle Keep, all dark and grim,
She stands, my lady bright;
The gray walls looming ghostly dim,
The keys that weight her fingers slim,
Make her but look more fair, more slight.

Like mediæval saint, her face
Casts glory everywhere;
The sunny hair lights up the place,
The white-robed form lends life and grace
To sombre walls and wainscot bare.

What mean those dreaming eyes, fair maid?
Where go those lagging feet?
Fill housewife cares that pretty head,
Or dost thou haste through leafy glade
Thy trusty waiting knight to meet?

OF TWO EVILS.

BY

PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC.

PART III.

THE WOE OF THE BRAYNOR INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XXX.—(CONTINUED).

JOHN AMPSTEAD entered the front door of the great store; he had never been in it before; but he was determined to make himself known to some one who could help him with the reading of the riddle relating to Seth Barcase. He could not help but notice, as he looked anxiously about until he found the man he had been following, that a person standing at the rear windows of the office of Bluff & Bragg might have looked into the rear windows of the store at any time. He might have found Seth Barcase long ago, without putting his foot in the street, without consulting a detective, without asking the help of the police, if——

If! What a word! Wealth for your toil, weary worker; loyalty to your honor, leal lover; peace; happiness; long life; eternal salvation! *If!*

John Ampstead made inquiry for the proprietor of the store. He was shown to the owner's private office, and at once introduced himself.

"I wish to make some inquiries regarding a gentleman in your employ," he said.

"Certainly."

"An elderly gentleman, with stooping shoulders and gray hair."

"I know the one you mean."

"His name is Barcase, is it not?"

"His name is Case."

"Barcase, Seth Barcase?"

"No, sir; his name is Case; I do not know his first name at all; his initials are S. B.; S. B. Case is his name."

"S.—B.—Case," said Ampstead, slowly; "S.—B.—Case—and Seth—Bar—case. There is a remarkable similarity of sound about the names, isn't there?"

"The names do sound alike, but what of it? What do you wish with me, any way?"

"Several things. First, when did Mr. Bar—Mr. Case, I mean—begin to work for you?"

The merchant took a small manuscript book from his desk, studied it for a minute or two, and then made his answer: "On Wednesday, August —, 1880."

"Did you ever see him before then?"

"I first saw him the day before."

John Ampstead drew a long breath. Here was the other end of the chain of events, one end of which he had so worked and worried over, ready to his hand. There were missing links, he could not say how many; the chain was broken, he could not say how seriously. But his hand was upon the end of that wonderful and mysterious train of circumstance and events which had so baffled him; the day when John Ampstead left Seth Barcase and the merchant first saw S. B. Case were one and the same day.

"I have mentioned my name," said John Ampstead; "did you ever chance to hear it before?"

"I think I have heard it or seen it in print; I cannot say when or where."

"And the name of Seth Barcase? Have you ever heard that before?"

"It sounds familiar, though I cannot say why. I have a vague notion that something happened—somewhere—to some one of that name."

"Almost a year ago, Seth Barcase disappeared. His friends searched earnestly and thoroughly for him. He was advertised for, and——"

"I remember now. You are the gentleman who had the most prominent connection with the detectives, the police, and the Press, in the matter, are you not?"

"I am. *And that man, out yonder, is Seth Barcase!*"

"You think so?"

"No, sir; *I know it!*"

The merchant rose without making any answer, and stepped to the door of the office.

"Case!" he called. "Will you please come here a moment?"

Case came.

"Here are some papers I wish you would copy, Case," he said; "let me have the originals and the copies when you are done. And, by-the-way, Case, let me introduce you to my friend Mr. Ampstead."

Mr. Case bowed to Mr. Ampstead, and said a few pleasant words; but he did not extend his hand; he made no sign of recognition; he only appeared anxious, puzzled, doubtful, and a little suspicious.

When he had gone, the merchant turned to Ampstead.

"What do you think now?" he asked.

"I know now what I knew before," replied Ampstead; "that man is Seth Barcase."

The merchant elevated his shoulders and his eyebrows.

"There have been cases of mistaken identity," he suggested.

"This isn't such a case. I am sure of that."

CASTLE KEEP.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 207.

"But the man didn't know you, Mr. Ampstead!"

"No. Something has happened to injure his mind. I don't know what; I don't know when; I don't know how. But that is *the body of Seth Barcase* at the desk yonder; Seth Barcase's eyes are reading the words you gave your clerk to copy; Seth Barcase's fingers are tracing the lines you wished traced; Seth Barcase's lungs give him air; Seth Barcase's heart circulates his blood; if he be not Seth Barcase, tell me who and what he is."

The merchant's manner had changed strangely while John Ampstead was speaking; his voice was altered when he began to speak, almost in a whisper, in reply.

"I think I understand, at last," he said, "and I am

OF TWO EVILS.—BARCASE RESTORED TO HIS WIFE.—SEE PAGE 207.

very, very sorry for you and for all of the friends of Mr. Barcase. Let me tell you the story of my first meeting with him, and see if it explains the matter."

"Go on; I am all attention."

"On the Tuesday when I first saw him I had just arrived in New York from a somewhat extended trip to the West. I had telegraphed to have my coachman meet me at the station with the carriage; for some reason he was a little late, and I waited. Naturally enough, I fell to watching the people about me, trying to speculate as to their characters, pursuits, hopes, and fears. I was particularly attracted toward a gentleman of quite advanced age but strong and vigorous bearing, and after a little found that I was watching no one but him. I cannot explain why this was; perhaps I had better not try; I seemed fascinated by him, as it were, in some strange and mysterious way. I saw him buy a ticket, evidently for some small place, for I had never heard of it before and never have since; indeed I am not sure that I can remember it now; Plenty or Pinion or some such name, I think——"

"Pleanton?" suggested Ampstead.

"That's it. He bought a ticket for Pleanton. He checked his valise. Then he seemed to have suddenly remembered something which he had previously forgotten, and, hurriedly leaving the building, started to cross the street. He had his ticket and his baggage-check in his hand, and possibly had not returned his pocket-book to his pocket; of that latter matter I am not sure. Half-way across the street he was startled by sudden and contradictory cries; he paused, looking first this way and then that, while some shouted 'Come on!' and some 'Go back!' In a moment he had paid the penalty of hesitation; a team, hitched to a heavy wagon, had ran away, and he went down under their feet. He was picked up senseless and bleeding. My carriage came just then, and I directed that he should be placed in it and taken to some place where his injuries could be attended to; that was done. His ticket, check, and so forth, were secured and taken care of by a man who said he knew him, a man who called himself Gligg or Gluck, or——"

"Was it Glugg?"

"It was. Martin Glugg was his name. I suppose he returned the articles to Mr. Case—or Mr. Barcase, as I feel that I must call him now—for the latter gentleman never inquired about them."

"Perhaps he forgot that he ever had them. He seems to have forgotten much else."

"It may be. In a half-hour the gentleman returned to consciousness. He was weak; he complained of a headache; he had undoubtedly suffered a severe shock. But he seemed to be in no danger; in no need of medical advice; but only in want of rest. It did not seem quite the thing to send this man to the hospital; I took him home with me. In the morning he appeared well, quite well. He informed me, in response to inquiries which I made, that he wished work. I had already taken a fancy to the man. Of course he gave me no references; he told me frankly that he had none. But I needed a man, just then, who could write a fair hand and add rapidly and accurately; I found that this man could do that. Beyond these things there was no responsibility belonging to the place; he would handle none of my money; had he been the most dishonest knave who ever lived, I ran no other risks than that he might not be industrious and that he might be careless of the neatness of his work."

"And he has done well?"

"Well? He has risen to be my most trusted man. The papers I gave him to copy a little while since were such, that few of my clerks would be allowed to see them. He is the soul of honor, and the most efficient man I ever employed."

"I am glad to know that. I am much pleased to hear you say that. But let me ask you another question or two. Under what circumstances did he give you his name?"

"He told me his name soon after we reached my house after the accident which had happened to him. I asked him his name; he hesitated; he looked confused; he looked in his pocket for something. Of course I attributed it to the dazed condition in which he had been left, though perhaps I should have known better, as I know something of the science of medicine. He took out a bit of paper; he pondered over it for a time; he gave his name as S. B. Case, and S. B. Case he has been ever since."

"But Seth Barcase for all that. Do you not believe that now?"

"Seth Barcase indeed! I do believe it."

"Does he talk freely, or is he moody and sullen?"

"He is anything but moody and sullen. He talks less than some, but you would scarcely call him a silent man."

"Does he talk of the past? Of a past beyond the day when you befriended him?"

"Never, I think."

"Because he has no past; because he has lost his memory of home and friends; because he has parted with his personality, given up his identity, let himself drift hopelessly away from himself. Merciful God! can you imagine what such a fate, such a life, must be?"

"No," said the merchant, "I cannot imagine it. I cannot fathom its depth of darkness; I cannot guess its pathetic horror!"

The two men sat for a time, saying nothing. John Ampstead broke the silence at length.

"You spoke of knowing something about medical science," he said. "Can you tell me what is the cause of what we see in Seth Barcase? Can you tell me what hope there is?"

"I cannot. Perhaps no one can. I have read of cases, some true, no doubt, and some imaginary, in which a blow upon the skull has caused pressure upon the brain to result in effacing something of the mind's power. This may be such a case."

"And can medical help be given?"

"Possibly, though it is doubtful. Another blow, a fresh accident, might——" The merchant paused.

"Well, might what?"

"Might restore memory and power to him, or——"

"Or?"

"Or take away what power he now has left, or even kill him."

"At least he can be taken away from here; at least he can be given rest in his old age; at least he may have his wife near him and loving friends about him, though he knows them not."

"I doubt the wisdom of that. The man's work can be made lighter. His hours of labor can be shortened. His family and friends can, if they wish, give him the opportunities for rest which you mention, and which an employer could not give a regular employé; but I think it best that he should remain nominally in my service. He loves the work, I think. He appears to love me. He distrusts and doubts strangers, and instinctively shrinks from them. And you are only a stranger to him. His wife would be but a stranger."

"You may be right, though it is hard, very hard. Think how much harder it must be for his wife than for me."

"I know it. I pity her from my heart. Possibly a sight of her face might call back the long-absent memory. Send her word to come; the experiment is well worth trying."

"But think of the terrible suspense it would be to her. Let us not send for his wife until we have tried every other means. Let me try; let me see whether I cannot recall his past to him by the power of association."

"As you will. But I am sure you will fail. You have seen him and talked with him already, and you have accomplished nothing. You have gone to the full extent of your powers; you have nothing more to hope from your own efforts."

"But longer time, greater opportunity, may not they help me to win?"

"I think not. But you shall have every chance. Spend the evening at my home. I will ask Case—Barcase I mean—to do the same. That will give you an opportunity to try, and after that we shall know, either that you have made a beginning—or that you have failed utterly."

"Thank you!" said Ampstead, the tears in his eyes. "Now let me write a message or two, please, to send out to those most interested."

"Certainly; I will send a boy with them."

"Only to the office of Bluff & Bragg. They will deliver one, and forward another by telegraph."

Then he wrote the following, sealed it, and addressed it to his bride:

"DEAREST—I've found Barcase. Don't expect me home until you see me. Will tell you all about it in the morning, possibly before that. Ever your lover husband, JOHN."

Short! It was a short letter; but Mrs. John Ampstead will always treasure the brief message which told her that a noble man had put duty above love, and made no complaint.

To Bluff & Bragg a still shorter note was sent. But a telegram of nearly fifty words was written, to be forwarded to Mrs. Barcase.

Bluff & Bragg's letter was.

"BLUFF & BRAGG—Barcase found. Particulars later. Forwi rd telegram. J. B. A."

The telegram was this:

"MRS. SETH BARCASE, Pleanton.—I have found Barcase, alive and physically well. His head was hurt, and his mind is affected. He is not mad nor imbecile, though he does not recognize me. Memory of a personal past alone seems lacking. Shall consult best medical help at once. Indulge every hope. Particulars soon. JOHN BRAYNOR AMPSTEAD."

A boy was called. The messages were given him, with directions to take to the office of Bluff & Bragg at once. Then the merchant arose, as did Ampstead.

"You are ready?"

"I am," said Ampstead.

The merchant went out a little in advance of John Ampstead, a half-dozen steps, perhaps, the latter following slowly.

"I need you at my house a little while to-night, Barcase—Case I mean," said the merchant; "can you come now?"

"Yes, sir," said Barcase.

He waited long enough to finish the sentence he was writing, then laid aside his writing materials and went slowly along with his employer.

John Ampstead followed.

As they stepped out at the door Mr. Barcase cast a look of doubt and suspicion back over his shoulder at Ampstead. He turned to his employer and whispered:

"Is he going, too? I never liked strangers. I like you."

John Ampstead stepped briskly forward, anxious to know what had been said. Barcase put up his hands as though to keep him back.

"You followed me to-day," he cried, passionately, "and you've watched me ever since. I do not like you. I do not know you. Why will you persecute me? Why do you not go your way and let me go mine?"

"A year ago——"

But Barcase shook his head.

"I do not understand you," he said, the puzzled pathos shining in his eyes; "*there never was a year ago!*"

"But think, dear friend; think of——"

He tried to lay his hand on Barcase's arm. Barcase shrank back. He lost his balance. His foot slipped from the step; he fell—fell upon the iron steps, and rolled down to the stone sidewalk, where he lay white and silent, the blood slowly flowing from a cut upon his forehead.

The two men were with him in a moment. Ampstead took the old gray head in his arms; the merchant chafed the cold, white hands.

Ampstead leaned down and listened at the old man's breast. Then, as he stirred uneasily, and muttered something in a fluttering whisper, John bent and hearkened at his lips.

"Dying? Merciful heaven, dying?" faltered the merchant.

"Not dying," said Ampstead, looking up; "but saved—saved, thank God!"

Slowly the eyelids lifted, showing the eyes behind them free from the puzzled doubt which had so horribly haunted them. The injured man saw the merchant first, and shrank from him with a shudder.

"I—I want my friend," he said, simply, "and I never knew you."

Ampstead stooped nearer. Barcase saw him.

"The—the horses almost killed me," he said, weakly; "but I shall live now, I think. Oh, I've been so sick so long, and I dreamed of endless rows of figures, and—and of endless pages of writing; and I am so tired, so tired. John Ampstead—John, dear John, *I always loved you. Please take me home!*"

CHAPTER XXXI.

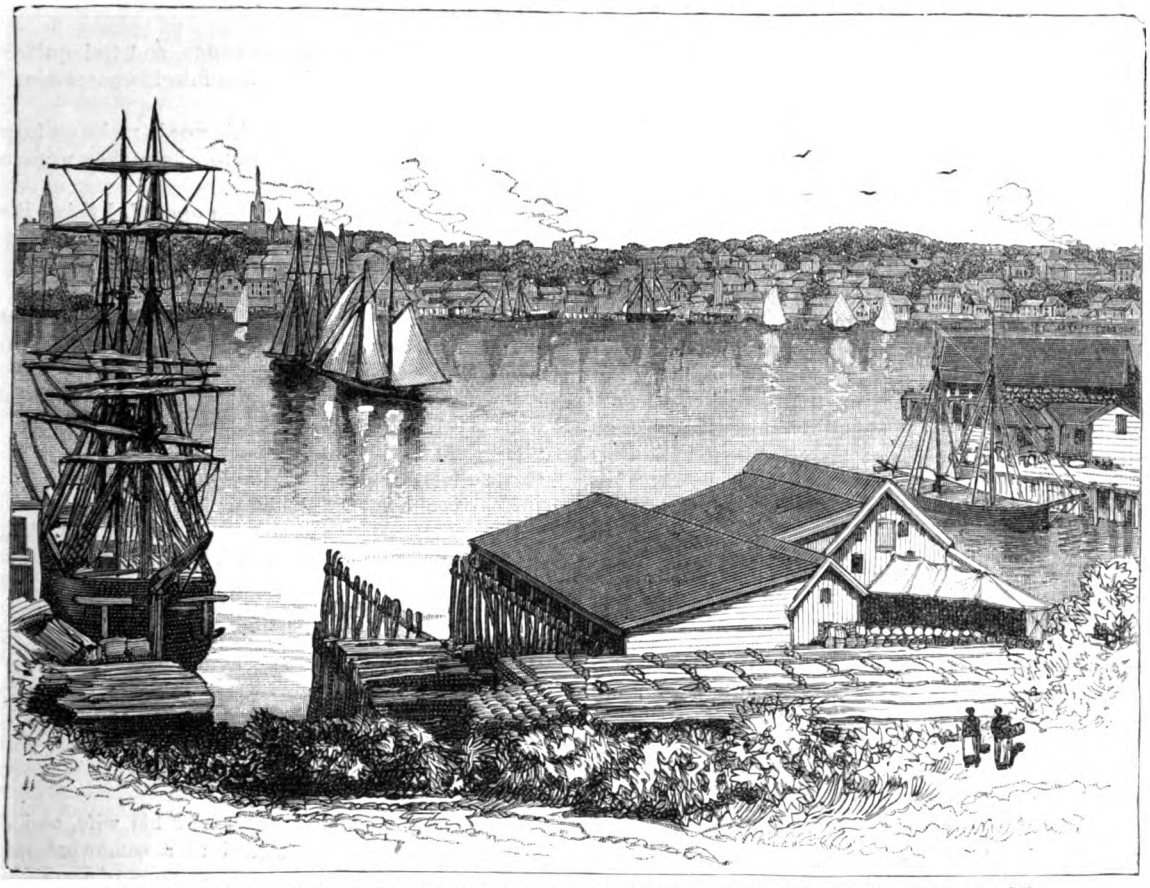
IT was some days before Seth Barcase was able to travel, though his recovery was rapid; but the time came at last when he and John Ampstead went home to Pleanton. Of course Mrs. Ampstead and her mother, together with Mr. and Mrs. Bluff and Mr. Bragg, went also.

The only seeming danger for the immediate future lay in the fact that Glugg and Dellerton watched them take the train, and bought tickets for Pleanton by the next train themselves.

It was a pleasant morning in July when John Ampstead and his friends assembled in the library of the Braynor mansion to listen to the reading of the document which John Braynor had left behind him as a part of the Braynor inheritance. Good or bad, joyful or full of sadness, it would not be long before those most interested in the contents of the package would be ignorant no longer of what the contents were.

John Ampstead's friends, and those who might claim nearer titles than that of friendship, were variously

AMONG THE SPRING BLOSSOMS.



PAST AND PRESENT OF A NEW ENGLAND FISHING-TOWN.— GLOUCESTER FROM THE SEA.— SEE PAGE 219.

grouped about the room. John Ampstead himself sat near the desk in the corner. His wife sat by his side in an easy-chair, and her mother not far from her. Mrs. Johnson and Dr. Pilleo were on the opposite side of the room, with Mr. Ampstead (the blacksmith) and his wife, Mrs. Barcase and Mrs. Bluff, not far from them. Mr. Seth Barcase sat at a library-table facing the door, with the group first named at his left, and the other group at his right. Mr. Bluff occupied a seat at the table with Mr. Barcase, at the right of that gentleman, while Mr. Bragg was seated at Mr. Barcase's left.

The arrangement seemed somewhat formal, and recalled the event of the reading of John Braynor's will a few months before. But John Ampstead's most earnest wish had been that the occasion should be a formal one.

There were many little preliminaries to be gone through with, as there always are on solemn occasions, and meantime the birds outside sang as sweetly as though solemnity were a fact for some other world instead of this, and the trees waved, and the brook sparkled and tinkled, and the sun was as bright as though there were no possibility of tears, desolation, heartbreak!

OLD WHARVES AT ANNISQUAM.

Mr. Bragg rose quietly, walked across to John Ampstead, and told him that he had just received a telegram announcing that Mortimer Dellerton had withdrawn his suit for the possession of the Braynor property. This was in a whisper, of course. Mr. Bragg was asked what new mischief he supposed that meant. He said he did not know, having no precedent to guide him. Then he walked back again and took his seat.

Mr. Barcase rose then and walked over to the seat which John Ampstead occupied. It was pleasant to see how erect and strong Barcase had grown, and how firm his step was. The eyes of all followed him with affection and respect as he moved across

the room. He informed John that Glugg and Dellerton were in town, and that it might be they meant mischief, though he had no suggestions to make regarding their probable line of action, and only urged watchfulness and care. Then he returned to his place at the table.

An expectant silence fell upon all after that.

John Ampstead broke it by rising in his place and speaking slowly and quietly, though all could see that he was profoundly agitated.

"We are all friends here," he said, "and in any good fortune which may be in store for me and mine, I know I can count upon your congratulations and your joy. Equally, I know, can I count upon your sorrow and sympathy if bad fortune falls. It has seemed fitting that my best friends should meet here on this occasion, when a document is about to be read whose importance is so great that its possession was so hedged about with conditions as has been true in this case. It is by my wish that the reading is to be attended with much formality. In conclusion of these remarks let me state that I have asked my good old friend, Mr. Barcase, to read the document, and to take entire charge of this meeting."

John Ampstead resumed his seat.

Seth Barcase said, without rising:

"I have asked my friend Mr. Bluff to read the conditions under which this document was left to John Ampstead."

Whereupon Mr. Bluff read that portion of the will of John Braynor, from a duly certified copy of the same, which related to the package under consideration.

"I have asked another friend of Mr. Ampstead's and of myself to show that the conditions imposed by John Braynor have been fully complied with," said Mr. Barcase. "Mr. Bragg, will you read regarding the admission of John Braynor Ampstead to the Bar, and also his certificate of marriage?"

Mr. Bragg did as he had been requested.

Mr. Barcase held up the package.

"Before opening this package," said he, "I have two things to say. The first is this: We are liable to be intruded upon by enemies before the reading is finished. I will not waste time by saying what my reasons for that statement are, or what we have to fear from them. I will state this: *It is of the utmost importance, should any one not now present come here, that all refrain from saying anything whatever, no matter how strangely events may be shaping themselves, except in short and concise answers to definite questions which I may ask. I am a lawyer. If a legal fight must take place, I must conduct it in a lawyer's way!* Do you all understand?"

It is more than likely that the amount of understanding in that assembly, which was ranged opposite the proposition just made by Barcase, was small in quantity and of a very vague and shadowy quality. But all present solemnly bowed their heads.

The second statement which I have to make is this: The package which I have here was lost for a time, as John Ampstead and one or two others of you know, and, while out of my possession, was opened. I am unable to state who found it, or who opened it, though I feel certain that it was one or the other of two certain men. One of these men is now living, and is, I have every reason to believe, in the village of Pleanton at this moment; the other man is dead. If the man now living opened the package, he did it in search of some sort of information, I know not what, which he supposed it contained; if he is possessed of any information which could injure John Ampstead, I fear he would not scruple to use it mercilessly. If the man now dead was the one who opened the package, I have reason to believe he did it in the hope of finding money inside, and feel quite sure that any information which came into his possession was never told to any one else."

He paused a moment, to let his words make an impression upon those of his hearers to whom they were new. Then he continued:

"Because the package has been opened, I think it wise to make some test of the genuineness of the contents."

He suddenly took the envelope away, and held the document itself in his hand.

"Mr. Bluff and Mr. Bragg," he said, turning first to one and then to the other, "you have had much experience which will enable you to answer two questions: Are the sheets of paper, on which this communication is written, of one uniform size and quality?"

"They are," said Bluff.

"The sheets of paper evidently all came from one and the same package," said Bragg.

"Very well. Glance at the character of the writing on the several successive pages. Did the same person write them all?"

"Undoubtedly," said Bragg.

"I am certain of it," said Bluff.

"Dr. Pilleo," said Barcase, and the doctor came forward to the table; "is this writing on the first page of the document that of John Braynor?"

"It is."

"You would be willing to swear to it?"

"I would."

Mrs. Johnson, the blacksmith and his wife, and John Ampstead, were all questioned in a somewhat similar way, and all corroborated the testimony of Dr. Pilleo.

"This document seems to be made up of several numbered parts," said Mr. Barcase; "evidently relating to different divisions of whatever subject John Braynor discussed in it. I shall read it, a part at a time, making any comments which seem demanded, and allowing an opportunity for comments from others. The document is dated at Pleanton, about one month before the accident which resulted in his death, and is addressed to 'My Dearly Beloved Namesake, John Braynor Ampstead': I will read Part First."

He read as follows:

"I. I, John Braynor, do declare that I am of sound mind and of excellent—too excellent for my own comfort—memory. Being convinced that I am growing old much more rapidly than mere years would indicate, and being sometimes oppressed with a fear of sudden death, I have resolved to write to you a communication of certain facts which you should know. These facts will remain secret until after my death."

Seth Barcase paused. No one spoke. He read again:

"II. I wish to express to you, from the grave in which I shall be lying when this is read, a deeper, more intense, and more devoted love than I ever dared to show for you while I lived. I charge you to remember this as you read what I have to write; I urge you to forget not that all that I ever did for you, with you, or regarding you, was done because of my love for you. If I have done you injury of any sort, in any way, I beg that you will forgive as you hope to be forgiven."

Another silence. There was only one thing to break it—a sob from John Ampstead, and the whispered words: "How did I ever deserve it? He loved me so—he loved me so, and I—I loved and love him too."

The reading began again:

"III. When a secret is made public it is well that all who are closely interested should know it exactly as it is, instead of hearing a little of it in an imperfect way. Knowing you as I do, I can

imagine that you may have asked your friends and mine, to listen to the reading of this. If you have not done so, for any reason, I charge you to pause at the end of this Part, and to read no more until the reading is as public as I shall indicate. What I dared not say to any one, scarcely to myself, while I lived, I intrust to the goodness, judgment, and mercy of God, and to the knowledge of his human creatures, when I am dead.

"You are a lawyer now—now, as you look upon or listen to these lines. Ask Mr. Barcase, and the men from whom you learned law, to listen to what I shall write.

"You are a married man now—now, while I sleep with the cold turf above me. Have the woman who loves you by your side as you learn what I have to tell.

"Let Mr. and Mrs. Ampstead, Dr. Pilleo, Mrs. Johnson, and such others as it may seem best to you to invite, be present while the rest is read.

"IV. I have asked you to become a lawyer before you read this, knowing your purposes, and that you will be one if you live, chiefly because of the Braynor estate. I intend that you shall possess the Braynor property after I am gone. I mean to leave it to you in my will. I ask you, in honor to my memory and my wishes, to keep it without making my name more dark with shame than you can help. But the property will be yours by right. Whatever may be necessary, in order to keep it, I charge you to do; thinking only of the fact that it was my most earnest wish that you should do so, and that I love final justice much more than false and empty seeming honor.

"Grant Braynor was my grandfather. He had two sons, Walter and William. Walter, the elder of the two, was the father of my cousin Annette. William was my father. Walter Braynor and his wife, and my own parents as well, were killed in a railroad disaster while Annette and I were still small children, too young to understand the terrible loss we had sustained, and too young to see what financial embarrassments might result in the future.

"Grant Braynor, my grandfather, had retained the title to all his property, but had given the management of it to his two sons when they became of age and married. The property was almost exactly equally divided, Walter having that which was located in and near New York, my father that which was situated in and about Pleanton. My grandfather had made a will giving the New York property to Walter and the Pleanton property to William. He had agreed that the management and ownership of these two portions of his wealth should be vested absolutely in these two men, and had not accident removed them at the time it did and as it did, deeds of gift and other documents would have placed them in legal possession, and have done away with the necessity of a will altogether, besides leaving it useless if one existed.

"After our parents were dead, grandfather still adhered to the same plan. But, as he liked Pleanton, although he traveled about too much to make it a permanent home, he retained the management of the property there, making a new will, and destroying his old one, making me the heir to all the Pleanton property at his death. The New York property he sold, and invested the entire proceeds for the benefit of my cousin Annette. The property was thus justly divided; divided as he had divided it for our fathers; divided as he intended it should remain; divided as he had promised the dead it should be. One half belonged absolutely to Annette; the other half was willed absolutely to me.

"As we grew up, Annette and I learned to love each other. There were no obstacles in our way. Grandfather was highly pleased; the divided property would be united again when Annette and I became one in marriage.

"We were engaged, and with grandfather's knowledge and consent, while we were only girl and boy. I loved her. I loved her as much as you can love your wife; if you find that you have much to forgive in me, ere you are done, let that help you do it. I loved her; I love her yet; I shall think of her, last of all, when I die. One day a terrible financial blow fell. I never quite understood it then, and I do not now. Enough that there had been fraud and treachery on the part of a man who had had grandfather's confidence; enough that Annette's fortune had utterly vanished.

"It was more than a year after that that Annette and I had our first quarrel. I do not remember what it was about; it was only a passing shadow on our lives, though it reaches across the years to darken and chill your life as well as mine; it lasted but a day; the following day we were more tender and devoted than we had ever been before. But during that one day my grandfather feared for the future of the little girl he loved, feared pride would be stronger than love, and knowing me and my fixity of purpose too well to believe that there could be the happiness of married life in the future for me in any home in which Annette was not, he provided for her *possible future*, and for that of her children.

"He made a new will, in which he referred to his old one—the one under which I inherited the Pleanton property absolutely—directing that in the event of my marrying, the old will should hold good; directing that if Annette remained single, the old will should hold good; directing that if she married and died childless, the old will should hold good; directing that when her child or children should die childless, the absolute title to all the property should be vested in me, if I still lived; or that any previous disposition I might have made of the property, if I had died in the meantime, should have legal force; but directing that after my death the property, of which I was to have sole use and possession during my lifetime, should go to Annette's descendants, subject to the conditions I have named—if she left any descendants—and if I died a bachelor.

"Annette never knew of this provision in her favor, or, rather, in favor of her possible posterity, and I never knew of it until more than a month after her death. Had I known it at that time, some of my acts might have been different from what they were.

"My grandfather died soon after the date of this new will. I inherited the property under the old one.

"Business called me to Europe. I was gone about a year. During my absence Annette was an inmate of my house; my sister, or, rather, my half-sister—for she was my mother's child by a former marriage—was there until she died, an event which took place while I was away. (I am thus particular in describing events, because I desire to have you have them clearly in mind, John Ampstead; most of those now listening, all whose homes have been in Pleanton, know all these things.) A scoundrel paid attention to Annette. I need not soil my paper, in this place, with his name."

Barcase stopped, took a swallow of water, and looked about at the faces of the eager listeners. There was indeed no need of naming the man; all present knew who was meant—all except one.

Mrs. Eustace didn't know!

Barcase went on:

"This scoundrel won Annette. He would have betrayed her love and her faith in him, if he could. As it was, he forced upon her the ignominy of a secret marriage which he vainly tried to deny and escape from. I returned from Europe to find Annette about to become a mother, and every one in Pleanton, except herself and the man who was her husband, was ignorant of the fact that she was a wife.

"But I am getting away from my purpose in this part of my work; I mean to deal solely with the question of the property.

"Annette died. Certain events of which I shall soon speak took place, and for reasons which I shall mention.

"About one month after her decease I came across a copy of the latest will of my grandfather. It was folded into an old book which had probably not been off the shelves since some time before his death. It was accompanied with a brief memorandum which was of such a character as to lead me to two conclusions: 1, that the original will was written entirely by my grandfather's hand, and that the witnesses merely witnessed his signature without knowing the document which he was signing; 2, that the original will had not been destroyed, but is now deposited with some one, somewhere, and that it will come to light some time.

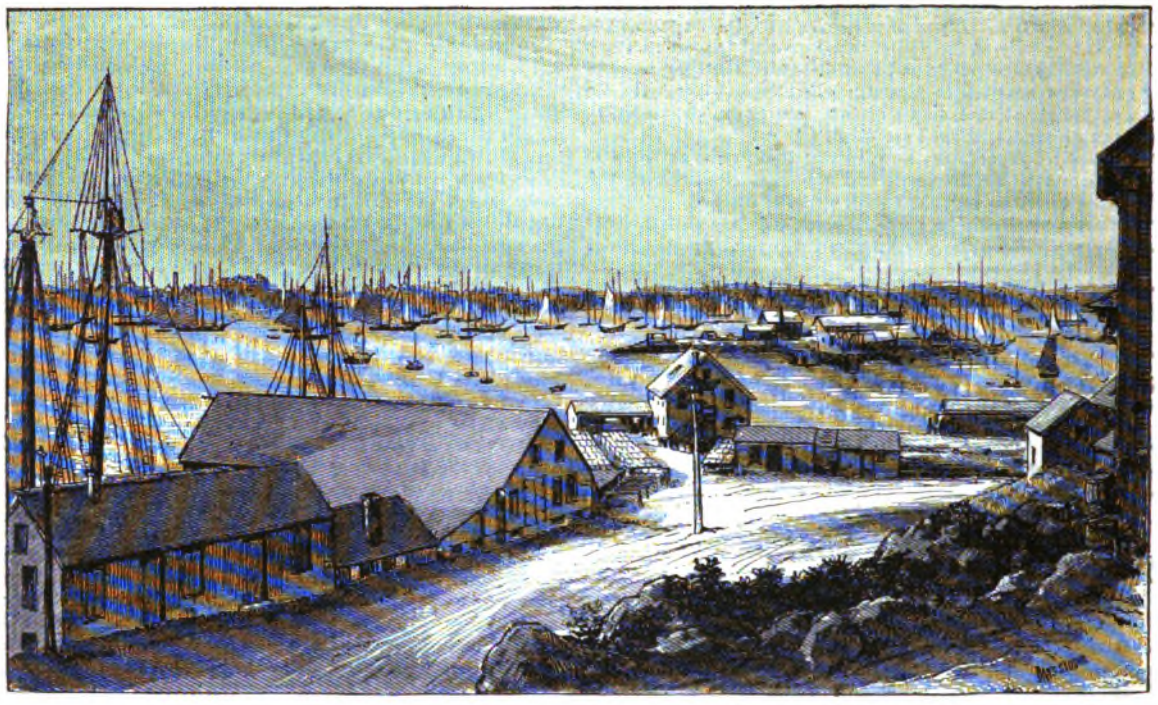
"I think, from one obscure sentence, that the original is somewhere in New York. I think that the one who has it in his possession is not aware of what it is. I have tried, by calling upon certain persons with whom I know my grandfather had business relations, and by correspondence with others, to find it. I have failed, as I have failed in many things. But it still exists, I doubt not, and will come up to trouble you—some time!

"What then? What now?

"I have too intimate an acquaintance with sin, and I know remorse far too well, to ever urge upon you the doing of that which is wicked.

"Morally, I had and have a right to the Braynor inheritance, unencumbered with conditions of any sort. Morally you, John Braynor Ampstead, will have a right to it for your very own, unencumbered with conditions of any sort, if I carry out my purpose of making you the heir to it in the will I shall leave.

"Legally, the probabilities are that Annette's son is the one who can hold it all. When suit is brought, *fight*—fight long—fight earnestly! Leave no legal stone unturned which will help establish your right to what I wish you to have—without using the information I shall give you next. But, when nothing else



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will do, use the facts I shall give you—or dread the despairing curse of the soul which has gone beyond the power of seeing justice done because of his own act.

"But until the will is produced, say nothing. Not that I would urge you to do wrong—God knows I would not do that—but because the right lies hidden in that command, though the will establishes the rights of Annette's son to this vast inheritance."

Barcase, for an instant's space of time, paused. Each one of the audience drew a long breath.

"Go on! Hurry!" said John Ampstead, in a whisper. It may be that he dimly guessed what was coming.

Barcase read on:

"V. I have committed a cowardly and contemptible crime. I have known no peace for almost twenty years. I have sent one soul toward ruin, and it is little comfort to know that I have raised another higher toward the light in its place. I did it for love of Annette, John Braynor Ampstead, and for love of you; she asked me to watch over her child, and I saw no other way than the way I took.

"I hired a man who was no stranger to crime. I offered him a thousand dollars to do his best; I paid him a hundred; the rest will be his when I am dead. And the work I asked him to do was calculated to feed his devilish thirst for vengeance as well as the wish I had in my own heart, and told myself was a wish for good.

"I hired the man outside of Pleanton, on the afternoon after Annette died. The crime I employed him to do was to be done that night. That night—that very night—the man was hurried away to serve out a long term in a prison from which he had escaped.

"And I——

"I committed the crime with my own hands.

"I began the work at two o'clock in the morning."

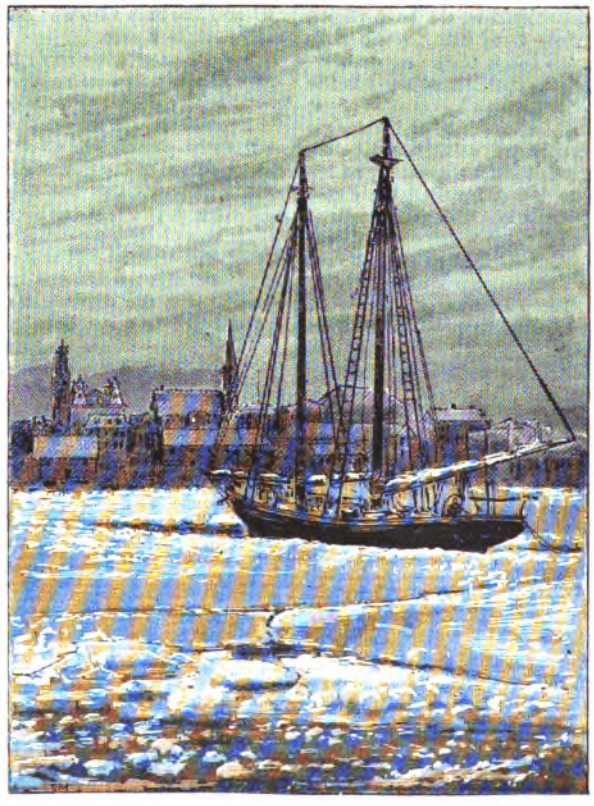
Barcase paused again, and glanced out at the window. He, and those at his right, could see two men coming toward the house. The men were Martin Glugg and Mortimer Dellerton! Barcase took up the document again; he was almost done; he hurried now.

"It was done at half-past two. One short half-hour for a deed to repent of for a lifetime, and die despairing of forgiveness for. The Braynor inheritance is yours, will or no will, because——"

There was a step outside. Glugg rang the doorbell. Barcase finished the document:

"I changed two children that night, and you are the son of Annette and Ward Dellerton."

Then Mrs. Eustace tottered to her feet, white as though Death himself had set his seal upon her, and said, in a hoarse whisper, more pathetic than tears or loud words could have been, "Not that—not that, Merciful God, for the sake of my pure and innocent



FROZEN IN.

PAST AND PRESENT OF A NEW ENGLAND FISHING-TOWN.—THE READING-ROOM.—SEE PAGE 219.

child not that; for I—I am the divorced wife of a human fiend, and my child, this happy bride, is—is *the daughter of Ward Dellerton!*"

And the lovely Carrie fainted in her husband's arms.

And the servants announced Mr. Glugg and Mr. Dellerton.

PART IV.

THE WAY OF A DOUBLE VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"TEN minutes," said Mr. Barcase, scarcely less white than the senseless bride or her almost frantic mother; "ten minutes. Tell these—these—(really there was no need of showing too much of this awful trouble to the servant)—"these gentlemen that we will see them in ten minutes."

The servant withdrew.

"And now," said Mr. Barcase, turning to those who had listened to the reading, and trying hard to speak composedly, though his face was like marble; "and now we must make ready to meet them. Remember that we know the worst. Remember that we have none of us done wrong. Remember that God is good, and that we have another world to hope for in which the wrongs of this will all be made right. John Braynor's terrible sin——"

"Poor John Braynor," muttered John Ampstead, as he bent over his fainting bride; "how he must have suffered during those twenty horrid years. I pity him. I love him."

"Can you sit down, Mrs. Eustace, and control yourself while I listen to what these rascals have to say?"

"I—I think so. I can die or go mad after that! This will kill me."

"My son! my son! my pride! my joy!" cried Mrs. Ampstead (the blacksmith's wife), holding her hands out toward John Ampstead.

"You must be calm," implored Barcase, though his tones and manner had something of command in them too. "Those who will be calm can remain, all others must leave the room at once. It may seem harsh, but it is the only thing to do. We must not, we will not, let these wretches see how we suffer. Sorrow is too sacred to be paraded before them. Can you remain and keep from tears or lamentations, and speak only if I shall ask you to do so? Can you, Dr. Pilleo?"

"I can, God helping me, and I will."

"Mrs. Johnson?"

"I never failed my friends yet, and I never shall."

"Bluff? Bragg? I can trust you both? And you, Mrs. Bluff?"

The lady bowed her head, she could not speak.

"Mr. Ampstead? Mrs. Ampstead?" turning to the blacksmith and his wife; "I am sure I can trust you both now."

"Indeed you can—indeed you can."

"Mrs. Eustace? You?"

"Ward Dellerton ruined my life. I found peace in my daughter and her happiness. Now that is gone, but—but—I have learned, long ago, to smile while my heart was breaking—I can do it again. You can trust me implicitly."

"John Ampstead," said Barcase, "you must be brave and true, you must remain. Carry your—your—the daughter of Mrs. Eustace—to where she can be allowed to rest, and can have attention from some of the women servants. Then come back."

A hot flush crept across the stern pallor on John Ampstead's face as he noticed that the lawyer's words took her from him and gave her back to Mrs. Eustace again; but he raised his wife in his arms, saying nothing, and started to leave the room.

She opened her eyes then, and nestled closer to him.

"Let me stay," she pleaded; "let me stay! Let me lie in the arms of my—my—of the man I love, until we are done with the wretches who have come to gloat over our sorrow; they shall learn nothing from me to give them joy; and when they are gone, I pray God will let me die with my head upon the shoulder of the best man I ever knew!"

"Let her stay, Ampstead," said Barcase, hurriedly; "it is better so. Wheel that lounge back into the shadow a little, and place her there; sit by her, and——"

The door opened. Glugg and Dellerton entered the room.

Dellerton started directly toward the blacksmith and his wife, a hideous leer upon his face, and began to speak:

"My dearly beloved and respected——"

But Glugg caught him by the shoulder and forced him into a chair.

"Sit there!" he said, sternly, "and leave the talking to me, as you promised you would!"

Barcase had risen to his feet when the two men entered the room. All the rest had remained in their former positions, except that Carrie lay upon a lounge, with John sitting close by her.

Glugg looked keenly and sneeringly around the room, and seemed to include every one in his remark, though he addressed himself to Barcase.

"A pleasant family reunion, Barcase; it looks as though you had met to mutually bury one another. Sorry to intrude, but business is business, you know; and I have an engagement in New York which cannot be postponed."

Perhaps not! But when "man proposes," he must not forget that above and beyond his will and his power—there is God!

"Will you be seated, Mr. Glugg?" asked Barcase.

"Thank you, I will! Since when have you been doing the honors of the Braynor mansion?"

He seated himself.

"No matter! You are not a guest here. You have business, I presume. I represent those friends of mine who are present, one and all, so far as any business you may have with them is concerned. What do you wish?"

"Several things. First of all, I want to congratulate you on your escape from all dangers and difficulties; you are looking well, sir, exceedingly well. By-the-way, did you ever find out who it was who came so near killing you in the attempt to get the package Braynor left to Ampstead?"

All looked at Barcase with fresh interest; this was something new to them.

"Not until to-day," said Barcase, fixing his piercing gaze upon Glugg.

Glugg moved uneasily in his chair.

"'Not until to-day?' I do not understand you. What do you mean?"

"That I never told of that adventure, Mr. Martin Glugg, and consequently that no one but myself and the man who tried to murder me know anything of that terrible scene in the forest. Another day, perhaps, I may have the pleasure of seeing you hanged for it; to-day, I only ask you what you wanted of the package?"

(To be continued).

THE PRIDE OF THE SHIP.

By J. F. Nicholls.

He was the pride of the ship, they said—
That blued-eyed boy with the curly head
Who was home from his first sea-trip;
And one of the crew made haste to tell
Why they had honored the lad so well
And called him the pride of the ship.

"When we set sail for the Cape," said he,
"That boy was the life of us all, d'ye see,
As we watched him merrily skip;
And the captain's daughter, a child of ten,
Always the pet of the roughest men,
Got sweet on the pride of the ship.

"We watched him courting nigh every day,
And laughed at the gallant, old-fashioned way
He saluted her finger-tip;
And oft did we witness the sweet little maid,
In a manner demure and half afraid,
Clasp hands with the pride of the ship.

"We scarcely had anchored in Algoa Bay
When the lassie contrived, in some odd way,
Right into the ocean to slip.
We all of us noticed the scream and the splash,
Then after her went, like a lightning flash,
Our hero—the pride of the ship.

"Swiftly he swam till he reached her side,
And he buoyed her up on the rolling tide,
While his praise was on every lip;
And the captain said, when they both were saved
That he who death so readily braved
Was truly the pride of the ship.

"That is the reason he got the name.
Richly, I think, he deserved that same
For taking so plucky a dip;
And the love the maiden has since evinced
Makes all my shipmates and me convinced
She'll marry the pride of the ship."

PAST AND PRESENT OF A NEW ENGLAND FISHING-TOWN.

By Ralph S. Tarr.

For two hundred and fifty years fishing vessels have made for the safe havens hidden behind the three bold headlands of Cape Ann. Boldly they have plowed the seas in their little boats, and robbed it of its treasures even in the very height of its anger. They have never feared danger, and have endured the greatest hardships in rough sea voyages. The yarns of the sailors become nothing but truth, and one would shudder to hear them told.

The legends of Cape Ann have a salt-sea flavor; her granite shores are the scenes of shipwrecks and death; her records, the records of fleets that have gone down on George's; of heroes who have toiled and battled for food; and the children and wives who have wept and longed for the return of their absent fathers and husbands:

"At home their dear ones watch and wait, and wait and watch in vain;
The sailor-husbands, dearly loved, will never come again."

The trim vessels of to-day, built more for speed than safety, as they careen through the water look more like yachts than fishing-schooners. As soon as a trip of fish is taken, all sail is made for home, each vessel trying to reach port first so as to command the highest price. Scores of vessels enter and leave the harbor each day, and many and close are the races between rival sailers. The crew of twelve or fourteen men—bronzed by the weather, a hardy-looking set of men—understand all the points of sailing, and the *America* herself has had a chance to try the sailing qualities of our schooners with a result of which she never boasts.

No class of vessel in America furnishes such comfortable quarters for the sailor as do the fishing-boats. The cabin is finished neatly and even handsomely; pictures are hung up in snug corners, and everything is made comfortable and homelike. The "hard tack and salt junk" of old is displaced here by beefsteak and vegetables during the first few days, then the corned and canned goods are resorted to. A good cook is the most essential part of the outfit, and a hard life will he lead if he does not cater to the tastes of the crew. The captain or skipper is always the smartest man in the crowd, which is often saying considerable. He works as hard as the rest, and his command is merely nominal. The crew is always independent, and sometimes they give the skipper considerable trouble. An essential quality of a skipper is to be able to knock down any man in his crew, and not be afraid to do it. As a rule there is little call for such measures, for the members of the crew are generally a pretty sensible lot of men.

A fishing-crew is an interesting subject for study. An old man, gray and grizzled by scores of years, sits upon the deck with his back upon a trawl, spinning off yarns by the dozen to the meek and inexperienced young man who is about to make his first voyage. Terrible are the tales of storm and shipwreck, of waves running mountain high, and dashing over the frail shell as if to crush it to atoms. A look of something like pleasure passes over the old man's face as he sees the effect of his yarn upon the timid young man, who, with a shudder, asks, "Are we likely to have a storm at this time of year?" The old salt answers, "Yes, this is just the time to expect the September gale, which destroys so many vessels every year."

Several more men join the party, some young, others middle-aged, and they all have their story to tell, until the new man is almost terrified. At last they leave him, and one of the listeners steals up to him with a friendly look, and says, "Do not mind them; they only wish to frighten you."

The crew are at work at various things. Some are idly whittling; a few are overhauling their luggage; two are playing "seven up," and the cook is storing away the supplies for the trip. But where is the captain? Ah, here he comes down the wharf, leading a smart-looking young man, who is badly off from drinking. He is one of the best men in the crew, but his habit of drinking is so upon him that the moment he reaches port and receives his share of the profits he makes for the shore, and is seen no more until his money is all gone, or else he is routed out from some den by the skipper.

The crew is now all aboard, and everything is ready for the start. The sails are unfurled, she drifts away from the wharf, and with mainsail, foresail and jib begins beating out of the harbor. As the trim craft comes about again and again in her outward course, she looks too neat

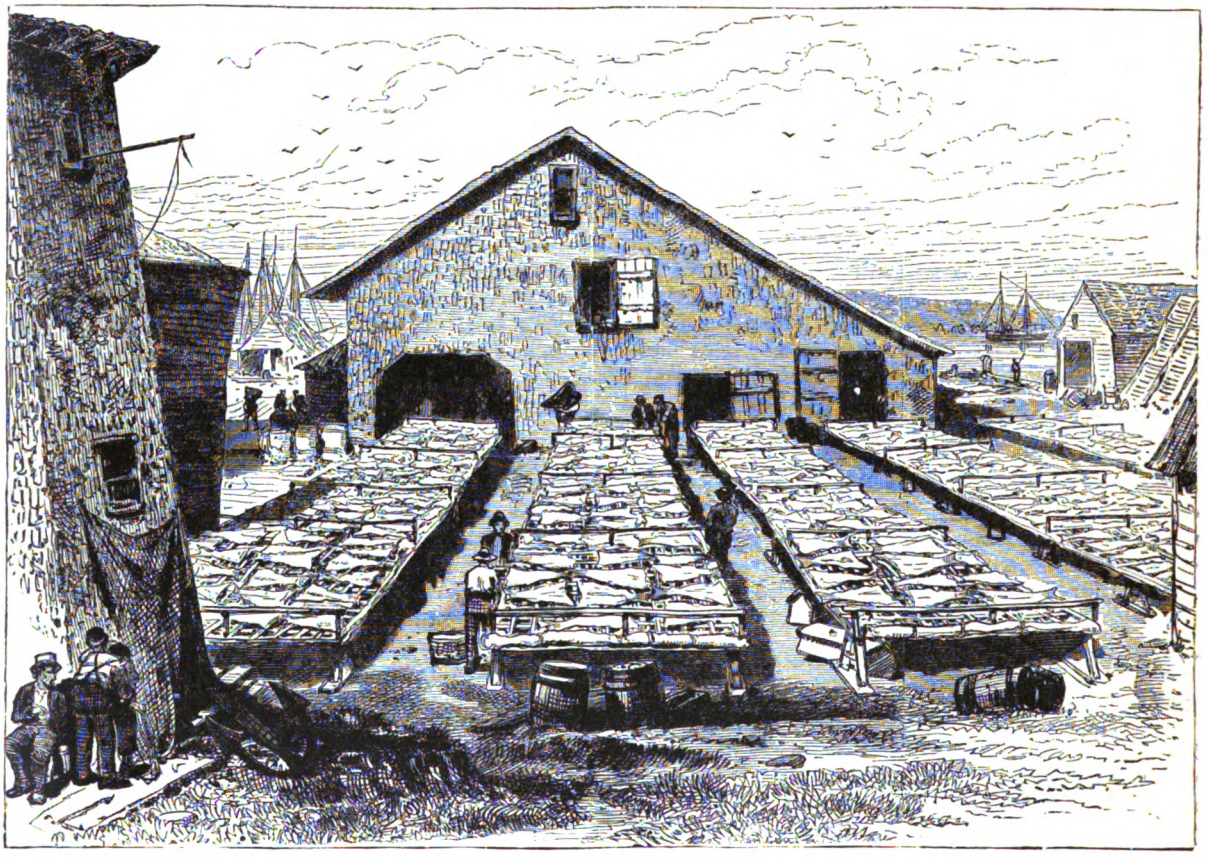
and pretty to venture upon the open ocean, and the words of Byron seem fitly to describe the outward-bound fishermen when he says:

"Once more upon the waters; yet once more,
And the waves beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance wheresoe'er it lead;
Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
Still must I on: for I am as a weed
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail."

That bright-winged boat, as graceful and pretty as a gull, now sailing upon the ocean in its pleasantest temper, may to-morrow find it in its angriest mood. On the stormy George's hundreds of vessels have gone down to make a funeral pile for the hardy fishermen that lie there. Each year the number is added to, until now over 2,000 men lie upon the ocean bottom, Gloucester's share of victims to that insatiate giant that revels upon human blood. In the fifty-two years ending in 1881, 2,249 men and 419 vessels went out of the port of Gloucester never to return again. The largest total for any one year was in 1879, when 249 men and 29 vessels sank into an ocean grave, carrying with them $111,000. Such are the losses which Gloucester must suffer each year, seldom less than 60 lives and often over 100. Young men, full of life and hope, the pride and support of widowed mothers; loving husbands, toiling for wife and babes; promising lovers "making the last trip before marriage." These are the homages demanded by Neptune in his angrier moods:

"God bless the mourning friends they've left,
And comfort those who weep
For husbands, sons and brothers dear,
Now buried in the deep."

Let us suppose ourselves on one of the fishing-crafts in Winter, bearing away toward the southeast, with a fair wind and a cloudless sky. Everything is promising, and no one has reason to suspect danger. The air is cold but clear, and behind our oilclothes the freezing wind has no effect. On we sail through the day and night, and the next morning we are on George's Bank, 150 miles from home. Several vessels lie at anchor, and we approach one, hail it, and ask how the fishing is. "Very poor," comes the answer, and all the lines are in as if to confirm the report. But our skipper understands matters, and he knows by the eagerness of the other crew that they are anxious for us to go and leave them all the fish. Such a course would seem selfish, but such things must be done; and besides, it is dangerous to have a fleet crowded together. We sail on a short distance, and throw over the anchor and drop our lines. The fish are plentiful. Each strives to catch the greatest number, and to-day the "high-line" has caught 85 fish, the "low-line" 60, more than the average day's fishing.



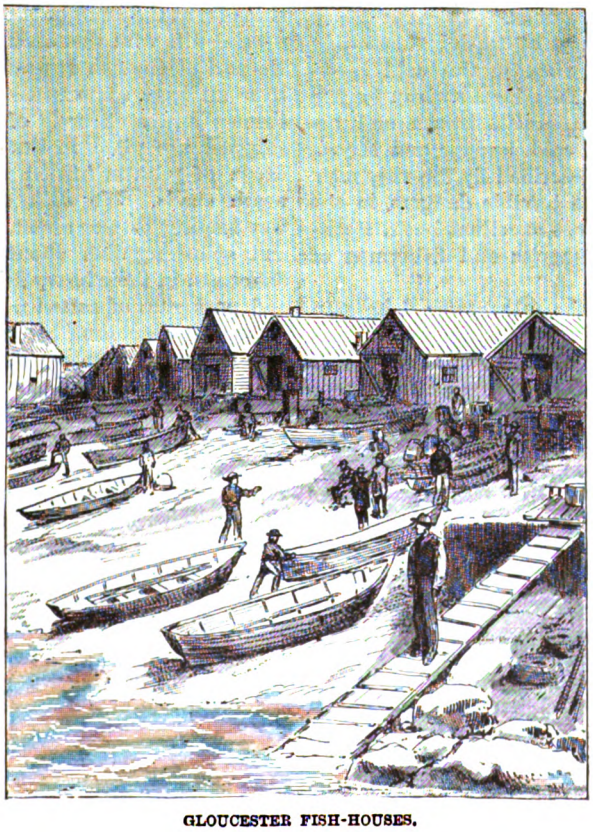
THE FISH-DRYING SHEDS, GLOUCESTER.

For three days the fishing remains good, and we have nearly a trip. The vessel that reported fish scarce hauled in anchor this morning, and is now on its way to port. Another one which was here before we came has a good trip, but, not satisfied with enough, wants more. The temptation to keep on fishing while fish are plenty is too great to resist. In the evening the wind has veered to the northeast, the sky becomes cloudy and the sea choppy. A storm is at hand. The skipper paces the deck uneasily, and we hear him mutter, "I wish I had left this morning." An occasional spit of snow dashes into his face as he goes up to consult the barometer. The watches are set; the skipper retires to his bunk with the command to be called if there is any change.

A WATERSIDE VIEW IN GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

The wind has increased through the night, and considerable snow has fallen. The skipper, who is up betimes, uneasily takes the bearings of three or four vessels in our vicinity. The men keep on fishing, but soon the skipper gives the command to "haul in the lines, heave everything that is loose below, and pay out seventy fathoms cable." The crew go down to their meal, and with difficulty swallow their coffee between the violent lurches of the vessel. The mast creaks and groans, and the experience is terrible. The day passes slowly on, the light scattered snowflakes fall thicker and faster until the neighboring vessels become more and more indistinct, and leave us alone with the increasing wind, the blinding snow, and the rising sea. Our giants are evidently about to commence one of their wildest bouts. Darkness approaches, and the naturally happy faces of the crew are dull and solemn. The vessel is at the mercy of the elements. A slender cord holds her in place, and at any moment it is liable to snap — then they know the result. Death is almost inevitable. Dashing through the darkness and snow, they would almost certainly strike some vessel anchored in safety, and the two go down together. Rare is the case when a vessel once adrift escapes to tell its story.

Even at this moment there may be a vessel two seas off bearing down upon us to sweep both to destruction. Like the sword of Damocles, the danger is always hanging over our heads as long as the storm continues. Every one knows this, and these are the thoughts of all when a heavy sea strikes us, careens the vessel over, and sends everybody tumbling down to leeward. The skipper, who has been standing in the companionway, "bobs" down and hauls over the "scuttle" just in time to prevent a drenching sea from pouring down into the cabin. These are the seas that often sweep the watch from deck, carrying everything movable with it. The excitement has just subsided, when the lookout gives a loud cry. Every one is on deck in an instant, and a glance is sufficient to silence all questions. The skipper has already placed himself at the cable, ax in hand, ready to sever the rope, and every eye is strained into the gloom to distinguish the fatal light. Yonder it emerges from out the darkness, and we can distinguish the dim outline of spar and hull. It seems as if nothing can prevent her from dashing down upon us. Twice the skipper has raised his ax to strike the severing blow at the cable, but the remembrance of the vessels to leeward causes him to hesitate. On the vessel comes, now riding on the crest of a mighty wave, now hid in the trough of the sea; but still on she comes, and every moment we expect to feel ourselves adrift. Seconds seem hours in the suspense, and it seems as if the skipper would never cut us loose from certain death. Now she rises on the crest of a sea almost



GLOUCESTER FISH-HOUSES.

above us, and five seconds more will tell the tale. Down she comes as if to drop right in our midst. "Cut the cable, we cry!" The captain's hand trembles for a moment, then he stops. Thank God! A flaw of wind has drifted her from her course, and we are safe from that danger. As she passes on the starboard we can look on her deck. So near is she that we feel the cable running across our own. We start, and hope gives place to despair. Are we at last to be set adrift by the vessel's anchor? No! the anchor is gone, and the vessel goes on to destruction without dragging us with it. Away into the gloom, out of sight, drifts the fated vessel, her crew unconscious of the next peril. She was drifting very, very near the vessel which we saw to leeward.

It suddenly ceases snowing, and we look after the disappearing vessel. The next sea reveals to all that there are *two* lights there *together!* A loud and horrified cry announces this discovery, and then every man seems frozen to the spot. The scene has scarcely become distinct, when, like a vision, it fades away. The snow falls again, and the lights disappear, whether behind the curtain of snow, or whether they sink into the embrace of the furious giant who was yesterday so softly enchanting us, we are in doubt. But of the end of the encounter there is, alas! no room for doubt.

Daylight breaks, or, rather, creeps, on us at last, and every one is thankful for this little relief. Several ugly seas boarded us during the night, smashing bulwarks and doing other damage. The snow stops and the sea becomes quieter, and we try to sleep; but calm sleep is forbidden us in the excitement of our imagination, and we are troubled by dreams. Like a vision the look of frantic despair on the faces of those poor doomed men as they drifted past us, springs up before us again and again. The look of terror on the face of the one, of despair, of wild supplication, cool resignation, of steady bravery, of desperation, and even wicked bravado, all remain as vivid images in our minds.

I could give hundreds of stories of death and suffering in vessels and in open boats, when in the cold snowstorms of the open ocean hardy men have striven for life in a wild struggle with death, until, frozen and benumbed, they die of combined cold, hunger and thirst. Many of them are graphically described by the very men who have passed through these terrible dangers, in the "Fishermen's Own Book," a most excellent book, statistical and descriptive of the fisheries and fishermen of Cape Ann.

These are the dangers that the Gloucester fishermen endure, these the perils they must go through to get their bread. A braver set of men cannot be found in any place. They come from everywhere, strong, hardy men, capable of the hardest labor and able to face the greatest danger. The sons of fishermen follow their dead father's calling. Young men, fresh from the farms of the Provinces, come to cast their lot with these brave men. Mere boys are brought up in the occupation which their ancestors have followed for centuries. The majority of them are men of principle, and it will be impossible to find so large a congregation of men with so large a percentage of upright men. Vicious men are bound to creep into any community; but what a difference Gloucester presents when compared with an oil city or a mining town. Rum flows like water, and grogshops line the streets to entice young men away, and the effects are seen on every hand, yet when we consider the number of men, the proportion of drunkards is small.

As you enter Gloucester Harbor you pass, on the left, that barren rock of Norman's Woe, made memorable in Longfellow's poem, "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*." From this point you see Gloucester to the best advantage. If the day happens to be a calm one, in September, when the mackerel fleet is clustered in the habor waiting for a breeze, their white sails all spread, the scene is truly beautiful. The city, with its numerous spires rising out of the elms, is built on a series of hills, and the pretty wooden buildings dotted here and there in the background make a view full of picturesqueness. You pass in by Ten Pound Island, with its pure white lighthouse, into the inner harbor. Wharves project on all sides, stretching toward each other as if in a constant endeavor to meet. Forty years ago there were few wharves, and the granite shores sloped gradually into the water. Progress has worked fast in this place, and all that we now see is modern.

The engraving gives a capital view of the old Fort and Gloucester Harbor in 1837. The Grand Banker and pinkey lying at anchor look as natural as can be. There is a vast difference in the appearance of the old Fort property of to day from that of forty-five years agone. Then it had but one building besides the ruins of the Fort—now it is covered with dwellings and storehouses, and its entire water front converted into fine wharves, forming one of the most valuable pieces of property in the city.

A ferryboat plies busily across the harbor; vessels are anchored in the stream, some ready to go, others just arrived; and at the wharf where we land, two vessels are unloading their cargo of codfish. Out of the hold they are pitched, and placed into large hogsheads of strong brine, to soak for weeks. Further back on the wharf the flakes are covered with drying cod which have been salted in these same hogsheads or "butts." A "jigger" is being loaded with dry fish ready to be shipped, and in a building near by the well-dried cod is being stripped into pieces and packed away in boxes. Piles of skins lie at the back of the shed, and a wagon soon comes up and fills with them. These are to be made into glue. No part of the fish is wasted; head, tongue, sounds and liver all have some use. A few years ago all these were thrown away. Barrels of mackerel, salted ready to be shipped, are piled in out-of-the-way places, and hundreds of "butts" filled with fish are stored away beneath sheds. We walk carefully through the narrow way leading to the street, past men dressed in oil-suits and splashing fish about in the water; by groups of fishermen in their heavy fishing-boots; between the flakes and past piles of salted fish, where every moment one is in danger of spoiling his nice black suit. The street is at last reached, but who would know that it was a street? The gradation is so imperceptible that it is hard to tell where the wharf ends and the street begins. It winds and twists among tumble-down buildings, and if they were a little more abrupt one could imagine himself in Marblehead. Every one is busy, but their business has all to do with fish or fishing—fishermen's outfits, oil-clothes, hooks, lines, and, most numerous of all, grogshops. The street leads you to the main street, where nearly all the business is carried on. A few years ago this was Front Street. Middle Street, Back Street and Water Street were the other thoroughfares. But the city is growing, the names are changed, and the business is spreading, and now Gloucester is becoming quite modern. All the streets wind and twist, as if trying to lose themselves, each one trying to be more crooked than its neighbor; some simply bend, others turn at right angles, but a truly straight one is a rarity, except when climbing a

hill, where crookedness would be appreciated. There is a quaintness about Gloucester that strikes the visitor even more than the fishy smell. The buildings are nearly all wooden, a peculiar thing in a city of 22,000 inhabitants.

A ride "around the Cape," a distance of fifteen miles, will give one an idea of what Cape Ann is, was, and can be. The road leads by the shore, where the huge waves dash and churn day and night, always at work and never at rest. Quiet little nooks of beauty, grand and inspiring scenes which fill the mind with awe, and beautiful sea-views, are everywhere seen. Up the high hills which overlook the river, past steep rocks you ride to find yourselves the next moment in as beautiful a plot of overhanging willows as one ever saw. The stage-coach—a relic of olden times—rumbles past with its merry load, and soon we are at 'Squam, to which the more aristocratic prefix Annis.

This is where the fishing industry was formerly centered. Strange as it may seem, the early fishermen preferred this narrow cove, left bare at low tide, and rendered dangerous by a sandy bar, to the large and safe harbor but three miles distant. Here was where the fishing was carried on fifty years ago, when some enterprising men came along and stole it away, and carried it to Gloucester. This was a deathblow to 'Squam, and since then it has been dying and decaying. The wharves alone remain to mark the former industry, and some old men still tell of 'Squam as it was. 'Squam was in its ascendency in the days of the old pinkies and of the still earlier chebacco-boats. Now that these clumsy, round-bowed boats are replaced by the sharper and swifter and deeper schooners, 'Squam, too, has disappeared with the boats. Many are the stories of pirates, and fights with the British, which are handed down as precious legends of 'Squam's former greatness. The old men will sit for hours and tell you of the exploits of their fathers and grandfathers. A common story among them, is one which has a comical side to it. Years ago, there was a religious revival in the church at the head of the cove. The pastor was eagerly expounding the Gospel to his fisher congregation, and was trying to impress upon their minds the need of a safe haven beyond this life. To better illustrate his point, he said, in his best eloquence: "Supposing you should get caught out in the bay, the clouds growing blacker and blacker, the sea rising, and the wind threatening a gale, wouldn't you feel the need of some safe harbor? and what would you do in such a case?" "Put your helm hard up and bear away for 'Squam," came from an irreverential corner in a remote part of the church.

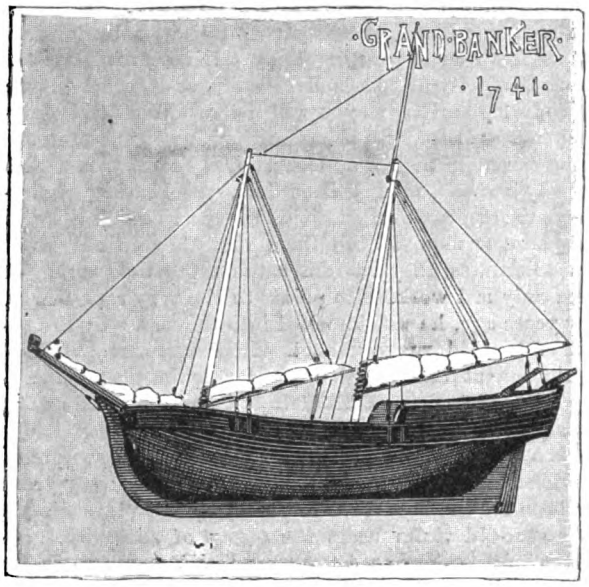
The granite industry at Cape Ann has caused the construction of some of smallest yet safest ports in the world. At Lanesville, one of these artificial ports has been constructed by building a breakwater across a little cove. The harbor is barely four or five acres in extent, just large enough to store away three or four stone-sloops, and with an entrance so small that it seems surprising how these large vessels can slip through it. At the head, with the shelving shores for a landing, the shore fishermen have clustered their fish-houses, where they store away their nets and traps and small daily catches.

A few miles further on is a romantic little bay, known by the curious name of Folly Cove. It would be folly to expect protection here in a storm, and it seems folly to use it as headquarters from which to go out to visit the nets and traps. Yet this is what it has been used for during the past hundred years. The shores are everywhere rocky and precipitous, and the dories as they are hauled up must of necessity be lodged among the rocks. Old men, fossilized by salt air and briny solutions, are yet as fresh as in youth. They tell mournful tales of present scarcity of fish and lobsters, and entertain you with stories as long as you will listen. Men of seventy-five years walk briskly about and pull as strong a stroke at the oar as do their grandsons. Old man, strong, with scarcely a stoop to his shoulders, yet bearing eighty-five years, comes down and joins the group and jokes with the younger men, telling them that they do not know how to fish, as they let him catch more than either of them only last week. He points to the very rock where, fifty years ago, he was knocked into the water by the recoil of his old rusty musket. Here is where he killed eight geese at a shot; there, yonder, is the place when a boy he used to catch halibut from the rocks, while now, to catch them, we must go a hundred miles from land. He is a stern believer in the old-fashioned. You cannot convince him that the advance of the past forty years has been for the better. Even the tune he plays on his sixty-year-old violin bears the stamp of antiquity. He speaks of the dory as a "wherry," and wants to know what right we have to change the name. He loves old Cape Ann, in whose company he has spent eighty-five long years. His sons and grandsons have grown up around him and have followed his occupation.

The briny air agrees with these fishermen. The chill nor'easters strengthen them, and the hard work lengthens their lives. The only sure way to kill them would be to prevent them from going "down to the cove" every morning at daybreak. Their trawls are baited the night before, and, as soon as it is light, they put out in their flat-bottomed boats, nine or ten miles from land, and set them in their favorite place. The catch is brought in at noon and the fish are prepared for sale, and their day's work is done. Their income is small, but it is sufficient. The good housewives know how to cook delicious messes of fish, and, with the help of garden "sass," their expenses are kept down to a minimum. The children grow up in the steps of their parents. There is little to attract a boy away from his Cape Ann home, and at Cape Ann there is nothing to do except go fishing. If a boy is lazy, or ambitious to show himself up in the world, he may drift away to other fields, where work is lighter or suits his taste better. But the honest and smart remain at home. "A business that is good enough for my father is good enough for me," seems their motto. The effect of all this is that the business of Cape Ann is kept in the hands of the natives. It is a rare thing to find a fishing firm any one of whose partners is not a native Cape Anner. It is this tendency that has made Cape Ann such a concentrated place of fish. The very names of the families have a salt-sea flavor. There are Pools, Tarrs, Romers and Storys innumerable.

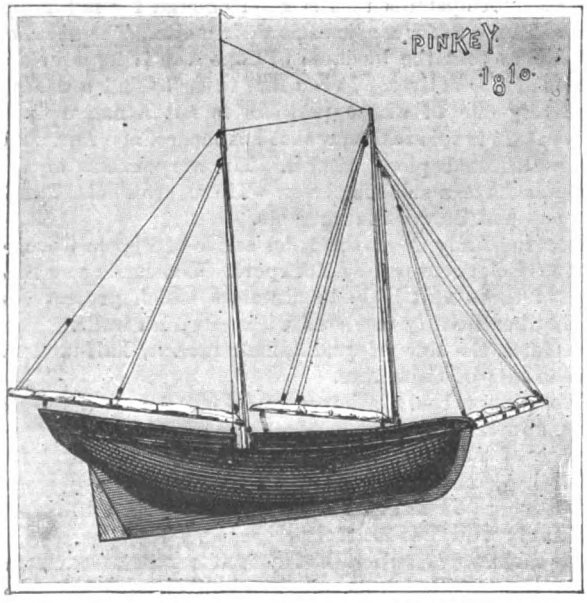
Leaving Folly Cove you soon arrive at Pigeon Cove, a sort of feeler sent out by Rockport. Here again you find one of those neat little breakwaters which protect the fishing boats cozily clustered within its high walls. This completes the line of quaint, half-ancient, half-modern settlements of Cape Ann.

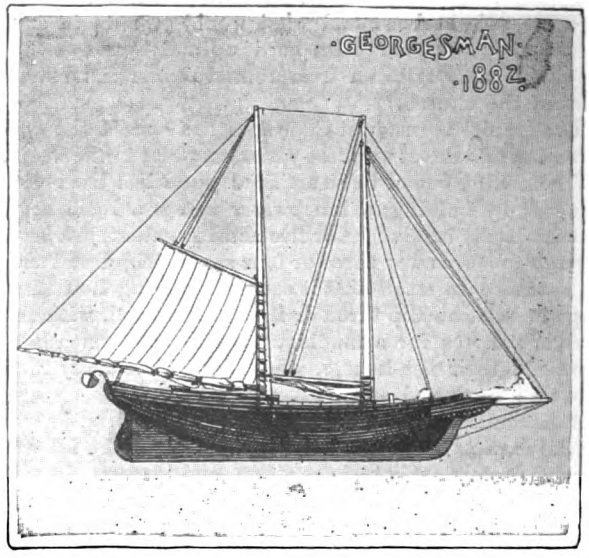
We have taken a glimpse at Gloucester as a fishing port, now let us look at it as a place of natural beauty—as one of nature's wonder-shops. There are no lofty precipices, no scenes of striking grandeur; but the whole shore is rocky in the extreme. The hills are strikingly wild, but scarcely cheering. They look as if some divine retribution had caused a rain of stone to cover the woodless hills. A friend from the West once told me that Cape Ann, as he saw it in November, looked



to him just as he would expect to see the moon if he was suddenly dropped on its surface. The land is astonishingly wrinkled, and is covered with heaps of boulders, as if nature was trying to hide some treasure in its granite bosom. Now and then on the rocky shores some chasm, worn by the sea out of the crumbling trap-rock, sends forth the echo of the inrushing waves. The solemn, dirge-like music of the ocean is continually heard, and the winds moan and groan like an echo of the everlasting roar of the surges beating on the rock-bound shore.

Long acquaintance with Cape Ann makes one love it. The shores, the water, the quaint old town itself, become intensely attractive. Many are the bits of idyllic beauty hidden away in some shady nook by a brookside, or a pool which reflects the blue sky, as if in contrast to the ruffled bosom of the sea near by. Delicious avenues of willows, drives through spots of romantic beauty, delightful sea views, are combinations which attract the visitor. People are finding out the beauties hidden away on this land by the sea, and each Summer the number of visitors is on the increase. The old fishing-houses are being turned into Summer cottages, and the picturesqueness of Cape Ann is being spoiled by ugly pine board sheds, besprinkled with paint of all colors; all that is necessary to make the typical Summer seaside house. Many attempts at beauty of construction have met with but poor success. The ideal Summer residence is yet to be designed; but one thing in its construction and the last thing usually thought of, is fitness. A building that would look well by the Thames, or in Venice is not suited to Cape Ann. Lack of taste is everywhere apparent, base blotches upon the picturesque face which nature has given Cape Ann. The old sea-side houses, low and unpainted, are far more in keeping with this romantic spot, than any one of the huge, gaudy summer-houses which are being built on all sides. Just as the coach and four, with driver and footman, looks out of place in our quaint old streets, so the flashy houses spoil our landscape given by nature, and which our plain-going fishermen have not insulted. May it soon stop. Leave us our Cape Ann in its primitiveness. We are satisfied—why should we be disturbed?





GLOUCESTER FISHING-BOATS, PAST AND PRESENT.

AN EPISODE.

By Cathie Jewett.

She was the result of an experiment. A not altogether successful one, Madam Vivian thought, watching the slight, graceful figure and piquant face of her young *protégée*. Not that the girl lacked beauty, for her rare and striking loveliness was of almost too pronounced a type.

But, to tell the truth, madam herself was whimsical, much given to queer freaks and erratic departures from established precedents.

Rich, childless and a widow, she found little difficulty in gratifying most of her

AN EPISODE.—"MISS ALICE HAD SOUGHT THE STRANGE LADY WITH HER LITTLE BROWN HANDS FULL OF FERNS AND MOSSES." . . . "SHE DREW ASIDE THE THICK, GREEN CURTAINS."

foibles, and they not unfrequently, as in the present instance, brought her to grief.

With all her possibilities of elegant leisure, Madam Vivian was essentially a busy woman. She had always lived in a distracting round of self-imposed and unnecessary duties.

Had Providence placed her in a New England farmhouse, blessed her with poverty and an incompetent husband, she would doubtless have worked herself into imbecility or the grave with that determined expedition which is a distinguishing characteristic of an inestimable class of women.

Denied such opportunities, she made the most of those presented.

Her children were led by her own tireless hands through the thorny paths of repression and undue expansion from babyhood to an early grave.

Her husband missed the comfort of entire immunity from commercial cares only by dogged determination to mind his own business.

By way of mental relaxation, she voluntarily took upon herself the leadership of many of the popular charities of the day.

When death suddenly removed both husband and children, the enforced inactivity of her life during a period of mourning, had done more than grief toward undermining her health and driving her into settled melancholy.

It was at this time, while feeling keenly the need of an object in life, that she saw Alice, and seeing, fell in love with her.

I use the hackneyed expression advisedly, for it was a genuine case of love at first sight; at least, upon one side.

There was nothing particularly attractive about madam's heavy, sallow face and gaunt figure, shrouded in trailing folds of *crêpe* and bombazine. But the purse in her pocket, about which marvelous stories were current, drew the girl within the radius of her vision, and behold! the work was done.

To tell the truth simply, Miss Alice had sought the strange lady with her little brown hands full of ferns and mosses—wonderful woodsy things, which she knew city people cared for.

She took them with a well-defined hope in her mind that the rich lady's gratitude would run in a monetary direction. Nevertheless, her presentation speech—very prettily expressed—contained no hint of any such sordid ambition.

She was an exceedingly graceful and pretty girl even in her ill-fitting, self-made and atrociously ugly chocolate gown. Madam's keen eyes noted her exquisite proportions, the soft, subtle lines of beauty, the delicious tints and curves of the sweet, unconscious face. Hopelessly plain herself, it was but natural that she should unduly worship physical perfection wherever found.

This radiant young person inspired in her a sudden and violent idolatry, combined with an overwhelming desire of possession.

"My dear," said she, "you are very beautiful; I do not believe that you realize at all how lovely you are. I am an old woman, lonely and childless. I think you are the very thing I need—a distraction, a delight. Tell me, is it possible for you to brighten for a time my heart and life?"

The girl looked at her in bewilderment. Sombre and tall, she spoke in a manner so vague and incomprehensible as to have upon her visitor almost the effect of an unknown tongue. Alice stood speechless, distressed by her own consciousness of ungraceful embarrassment.

"I do not understand you," she faltered, at last. "If I can serve you in any way I shall be most happy to do so."

"I do not doubt it in the least," said the lady, heartily; "but I have no need of service. What I desire is your companionship, an interest in life, something to fill it out and make it better. I am getting warped and distorted by loneliness and inactivity. I want you, not to serve, but to amuse, me."

"I fear," said Alice, frankly, "that I am not amusing. I have been accounted rather dull, and I am quite sure that you would find me so. I can read and sing a little, but I have no accomplishments. I have never had time or money for their acquirement."

"You have the best of all accomplishments," was the answer—"beauty and natural refinement. If you will come and live with me as long as we find each other's society mutually agreeable, I will dress you well, surround you with all things which young girls find pleasant and desirable, and give you infinite chances for improvement and self-culture. In return, you need only make yourself as attractive as Nature intended you to be. My children are dead. I shall not promise to be a mother to you, or ask you to be a daughter to me. We are strangers, and any such assumption of relationship would be absurd, and, perhaps, in time, painful; but I will be a good friend, and try to make you happy."

It seemed to the young girl standing there that the gates of an unknown but dazzling paradise had suddenly opened before her.

Nevertheless she spoke quietly a few words of gratitude and acceptance of the wonderful offer.

It was necessary, she told madam, that she should do something for her own maintenance; anything so easy and delightful had never entered her thoughts.

Her perfect serenity and self-possession charmed madam, who had a well-defined horror of vulgar raptures.

Taken all in all, her new white elephant seemed, in her eyes, the most desirable of beasts.

The next morning, giving no time for her ardor to abate, or for Alice's resolution to falter, she called at the homely little dwelling for her new treasure.

The exterior of the house was not objectionable from an æsthetic point of view. The roof was sunken in the middle, but it was moss-grown and ivy-draped, while a huge and inconvenient well sweep just beyond gave an antique air to the premises, not belied by the thin, large-eyed cows and gaunt fowls that wandered forlornly about.

But the interior! Madam could not repress an involuntary shudder.

She had seen just such places before. Domestic infernos they seemed to her, with an over-worked, over-prolific slattern for a presiding genius.

For the discouraged and incompetent house-mother she felt an instantaneous aversion, and only by the strongest effort was she able to conceal the disgust with which the numerous small brothers and sisters inspired her.

Yet when Alice had fairly torn herself from the many detaining arms, and, safely seated, was whirling rapidly away from her unpleasant surroundings, madam said, very graciously:

"You shall have a salary, my dear, a stated sum for your own use, so that if you care to help the people at

home by the sacrifice of a ribbon or a flower, you will be perfectly free to do so."

For a moment the large, clear eyes filled with tears.

"You are so good—so good!" she cried. "I do hope that I may not disappoint you!"

"That is quite impossible," said madam, obligingly.

At that very moment, however, her heart was misgiving her as to whatever she was to do with this pretty, new plaything.

She did not wish to remain in the vicinity of the girl's family; to take her home in her present condition was equally impracticable; and as for traveling with such a companion, it was not to be thought of.

However, an obstacle boldly met is half overcome.

Miss Alice, as she appeared some hours afterward, attired in a close-fitting flannel dress, which showed to perfection the grand and noble curves of her splendid figure, her sun-browned hands hidden by irreproachable gloves, her beautiful face shaded by a large plumed hat, was a companion by no means to be despised.

Madam breathed easier after one glance at the wonderful transformation.

In a week's time she was ready to laugh at her former fears.

Hard indeed to suit must that person have been who could find material for criticism in the radiant young creature, for ever trying to look her conscientious best for the pleasure of her benefactress.

With the exception of a slight air of restraint, unavoidable under the circumstances, a certain watchfulness of manner which would wear off as she grew accustomed to her new life, there was nothing about the girl in any way objectionable.

Every day madam grew more and more surprised at the power of adaptation which she possessed.

She seemed to understand instinctively all the hitherto unknown luxuries of life, and to make them at once a necessary part of her being.

Désirée, madam's French maid, who had spent her life in the study of dress and all its possibilities, stood astounded to see mademoiselle—so young, so trifling!—calmly ignore her advice and choose for herself, and always such garments as were most becoming.

Madam had some apprehension and not a little curiosity as to Alice's reception in society.

She believed her own position so assured that the fact of her chaperonage would be sufficient to successfully launch the young *débutante*.

After that she knew the girl's social success would depend in a great measure upon herself.

She was beginning, all unconsciously, to tire a little of her new toy; growing used to—sometimes slightly wearied of—such an overplus of beauty.

She found herself doubting if this strong, vigorous, grandly developed style would compare favorably with the more delicate and accepted type to which she had long been accustomed.

Thus troubled and perplexed, she was totally unprepared for the sensation which Alice immediately created.

A more complete social success she had never witnessed; the measure of her triumphs was bounded only by the extent of her conquered worlds.

Madam, comfortably resigned to her own lack of personal charms, and innocently conscious of her undeniably good blood, her intellect, tact and breeding, felt a very perceptible attack of jealousy as she saw this ill-educated, non-accomplished young person achieve a high-bred repose, an indolent grace, as rare as charming and totally inimitable.

There was no effort in anything she did.

The admiration she excited, the attention she received, neither exhilarated nor depressed her.

Envy and spite moved her not at all; neither could criticism destroy the sublime self-consciousness with which she challenged and obtained supremacy.

The elder woman watched her career with wonder and pride, which deepened into admiration when Lord Chalmonly joined the train of her adorers.

Now Madam Vivian, although the widow of a Frenchman, was yet Yankee enough to dearly love a lord.

When, therefore, this traveling representative of the English aristocracy declared, "By gad! the girl was charming!" she began to be troubled with some very pungent prickings of conscience.

She had no objection to shifting the burden of her too hastily assumed responsibility on to masculine shoulders.

She intended to do well by Alice as regarded a *trousseau*, and to leave her a considerable sum of money; consequently there would be nothing of a *mésalliance* in her marriage with any ordinary admirer.

But an English lord! Madam felt conscientiously doubtful.

She did not like to bruit abroad the secret of Alice's humble parentage and her own romantic folly; but she felt that the eternal fitness of things would be for ever outraged if Lord Chalmonly, who boasted a Norman ancestry, should take to wife a woman whose genealogical tree grew behind a barn.

So decidedly was she opposed to any such unchristian combination, that it drove her to the folly of attempting to separate them by various frail and ineffectual barriers.

So pertinacious were her efforts that they actually interested Alice, and increased tenfold the ardor of her lordly suitor.

However, in a place so small as Rosedale, so fat and desirable a fish as "my lord" could not be matrimonially hooked without opposition from more than one quarter.

Miss Dolly Lovell, who had been for more years than she cared to acknowledge a beauty and a belle, had seen with perfect composure many of her old admirers go over to her rival.

However deeply she felt the loss of her accustomed meed of adulation, she made no sign; but when, after a few days of undisguised adoration, this most eligible Englishman also deserted her standard and went over to the enemy, she felt it quite time that the pretty nobody should be annihilated.

Alice's admirers numbered all her gentlemen acquaintances.

Her undiscouraged suitors had dwindled to a very select few. Foremost among them stood Lord Chalmonly and Rich Hammond.

Why Alice had not married Rich, madam could not conceive. He was young, handsome and fairly well off. More than all, he was honestly in love, and tendered his regards in a modest, manly way that could scarcely fail to please any woman.

The gayety of the Winter was nearly over.

Day by day the Lenten season drew near, and madam hailed its approach with joy, for then she intended to leave the city, taking Alice with her.

She was decidedly provoked with her pretty *protégée*; she regarded "my lord" as a misguided man; she looked upon Rich as a martyr, and felt the liveliest sympathy and friendship for Miss Dolly.

It was one of the last balls of the season, rivaling

IRREGULAR TROOPS.— A SIKH SOLDIER.
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anything in the way of fashionable dissipation which had preceded it.

Miss Lovell dressed for the occasion with a well-defined determination to outvie Alice in her own especial province.

She wore a dress of satin, red as the heart of a rose, its splendor half-shadowed, half-revealed by priceless drapings of Valenciennes; diamonds and rubies shone in her hair, blazed on her arms, ran in rivers of light about her neck.

The toilet in itself was perfect, but it did not suit the wearer, who looked by contrast faded and insignificant.

Alice might have worn it. She had a natural predilection for vivid coloring, and it became her.

There was always a splendor, a rich sumptuousness about her that first attracted, then held, the attention of the beholder.

But that once departing from her usual custom, she went to the ball in a robe of silk that was like a snow-wreath, her fair face shining up from its misty laces—calm, jewelless and perfect.

For the moment Miss Lovell grew half mad with jealous heartache.

She noted how constantly Lord Chalmonly's eyes wandered toward that white, girlish figure, that sweet, unconscious face.

COSSACKS ON THE MARCH.

In deep and deadly hatred of her rival, Miss Dolly forgot her long years of perfect breeding, forgot even that she was a lady, and felt only an insane desire to bite, or tear, or scratch that too-perfect face.

Meantime everywhere sounded music and laughter, light jest and merry badinage, with here and there an earnest word or two.

Alice drifted out of sight, and, behind a little fountain that did its cool and level best to keep fresh and sweet a dim, green nook, curtained away from the heat and glare, Rich Hammond was trying to bear like a man the deathblow to his dearest hopes.

It was not so much the gentle, half-sad refusal to be his wife that troubled him, as the fact that this peerless woman, who, if she were only half as angelic as she

TURKISH IRREGULARS IN AMBUSH.

IRREGULAR TROOPS.—A BASHI-BAZOUK.—FROM A DRAWING BY JAMES ROBERTSON.—SEE PAGE 231.

looked, ought to be as high as heaven above all sordid and mean ambition, held herself a prize for the highest bidder.

"I have been poor," said she, with a brutal bluntness that half-killed his wounded love. "If you had offered to marry me a year ago, it would have been like the old story of the king and the beggar-maid; we should have been foolishly happy, perhaps—who knows? Now, I cannot afford happiness. I want the very best life has in store for me! I have been so spoiled and flattered that I believe myself able to achieve it."

He turned slowly away, only the deep longing in his eyes betraying how bitter his disappointment had been.

"I would not care to buy a wife," he said; "and, even if I did, I could not bid against a lordly suitor. I have only myself to offer, but I would have tried, sweetheart! to make you happy."

He bent until his boyish, quivering lips touched her bright hair, and then Alice found herself alone.

Alone! with the consciousness that she had bartered her woman's birthright of love and loyal happiness—for what?

For an instant a hint of tears came into the beautiful proud eyes; the red lips forgot to smile. And then the girl was herself again—calm, indolent, enchanting.

She drew aside the thick green curtains, and stood half-hidden, half-revealed by the sombre draperies.

Lord Chalmonly, looking anxiously about, caught sight of her, and hurried forward to claim a promised dance.

The sets were just forming as they took their places.

Alice's *vis-à-vis* was a stout gentleman who hated dancing, and his partner was Dolly Lovell.

A flushed, defiant, angry woman, who saw at last an opportunity to humble a rival, and caught eagerly at it.

"Madam Vivian's eccentricities," said she, turning to her partner, "have introduced some queer characters into society."

The unoffending gentleman grew crimson with embarrassment as she took his arm and confronted Alice.

"I will thank you," she cried, in a clear, vibrant voice, "to return my bracelet. You were seen to pick it up some time ago, so you must excuse me for reminding you that the article is quite as valuable to the owner as to the finder."

Flushed and trembling, with hand extended, she faced her enemy.

Despite her anger, the insolence of which she had been guilty frightened her.

For a moment Alice stood motionless, cool, indignant, contemptuous.

Her cheeks did not flush nor her eyelids quiver, but the eyes beneath were like living coals.

Then she turned slowly.

"I think, my Lord Chalmonly," said she, "that we had best retire."

But my Lord Chalmonly stood at some little distance, his handsome face expressing great distress.

He had the national English horror of a scene.

He had, moreover, a lurking, lordly suspicion that many of the pretty American women were little better than adventuresses; and morally he was anything but a strong man.

So for one awful moment the accused girl stood quite alone.

Then little Mrs. Nelson, the hostess, rushed forward, nervous, trembling, distressed beyond measure.

"Oh, Miss Lovell!" she cried; "what a terrible mistake! And I am entirely to blame; here is your bracelet. Miss Landers handed it to me half an hour ago, requesting me to find the owner. I was so busy! so careless! I quite forgot."

With tears in her pretty eyes she turned to Alice:

"My dear Miss Landers," said she, contritely, "can you ever overlook this? can you ever forgive me?"

By this time Lord Chalmonly had come to his senses, and madam, quivering with rage, had reached Alice; indeed, a little sympathetic group gathered quickly about her.

Miss Lovell, in bitterness of spirit, quietly withdrew with but scant opposition from her hostess, who, despite her own fault in the affair, could scarcely forgive her guest the bad taste of selecting her drawing-room for an unpleasant episode.

Lord Chalmonly was heartily ashamed of himself.

To prove it, while the ladies waited for madam's carriage, he found opportunity to offer his hand, heart and name to Alice.

It was a combination of duty and desire which drove him to what he regarded as a somewhat desperate move.

He had treated the lady with marked attention, and then, in the most critical moment of her life, when standing under the shadow of disgrace, he had in a manner deserted her.

He felt truly that he owed her all possible reparation; and he did his duty gracefully, like a Christian and an English gentleman.

He had the reward of a clear conscience, and that was all; for, much to his surprise, Alice refused him, quietly, firmly, but most decidedly.

The next day the two women separated.

"Dear Madam Vivian," said the girl, "you have been unspeakably kind to me, and I am not ungrateful; for your comfort, and for my good, I am going to leave you. Last night I thought myself a prodigy, set apart from the common herd by my beauty and my talents; then in a moment I saw, as they say the dying see, the vanity and vexation of it all. I saw the apples of Sodom and the ropes of sand; saw myself, not a pretty social fraud, but a wicked, mistaken woman."

Blessings brighten as they take their flight, and madam was sincerely sorry when Alice gave her a last kiss and went quietly out of her life.

However, it cannot be denied that she breathed easier, relieved of the too-hastily assumed responsibility of a young girl's future.

She knew she that she had acted with the utmost liberality all through their acquaintance; and with a pleasant consciousness of well-doing, she started off for a long, restful pleasure-trip.

As for Alice, she went immediately home.

Naturally, she missed the ease and comfort of her late life, but she had expected and prepared herself for that.

The cottage was as small and inconvenient as of old, the children as riotous, the mother as feeble and incompetent.

She found much to do, and did it with her might, scarcely aware of the motive power that impelled her to action. A power that was the outgrowth of a certain self-contempt, and that contempt of some deep-lying emotion scarce self-confessed.

The Spring passed, the hot, delicious days of Summer grew long and fervid; even the old house, with its sunken roof, partook somewhat of the glory and beauty that filled the earth.

Only Alice looked worn and pale. She was growing thin and hollow-eyed, feeling the heat a burden and a weariness.

She had always been so strong, so active and vigorous,

that she felt her languor a sort of disgrace, and worked often beyond her strength, rather than humor herself in idle fancies.

One day she had been to the village, and was returning, warm and tired.

She wore a large hat, and her dress, a dark, substantial cambric, was dusty, and not especially becoming.

It did not greatly matter, no one saw her, no one cared.

She often took a wicked delight in making herself as uncomely as possible.

Now, although she saw two strangers approaching, young men in the neatest of traveling suits, she did not give a thought to her unprepossessing appearance.

Indeed, she never looked up as she passed them.

When, however, a familiar, delighted voice called her name, she lifted her eyes in surprise, and faced Rich Hammond and Lord Chalmonly.

For once she lost her self-possession, crimsonly conscious of her cotton gloves and dusty boots; then, with a little laugh, a trifle forced and nervous, she bravely faced the situation.

Said she was glad to see them, spoke a few courteous commonplaces, and passed down the long street, her tall, shapely figure moving with a grace and beauty that her homely garments could not hide.

My Lord Chalmonly said to himself:

"So she was a fraud after all, fallen off in her looks, too. I had a narrow escape."

Rich Hammond, thrilled with love and pity, as he thought of the unusual dress and shadowed eyes of his old love, sought her as soon as might be. Sought and told her over again the story that is old for ever, and for ever new.

"I do not deserve you, Rich," she answered; "I threw away your love once because I wanted the wealth and position which a coward could give me. After that I do not hold myself worthy of happiness, or the respect of any man. I have suffered, to be sure, but I am quite certain that I ought to be punished infinitely more than I have been."

"Then take me, sweet, for better or for worse," he entreated; "it will be the very discipline you need."

She lifted her eyes, honestly and bravely.

"It would be nothing of the sort," said she; "your love would be the crown and glory of my life, if only I deserved it."

The next moment she was in his arms, and through the tender, rapturous silence they passed into that new earth, where lovers have walked together since time began. There the queen found her kingdom, and the king came to his own.

IRREGULAR TROOPS.

The wars of modern times have been to no small extent in the land of the Moslem, or still less civilized parts of Asia and Africa. These have brought into the armies, even of civilized Europe, bodies of men whose wild appearance, apparent lack of discipline and control, invest them with a kind of terror. The warlike elements seething in Europe, and likely to involve many countries in the turmoil and disasters of actual hostilities, may be brought into play by some such body, and, when operations actually begin, their services will be frequently felt.

Irregular troops are not militia, volunteers or mercenaries, in the exact sense of either of these terms. They are usually veteran warriors, though, perhaps, of a personal and desultory character; sometimes entering into service on their own account, sometimes on that of hereditary or other chieftains; sometimes serving with pay, and sometimes without it. While there is no doubt that irregular troops were used among the armies of remote antiquity, it is unnecessary for the purpose of this article to go further back than the time of the Crusades for a starting-point.

The wars of the Crusades infused a warlike spirit throughout all Europe, and, when these were over, it is not extraordinary that the veteran soldiers of Richard Cœur de Lion and Godfrey de Bouillon, who had become so engrossed with the occupation of warfare with them, should continue to seek the "bubble reputation" in foreign service, since there was no longer a home demand. At all events, there certainly sprung up at this period, armed and equipped, that eccentric and romantic body of soldiers since known as "Free Lances," who speedily made their skill and their prowess felt in all Europe and Asia, and for the next three or four centuries were the bugbear of communities, and even ordinary troops. The "Free Lance" was a veteran soldier who fought partly from habit, and partly for the desire for booty as well as glory, which so soon becomes a characteristic of the undisciplined warrior. Sometimes, in the shape of a mountain chieftain, he could marshal forth his vassals, from a score to one hundred, armed and equipped, and either bargain and let these out to some monarch then at war, or, if he held at heart the cause which was at stake and was sufficiently wealthy to disdain pay, he would lead his men into the field to fight under a foreign banner without money and without prize.

It was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century that irregular troops became noticeable in masses. At this time there appeared in Southern Europe bodies of light cavalry, the first then known, who were called "Estradiotes." These were Greeks from Albania and the Morea. They rode swift and active Turkish horses and dressed as Turks, except that they did not wear the turban. These were in the armies of the Turks and also of the Venetians, and they were the origin of the French light cavalry, of which we first hear in the reign of Louis XII., who formed some companies of them, to which were added a large number of these "Albanians" or "Estradiotes."

Turning now from Europe to Asia, were are led to consider the Sikhs, whom there is good reason to consider, at least during a portion of their history, as irregular troops. The Sikhs were originally a religious sect of the people of India, chiefly inhabiting the Punjaub. They were Deists, and rejected alike the Koran and the Vedas; as a consequence of which they drew upon themselves the hatred of both Moslems and Brahmans. The result was, naturally, that incessant warfare followed between these sects and the Sikhs, which lasted for centuries. In 1675, the Sikhs received a code of laws, and their country, which had hitherto been under the dominion of a chieftain, was organized as a state. Caste was abolished and absolute equality decreed. A blue costume was introduced as a peculiarity, and personal customs—such as allowing the hair and beard to grow long and uncut, and that every man should be a soldier, and should

BASHI-BAZOUKS BURNING A VILLAGE.

always carry steel—followed. The Sikhs continued to possess great strength as a people until early in the eighteenth century, when they were overwhelmingly defeated by Bahadoor Shah. They, however, reunited their roving bands, and drove the Afghans from the Punjaub. After this they were divided into small confederations, governed by petty chiefs, and, under Runjeet Singh, regained a considerable degree of power. In 1845 war broke out between the Sikhs and England, which terminated in a treaty by which a greater part of the Sikhs' territory, and almost their entire government, were ceded to the East India Company. During the Sepoy mutiny, in 1857, the Sikhs were faithful in their allegiance to the British and were of material aid. In 1868 the number of Sikhs in British India was officially stated at 1,129,319. They have peculiar national characteristics, which they have preserved through all their wars and losses. They are tall, thin, dark and active, excellent soldiers and horsemen, frank, sociable and pleasure-loving.

The Cossacks, who became so well known during the war with Napoleon, are a sort of a military colony on a grand scale. Their lands are of immense extent, embracing 57,000 square English geographical miles, or about two-thirds of the area of Great Britain, than which these are incomparably more level and fertile. The Cossacks are under obligations to serve the Emperor when required. The whole male population of their country are capable of bearing arms for the service of the Emperor, and they constantly furnish 100,000 men, distributed in 164 regiments, to the imperial forces. So warlike, however, are these people, and so thoroughly are they trained from infancy to the duties of horsemanship, that if summoned to the standard they could

BASHI-BAZOUKS PASSING THROUGH THE BAZAAR AT PHILIPPOPOLIS.

ZOUAVES TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH PRUSSIAN LINES.

easily furnish more than double this force, either for the defense of the country or the purpose of aggressive warfare. "Glory, plunder, wine and women" form irresistible attractions, which impel the entire nation into the career of conquest. Their immense bodies of horses more nearly resemble the hordes of Genghis-Khan or Timour than the regular armies of Western Europe. This causes them to constitute the real strength of the Czar, and as their predatory and roving habits never decline, and cannot do so from the nature of the country which they inhabit, while their numbers are constantly and rapidly increasing, it is easy to see how formidable they are.

The Cossacks are organized in regiments of 800 men, each regiment being divided into "sofnias" or squadrons. In ordinary times the Cossacks of the Don furnish two regiments to the Imperial Guard and fifty-four to the Line. The Cossacks have also about thirty battalions of infantry, and some artillery. In the Russian language they are called "Kazaks," which in Turkish means "robbers," and in the dialect of the Tartars, "Free Light Mounted Warriors."

Previous to the middle of the seventeenth century the country along the banks of the Southern Dnieper, and of its tributaries, though settled by Russians, was chiefly populated by people from the neighboring borders, which formed the compact and warlike Malorusian tribe, which sustained a constant border warfare with the Poles, Russians and Crimean Tartars. Finally, in 1654, these submitted to Russia. The eastern Cossacks were principally in the service of the Russian Czar as early as the first half of the sixteenth century. Their chief province comprises the vast steppes west of the Don, which gives the name to the tribe. The Cossacks are equal among themselves, and elect all their officers except the chief, and they are free from taxation. Their chief occupations in times of peace are fishing and the breeding of cattle, that of horses forming their chief work. In times

A GROUP OF SEPOYS.

of war all men from eighteen to fifty years of age are bound to serve on horseback, providing their armor at their own expense, and having the free choice of their dress. Their arms are a lance ten to twelve feet long, a carbine, pistol and sabre. They are divided into "polks" or regiments, and subdivided into hundreds, fifties and tens. They are expert in surprising and intercepting small detachments, and annoying an army on a march, and demoralizing a retreating enemy, as was peculiarly the case during the French retreat from Moscow. They wear beards, and dress in round caps and wide trousers. Their language is the Russian, intermixed with Polish and Tartar words. A recent writer on the Cossacks speaks of them as follows: "But they shone as light troops, mounted on their hardy little horses. They have frequently been known to travel a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, loaded with arms and plunder. In the heaviest marching order they plunge into rivers, tread morasses, explore thickets, and cross the most fearful deserts amidst the parching heats of Summer, or the snows of Winter. No army with Cossacks in its front need fear surprise. No retreating army pursued by Cossacks can be so vigilant as to escape surprise. Their velocity, activity and courage render them peculiarly dangerous to a retreating foe, often fatal to a flying enemy. When the rear-guard halts, and a respectable force collects to oppose their incursions, they never hazard an attack, but fly without hesitation, like the Parthians of old, until a more favorable opportunity of renewing the pursuit occurs; and when the enemy resumes his march they press upon his retreating columns, inundating the country on all sides, and are frequently to be seen a hundred miles in advance of the main body of the pursuing foe."

The lance, which was an important weapon until the close of the sixteenth century, will be noticed to be the chief article in the armament of the Cossacks. The Poles continued to use this weapon for their cavalry, and the Hussars and Lancers of Poland were ultimately adopted by many other European nations in the formation of their armies. The Hussars wore a cuirass covered with a panther's skin slung over the back, the head of it being fastened on the left shoulder, and the remainder falling on the back. The back piece of the cuirass was adorned with a species of feather wings rising as high as the helmet. They carried a gilt lance fourteen or fifteen feet long with a flag near the point, which, fluttering in the attack, together with the rustling noise of the wings, was intended to frighten the enemy's horses. None but the nobility were admitted into these companies. The light cavalry of Poland was also composed of noblemen; but the Tartars whom the Grand Duke of Lithuania had received into his states during the conquests of Tamerlane were admitted on an equal footing both as officers and privates. From Huland, a Lithuanian nobleman, who was one of their first leaders, we get the term "*Uhlan*," which still remains the German name for Lancer. Marshal Saxe, King Frederick the Great and the Emperor Napoleon I. all experimented with regiments of Polish Lancers.

As to the use of the lance, it is pronounced by an authority "the queen of weapons," and it is worthy of note that this has reappeared among those nations which have been most active in the great wars of the century. At Leipsic, in 1813, the long lances of the Russian Cossack guard told very severely even upon the French cuirassiers. At Eland 600 Cossacks of the Don restored the battle, while at Waterloo a regiment of French Lancers almost entirely destroyed the Household and Union Brigades, and were more severely felt by the English than the repeated charges of the cuirassiers.

The Hussars originated in Hungary, where they did good service against the Turks. When peace had closed their labors they sought employment elsewhere, and so proficient were they in making themselves useful, that they were in great demand, and every prince of note desired at least a few squadrons of them in his army. Thus the genuine Hungarian became scarce, and Poles, Bohemians and others were received as substitutes, until finally experiments were made with native regiments, and so successfully that at one time Hussars threatened to absorb all other kinds of cavalry. A good description of the Hussar is found in a writer on armies as follows: "The dashing, bold Hussar, that epitome of military impudence and recklessness at the tavern, presents those qualities in a sublimated form on the field, regardless of fatigue and danger."

Great reproach against the Hussars, at all times, has been occasioned by their high indulgence in extravagant finery. Even in the days of Gustavus Adolphus, the Imperial Hussars were most sumptuously equipped; not only the headgear of their horses, their pistols, sabers and *sabretasche*, but also the buttons on their jackets, were of solid silver, while herons' feathers adorned their caps.

The Polish Hussars in the reign of Charles XII. appear to have been equally ambitious of display. Says Voltaire: "They marched attended by several valets, who led their horses caparisoned with bridles plated with silver and silver nails."

The Bashi-bazouks are irregular cavalry troops in the Turkish service. In the war in the Crimea they were frequently engaged with the enemy; but they were turbulent and insubordinate, and plundered whenever occasion offered, so that they were generally more troublesome to their friends than to the enemy. W. H. Russell, the war correspondent of the London *Times*, in describing these "wild cavaliers," says: "It would have been difficult to find more picturesque-looking scoundrels if the world was picked for them from Scinde to Mexico. Many of them were splendid-looking fellows, with fine sinewy legs, beautifully-proportioned muscular arms, and noble, well-set heads of the true Caucasian mold; others were hideous negroes from Nubia, or lean, malignant-looking Arabs with sinister eyes and hungry aspect; and some were dirty Marabout fanatics from Mecca, inflamed by the influence of their *hadj*, or pilgrimage." For ages the finest cavalry known in Europe was unquestionably the Turkish. The largest proportion of its men and horses were brought over from the Asiatic provinces of the empire, and the rest were principally of Asiatic descent. The horses were not large, but nimble, spirited, yet docile, and so trained and bitted as to be under perfect control. The hollow saddles were rather heavy, but all the other appointments were light. The soldiers rode in broad, short stirrups, to which they and their sires had been long accustomed, and from which it was very difficult to dislodge them. Their scimeters were light and sharp, and, in addition to them, they usually carried in their girdles that shorter, slightly curved weapon, called the yataghan, with an edge similar to a razor's. Some of the Spahis used long lances or spears, but these were always flung away as useless in the midst of the battle. Their tactics were few and simple. If they could not force in the edge of one wedge, they tried another and another. If they penetrated the hostile line, they dealt death everywhere round them, their sharp weapons generally inflicting mortal wounds by cutting the limbs clear off. If the enemy gave way

they spread out like a fan, and, while some pressed on the front, others turned the flank and assailed the rear.

Russell continues: "For some days 3,000 Bashi-bazouks and militia were encamped close to our cavalry camp, and every day performed regular evolutions in the plains below, and made the night hideous with their yells and challenges. Finally, to the great relief of all their neighbors, our friends moved off to Varna, with great flourishing of lances, swords and trumpets, headed by ragged red banners, there to be placed under the mild rule of General Yusuf, the famous Algerian commander, who bent so many of the wild tribes of the Desert beneath the French yoke. In all villages about, tales are told of the violence of these ruffians. They were true types of the Mussulman soldiery as they are yet to be found in Asia, and as they would have been, perhaps, even in the camp if the eye of Europe had not been upon them." Their camp, just outside of town, was worth a journey to see. Their tents were all pitched regularly, and their horses were neatly tethered in lines like those of regular cavalry. They were divided into five regiments, and each man was paid a franc a day by the French authorities. This was under the wholesome control of Omer Pasha. As he moved northward, and left a larger extent of ground between his army and the Allies without military occupation, these wild and reckless men, deserting, became more and more troublesome, and began to indulge in their old habits of violence and plunder. Finally, the Bashi-bazouks tired of the settled forms of camp life, and, impatient of French control, began to desert in crowds; and at length the corps was declared disbanded, and General Yusuf was obliged to admit his complete failure.

The Zouaves, while originally irregulars, have been of late years drafted into the regular army of the French, of which they form an important division. The Zouaves are infantry, and derive their name from a tribe of Kabyles in Algeria, whose fighting-men have been noted throughout the northern part of Africa for generations.

The Dey of Algiers had been in the habit of recruiting from one of the great tribes of Kabylia a body of troops, to which he had given the name of Zouaves. After the occupation of Algiers, in 1830, a body of these mercenary troops, in the service of the Dey, were incorporated in the French army, with French officers—and Frenchmen were also distributed among the companies as private soldiers—but the rich Oriental costume, which is at once picturesque and graceful, was retained. The Zouaves were destined to fight as skirmishers; it was therefore determined to give them the same tactics and armament already adopted by the foot Chasseurs. These tactics, much improved upon, have become famous and have been known throughout all the world as the Zouave tactics. The corps was afterward organized into distinct companies of Frenchmen and Arabs, and in 1837 it was divided into three battalions under Colonel, afterward General, Lamoricière. To this officer and his successor, General Cavaignac, was due the great efficiency of the Zouaves in the many conflicts which preceded the final conquest of Algeria. Long before this, however, the corps had lost its native features, and after 1840 the Zouaves were simply European troops uniformed as Arabs and recruited mainly from the slums of Paris; yet, by means of severe drill and discipline, in the Crimean War they gained the best reputation of all the French infantry, a reputation which they fully sustained during the Italian campaign of 1859. This corps had already by its zeal and the great services which it had rendered the Government become quite famous, and its mysterious name, gorgeous uniform and dazzling renown, made it to be considered by the French soldiery as a privilege of the first degree to be allowed to enter its ranks. With great judgment those selected were men of most vigorous temperament, including a large proportion of that singular outflow of Parisian life known as the *gamins* of Paris. For recklessness and daring, the Zou-Zous have ever held the palm, and these very qualities go far to palliate the many undoubted faults to which they lead. With the recklessness of irresponsibility, and mischievousness of monkeys, the pranks that they play are often of the most daring and laughable character. A recent writer says: "I have often seen them when the French and Austrian armies were encamped on either side of the River Po, come down to the bank and wash their clothes as unconcernedly as though there were not an enemy within a hundred miles of them, and after they had finished wave in the most audacious manner a graceful acknowledgment to the Austrian sharpshooters, whose admiration of the daring display had alone staid the deadly bullet. At the battle of Melegnano, while in the midst of a terrific charge, a well-known air played by the magnificent band of the enemy struck upon their ears, and with one impulse they dropped their muskets and applauded 'until the very welkin rang.' This tribute to the performers over, the next moment they were up and took possession of the heights."

In the reorganization of the French Army under the law of March 13th, 1875, the Zouaves consisted of four regiments, each of four battalions, each battalion containing five companies. Their weapon is a carbine with sword-bayonet, and their dress consists of a loose jacket and waistcoat of dark blue cloth, red Turkish trousers, red fez with yellow tassel, green turban, sky-blue sash, yellow leather leggins and white gaiters. The officers' uniform is that of the French infantry officers. During the Civil War in the United States, a few volunteer regiments were uniformed as Zouaves and so called. These all performed good service, and showed that in America at least the best material could be found for recruiting this class of infantry, capable of being drilled in the complicated system of Zouave tactics. No other European army besides France possesses a corps corresponding to the Zouaves, for the proper element is wanting; and it has remained for America to prove that which she has always contested, that whatsoever the requisite needed, she possesses it within her own bounds.

Russell says of the Zouaves: "They are generally smart young fellows, about five feet six inches in height, burned to a deep copper tint by the rays of an African sun, and wearing the most luxuriant beards, mustaches and whiskers, so that it is somewhat hard to believe these fierce-looking warriors can be Europeans." . . . "The shrill trumpets of the Zouaves were frequently heard performing a wild and eccentric march, and these fierce-looking soldiers of Africa, burnt brown by the constant exposure to the sun, with beards which easily distinguish them from the native Arabs, came rushing past, for their pace is so quick it fully justifies the term. The open collars at their throats allow free play to the lungs. The easy jacket and loose trousers, and the well-supported ankle constitute the *beau ideal* of a soldier's dress. Their firelocks and brasses of their swords and bayonets are polished to a nicety. Each man was then fully equipped for the field, with great-coat strapped over his knapsack, canteen by his side, a bill-hook or hatchet, and cooking-tin fastened over all. In the rear, mounted on a pack-horse, followed the *vivandière*, in the uniform

SPAHIS IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

of the regiment, with natty and neatly polished barrels of diminutive size dangling over the saddle. The word was given to halt—stand at ease, pile arms. In a moment the whole regiment seemed disorganized. The men extended far over the fields, gathering sticks and brushwood, and it appears incredible that they could have gathered all the piles of brambles, dried wood and leaves, which they had deposited in the rear of the lines, from the country which looked so bare. The officers gathered in groups, and lighting cigars, chatted and laughed or sat on the ground while their coffee was being boiled. The moment the halt took place off came the boxes from the sumpter-mule. A light, portable table was set up, knives, forks, glasses and cups were laid out, a coffee-tin was put upon three stones over a fire of bramble, and in three minutes each officer could take a cup of this refreshing drink after his long march, with a biscuit, a morsel of cheese and a *tassée* of brandy afterward. In a very short space of time two or three hundred camp-fires were lighted, sending up tiny columns of smoke, and coffee-tins were boiling at all of them. Pipes of every conceivable variety and shape were lighted, and a hum and bustle rose up from the animated scene, so rich in ever-shifting combinations of form and color that an artist might have looked on it with wonder and despair."

The Zouaves are quite as great foragers as are the Bashi-bazouks, without, however, possessing the characteristics of brutality and licentiousness which disgrace the latter corps. Despite all orders to the contrary, the Zou-Zous cannot refrain from pillaging whenever they strike a rich mine or *placer*. In the Crimea, whenever a cart with provisions or spirits broke down, it was plundered by the active Zouaves, who really seemed to have the gift of ubiquity. Let a wagon stick, or break a wheel or axle, and the Zouaves scented it out as vultures do carrion. In a moment barrels and casks were broken open and their contents distributed, and the commissary officer, who had gone to seek for help, on his return found only the tires of the wheels and a few spokes left; for these indefatigable foragers completed their task thoroughly, and carried off the cart, body and boxes to serve as firewood. They were splendid fellows, always gay, healthy and well-fed. They carried loads, foraged, and built huts for the English as well as for themselves, and proved themselves most agreeable comrades. And yet even they would sometimes grumble. One instance is recorded of a Zouave, who complained in this wise: "Look at me," he said, "first bassoon of the Third Zouaves! Pupil of the Conservatory of Paris! After having sacrificed twenty years of life to acquire a talent to render myself agreeable to society, look at me! Forced to cut wood to make my own soup!"

At the Alma, at Inkermann, and indeed throughout the Crimean War, the Zouaves proved themselves gallant soldiers. At the capture of the Mamelon they fought a hand-to-hand encounter, here with the musket, there with the bayonet, and in less than twenty minutes after the first attack the Russians left the fort, spiking their guns as they went out.

TURCOS EXCITING WONDER IN GERMANY.

IRREGULAR TROOPS.—INDIAN SCOUTS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY DRINGING IN SCALPS.

The Zouaves, Turcos and Pandours are about the only irregular foot soldiers known to us. The freedom and excitement necessary to the life of the irregular consort best with cavalry, and from the time of the Estradiotes we find that all the countries of Europe supplied themselves with light horsemen of an irregular status. When Gustavus Adolphus entered Germany, the Swedish horsemen consisted of cuirassiers and dragoons only. The Austrians had also carbineers and Hussars. The Pandours were Hungarian infantry employed by the Austrians, and were properly irregulars. Frederick the Great afterward employed these during his wars. When Frederick ascended the throne he found his army about 80,000 strong, his cavalry consisting of sixty squadrons of heavy horse, forty-five of light, and six of Hussars. It is said of them that they excelled in polishing their saddles, bridles and boots, and plaiting ribbons in their horses' manes. Both men and horses were colossal. They dared not move on uneven ground, and charged at a walk or a creeping trot. At the close of the first Silesian War, Frederick immediately proceeded to the reorganization of his cavalry, and devoted his whole attention to making his men good riders. They were all trained to go over ground at their best speed for 2,000 yards without breaking their array, and all evolutions were to be made with the greatest speed, and wheels to be done at the canter. According to Frederick, every officer of cavalry must bear in mind there are but two things required to beat the enemy: "First—Charging with the greatest possible speed and force. Second—To outflank him." Bonaparte was supreme in his management of cavalry, as he was with regard to all the movements of armed men. Writing to the Directory, he said: "The Roman legions, they say, made twenty-four miles a day. Our half-brigades made thirty, fighting not included." His first campaign occupied just fifty-two days, during which time he gained four pitched battles and a greater number of less important victories.

Leaving Europe again for the East, we will consider briefly the Sepoys, the native soldiers of the British Army in India. As has been shown, the word Sepoy means about the same as Spahi. The practice of employing natives as troops originated with the French, about the middle of the eighteenth century, and in 1748 the East India Company organized a small body of Sepoys at Madras, which had increased to fourteen battalions, numbering 10,000 men, at the time of the battle of Plassey. In 1772 the native army of the East India Company amounted to 45,000 men. The Sepoys were volunteer troops, those of the Bengal Army being mainly high-caste Hindoos. But in the armies of Madras and Bombay the aristocratic element was not so prominent. The Bengal Sepoy was tall, well formed and of noble presence; but he was less docile than the Sepoy of the Southern and Western armies. Notwithstanding local mutinies on the part of the native soldiers, their discipline and good service in the field extending through so many years inspired an extraordinary and almost universal confidence in their loyalty, which existed throughout India up to the beginning of the great Sepoy revolt in 1857. When this began the East India Company's Army consisted of about 300,000 men, all Sepoys with the exception of 40,000. The mutiny was almost wholly confined to the Bengal Army. Its suppression is matter of history, and the illustration we give of the terrible punishment inflicted by blowing certain of the mutineers from the British cannon will be remembered as an unhappy but most necessary incident of the rebellion. In 1861 the Indian army was reorganized, its numbers being reduced one-half, the troops being nominally on the footing of irregulars. They include 137 battalions of infantry, 40 regiments of cavalry, and a few batteries of artillery. The number of men in 1873 was 128,447, one-fifth of these being cavalry.

The only irregular troops in our service are the Indian scouts, who, without being recognized as a normal part of the Army, have, nevertheless, rendered no little service, though their savage modes scarcely seem compatible with their employment by the National Government.

Our armies have been made up entirely on the volunteer system. The nearest approach to an irregular service in this country occurred during the Revolution, when the King of England employed Hessian and other mercenaries to fight his battles in the colonies. According to the best authorities, the number of these mercenaries actually mustered into the British service was 29,166, who came from Brunswick, Hesse-Cassel, Hesse-Hanau, Waldeck, Anspach and Anhalt. Of these, 17,313 returned home, the total loss being 11,853. The total expense of these mercenaries to the British Treasury was, at the present standard, about £14,000,000 sterling, or $70,000,000. There is very good reason to believe that this will have been the last, as it was the first, instance of the employment of foreign mercenaries on American soil.

FOX AND GEORGE IV.

To his other evil qualities (said O'Connell once) George IV. added a perfect disregard of truth. During his connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert, Charles James Fox dined with him one day in that lady's company. After dinner Mrs. Fitzherbert said:

"By-the-by, Mr. Fox, I had almost forgotten to ask you what you did say about me in the House of Commons the other night? The newspapers misrepresent so very strangely, that one cannot depend on them. You were made to say that the Prince authorized you to deny his marriage with me!"

The Prince made monitory grimaces at Fox, and immediately said:

"Upon my honor, my dear, I never authorized him to deny it."

"Upon my honor, sir, you did," said Fox, rising from the table. "I had always thought your father the greatest liar in England, but I now see that you are!"

Fox would not associate with the Prince for some years, until one day that he walked in, unannounced, and found Fox at dinner. Fox rose as the Prince entered, and said that he had but one course consistent with his hospitable duty as an English gentleman, and that was to admit him.

A Strange Cure.—Theodore Barrière once contemplated suicide. He had loaded a pistol and sent for a friend to impart his last wishes to him. The friend came, and made not the slightest attempt to turn him from his purpose, but sat down and coolly wrote out his instructions. Then, while Barrière was writing a last farewell epistle, his friend carelessly took up the pistol, which was at full cock, examined it, and pointed it at the writer. The latter at once slipped under the table with marvelous agility, and shouted: "Great Heavens, be careful! Do you know what you are about? That thing is loaded!" The extreme oddity of the situation provoked irresistible mirth, which cured Barrière of his morbid tendency.

PASSION-FLOWERS.

She takes them from the warm south side
Of her fair house at eventide;
Her fragile fingers blend
The flowers for graveyard wreath and cross,
Symbolic of a love and loss
Whereof she knows no end.

Far, far behind her in the haze
Of years and tears, those early days
Of love and sorrow lie.
She was a wife; on one true breast,
Her troubled girlhood found a rest
In glad security.

Together in youth's morning-time,
Their hearts rang true to true love's chime,
Through never-weary hours;
Together, standing in the sun,
They pulled with gladness, one by one,
Love's purple passion-flowers.

But death stole grimly to their side,
And reft the bridegroom from the bride.
Her marriage coronet
Was scarcely laid with blushes down,
Ere, on her curls of chestnut-brown,
The widow's cap was set.

She was a wife, true wife to one
Whose noble race was swiftly run;
And, faithful to love's creed,
She, made a widow in her youth,
Hath kept her first, her fairest truth,
And widowed is indeed.

He left her lonely, when the springs
Of life were fullest, when love clings
With passion to its mate.
She dropped the purple flowers of love
Among the grass that waved above
His grave—and learned to wait.

She gave him all she had in life,
Her fair, fond self, a perfect wife,
With dower of hope and youth;
She gives him all she has in death,
Her chaste, white life, untouched by breath
Or hint against her truth.

She waits. No longest year shall bring
To her a second spousal ring,
No other marriage hours;
She waits, until by Eden's tide,
The bridegroom gathers for his bride,
The fadeless passion-flowers!

THE FIFTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

By Mrs. Denison.

The last time Casper Green was ever seen alive, he was coming up out of the cellar, a basket on one arm, a bunch of keys and a revolver in his right hand. Everybody knew that the old man kept choice wine in the cellar, in a corner under the kitchen—a place he had built himself, and very handily it was done, too, everything well-fitting and workmanlike.

For five days or more it had stormed. The snow was piled along the road, over the fences, and hung in great wreaths from house and barn-roofs, so that very few people traveled the old coach road in Lonsdale that went by Casper Green's house. The old man did not usually live by himself, but owing to circumstances he was now the only inmate of Glenlady, as the place was called. His housekeeper and his niece were both away; the one to visit a sick sister, the other to see a bit of city life for the first time in the year she had lived at Glenlady. She was the light of the old man's eyes, was Susy Lypcie, a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl; but, unfortunately, Casper Green was a man who cherished terrible enmities, and Susy had attracted the regards of the son of a man he hated with a deadly hate, and who did not dare to show himself at Glenlady on that account.

How the old man learned that there was love between the two nobody could tell. Probably some disappointed suitor had in some way managed to bring it to his ears, and when he did know it he was furious.

Susy was the daughter of his favorite sister, who had married very much beneath her, so he chose to think, but when she was left a widow and penniless, Casper had provided for her handsomely, so that she knew no want, educated her daughter, and promised her that she should be his heiress, so that she need have no fears for the future.

The girl came to live with her uncle when she was seventeen, and still in mourning for her mother. Casper Green had stretched the purse-strings wide on this occasion, furnished her a *suite* of rooms, and given the housekeeper higher wages for waiting upon her; so that Susy was installed like a young princess, and had nothing to do but enjoy herself.

All went smoothly on till the young lady—now called the belle of the town—yielding to the solicitation of several friends, joined the choir of one of the principal churches. Her voice, which was exceptional, attracted the people for miles around, and she made many new acquaintances, among them Black Hal, as he was called. Though dark almost to swarthiness, Hal was the handsomest man in the county. Six feet and some inches, broad-shouldered, magnificently formed, he was the cynosure of all eyes wherever he was seen; at church, theatre, or in the midst of a crowd, the most striking figure there.

As I said before, Casper Green had made his will, bequeathing everything to Susy, and had shown it to her; consequently she felt no uneasiness concerning her future, till the old man called her up, one day, and asked her if it was true that Black Hal was anything to her more than an acquaintance.

Susy blushed and stammered, and finally confessed that she loved him. Then the old man's brow grew black as a thunder-cloud, and he raved and swore till he frightened Susy out of the room.

"Not a shilling do you have from me if ever you marry that man!" he cried, as a parting shot: "not a shilling!"

That night Susy went to singing-school, accompanied as usual by Martha, the housekeeper.

"I'm so sorry the old man's so sot agin Black Hal," said the woman, as soon as they were out of sight of the house. "But, perhaps, you don't know the story?"

"What story?" asked Susy, trembling, as she thought of the old man's fury.

"Well, *his* father married the girl your uncle loved, and, 'cording to all accounts, it was foul play. Miss Hale was the biggest beauty in these parts. My! but

wasn't she handsome! Tall, and moving round jest like a queen, with the biggest, blackest eyes, and—well, Hal looks like her, on'y darker. They say your uncle jest worshiped the ground she trod on, and was engaged to her, when this Jim Hale stepped in between 'em, and fairly kerried her off. I should say he was well shot of her, for I'd be afraid of a woman that went back on her word like that; but I guess she found she didn't love your uncle the right way. Might 'a been. Anyhow there was a terrible time! Your uncle tried his best to kill the other one, and did shoot him through the lungs, and got shot himself. Both men lay nigh to death's door for weeks, and then Mrs. Hale—Miss Burdet that was—declared for Jim Hale, and your uncle went off just as soon as he got up, and never came back till his sweetheart had been married ten years. They say it unsettled his mind, and I guess it did. He's never forgive her, and never will. Hale and him never speak, and I expect he hates the whole tribe."

Susy could not but feel that her uncle had occasion for his feud, but still she loved the handsome fellow who had asked her to be his wife. They met that same night at singing-school, and Susy briefly told him of her uncle's anger.

Her lover only laughed, and said in his quick way:

"I shall have to shoot him if he makes you unhappy."

"But what shall we do?" said the girl. "He has certainly been very kind to me, kinder than my own father. I owe everything to him. It breaks my heart to have him angry with me."

"Oh, he will get over it, perhaps, in time. I suppose you know what's the matter?"

"Yes, I know," said Susy, her cheeks burning; "and certainly he was to be pitied."

"Well, yes, of course; my father won. I don't know which was the better man," he added, laughing; "but of course I shall vote for my own father every time."

"And he threatens to make another will," said Susy, ruefully.

"Let him," said Hal, defiantly. "All the better for me. I can take good care of you. I farm forty acres of my own, and I've got plenty of stock. You won't starve if you come to me penniless, my darling. But he will try very hard to make you give me up."

"He can't do that," said Susy, looking proudly in her lover's face; "but I am so afraid, so nervous! It makes me tremble when I think of his words, his face. Oh! his anger was something terrible."

"He will get all over it. If you could go away somewhere for a few days, and leave him to himself, perhaps he will come out all right."

"I did think of that. One of my cousins has written me to visit her, and I believe I will go there for a week. But, Hal, promise me you will keep out of his way. I can't help thinking he meditates danger to you, the way he speaks. His anger may terminate in insanity. His mind has once been gone for a time, so Martha says."

"Oh, there's no fear, I guess. I'll keep out of his way, however, if you want me to promise," said Hal.

"And please don't go any further," said Susy; "I feel as if something was going to happen"—they were

HAPPY THOUGHT.

UNDER PRETENSE OF THROWING A REFLECTED LIGHT ON THE FACE, THAT RISING YOUNG PORTRAIT-PAINTER, FIBSON, ALWAYS PROVIDES HIS SITTER WITH SOMETHING SO PLEASANT TO LOOK AT, THAT SHE NEVER GETS TIRED OF SITTING (*i.e.*, STANDING).

[*This also explains why his portraits always have that sympathetic and thoughtful expression of contemplative serenity.*]

THE FIFTEENTH OF FEBRUARY.—"MARTHA TOOK HOLD OF THE DOOR-KNOB. IT RESISTED HER EFFORTS. SHE APPLIED HER EAR TO THE KEYHOLE—ALL WAS AS STILL AS DEATH."—SEE PAGE 239.

now on the way home—"Martha and I can go on very well alone."

"Nonsense," said Hal, laughing; "but I'll do it to please you, of course, only you mustn't be superstitious," and he parted from her a few yards from the turn in the road on which Glenlady was situated.

Susy did not see her uncle till late on the following day. He did not come down to breakfast, and the girl dreaded the expected meeting.

When she saw him, however, he was his old self again, though very reticent. She spoke to him of her desire to visit her cousin, and he nodded his head, adding:

"Go if you want to."

But before she went he had a long talk with her, and finally declared that if she came back in the same mind that she must expect nothing from him. He would leave Glenlady to a distant relative, and she must find a home for herself. So under these conditions she went, buoyed up by the hope that her absence and his loneliness would work a change in his intentions. A day or two after she had gone Martha was summoned to the sick-bed of her sister, and the old man was left entirely alone.

Susy had been absent more than a week, but under the circumstances her visit had not been an enjoyable one. All the last day of the great storm she was on the road, and, arriving at Lonsdale, it was very difficult to procure a conveyance to take her home. She succeeded at last in finding a neighbor with a large wood-sled, and in this primitive fashion she arrived at Glenlady just at dusk, and the boy drove away, leaving her at the gate, which she opened after a good deal of difficulty.

It was just growing dark. The path had not been shoveled out, which seemed strange, for her uncle was an athletic man, and always attended to such duties himself. She noticed, also, that there was not a track from the gate to the house, and at every step she plunged in more than ankle-deep. Where could Martha be? By this time, surely, she thought, the lamps should be lighted. There was a feeling of desolation, a silence so appalling that she shuddered at that more than with the cold, which penetrated to her very heart.

Still, hoping there would be a good fire on the hearth, though wondering at the desolation implied, she ascended the steps to the house. To her utter astonishment the front door was ajar, not very wide, but sufficiently to let the snow in, which had drifted up against the side of the hall.

Susy stopped to reason for a moment; but impelled by fear as much as curiosity, pressed forward, entered the hall, and then stood still looking about her, straining her ears for a sound. There was nothing to be seen but the chill, bare hall. Not a sound reached her ear. Where was Prince, the dog? Even he was not there to welcome her.

Putting down her bag, she went to the kitchen-door and opened it. All was dark and still. She could just discern that it was in its usual perfect order; but there was no fire, no Hannah. She stood there wondering if she could find the closet where she remembered having seen Martha put the lamps, and with such a sense of loneliness, hunger and fear that it seemed to her she must fly out of the house.

"Why, gracious to mercy!" was the welcome sound that fell on her ears. It was Martha's voice, and that worthy woman gave a sharp scream as Susy presented herself.

"Well! of all things as ever I did see! You here! Have you jest come home, too? I never thought, when I see them big holes in the snow, who it might be; and you looking like a ghost, too. What in the name of goodness is the meaning of it all? The house is as dark as a pocket, and the entry full of snow. I got Seth Blandin's hired man to bring me over, for my sister is able to be about again, thank Providence; and, come to think of it, I went after you did, and you didn't know a thing about it, of course not. Queer, but I had a sort o' call to come home to-day, but I didn't expect to see you."

"Oh! I'm so glad you've come, Martha!" exclaimed Susy. "No, I didn't know of your going away. But what do you suppose it all means? I found the door open, and it has been open all through the storm. Can Uncle Casper have gone away? Can he be here, sick? Even if he were sick wouldn't somebody be stirring?—and it's so awfully quiet! The house is as still as death."

"We'll see about it," said Martha, producing a match.

"I wish I'd let Seth Blandin's hired man come in, as he wanted to. Says he: 'It looks kind o' suspicious to be so dark, an' you'd better not let me go till you git a light'; but I didn't want no hired man to 'company me, and so I said 'No.' There—there's a light, and now it's sorter kinder cheerful."

Susy dissented from the idea. It seemed to her to look ten times more ghastly and evil, now that the lamp was lighted.

"I don't believe there's a single thing in the house to eat," she said, dubiously.

"Well now, you may be right," was the response, "though I left a pretty good-sized ham, and there's sure to be sugar and flour and tea; but I'm shivering to my toes, and it won't take no time to build a fire."

She went into the lean-to outside the kitchen and brought in chips and wood. Susy had seated herself on one of the wooden chairs, and was a prey to all sorts of morbid fancies.

"Now," said Martha, as the fire soon threw a red glow over the sombre walls, "I'll just look in the pantry, for I only ate a mouthful at twelve myself, and I'm pertey hungry."

She opened the pantry-door, and uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"For goodness' sake, what is it, Martha?" cried Susy.

"I declare to nater—this ham! there's almost as much of it left as there was the fust day I went away, and even the plate o' biscuits isn't all gone. The old man must 'a left the house, or else he's——"

Susy uttered a piercing cry and covered her face with her hands. She was utterly unnerved.

"Don't go to takin' on that way, child. We may all be mistaken. There's one thing I can do—I *can* holler, bless the Lord!"

Susy noticed that as she passed her that Martha's face was very white. Stationing herself at the foot of the stairs, she shouted in stentorian tones the name of the master of Glenlady. Again and again she called, but there was no answer.

"I declare, it makes me creepy," said Martha, coming back, and sinking helpless by Susy's side. If it wasn't night I shouldn't care a bit; but if there's one thing I am skeered at, it's being in the house with a corpse, and no men folks about."

"Oh, Martha! how can you say that! You've no evidence! You don't know!" sobbed Susy. "What makes you talk so?"

"That's a fact, and I don't know why I did say it," said Martha, brightening up; "but somehow it came to me, and I guess now I'll take off my bonnet and shawl, as the room seems to be thawing out, and git supper. I

don't believe anything in this 'versal world would tempt me to go up them stairs to-night. And, now I think of it, the front door isn't fastened; nor any other door, as I know of."

"Oh, Martha, don't let us stay here to-night!" said Susy. "Let us go and get some help somewhere! I *can't* stay here!"

"I'd like to know where we'd go in the pitch-dark! It was snowing hard when I came in, and the wind a-risin'! Hear it?"

At that moment an unearthly shriek wailed round the old house. Susy shuddered.

"No, we couldn't get through them awful drifts. It's as much as our life is worth. We're under shelter, and let us be thankful. As for the old man, why, maybe he's gone away. We don't know."

"Hark! Isn't that a dog howling?" asked Susy, springing to her feet.

"Well, likely 'tis; at a good distance off, however. Well now, come to think of it, Prince *isn't* here! If the old man was home, Prince would be here, wouldn't he? I'd feel better to know the brute was round, too. He's a mighty good watch-dog, Prince is, and his mother was, before him. Come, you hold the candle, and I'll lock the front door. Likely all the rest are fast."

Susy took the candle, but her fingers shook so that she could scarcely hold it.

Never had the great hall looked so dreary, with its deep, flickering shadows. And that silence that even made the driving snow audible, chilled her through and through.

"It's mighty queer, I must say," said Martha. "I haven't felt so sort o' gone since the night I thought Sister Lizy was going, sure. But there's no airthly use to be frightened. We can make ourselves comfortable, and your uncle either *is* here or he isn't; and if he *is*, he's——"

"Oh, don't say it, for pity's sake, Martha!" cried Susy, as she hurried into the kitchen.

"Well, old men is apt to go that way, though I don't like to think of it, for not one wink of sleep will I git this night. I did think it foolish of me—so did Sister Lizy—starting to-day, but you see it was the good Lord's providence, for what *would* you a-did alone, you poor child?"

"Why I should have gone mad, I think, or rushed out into the storm! I couldn't have staid here alone!" said Susy.

"Well, it's all right, as I said before. The good Lord often directs us. He does me, I know. And now I'll git some coffee, and we'll heat up the bread and have a comfortable supper."

"And, then?" said Susy, looking into Martha's eyes; "we can't sit up all night, can we?"

"Well, I dunno. I'm master tired, I know, for I hain't had my good and reg'lar sleep for more'n a week. But, come to think, there's an old sofy-bed in the parlor, and there's bedclothes in it enough to do, I guess. Oh, we'll manage some way. Well, did ever you hear such a wild storm?"

Not long after that, with steaming coffee on the table—which they were very glad to drink without cream—and ham and bread and butter, they made a comfortable meal, and, if it had not been for that one overmastering fear, Susy would have felt almost cheerful. She had come home prepared to brave the old man's anger; to be, in fact, turned from his door; for, questioning her heart, which was brave and loyal, she could not give up her lover. That was out of the question. She had come home prepared to resist, and with defiant feelings toward her uncle, but now she remembered only his tenderness. As the wind howled and the frozen snow rattled against the windows, her heart grew more and more tender toward him. Where was he? Under the same roof with them, suffering it might be, perhaps beyond all suffering! As the time sped on she grew braver.

Suppose he were ill to death and needed their care? Might not his life be saved?

"Martha," she said, "I feel better now, and it seems so cowardly, sitting here and knowing nothing! I am willing to go to his room, if you'll go with me."

"I was just thinking that same myself," said Martha. "I believe we could go to sleep more like Christians—if, indeed, we care to sleep after! But come, let us go while we feel like it!"

They started together—went up the dusty stairs together, Susy holding by Martha's dress, and shivering at every rustle. And, indeed, they might well shiver, for the keen air of December was abroad, and the cold was intense. They reached the landing.

Martha took hold of the door-knob. It resisted her efforts. The door was locked. They rattled and knocked and shouted. Martha applied her ear to the keyhole—all was as still as death.

"He's not there, anyway. He's gone off to Reedville, where his cousin lives, or he's gone a longer journey," said Martha, solemnly. "No use for us to stay here, freezing to death. We've did our duty now, and that's all that could be asked of us; but it's mighty queer. I always told him he did do wrong to lock himself in. 'Suppose you'd be taken sick of a night,' says I, 'where would you be?'

"'Why, I'd be sick,' said he, laughing."

Susy was very grave. She felt sure, someway, that the worst had happened, though hoping for the best. The night passed unquietly enough, and at the gray dawn the storm was raging yet. They were surprised after breakfast to see gray-haired deacon Bolt driving up to the door in his big double sleigh.

"I heered yisterdy that ther hadn't been no smoke seen out o' the chimley at Glenlady for three or four days," he said, as he stamped the snow off that clung to his boots, "so I thought I'd come round. Didn't know you was home, but thought 's long as I was here, I'd come up."

They related their story and their fears.

"Do tell!" said the deacon, and hung up his hat.

"Ain't been such a storm for a centery, 's I know of. Haven't seen the old gentleman for more 'n a week. I guess I'll go up 'n investigate. I s'pose ther's no law 'ginst pushing in the door, is there?"

"Do anything," said Susy; "only find out——"

She could not say the rest.

"Oh, I cal'late it's all right—he's gone off 'n got caught in this are gale. Nobody's folk's ain't been out for a clear week, scarcely. Don't see how you got here."

He went up-stairs, leaving Susy at least hopeful. They heard the lock give way after a time; then steps in the chamber overhead; then a silence that seemed interminable. Then the old deacon came down-stairs.

"Well! I declare!" he exclaimed.

His face looked as gray as his closely cropped hair. They looked up in silence and afraid.

"Might be the jedgment of God, 'n then agin it mightn't. Folks *is* kerless, sometimes, a-handlin' arms. He's up ther, stun dead an' frozen, 'n his dog Prince froze aside of him. Yes, he's a-settin' at the table with a bullet-hole through him, the winder open, 'n the snow piled in.

"THE FIVE SENSES."— SIGHT.— PORTRAIT OF HOECKE.— SEE PAGE 247.

Putty bad sight to come onto. Pistol on the floor, kinder throwed off, 'n papers 'n writing strowed all over the table. Never see sich a sight 'n all my born days—never want to see sich another. Take care o' the gal!"

He spoke just in time, for Susy would have fallen if Martha had not caught her.

It was just as the deacon had said. The old man had been dead four days, since the fifteenth, which was signified by a little date dial, which he always kept beside him. There were several newspapers round, and almost under the old man's hand a note, signed by Black Hal, and which read as follows:

"Will try to be with you at 3 P.M. on Wednesday, 15th. Yours, HARRY HALE."

This looked bad for Hal. Wednesday was the 15th of February, and everybody knew the old man's history.

Meanwhile the deacon had taken Susy home with him, Martha going also to the house of a friend in the neighborhood, though she said she would go back if she was wanted.

The little world about was shocked at the arrest of Harry Hale on a charge of murder. When the trial came off the small court-house was crowded.

The prisoner seemed quite at his ease, though now and then a look of perplexity darkened his brow. When it came Susy's turn to be questioned, he bowed his head on his hand, and seemed to be in a painful reverie.

The housekeeper had had her turn. She testified to the general character of the deceased — declared that he had been insane and under the control of an asylum. And then the counsel turned to Susy, whose pale, beautiful face attracted much attention, particularly as it was known that she was engaged to the prisoner.

"You say your uncle was unfriendly to Mr. Hale," said the lawyer.

"He did not like him, sir," was the tremulous answer.

"Did he speak of him, ever, to you?"

"Not very often," said Susy, her sweet lips trembling.

"Did you ever hear the prisoner speak against your uncle?"

"No, indeed!" said Susy, and then she turned pale again.

It all flashed upon her what he had said that night they were returning from singing-school.

"*I shall have to shoot him if he makes you unhappy!*" Martha had heard him say.

"THE FIVE SENSES.' — HEARING.

"THE FIVE SENSES."—TASTE.
SEE PAGE 247.

Had Martha out of fear told this?

"He was heard distinctly to make a threat," said the counsel.

"Oh, but he didn't mean it," said Susy, incautiously, wringing her hands.

"Then he *did* make such a speech?—something about shooting?"

Susy looked about her in agony. Her eye met that of the prisoner, and she grew white as a sheet. Had she, who loved him so, doomed him to death?

"Sir, it wasn't a threat," she said, with an imploring glance; "it was only an idle word, meant as a jest."

"Such jests sometimes cost dear," was the grave answer.

The prisoner had admitted that he had had an interview with the old gentleman that afternoon.

"I went there," he said, "according to appointment, "but I didn't stay five minutes, for I had another appointment; and, as I saw the old gentleman coming up from the cellar, with a bottle in one hand and a pistol in the other, I concluded to postpone the meeting, for I was unarmed."

"You left immediately, then?"

"I did."

"Where did you go, then?"

"I went to keep my other appointment."

"How long did you stay?"

"Perhaps half an hour, perhaps longer."

"You were not home to supper that night?"

"No, sir."

"You were not home till very late?"

"No, sir; I walked about. I was very anxious, and scarcely knew where I went."

"Why were you so anxious?"

The prisoner was silent.

"You were afraid the man you called upon, Mr. Casper Green, would shoot you?"

"I did have a foolish fear that moment I saw him."

"Did he see you?"

"He did not see me. He seemed intent on a basket that hung on his arm, and managing the revolver."

"Had he ever threatened your life?"

"I am not sure that he ever did."

"And you cannot account for the rest of the time?"

The swarthy cheeks turned a little paler, but he was silent.

"There was no key found in the door, though the victim was locked in. This key, found in your possession, or, rather, in your room, unlocked the door?"

"I cannot help that, sir. The key is an old one, that has been in my possession for a considerable length of time."

"THE FIVE SENSES."—SMELL.

There was a commotion in the court just then.

"A young lady, sir!" said some one to the counsel. "She wishes to give important testimony."

The prisoner started, flushed, frowned; then a clear, glad light came into his eyes. He folded his arms and looked at the ground.

The crowd parted, and a slight, girlish figure came forward.

She looked so young, scarcely more than a child, and she was also childishly pretty. Her cheeks were scarlet. Her eyes shone feverishly.

"I wish this note to be read," she said, with dignity, handing up a paper.

The lawyer read:

"February 15th, 18—.

"MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND—I will meet you, and I fear it must be for the last time. Expect me at half-past three in the Hazel Grove. You know what I have explained to you. I shall only have to tell the same old story. HARRY HALE."

"This note was from the prisoner?" said the counsel, after some consultation with the lawyers.

"Yes, sir. I saw in this morning's paper, or, rather, I heard the evidence read, that some hours on the 25th of February could not be accounted for, and I knew then that I must come and testify. It was the day before the great storm. He, the prisoner, has always been my friend. He used to come to my father's house when I was a little child, and we have known him for a great many years—at least my father has. I have been in the habit of meeting him on several occasions the past year—and———"

Her voice faltered. Then she said, pitifully: "Give me some water, please!"

Hal still sat with folded arms and downcast eyes, while the childishly pretty girl drank with avidity the water which was brought to her by one of the clerks.

Susy also sat there, cold and hot by turns. What was this lovely little creature with the big, baby-blue eyes to her Harry? A thousand apprehensions tore her heart; a thousand conjectures flashed through her brain. With her soul all on fire with love and pity for the prisoner, there came a keen state of jealousy; such as she had never dreamed of suffering. Could it be that, after all, her idol was only common clay? The agony of that moment was so intense that she bore the marks of the pressure of her nails in her hands for weeks afterward. He had made appointments with this pretty, stylish city girl while professing the tenderest love for herself! A fierce and terrible thought possessed her. If this was true, why, let it be proved that he had murdered her uncle! But in another moment she was crying an unspoken prayer that he might be proved guiltless.

The girl on the witness-stand had handed back the goblet, and was now wiping her lips with a handkerchief. Then she spoke again, but not so loud as before:

"As I said, I have been in the habit of meeting Mr. Hale, who was trying to save—save somebody who was very dear to me. This person had got into money difficulties—of course I am not called upon to explain—only that Mr. Hale had opportunities to help him, to plead his cause, and, perhaps, eventually to save him from—from prison!"

The girl could scarcely stand now; her face was colorless, and her lips trembled.

"That is all I can tell you, or nearly all. He met me that afternoon without much hope. It was indeed the same old story, that certain men were determined to prosecute my unfortunate—I mean the person we were trying so hard to save. It is useless now; that person is dead!—died of a broken heart—for oh! he did not mean to be dishonorable—and—it—killed him!"

The whole court was thrilled at the situation. The poor child had broken down and was sobbing pitifully. Many a hand was raised to eyes unused to tears. The prisoner, with pity in his eyes, utterly forgetful of self, looked at the childish, bowed figure. Susy was blinded with the moisture on her own lashes, and almost sick with the sudden revulsion of feeling caused by this pathetic story.

Somebody whispered to the weeping girl, and offered to lead her away.

"No, no! I have not told all," she continued. "The news he brought me that afternoon was so terrible that I could scarcely bear up under it. He, seeing my distress and horror, would not let me return to the city by myself, and went home with me. He would never have told you this, because it might have involved the exposure and disgrace of a family that has hitherto had an untarnished record. Now it is all over, and nothing more can be done. Do you think he could commit that murder? Never! And he could not have staid five minutes at the house you speak of, for I was looking at my watch, and very impatiently. When he came it was only a quarter past three, and it's a long walk, too. So I have told you, though he would not, where he was that afternoon and evening. He is a noble man—no nobler man ever walked tha face of the earth!"

The girl had given her testimony, and had to be helped from the stand, when she took her seat, closely vailed, by the side of a lady who had accompanied her.

This seemed to be the turning point in the trial. Things cleared themselves up, as they were subsequently looked at, and the verdict of the court was that Casper Green, who had once been within the walls of a lunatic asylum, had died by his own hand. It might have been accidental, it might have been a plot prepared in his own brain so that circumstances might point to Hal, though he did the deed himself. That, like many another dark, mysterious tragedy, will never be entirely cleared up.

For weeks and months they searched for his will. No new one had been made, evidently; but the old one could not be found, until one day Hal, looking through the cellar, and rummaging the old wine-bin in company with the cousin of the dead man, who expected to inherit the property, found it in the corner among cobwebs and bottles. He had probably taken it there on the 15th of February, the last day he was seen alive. This seemed to further prove the unsoundness of his mind.

Susy consequently became the owner of Glenlady, and the possessor of a handsome fortune. Still, the place would never seem again like home, with its haunting memories, and soon after her marriage with Harry Hale the property was sold.

Harry subsequently told her the story of the brave girl who could hasten from the bedside of her dead to a public court of justice, in defense of a friend, and which, fortunately, never became public property. The young man was her only brother. He had committed forgery, and as his employers were hard, relentless men, Harry, who was a near relative to one of them, used his influence in vain.

"Would you have told of it?" asked Susy.

"Never!" was his reply.

"Oh, Harry!" she murmured, the tears springing to her eyes, "she told the truth when she said: 'He is a noble man! No nobler man ever walked the face of the earth.'"

A PASSING CLOUD.

By Claud Templar.

She stands beside the door in white disdain;
For some portentous nothing is at stake,
And she will not unsay the words she spake,
Nor he make right of wrong, though he were fain.
Alack! their honeymoon is on the wane;
The hearts that beat as one have learned to ache;
The stream whereat they two have come to slake
Love's thirst is parched for drouth of Love's sweet rain.
They brood in sullen silence 'neath the cloud
That now first shadows this fair wedlock o'er;
When, lo! it bursts in tears from both their eyes;
And, on each other's lips, their anger dies.
Upon his breast her golden head is bowed;
And, in his arms, he clasps his Life once more.

"THE FIVE SENSES,"

As Painted by Gonzales Coques.

About Gonzales Coques, the painter of these pictures of the Five Senses, very little is known. He was born at Antwerp, 1614; he was apprenticed to the third Peter Breughel in 1626; he was free of the Guild of St. Luke, 1640; and its president, 1655, and again, 1680; and he died in 1684. He studied painting under David Ryckaert, a Flemish artist of no particular note, and married his master's daughter in due course. We hear something of a second wife. Then we know what children he had and when they died—know, too, that Gonzales himself died in 1684, and was buried in St. George's Church, at Antwerp.

Gonzales, according to romantic D'Argenville, was a very handsome fellow, and was, moreover, though as a married man he ought to have known better, somewhat over-gallant in his behavior. Being at one time in the service of the Duke of Lorraine, he fell passionately in love with a beautiful young lady, and the sentiment seems to have been reciprocal. Naturally enough, objections were made on the part of the girl's parents; but, nothing daunted, she put on male attire—like the Bailiff's Daughter of Islington—and came to her lover's house in the guise of a Polish student. At this pass matters could not long remain. Inquiries were made, and suspicion soon rested upon the painter and his charming guest. Accordingly they fled to a village in the neighborhood of Antwerp, and there essayed to hide themselves from prying eyes. But the energetic pursuit of an enraged wife and injured parents obliged them to hurry on once more, if they would escape from the troubles and penalties of a legal process. Suddenly they disappeared together, and thenceforward concealed themselves so well that nothing more was ever heard of either of them. Such is the substance of D'Argenville's little tale. It is romantic enough; but it cannot also be true.

Romance apart, however, there is very little to say about Gonzales Coques. His personality is and must abide a mystery to us. The main thing to remember about him is that he fell strongly under the influence of Van Dyck. He gave himself up to painting portraits, and imitated the greater master as closely as he could. There is, however, this difference: the copyist always worked on a smaller scale than the painter he copied. His figures are very seldom more than ten or twelve inches high. It was for this reason that he got the nickname of the "Little Van Dyck," by which he is commonly known. What he lost in size he added in finish. The delicacy of his handiwork is very remarkable. That love of finish possessed him which was one of the great virtues of the Flemish school. During the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth centuries the Dutch painters were, perhaps, foolishly admired; it has now become the fashion to cry them down. Neither procedure is right. The true lover of art will always be ready to admire good work, of whatever kind it may be; but he will not claim that all good work should be placed on the same level or equally esteemed. Let the reader be patient with me for a moment, and I will explain.

Here is a man who inherited from his predecessors every kind of knowledge that he could require about the laws of drawing and the methods of handling brushes and pigments; who had an eye for color, and knew how to group and harmonize different tints most pleasantly together; a man who was gifted by nature and education alike with an infinite deal of perseverance, was always eager to complete what he undertook, as well as he could, and was absolutely incapable of scamping or of producing pretentious work. Can we not be content to admire the evidence of these virtues? If he and his fellows were not prophets, and had no visions of lands that were brighter and fairer than their own flats, why should we quarrel with them? They give us all they had to give, why should we ask for more?

Coques, at any rate, knew how to paint with good rich colors—"warm brown flesh-tones," and what not. He was good at "greyhounds and other dogs, and employed an open-air background by preference." In his case careful work seems to have been sufficiently rewarded; for we read that very soon the prices that he was enabled to charge removed his work quite beyond the reach of ordinary buyers. His picture of the family of a certain Nassonigni made a name for him at court; and thenceforward he sunned himself in the comfortable radiance of regal favor. And this was productive to him not only of "a medal with the Prince of Orange's portrait hanging from a gold chain," which all his biographers are careful to mention, but of orders for work of various kinds from this and the other prince or king, likely to be very well paid.

His paintings were mostly of the kind known as conversation-pieces—portraits of a whole family at once, seated about a table, perhaps, or otherwise grouped indoors. He also availed himself of the elegant costume of the Spaniards (then the prevailing fashion at Antwerp) to give picturesque effect and beauty to his figures.

The influence of Van Dyck by degrees became more and more predominant in Coques's work, and it is upon those portraits on a small scale, which are the proof of it, that his fame is really based. Of these the most valuable in existence are probably the portraits of William Penn and his wife, preserved at Dungannon, the property of the Earl of Ranfurly. The "Five Senses" likewise belong to this class. We do not know for whom they were painted. They were recently purchased at the Du Bus de Gisignies sale for an English gallery.

At once the best and the most interesting of the set is the first, symbolic of the sense of "Sight." It is a portrait of Gonzales Coques's friend, the Antwerp painter, Robert van den Hoecke (1609—1668). He is near a table, on which lies a plan of Ostende, as it is proved by the name inscribed upon it. In his right hand he holds a picture of a camp which he has just finished painting; it corresponds to the plan on the table. Hoecke's pictures, says Bartsch, "are generally very small and full of figures. He excelled in subjects which admitted the introduction of a very great number—such as battles, encampments, marches, attacks, pillages and the like. His drawing is very correct, *his touch fine*, and his color

delicate. He enriched all his compositions with a prodigious number of figures brought together into a small area, so that it is difficult to observe their variety; yet if they be closely examined, each will be found to be distinctly and correctly drawn." It is evident that the choice of this painter-engraver as an impersonation of the sense of "Sight" was peculiarly apt, his delicacy of handling having been uncommonly admired, alike by his contemporaries and by modern amateurs. Very few of his pictures are known; but eight may be seen in the Belvedere at Vienna, and one, at any rate, in the museum at Berlin. Most of his twenty-one engravings are more easily accessible. In Coques's portrait the artist is girt with a sword — a somewhat extraordinary appendage, one would have thought, for a peaceful craftsman. It is not, however, introduced at random. It is Hoecke's badge of office; for among the favors conferred upon him by the King of Spain was the post of Controller of Fortifications throughout the whole of Flanders. His studies of camp-life were thus productive to him not alone of suggestions for paintings, but of more practical applications as well.

"THE FIVE SENSES."— TOUCH.

As the sense of "Sight" is symbolized in the presentment of a painter, so the sense of "Hearing" is shadowed forth in the portrait of a musician. It is not the sense alone that the artist cares for, but the art by which the sense is appealed to. We are able to say that the first picture of the series is a portrait of Hoecke, because C. van Caukercken was good enough to engrave it and put the name underneath. Unfortunately, no such help comes to us in the case of the musician, and nameless he has to remain. The painting is of course a portrait. There is that in the attitude of the player, in the gesture of his hands and head, that is characteristic of a man engaged in his favorite pursuit. There is no touch of the model about him; he is not in any sense got up for the occasion. And this is one of the virtues of Coques's paintings; if he does not depict heroes, he at all events depicts men. All his people are human; they sit at their ease and behave themselves without constraint. They do not seem to know that anybody is looking on at them. Their coats and cloaks are naturally folded, not pulled this way and that for the sake of symmetry and balance. Good composition is attained, but you do not see how it is done. The art conceals itself, and is so much the more to be admired.

Look, for instance, at the Taster enjoying his Rhine wine and peppered oysters. You see at once that the things really are good to the palate. If you did not know their flavor, you yourself would be glad to try, with so happy an example before you. As yet cookery has not been elevated to the position of a fine art. No compounder of condiments has arisen to awaken the highest emotions of the soul through the medium of the sense of taste. Some day, perhaps, we shall have Beethoven's symphonies translated into dinners and served up in dishes and tureens. In the meantime Coques, having no heroic artist in "Taste" to depict, nor so much as a Gouffé or a Soyer, fell back upon some boon companion with a real capacity of enjoying a good thing, and made an excellent and very delicate portrait of him, sparkling with humor and kindly feeling.

The personification of the sense of "Smell" is in strong contrast with the jolly Taster. It seems possible, too, that the contrast is deliberate and intentional. He is a man, stout, rather gross, and evidently sulky, of Falstaff's tonnage, but without his humor. From the pipe he is smoking he seems to derive but little satisfaction; one judges that probably Coques himself was no smoker. The dapper man objects to the pollution of the atmosphere, and will not represent the lover of tobacco as even satisfied with his own weed.

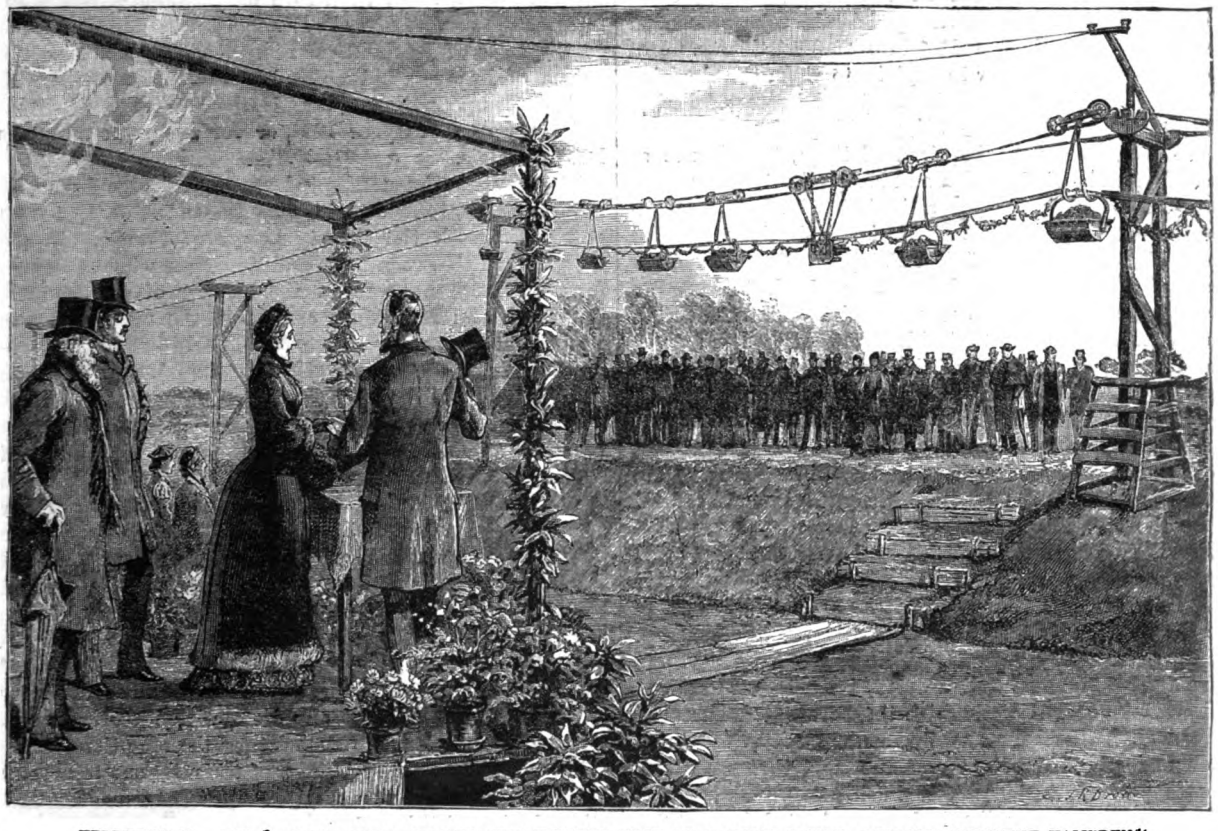
The sense of "Touch" is symbolized in the figure of one letting himself bleed. He has breathed a vein in his left wrist, and is catching the stream in little measures. In his hand — as the old phlebotomists advise — he clutches a staff, to steady the limb, and by putting some strain upon the muscles of the wrist to keep the issue within due limits. The hair is exquisitely finished; every stuff is properly distinguished with its own gloss or bloom; while the blue ribbon "points" round the waist serve to bring out in beautiful contrast to the sombre colors of the coat and the plain brown wall behind.

W. Martin Conway.

FLOWERS AS NATIONAL EMBLEMS AND PARTY EMBLEMS.

THE works of nature, no less than those of art, have their place in "history's varied page," and many are the associations which cling to the most common objects of the vegetable creation. The origin of flowers as national emblems may in most cases be accounted for by some occurrence in past history. Some of these events we would endeavor briefly to recall, adding the stories of a few of those floral badges which have a national as well as a personal interest.

The rose, the national flower of England, has ever been distinguished as the emblem of beauty. Ancient fable derives the crimson hue of many of its varieties from the blood of the heathen goddess of beauty. With equal credulity, mediæval writers relate that the red rose sprung from the firebrands heaped round an early Christian martyr at Bethlehem. Tradition tells us that a rose appeared in the centre of King Arthur's Round Table at Winchester, and some antiquaries would deduce from this source its adoption as the emblem of England. But a more probable derivation is from the badges of the Plantagenet princes. The red rose was chosen as the device of his House by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the fourth son of Edward III.; while his brother Edmund, Duke of York, assumed the white rose. Years passed on, and the descendants of these princes, Henry VI. of Lancaster, and Edward IV. of York, gave to these badges a deeper significance by the Wars of the Roses, waged for the possession of the crown of England. We need scarcely remind our readers of the rival claims of the two Houses—that of York by descent through a female from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III.; while the Lancastrian king was the direct descendant of John of Gaunt. In Shakespeare's well-known play of "Henry VI.," we have a description of a picturesque scene in the Temple Gardens, where the leading noblemen on either side select the badges of their leaders from among the beauteous flowers of Summer. But the white rose of York was doomed to be dyed with the crimson blood of thousands of the sons of England, ere the rival Houses were united by the marriage of Henry VII., the representative of Lancaster, to Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV. of York. Henceforth the rose appears as the national device of England. In the variety color of the old-fashioned rose, the red petals of which are streaked with white, no less than in its popular name of the York and Lancaster rose, we have a memento of this troubled time in English history.



TELPHERAGE.—FIG. 1—FIRST TRIAL OF THE NEW TELPHER LINE AT GLYNDE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND, VISCOUNT HAMPDEN'S COUNTRY-SEAT.—SEE PAGE 251.

The rose has another association with English history, belonging to a later date. After the Revolution in 1688, the white rose was adopted by the Jacobites as the badge of the exiled House of Stuart, and the 10th of June was for a long time called White Rose Day, that being the birthday of the Pretender, as the son of James II. was called.

The Scottish thistle—said to be one of the most ancient badges on record—next claims our attention. The following legend accounts for its adoption as the emblem of Scotland. On one occasion in ancient times, an army of Danes landed unobserved on the Scottish shore. Finding that the Scots were encamped at a little distance, they resolved, contrary to their general rule, to endeavor to surprise them by night. Stealthily advancing upon the enemy's camp, they had nearly effected their purpose, and victory seemed already within their grasp, when one of the barefooted invaders trod upon a thistle.

He was unable to suppress a cry of pain. The alarm was given; the Scottish warriors flew to their arms, and fell upon their assailants, whom they defeated with great slaughter. In gratitude to the plant which had thus guarded the sleeping camp, it was thenceforth assumed as the ensign of Scotland. The device, with the appropriate motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit," distinguishes the order of the Thistle, instituted in the sixteenth century. Dunbar's poems are said to contain the earliest mention of this flower as the Scottish emblem. His poem *The Thrissel and the Rois* was written in 1503, on the occasion of the marriage of James IV. to Margaret Tudor. Unfortunately it is impossible to determine which is the true Scottish thistle, but the best opinion seems to be that it is either *Onopordum acanthium* or *Carduus Marianus.*

We may now pass to the emblem of the sister isle, the trefoil or shamrock. It is related that when St. Patrick landed in Ireland in the fifth century, having overcome the hostility of the savage islanders, he proceeded to instruct them in the doctrines of Christianity. But in vain did he endeavor to explain to them the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity. His untutored hearers failed to comprehend his reasoning, till, plucking a trefoil to serve as an illustration, he inquired of them, "Is it not as possible for the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, as for these three leaves, to grow upon a single stalk?" This argument, according to the legend, immediately convinced the Irish, who yielded to St. Patrick's efforts for their conversion. The shamrock was thenceforth dedicated to the saint, and became the national cognizance. It is somewhat unfortunate that this pretty story is not to be found in any of the lives of the great saints of Ireland; but it is still more unfortunate that it is again impossible to determine which is the true shamrock. According to the best authorities, however, the honor is due to the black nonsuch or *Medicago*, or to the Dutch clover. Both these plants are worn on St. Patrick's Day, and are held to be the true shamrock.

The little Kingdom of Wales, early united to her more powerful neighbor of England, has also a distinctive badge drawn from the vegetable world. The origin of the Welsh leek is traced back to the seventh century. On St. David's Day, 640, the Welsh under Cadwaller were marching against an English army, and wishing to adopt badges which might distinguish them from their enemies, they availed themselves of those most easily obtained. Each man plucked a leek from the field through which he was passing, and stuck it in his cap. The Welsh arms were victorious; the leek was adopted in grateful memory of the event as the national emblem, and was long worn by loyal Welshmen on every anniversary of St. David's Day. In Shakespeare's play of "Henry V.," that *Prince* claims the right, by his birth at Monmouth, to wear the leek. It would appear, also, that the Welsh contingent of the English army had worn this emblem at the battle of Poitiers. We recollect that a leek in diamonds occupied a prominent place in a present given by the ladies of the principality of Wales to the Princess of Wales on the occasion of her marriage.

The origin of the *fleur-de-lis* and the date of its adoption as the floral emblem of France have furnished an ample field for controversy, and, indeed, the original flower used seems not to have been the white lily at all, but a common purple iris. In this case also, a legend, quoted by Dr. Brewer, from Chifflet, declares its adoption to have been out of gratitude for victory. An aged hermit of Joye-en-Valle saw one night a miraculous light stream into his cell, and an angel appeared to him bearing an azure shield, on which were emblazoned three golden lilies. The celestial visitor commanded the hermit to give the shield to the pious Queen Clothilde. By her it was presented to her newly converted husband, who discarded in its favor the three black toads which had been hitherto his device; and, as a result, the arms of Clovis were victorious over all his enemies.

A more prosaic origin of the *fleur-de-lis* is that which ascribes its adoption to Louis VII., who called it *fleur-de-louis*, after his own name. In early days the French standard was thickly strewed with that flower; but the number was reduced by Charles VI. to three, perhaps to correspond with the mystical number of the Trinity. The *flower-de-luce* is five times mentioned by Shakespeare, four of the passages relating to the flower as the cognizance of France. King Henry V., in his charming wooing scene with the French princess, Katherine, thus addresses her: "But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me? What sayest thou, my fair Flower-de-luce?" Edward III. added the flower to the arms of England on account of his claim to the crown of France; and we find it retained on the shield, and thus upon the gold and silver coinage of Great Britain, up to the year 1801, or for 243 years after the loss of Calais.

The lily has been adopted as their badge by many smaller states, to denote, in some instances, descent from and union with the mighty power of France. In the long struggle between Pope and Emperor, whose conflicts form so large a share of the history of the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the white lily was adopted as their party badge by the Ghibellines, or supporters of the Emperor; while the Pope's partisans, the Guelphs, wore the red lily.

We have another national emblem derived from the vegetable world in the pomegranate (Spanish *granado*) of Spain. The town of Granada is said to take its name from this fruit; by reason, it is supposed, of the number of pomegranate trees in its vicinity. When the Moorish power in Spain had been crushed, and Ferdinand and Isabella had entered Granada in triumph, and received the submission of the unfortunate Abdallah, the device of Granada was emblazoned on the arms of Spain, forming a fit emblem of the sunny and fruitful *vega* (tract of land) added to the dominions of the Catholic sovereigns.

We are not aware that any distinctive historical associations are advanced to account for the adoption of the violet as the emblem of Athens, of the mignonette as that of Saxony, or of the sugar-maple as that of Canada. One other device of this nature we will recall—namely, that of the orange as the arms of the small town, inclosed on every side by French territory, from which the Princes of Orange took their name. The badge and color of the Stadtholder's family during the troubles that followed the French Revolution became so hateful to the popular party, that, not satisfied with expelling their prince, the people not only eradicated the orange, lily and marigold from their gardens, but even went so far in their hatred of the aristocratic color, as actually to forbid the sale of oranges and carrots in their markets. But time worked its usual result, and the banished Stadtholder returned to his people as King of the Netherlands, greeted with enthusiastic shouts of "Oranje boven!" (Orange for ever!)

We may now recall a few of those floral badges adopted by prominent characters in history. One of these, the *Planta genista*, or broom, an emblem of humility, has given its name to a race of our kings. It was first assumed by Geoffrey, Earl of Anjou, the father of the first Plantagenet king, Henry II. According to tradition,

the earl, when encamped on a heath just before a battle, plucked a golden spray and placed it in his helmet. The flower gleamed everywhere amid the swaying storm of battle, and the triumphant victor adopted his chance badge as his device. Another tradition makes him assume it during a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, as a symbol of humility.

After the battle of Bosworth (1485), where the House of York was finally overthrown, Henry VII. adopted as his device a crown in a hawthorn bush, in allusion to the crown which his predecessor Richard had so proudly worn, and which was found, dinted and battered, hanging in a hawthorn tree on the field of battle.

The badge of the Stuarts was the Clauran or Thistle. At the Restoration in 1660, twigs of oak were worn because Charles II. had escaped after the battle of Worcester by hiding in an oak-tree. It is understood, too, that an Order of knighthood with the title of Knights of the Oak was at one time in contemplation, and some knights of the Order were actually created; but the project was abandoned from a desire not to perpetuate invidious distinctions between the old and new adherents of the restored dynasty. The forget-me-not, the very name of which breathes its romantic story, served as the badge, during his exile, of the banished Henry of Lancaster, who was subsequently to ascend the throne of England as Henry IV. All his partisans wore the badge, and the rapturous welcome and ready support accorded to the aspiring Prince on his return, showed that though "out of sight," he had not been "out of mind."

In comparatively recent times, we have a flower with a hidden meaning associated with a somewhat similar cause. The violet was the badge of the Bonaparte party, when he who thought to rule the world was banished to his little sovereignty of Elba. "To return in Spring," was the meaning it conveyed to his adherents. In the following March, their expectations were realized by his reappearance in France. But his sun had already set, and a few months later saw him removed to a more distant place of exile.

Our readers will no doubt recall other instances of a similar nature to add to these historical memories of flowers; but we are content, by means of a few examples, to have pointed out the interest which clings to many plants and flowers apart from their recognized beauty and usefulness. On the other hand, lesser details such as these lend life and brightness to the records of past days.

TELPHERAGE, OR ELECTRIC EXPRESSES.

TELPHERAGE is the name which has been given to a system of automatically transporting goods by the agency of electricity as the motive power, which system was the invention of the late Professor Fleeming Jenkin. Dying in June last, however, the professor did not live to see his ingenious ideas carried out on a practical scale. He had begun the construction of a telpher line on the estate of Lord Hampden, at Glynde, near Lewes; but his plans had to be perfected by Professor Perry, his successor, as the engineer to the Telpherage.

On Saturday, October 17th, 1885, a special train conveyed a party of about two hundred guests, among whom were many leading electricians, engineers and other well-known men of science, to Glynde, in Sussex, England, to witness the ceremony of the opening of the first telpher line erected in that country (Fig. 1). The ceremony was performed by the Viscountess Hampden, and was of an exceedingly simple character; on lifting a small box containing a present which the chairman of the company invited her ladyship to accept, electric communication was instantly established between the dynamo in the engine-house and the telpher line, and a train loaded with clay at once began to move up an incline toward the Glynde Railway Station, amidst the applause of the assembled spectators. Whether this ceremony, which took so many distinguished visitors down to Lord Hampden's estate is the inauguration of a great commercial enterprise is beyond our province to inquire; but it is unquestionable that the slight flash seen when Lady Hampden lifted the little box lying on the table in front of the engine-house marked the beginning of a new departure in electro-technology.

Telpherage has been defined as the transmission of goods and passengers by means of electricity without driver, guard, signal-men, or attendants. The conception of propelling electrically a continuous stream of light trains along an elevated *single* rail or rope was due to the late Professor Fleeming Jenkin, but, as stated by him in his introductory address at the University of Edinburgh, he did not see his way to carry this conception into practice until he read the account of the electrical railway exhibited by Professors Ayrton and Perry at the Royal Institution in 1882, when the idea of subdividing the rubbed conductor into sections and providing an *absolute block* for automatically preventing electric trains running into one another was first publicly described. A combination between these three gentlemen was then effected, which led ultimately to the formation of the Telpherage Company and to the series of experiments, lasting for over two years, on actual telpher lines erected at Weston in Hertfordshire, on the estate of Mr. Pryor, the chairman of the company. Various devices were worked out, forming the subject of patents which, together with the other patents of Professors Fleeming Jenkin, Ayrton, and Perry in telpherage, previously taken out, are possessed by the present Telpherage Company. At the commencement of this year matters had sufficiently advanced for the erection of commercial telpher lines, and as a tramway or road would have much interfered with the grazing and hay-growing carried on in the fields at Glynde, and as, in addition, these fields are under water during the Winter, telpherage appeared to furnish the cheapest and most suitable mode of carrying the clay from the clay-pits to the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. Consequently the Sussex Portland Cement Company decided to adopt this method of transport.

The line now opened is nearly a mile long, and composed of a double set of steel rods, each 66 feet long, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and 8 feet apart, supported on wooden posts standing about 18 feet above the ground, as seen in our illustration (Fig. 2), which is from a photograph taken of the line just before it crosses the stream. On the death of the late lamented Professor Jenkin the construction of the Glynde telpher line was left for completion in the hands of Professor Perry, who was then appointed the engineer to the company. The new line, it must be understood, is more than a mere experimental attempt. Although, as scientific men will appreciate, a new undertaking must necessarily involve much tentative experience, the programme carried out at Glynde marked the final result of the experiences gained by the constructors under the direction of Professor Perry, and the company are now regularly delivering clay at the Glynde Railway Station for the use

of the Newhaven Cement Company at a price, as we are informed, of seven pence halfpenny per ton.

The garlanded train which passed along the steel rodway at Glynde, consisted of an electric locomotive, seen in Fig. 2 at about the middle of the train and propelled by the electromotor M, and ten skeps, or buckets, which hang by their traveling-wheels from the steel line. Each skep weighs 101 lbs., and carries 250 to 300 lbs. of dry clay, and, by distributing these evenly and somewhat widely apart, the strain on the steel line is small, although the total weight of the train and clay is about two tons; also, as equal weights are simultaneously ascending and descending similar inclines on the several spans, the effect of the sag on the mechanical resistance of the train is neutralized, and little more resistance is experienced than in hauling a similar train along a rigid road. The rate of traveling is 4 to 5 miles an hour, about two electric horse-power only being necessary to be furnished at the engine-house to propel the train at this speed; and the train is under the control of a workman, who, by touching a key, can start, stop, or reverse the train at pleasure. On the arrival of each telpher train at the railway siding the clay is emptied into the railway wagons by the skeps being tipped over, this being effected either by a man touching with a pole the handles which are seen in Fig. 2 hanging down from the skeps, or automatically by these handles coming successively into contact with a wooden arm padded with india-rubber which is made to stand out from the post where it is desired the clay is to be emptied. One train will deliver the minimum amount of clay (150 tons per week) required by the Cement Company, but, if necessary, twenty trains can be run on the line without fear of a collision, as an absolute automatic block is provided, and the trains are, moreover, governed automatically so as to run up or down an incline at the same speed.

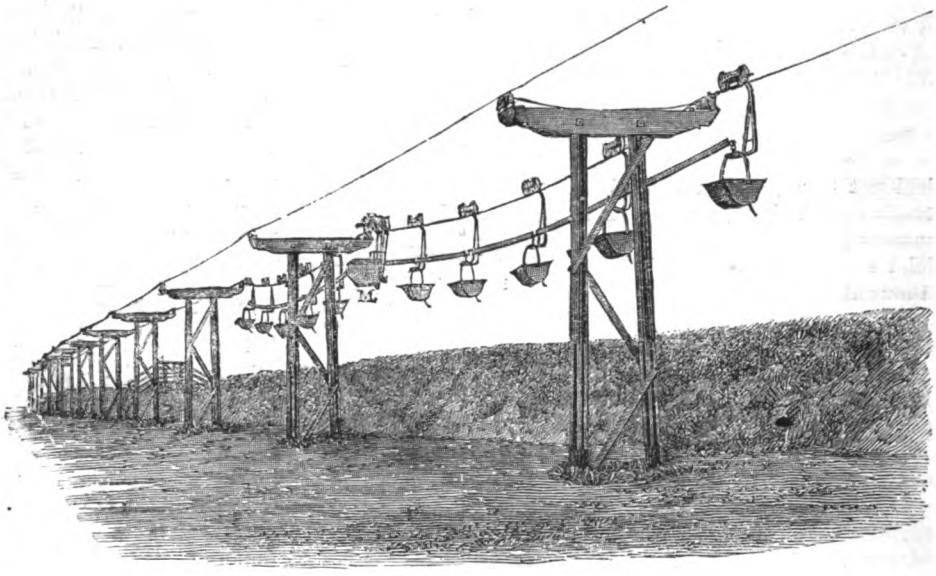


FIG. 2.—A TELPHER, OR ELECTRIC EXPRESS LINE.

This automatic governing of the speed of the train is effected in two ways—first, there is a governor attached to each motor, which interrupts the electric circuit, and cuts off the power when the speed becomes too high; secondly, there is a brake which is brought into action should the speed attain a still higher value. To avoid the formation of a permanent electric arc when the circuit is broken, the governor (Fig. 3) is so arranged that the diverging weights are in *unstable* equilibrium between two stops—they fly out at about 1,700 revolutions per minute of the motor, and fly back at about 1,600. When the circuit is closed the current is conveyed across the metallic contact at C. When the weights W W fly out this contact is first broken, but no spark occurs, because a connection of small resistance is continued at B between the piece of carbon and a piece of steel, which being pressed out by a spring follows the carbon for a short distance as the arm A begins to fly out. This contact is next broken, producing an electric arc, which, however, is extinguished by the lever A flying out to the dotted position. The brake is shown on Fig. 4, and consists simply of a pair of weights, W W, which at a limiting speed greater than 1,700 revolutions per minute of the motor press the brake blocks B B against the rim C C, and introduce the necessary amount of retarding friction. In practice, however, with the gradients such as exist at Glynde, and which do not exceed 1 in 13, the economic method of automatically cutting off the power with the governor is all that is necessary to control the speed of the train; the brake rarely coming into action. With steeper gradients, however, the brake would undoubtedly be very useful.

The current required is 8 amperes per train, this current being measured by an ammeter in the engine-house, and by roughly timing the intervals when no current is being given to a train; that is, when the governor is acting, the particular hill the train is descending can be electrically determined by practice; and so the progress of a train along the Telpher line can be approximately followed by simply watching the ammeter in the engine-house. The electric current is supplied from a 200-volt dynamo driven by a steam-engine, and controlled by a Willans electric governor which automatically varies the speed of the engine and dynamo so as always to keep the electro-motive force at 200 volts, whatever be the number of trains running; hence the starting or stopping of one Telpher train in no way affects the speed of the remainder. It is obvious that water-power or any other source of power can be used where available, even when the source of power is at a considerable distance from the line. By means of compensating gear the tension of the line is so regulated that it can never exceed 2¼ tons on each rod, whatever the temperature; and for straining the steel rods, when first erected, up to the right tension, an ingenious arrangement has been devised during the construction of the line, of vibrating them and determining the exact strain on a rod from the number of vibrations which it makes per minute. The way in which a single wheel track is made to serve for one train, or, rather, two wheel tracks for two trains, instead of the necessity of having four wheel tracks for two trains, as in the ordinary electric railways, is seen from Fig. 5. D is

the dynamo maintaining two long conductors permanently at different potentials indicated by the signs + and — of each section. The wheels L and T of one train, and L_1 and T_1 of the other, are insulated from their trucks and joined by a conductor attached respectively to the terminals of the motor M and M_1. A current consequently is always passing from a + section to a — section through each motor. Mechanically, then, each train is supported by what is practically one continuous steel rod, but in reality at the tops of the posts they are electrically subdivided into sections and joined across by insulated wires, one of which may be seen at the top of the posts in Fig. 2. The wires connecting the two skeps with the motor shown in Fig. 5, are not seen in Fig. 2, as they were too thin to appear in the photograph from which this figure was taken. To prevent the metallic wheels of the skeps short-circuiting the two sections as they cross the tops of the posts, there are insulated gap pieces, which may be seen in Fig. 2, at the tops of the posts where the steel rod is electrically divided.

Various devices have been tried for gripping the rod to obtain the hold necessary to enable the locomotive to haul the train, and these, with many ingenious plans of *nest gearing* for economically communicating the power given out by the very quickly revolving electro-motor to the much more slowly moving wheels of the Telpher

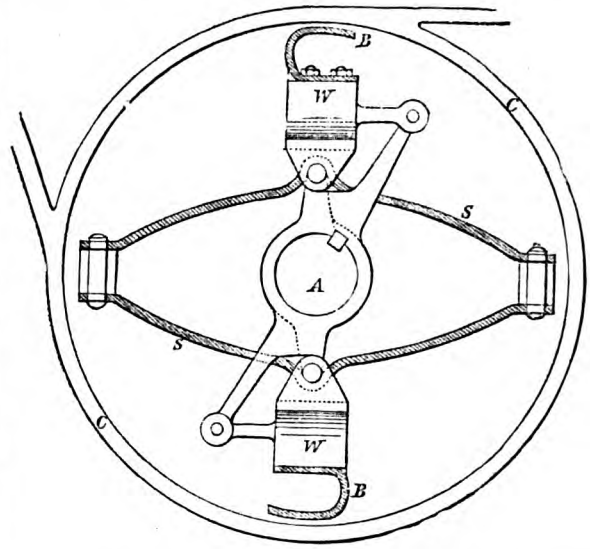


FIG. 4.

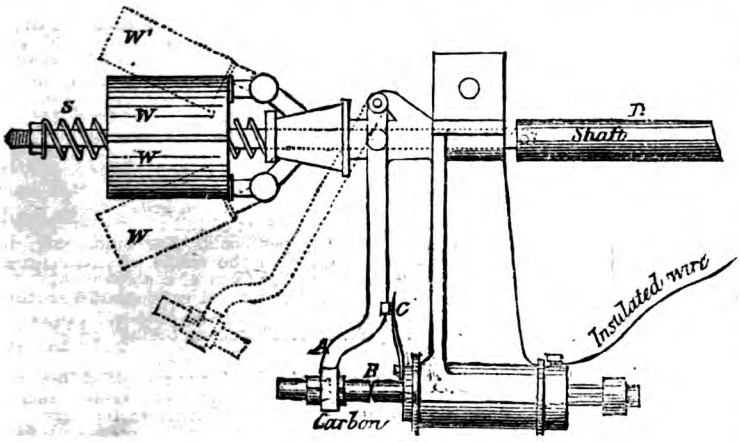


FIG. 3.

locomotive, formed the subject of Professor Jenkins's lecture at the Society of Arts in the Spring of 1884. Practically, however, it is found that for moderate inclines direct driving, with pitch chains, of two wheels with india-rubber treads, give a gravitation-grip sufficiently large for satisfactory haulage; hence the expense of the locomotive, the complexity and wear and tear of its parts combined with the risk of its getting out of order, have been all most materially reduced during the last twelve months.

As the result of the experience gained in the construction of the Glynde line, it is estimated that a similar line could now be erected at short notice for a total cost of £1,200, including engine, dynamo, permanent way, and five trains, with locomotives to carry 100 tons daily; the working expenses, including coal, attendance and depreciation, being less than three pence per ton per mile upon the material carried. A double line like that at Glynde, ten miles long, worked heavily, would carry material at a cost of two pence per ton per mile, the skeps being empty on their return journey. The larger part of the original cost of the Telpher line is due to dynamos and rolling-stock. This plant can be increased, as we are informed, in proportion to the work required; so that there is a very moderate increase of cost in the rate per ton per mile for small traffic as compared with a larger one. On the other hand, a line constructed for a small traffic will accommodate a much larger one with no fresh outlay on the line itself.

Leaving these facts and figures to speak for themselves, it now only remains to point out the advantages claimed for this system of electric carriage. In the first place, the facility with which such a line can be run up and carried over uneven ground or across streams, high fences, and deep ditches, where an ordinary railway would involve serious expense, is sufficiently obvious. A Telpher line need not, as a railway necessarily does, impede the ordinary agricultural operations, but may be carried over fields and pasture lands with little inconvenience. The Telpher line is, moreover, in itself a source of power which can be simultaneously tapped at any desired points and made to assist in the work of agriculture; as the visitors had an opportunity of witnessing when, by means of a motor connected with the line, a turnip-cutter was put into operation. The possibility of utilizing natural sources of power like falling water, and of working the line at great distances from such sources will, as already stated, be evident to our readers. A special advantage claimed for the new system is the ease with which the trains can go round sharp curves without loss of of power, since electricity, having no momentum, experiences no loss in going round a corner; whereas, with the overhead wire haulage system,

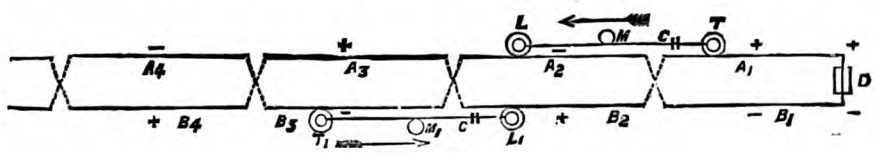


FIG. 5.

as used in Spain and elsewhere, there is both considerable friction and great wear and tear of the running wire ropes where they go round sharp curves.

The constructors of the Glynde Line are careful to point out that the present line is far from perfect; unnecessary gradients have been introduced in order to show how the system can be carried over uneven land, and many other improvements have suggested themselves in the course of their experience, of which advantage would be taken in future undertakings. In face of these disadvantages, the success which marked the late proceedings renders Telpherage, as a system, a very hopeful and cheap method of transference, and the company is to be congratulated as having taken the first initiative step in this new application of electricity. That Telpherage will ever come into serious competition with the large railways is not intended, for the statement made by the company is to the effect that the function of the Telpher line is not to compete with railways, but to do cheaply the work of horses and carts, light tramways, and the wire rope haulage system, and this, we think, it has a good chance of successfully accomplishing.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

GREAT success has attended the introduction of gas in place of coal as forge fuel in the United States Government arms factory at Springfield, Mass., and manufacturers in Western Massachusetts are looking toward its more general adoption. The water-shops at the armory had long been lighted by gasoline, but experiments showed that a cheaper grade would answer for fuel purposes. "A rapid glance at the results," says a special article in the Springfield *Republican*, "shows that the burning of the vapor saves labor and money at nearly every point in the process, both in the securing of the fuel and its use. Under the old system, the coal had to be hauled from the cars at no little expense, and once at the shops it must be pounded to the right size for the workman's use. It was kept in a small box near his forge, and in making and feeding the fire, waste and dirt were unavoidable accompaniments of metal-working. The burning of the coal filled the interior of the shops with smoke and various gases, while the workman lost time in the morning when he built his fire, during the day when he fussed about regulating it, and when he cleared his forge of the ashes and coke which collected. The repairs to the forge were a considerable item of expense, three-fourths of the fire-bricks composing the interior requiring to be renewed at each successive round; as the fire, covering the whole bottom and most of the sides, wore out nearly the entire lining. The use of the coal quickly injured and in time destroyed the dies, by covering them with a scale of steel, formed by oxidization of the metal being wrought by them. Besides this, in the softer or wrought-iron work, when two droppings of the trip-hammer are required, the piece of iron had to be annealed and pickled in dilute acid between the two blows; the latter process being intended to clear off the scale formed in the first operation. Reheating was also necessary before the second drop. Under the present system, the gasoline used is delivered on the grounds by contract at one-third the cost of 350 tons of coal used annually before. From a storage reservoir the oil flows into the generator, and, being vaporized in pans by the automatic machine, is distributed by pipes to all parts of the forge-rooms. Both this generator and the one which makes gas for lighting are under the charge of Robert Sterling—one man with two machines thus replacing all the men and wagons that handled the coal, from the time it was shoveled from the car to the time it went upon the fire. For, when the forger arrives at work in the morning, all he has to do is to light his gas and regulate the two cocks that let gas and air into the flame, and his fire is burning evenly at once and will not have to be touched again all day. There is no litter on the floor about him, and the air is freed from smoke and unconsumed gas. The item of repairs is reduced two-thirds and the dies last twice as long. The steel work comes out clear and clean. One bit of a rifle made by the six-thousandth blow of the trip-hammer on the die lacked the least sign of scale. In the softer work the process of pickling is saved entirely by this non-formation of scale; the reheating after annealing and pickling necessary in the old process is obviated, and the annealing comes after the second dropping of the hammer. All in all, the change saves about one-half."

FISH-CULTURISTS have come to a new conclusion in regard to the proper method of stocking inland waters with trout and salmon. "Owners of fisheries," says an English official report, "are beginning to find that by far the best plan is to put in yearling or two-year old fish. A trout of a year old will live in water in which the fry cannot thrive; even if they do thrive in it, still it is better to put in older fish, as they will spawn naturally, and their offspring will be more hardy than fish bred artificially." Many millions of fry have been wasted in the United States by pursuing the opposite course—namely, turning the hatchlings into the open water instead of rearing them until they were able to take care of themselves. This is now changed for the better policy In 1883, 40,000 salmon-fry were brought from the Penobscot and placed in Clendon Brook, near Glen's Falls, N.Y. This brook was well guarded, and this Fall (1885) it is found to be alive with young salmon throughout its entire length. Most of them are fully six inches in length, and will, doubtless, soon go out to sea and return in about three years as adult salmon. An additional 60,000 were planted in 1884, and are all alive and growing. This probably insures the success heretofore wanting in all attempts to populate the headwaters of the Hudson with salmon. "A similar experiment," says *Science*, "has lately been made at the station of the United States Fish Commission at Wytheville, Va., where 30,000 California trout have been confined until they have become vigorous fish of half a foot in length; they will be used, instead of helpless fry just freed from the yolk-sac, in stocking the Atlantic slope with this fine species." This may be regarded as a distinct advance in the science and praxis of pisciculture.

THE SOFTENING OF LEATHER.—Neatsfoot-oil will not soften leather in all circumstances; neither is castor-oil any better. Oil is not necessary to the pliability of leather—the leather of the ox, goat, calf, and kid. It is necessary that the leather be kept moist; but oil need not be the moistening means. Yet in use oil is the most convenient means for keeping leather soft. It would be inconvenient to employ water to keep pliable the leather of our boots, because of its spreading the pores of the leather and admitting cold air; besides, unless always wet, leather becomes hard and rigid. Oil, on the contrary, keeps the leather in a proper state for its best usefulness, that of pliability. But, in order that oil may soften the leather, its way should be prepared by a thorough wetting of the leather by water. Much less oil is required if the leather is well saturated with water. The use of water for softening belts in factories is not inconvenient if advantage is taken of a holiday. At night the belts may be brushed clean and thoroughly wetted, then in the morning use the oil; a much smaller quantity is necessary to render the belt pliable than when no water is used.

THE "hill people" of India, who inhabit the highlands skirting the Himalayas, are very different from the plainsmen. This appears, for one thing, in the absence of those scruples which cause a lowland woman, no matter how lowly, to cover her face in the presence of men. In the hills the women of the busy classes go about with open faces, and, in fact, do most of the hard work in the fields, and as burden-bearers. Instead of wearing the long, tight trousers of the plainswomen, they are arrayed in several gaudy petticoats, gracefully tucked up like a fish-wife's, and an extremely short bodice, which, making no pretense of reaching to the waist, leaves a broad natural belt of naked brown skin. These bodices are of peculiar cut, with a sort of full stomacher, always of a different cotton from the petticoats. For ornaments, the richer wear their entire fortune in the shape of necklaces of rupees, supporting an armlet in the form of a square, engraved plate of silver. Bracelets, anklets, arm and earrings are enjoyed by nearly all, and a nose-ring—sometimes so large as to interfere with eating—is worn by all married women, taking the place of our wedding-ring.

THE last issue of the series of voluminous reports of the *Challenger* expedition is devoted to the botany of certain remote islands. Very entertaining as well as instructive facts are related in regard to St. Helena, among others. It appears that at the beginning of the last century, the island was well wooded, and ebony was in such abundance that it was used to burn lime with. In 1745 the Governor reported that this timber was disappearing, chiefly owing to the goats eating all the young or tender sprouts. He recommended the killing of the goats, but was instructed not to do so, as they were more valuable than the wood. Fifty years later not only the ebony was gone, but all the rest of the great forests. The destruction of the goats was then resolved upon, too late to save any trees worth mention; nor can the ebony and other native woods be regrown, owing to the hold which noxious foreign weeds and wood-destroying insects have now obtained in the wasted and ruined island.

EVERY one who has been a-fishing knows the sculpin, or sea-robin—the brown, mottled, spiny, big-mouthed fish—which lurks at the bottom, steals the bait and swallows the hook so far that it takes double the trouble to extract it required for any ordinary fish. A scientific man in Philadelphia has been studying this pest of anglers, and has discovered that the fleshy tips of the free fin-rays, which form one of the least attractive of this fish's characteristics, are true organs of touch, by aid of which the sculpin feels its way around the rocky crevices and among the wharf-timbers where it likes to lurk. The nerves supplying these fleshy tips are large, spread out into fibres of extreme delicacy, and are associated with a spinal cord through important centres. This is an unusual possession in fishes.

A FRENCH newspaper publishes some statistics of the petroleum industry in the Caucasus. Of the 400 wells near Baku, about half are now worked. Nearly the whole product is converted into lamp-oil. The refineries, 150 in number, constitute a suburb of Baku, which is appropriately named Tchorny Gord (the black town), and produces annually about 200,000 tons of lamp-oil, and a nearly equal quantity of inferior products. Europe furnishes the market.

BRAIN-WORKERS and intelligent people have fewer children than the illiterate and hardworking classes. This is strikingly

shown by late statistics in France. Sixty-one married professors of the medical faculties of Paris, Lyons and Bordeaux had only 1.78 children to each marriage. The mortality among these children, however, was very low; and so, in general, the offspring of these more evolved, less fertile classes, is of a stronger, larger and higher kind. The strong are created by the strong.

DR. JOSEPH LEIDY has informed the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences that, while studying one of the amœbæ under the microscope, recently, it suddenly burst and disappeared. The slide was afterward found swarming with small forms, which he believed were developed from the spores or molecules of the large individual. The same observation had been made by him previously, and by others. This fact seemed to show a second mode of reproduction in amœbæ, which usually multiply by division.

THE American Ornithologists' Union have announced the publication of their catalogue or "Check List" of the birds of North America. This is the product of two years' labor on the part of a committee of the Union, and represents a standard by which all of the many vexed questions as to names, which have hindered ornithology and confused students in this country, may now be settled.

THE naturalists of Indiana have formed a State Academy of Sciences, which has a large membership, especially among teachers, and is expected to do much good work in that part of the country toward the advancement of natural science.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

MRS. PARTINGTON thinks *Polly*-tics, from the "queer turns," they appear to take, should be named *Ann*-tics.

A MAN becoming angry because his gun kicked badly, his companion said: "Guns are but human after all. They are almost sure to kick when the load is too heavy."

A RICH officer of revenue one day asked a man of wit what sort of a thing opulence was. "It is a thing," replied the philosopher, "which can give a rascal the advantage over an honest man."

A FRENCHMAN thinks the English language is very tough. "Dare is *look out*," he says, "which is to put your head out and see; and *look out*, which is to haul in your head and not for to see—just contrarie."

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY was one day asked if he rose early. He replied that once he did, but he was so proud of it all the morning, and so sleepy all the afternoon, that he determined never to do it again.

A GENTLEMAN once observed to Mr. Beloe, the bibliographer, "that Mr. 'Tomus,' whose name was on the back of so many of his books, must certainly have been a man of wondrous erudition to have written so much!"

"PAPA," said a boy just returned from a sleight-of-hand entertainment, "I wish I was a conjurer." "Why, my son?" asked the parent, blandly. "I would turn you into a rat, call up the cat, and wouldn't I have a lark!" cried the little urchin.

A YOUNG artist who was displaying his latest work, a picture of a lion, heroic size, to a lady, said to the latter's little boy, "Don't be afraid, little fellow, the lion won't hurt you. He's not alive." "Oh, I'm not afraid," replied the little boy; "he don't look as if he was alive."

"WHAT IS A GIRL TO DO?"

Sutherland Edwards, how can you
Ask us, "What is a Girl to do?"
That is the title, now we see,
Borne by a novel by Mr. E.,
He dares ask, in the public view,
Boldly, "What is a Girl to do?"
What is a Girl to do? Why, sing,
Dress and chatter, and have her fling;
Vex her mother and rile her dad,
Drive her lovers all nearly mad.
That is the answer some think true
Given to "What is a Girl to do?"
What is a Girl to do? To teach
Kindly lessons in gentle speech;
Heal the troubles that come to vex
All the souls of the sterner sex;
Life with feminine charms endue,
Answers, "What is a Girl to do?"

A LADY visiting a fashionable church on Fifth Avenue was shown into an empty pew. Very soon a family came in, led by a very pompous-looking old gentleman, who stared angrily at the offending stranger in his pew. The lady, greatly embarrassed, arose and, after some little hesitation, said, "I—I—beg your pardon, sir; do you occupew this pie?"

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—From an abstract given in a recent number of the journal of the Chemical Society it appears that "some supposed pentanitrodimethylaniline has been shown to be trinitromethylnitraniline. The substance in question had been obtained from naphthyldimethamidophenylsulphone and diphenyldimethamidosulphone." Just so.

HOOD, in describing the meeting of a man and a lion, said, "The man ran off with all his might, and the lion with all his mane."

GIRLS who wish to have small, prettily shaped mouths should repeat at frequent intervals during the day, "Fanny Finch fried five floundering fish for Francis Fowler's father."

NAVAL EXAMINER: "Now, sir, I will examine you for color-blindness. What color is that light?" "How the deuce can I tell unless you take that red globe off it?"

A JUDGE threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

A YOUNG lady, being refused a new silk dress by her father, told him he resembled a part of a kitchener. "What part?" he asked. "The damper," she replied, and wept copiously.

CUSTOMER: "Waiter, I can't get on with this lobster; it's as hard as flint." *Waiter:* "Beg pardon, sir—a slight mistake. That's the papier maché lobster out of the show-case."

A PRINCE, laughing at one of his courtiers, whom he had employed in several embassies, told him he looked like an owl. "I know not," answered the courtier, "what I look like; but this I know, that I have had the honor several times to represent your majesty's person."

"A YOUNG man was reading "Hamlet" to his sweetheart, and when he read, "Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool," she exclaimed, "Oh, Alfred, is that a proposal?" "Yes, darling," he replied; and there was no more "Hamlet" for them till after the honeymoon had passed.

A QUESTION.

The boot, though its lustre be dimmed, shall assume
Fresh sprightliness after a while;
But what art can restore its original bloom,
When once it hath flown, to the tile?

A FOREIGNER seeing some very large water-melons on a market-woman's stand, exclaimed: "What! don't you raise larger apples than these in America?" The quick-witted woman, however, took the conceit out of him by retorting: "Apples! Anybody might know you are a foreigner; them's gooseberries!"

PEOPLE should mind how they express themselves at public dinners. We read the other day that the builder of a church now in course of erection, when the toast of his health was given, rather enigmatically replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking." He wondered why they laughed.

A MAN once went to a bookseller to buy a map of Russia, but not finding the City of Moscow marked, pointed out the omission to the bookseller. He was rather surprised at this, and, looking at the map, said, "Indeed, Moscow is not there." But all at once, slapping his forehead, "Why," exclaimed he, "don't you know that Moscow was burned!"

A LAWYER, on being asked by a lady the meaning of the term "fee simple," replied:

"Fee simple, and a simple fee,
And all the fee's entail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees, Female."

IN summing up a case, Rufus Choate was so severe on the opposing lawyer that the latter jumped up and exclaimed, "I'd like to know if the learned counsel thinks I am a fool!" Choate reflected a moment, and then quietly said, "My friend wants to know if I think he is a fool. In response to that interrogatory, I can only say that I am not prepared to deny it!"

A LITTLE girl ate her dinner with so good an appetite that, by the time dessert was placed on the table she could eat no more. She sat silent and sorrowful, and looked mournfully at the dainties which lay piled on her plate. "Why don't you eat, my darling?" asked her fond and anxious mother. "Oh, mamma!" cried the disconsolate child, "because only my eyes are hungry!"

A WITTY as well as a soft answer will sometimes turn away wrath. Charles Burleigh, the Abolitionist, in the midst of an anti-slavery speech, was struck by a rotten egg full in the face. Pausing to wipe away the contents of the missile, he said, calmly, "I have always contended that pro-slavery arguments were very unsound." The crowd roared, and he was no longer molested.

"YOU see, grandma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base, and by applying the egg to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents." "Dear me!" exclaimed the old lady; "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my younger days, they just made a hole in each end and sucked."

A PENNY-A-LINER telegraphed once an address to the young by Mr. Bright. "My dear little children," occurred so frequently that, in writing the speech out in longhand, the clerk contracted "children" into "kids." He never thought the sub-editor would let that pass; but unfortunately the latter knew that Mr. Bright was noted for the simplicity of his language, and concluded that "kid" was pure Anglo-Saxon. "My dear little kids," was accordingly allowed the glory of print.

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN.—"FLEETWOOD, FROM THE COLD BLACK WATER LOOKED UP AND SAW A GIRL'S FACE BENDING DOWN TO HIM." . . . . "LISPENARD SPRANG AND OPENED THE DOOR, AND HELD IT FOR HER TO PASS THROUGH."—SEE PAGE 193

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PROGRESS AT PANAMA.

By Arthur V. Abbott, C.E.

The idea of cutting a canal between the two continents of America is almost as old as the knowledge of the continents themselves. Indeed, it has been asserted by explorers of the Isthmus of Panama that there are to be found along the banks of some of the rivers traces of dikes and cuttings, indicating that the Central American Indians, or perhaps the aborigines of South America, had attempted the construction of means of water connection between the two oceans, sufficient for the transportation of large canoes.

It was not, however, until 1550 that the Portuguese navigator, Antonio Galiao, called the attention of the civilized world to the project of opening a commercial canal. Even at this early date four different lines were suggested: one passing through Lake Nicaragua, essentially along the same route as that now advocated by most American engineers. The idea, however, remained dormant for more than two centuries, until, in 1779, Admiral Nelson made an attack on Port San Juan with the purpose, it appears, of controlling the river and lake communications between the two oceans. The unhealthful climate of the isthmus, however, made such havoc with his crew, that he abandoned the project.

During the next seventy-five years, various schemes arose, both in the United States and among European nations, as to an isthmus canal, but it was not until 1849 that any steps were taken to obtain accurate surveys of the country. At this time the United States Government sent a party of engineers, commanded by General Barnard, to make an examination of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, but this route was thought by them to be impracticable. From 1850 to 1865 a number of companies were organized with a view to the construction of an oceanic canal; they seemed, however, to have been schemes of the bubble order, and, after floating for a time on the waves of speculation, burst, leaving no trace, except in the pockets of those who had been so unfortunate as to embark on so treacherous an ocean.

During this time Mr. Frederic M. Kelly, a wealthy merchant of New York, became impressed with the value of an inter-oceanic canal, if conducted on sound business principles, and spent a large amount of money in making very complete private surveys, but the war of the rebellion so occupied the attention of the United States that no further steps were taken until 1870. Interest in the project then revived, and a number of surveys were made, both under private auspices, and by direction of the Government, which resulted in the location of eight routes in various parts of the isthmus, viz.:

1st. Commander R. W. Shufeldt surveyed a canal line over the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in 1872.

2d. Commanders Hatfield and Lull, in 1872 and 1873, made a survey and definite location of a canal from Greytown, *viâ* Lake Nicaragua, to Brito.

3d. Commander Lull made an examination and survey from Navy Bay to Panama in 1875.

4th. Commander T. O. Selfridge, in 1870, examined and surveyed a route from the Gulf of San Blas toward the River Chepo; and Commander Lull, in 1875, made further reconnoissances from the waters of the Chepo toward the Gulf of San Blas.

5th. Commander T. O. Selfridge, in 1871, drew several lines from Caledonia Bay to the waters of Sucubti and Morti, tributaries to the Chucunaque.

6th. Commander Selfridge examined the Gogarza route, *viâ* Atrato-Cacarica Tuyra and Cué Rivers in 1871.

7th. Lieutenant F. Collins, in 1875, examined and located a route by way of the Napipi and Doguado Rivers.

8th. The direct route from Colon to Panama.

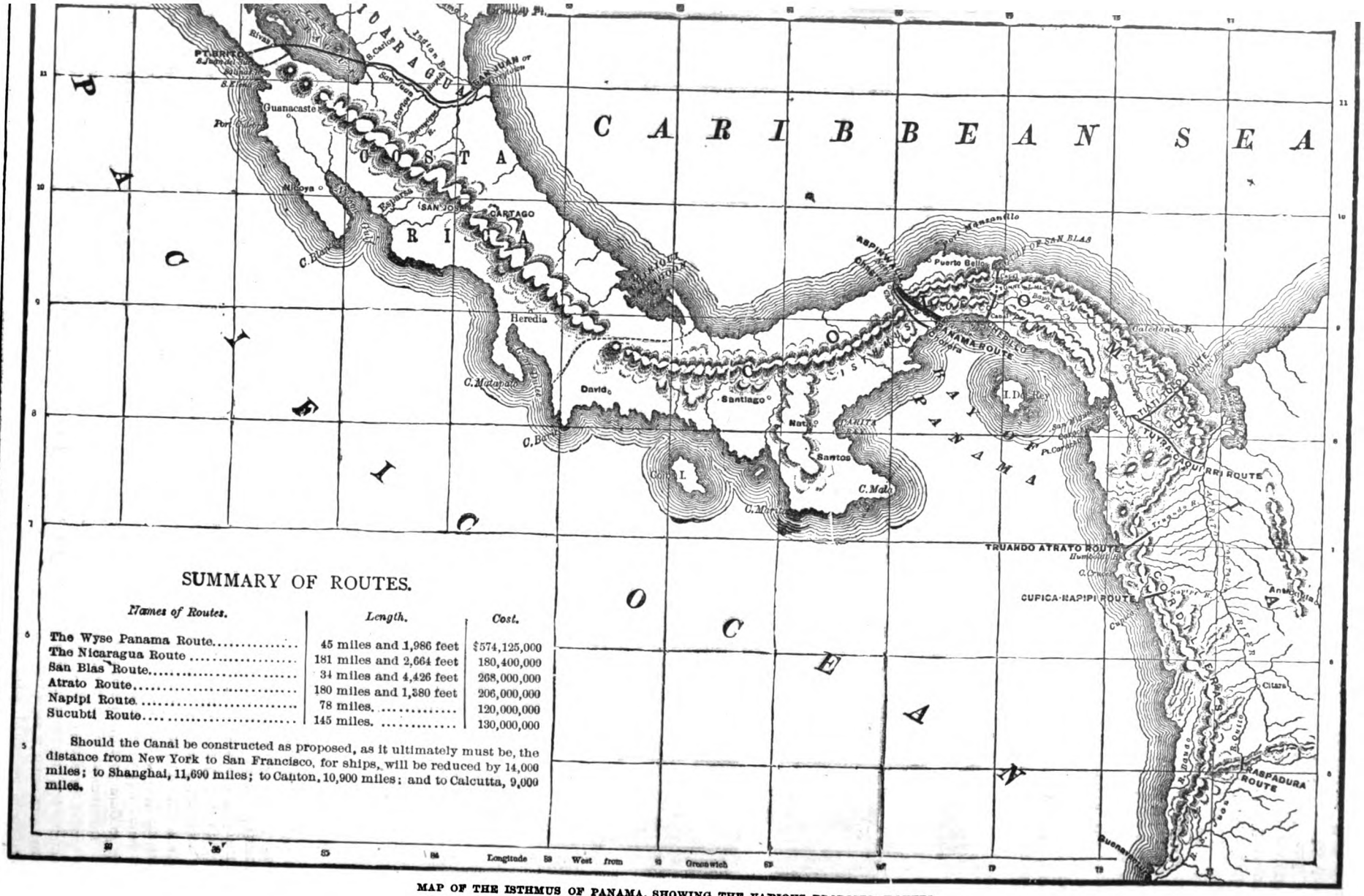
Reference to the map will enable the reader to form a good idea of the location and relative advantage of the above routes, except that over the Tehuantepec Isthmus.

The first route, across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, is some 1,500 miles nearer the commercial ports of the United States than the other routes. To construct a canal here, 140 locks would be required, as the summit level of the isthmus is 750 feet above the level of the ocean. There would also be required 140 miles of excavation, and 35 miles of dredging along a river subjected to severe tropical floods, in order to get a sufficient depth of water to float ocean vessels. The scarcity of water is so great in the dry season, that it would be necessary to construct large reservoirs to contain water for feeding the canal. To accomplish this, an artificial river, 27 miles long, containing 4 miles of tunnels and a dam 86 feet high, would have to be built. The harbor facilities at the ends of the canal would require much improvement. The cost of the locks is estimated to be $50,000,000; that of the excavation, $45,000,000; for harbor and other improvements, $35,000,000; making a total cost for this route of $130,000,000.

The map on page 267 shows on a larger scale the part of Central America known as Nicaragua, giving the location of the second route for the canal; the one that is most favored by all except French engineers. Here it will be seen that the line follows the Rio San Juan to Lake Nicaragua, thence across the lake to a point near La Virgin, when a cut to the Pacific completes the connection of the oceans. Here the topographical features of the country are such as to aid engineering enterprises materially. Additional advantage is found in the fact that the location lies along much-traveled roads, running through a country where supplies, materials, and labor of all kinds requisite to the construction of such a work, could be obtained with comparative ease.

In 1872, Mr. A. G. Menocal, U.S.N., made an extensive examination and survey of this route, and proposed a canal of the following dimensions: Width at bottom, 72 feet; at the surface, 106, 128 and 165 feet; 26 feet deep; length of locks, 600 feet; width, 70 feet. The line to have eleven locks: six on the Pacific and five on the Atlantic slope. The length of the route to be 173.57 miles, of which there were to be 64 miles of river navigation, 56 of lake navigation, 53½ miles of canal navigation. The canal proper would be, therefore, no less than one-third the total length. Mr. Menocal estimated such a canal to cost, without contingent expenses or interest on dormant capital, $41,193,839.

Observations on the rainfall show an annual precipitation of only forty-eight inches. This slight amount insures the permanence of the canal, and reduces the annual sum for repairs to a minimum; for in this region there would be none of the disastrous floods to which most tropical countries are so subject. Furthermore, Lake Nicaragua affords a vast natural reservoir to catch and store up the rainfall. Thus, during the dry season, the canal would have an abundant supply of water,



SUMMARY OF ROUTES.

Names of Routes.	*Length.*	*Cost.*
The Wyse Panama Route	45 miles and 1,986 feet	$574,125,000
The Nicaragua Route	181 miles and 2,664 feet	180,400,000
San Blas Route	34 miles and 4,426 feet	268,000,000
Atrato Route	180 miles and 1,380 feet	206,000,000
Napipi Route	78 miles	120,000,000
Sucubti Route	145 miles	130,000,000

Should the Canal be constructed as proposed, as it ultimately must be, the distance from New York to San Francisco, for ships, will be reduced by 14,000 miles; to Shanghai, 11,690 miles; to Canton, 10,900 miles; and to Calcutta, 9,000 miles.

MAP OF THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA, SHOWING THE VARIOUS PROPOSED ROUTES.

sufficient to float vessels of any size; while, should any unusual precipitation occur, the lake receives, and, storing it up, delivers it gradually to the sea.

Lake Nicaragua also affords a large harbor, wherein every facility for the interchange of cargoes or other commercial operations may be carried on. The climate here is healthful, and consequently the labor for constructing the canal could be obtained at much cheaper rates than would be demanded along those routes where tropical malaria prevails. The greatest objection to the Nicaragua route seems to be the deficiency of good harbors at the ocean entrances to the canal. At Greytown, on the Atlantic side, the conformation of the coast is such as to cause the trade-winds to drift the sand for long distances, thus making the water very shoal. This might be remedied by building a breakwater, so as to deflect the wash of the sand in something the same way as Captain Eads's improvement on the Mississippi. On the Pacific coast there would be no trouble from drifting sands; so that if a harbor were once dredged out, it would require very little expense to keep it in good condition. The surveys of this route have been made carefully and thoroughly, and the plans and estimates have been indorsed by a greater number of English and American engineers than those of any other route.

To the casual observer, the best place to build the canal would seem to be at that point where the isthmus is narrowest; so attention has always been directed to the famous Panama route, lying between the towns of Aspinwall and Panama. Here the isthmus is only 45 miles wide, and the necessary excavation for and the time occupied in passing through a canal are greatly reduced. Three plans have been proposed along the Panama route. The first contemplates a huge cut from ocean to ocean directly through the isthmus; the channel to be 75 feet wide, and 26 feet deep. This plan would, if carried out, give, unquestionably, great advantages to commerce. On page 266 we have an enlarged map of the Isthmus of Panama, giving the location of the canal in detail; and on the same page are given a still further enlarged representation of the sections of Emperador and Culebra, the points presenting the greatest difficulties in construction. Starting from the town of Colon, on the Atlantic coast, the canal line runs nearly south, following the line of the Panama Railroad until the town of Gatun is reached. Here the River Chagres is encountered, and the River Trinidad has to be diverted out of the way of the canal. From Gatun, the line bends to the westward, and, leaving the railway, follows the Valley of the Chagres, crossing the river a number of times. Boyo Soldado is reached, where one of the immense embankments is to be located. Following the line of the railroad, the canal runs due west to Gamboa, near the headwaters of the Chagres, where it is proposed to build the huge artificial reservoir to receive and control the floods of this river.

DE LESSEPS ADDRESSING THE CONGRESS.

From Gamboa the line runs southwest, crossing the mountain by the tremendous cuts of Emperador and Culebra, and running down the valley of the Rio Grande, reaches the Pacific at Panama. The careful examination of this route shows that to build the canal will require the excavation of 165,500,000 cubic yards of material. The excavation in the harbors at either end, and for much of the distance along the river-beds, can be done by means of dredges and steam excavators, that work

rapidly at a comparatively little cost. Through the mountains, however, large quantities of rock are encountered, but compared with the material excavated in the tunnels of St. Gothard, Mt. Cénis and Hoosac Railways, and in these days of diamond drills and nitroglycerine, this vast amount of excavation is by no means an insuperable obstacle to overcome, provided the funds of the Canal Company are sufficient. The great difficulty in the construction of the canal along this route, and of its successful maintenance after completion, lies in the River Chagres, and in the unhealthful character of the isthmus, which has given rise to the saying that every sleeper of the Panama Railroad cost a human life. The River Chagres is a small stream rising near Gamboa and flowing east into the Atlantic. The canal line crosses this river some thirteen times, so that it is obviously necessary to prevent the wash of the river, either from filling up the bed of the canal or its erosive action from cutting into and destroying the banks. The annual rainfall at Aspinwall amounts to 125 inches, most of which occurs during the rainy season. During the dry season the Chagres is only 250 feet wide and a couple of feet in depth. In the rainy season, however, the river rises 50 or 60 feet above its former level, and increases in width to about 1,600 feet. So violent are the tropical rains, that the river has been known to rise 40 feet in a single night, and rushes to the Atlantic in a flood of 200,000 cubic feet a second, carrying with it all sorts of *débris* of sand, gravel and tropical vegetation. At some points along the line of the canal the high-water level of the river is

THE TECHNICAL COMMISSION AT PANAMA.

some 70 feet above the canal, and in view of the proximity of the two, the problem is to control the immense volume of water. Near Gamboa the Chagres flows through a narrow valley between two high hills. Across the valley it is proposed to build an enormous embankment, thus creating an artificial lake of 1,000,000,000 cubic yards capacity as a storage reservoir to retain the sudden floods, and slowly deliver them at a uniform rate to the river. That a dam of this kind can be built there is no question, but the expense will be enormous. Whether it will be strong enough to hold the immense volume of water; whether the artificial lake, large as it is, will give storage-room should one heavy rain succeed another in rapid succession; whether the basin so created will not soon fill with sediment, and leave the Chagres the same deadly enemy it now is, are questions upon which experts do not agree. Should the dam break, or the basin become filled and allow the Chagres to pour its 200,000 cubic feet per second of muddy water into the canal, a single night would suffice to undo the work of years, and render the canal impassable.

The second plan involves the construction along the route of a series of locks, the object of which is to make the canal much more economical by saving the immense amount of excavation necessary to the completion of the first plan — excavation which is exceedingly expensive, inasmuch as the proposed route runs through some of the hardest rocks of the Andes.

The third plan involves the construction of a tunnel along some portion of the canal route, having the same end in view, *viz.*, the reduction of the amount of excavation. The project of a canal with a tunnel has been also associated with the other routes on the isthmus.

Next to the Panama route, that *viâ* San Blas, running from the Gulf of Panama on the Pacific coast to the Gulf of San Blas on the Atlantic coast, has been most seriously considered. On the Atlantic side the canal would commence at the mouth of the Bayano River. The survey of this river shows a depth of from 15 to 25 feet of water for some miles, that could be made available as part of the proposed canal. It has been considered by engineers that when a cutting reaches a depth of 190 feet, it would be cheaper to make a tunnel. If this depth of open cutting, therefore, be taken as a desirable one for commencing a tunnel, the length would not be more than seven miles in the situation under consideration.

Many doubts have arisen in regard to the tunnel—its cost, its utility, the stability of its natural arch, and the question of the necessity for an arch of masonry for its entire seven miles' length.

Before commencing any enterprise, however small, we are advised to "count the cost," and, in an undertaking of such magnitude as an isthmus canal, this counsel becomes of the most pre-eminent importance. There are two methods by which public works of this kind may be successfully completed: First, the work may be inaugurated and carried on under Government auspices. In this case the officers employed to conduct and manage the enterprise are appointed by the Government, and the necessary funds to prosecute the work are obtained by imposing a general tax equally on all the people represented in the Government in question, and any revenue that may be derived from the project over and above the expenses of operation and maintenance belongs to the people, and is administered through Governmental channels. In many cases, especially where the benefits resulting from the proposed improvement are widespread, and the enterprise is of great magnitude, the prosecution under Government management is the best.

Very notable examples of this method may be found in the public parks and water supply of our large cities, all of which are planned, executed, and maintained by the municipal authorities; the expenses being met by a tax on the residents of the city. Where the advantages resulting are still more general, the work is carried on under the direction of the Government at Washington, and the people of the country at large are made to share in the expense through the internal revenue system. Prominent examples may be mentioned in the river and harbor improvements along our coast line, notably at present at Hell Gate, and at the mouth of the Mississippi. In some cases the Government acts the part of contractor, agreeing for a certain sum to do for the people an amount of work. This is best exemplified in the postal system, where for two cents, a letter is transported to any part of the United States. In some foreign countries this method is still further elaborated; the Government having control of the railway and telegraph service, and managing these great arteries of communication with far less friction than is here encountered in the frequent railway wars and opposition telegraph lines.

In the United States, the tendency is to develop most enterprises by the corporation system. Some scheme of improvement suggests itself. A few men become interested, thinking it a good opportunity to make money. They, in turn, form a company. The necessary capital is raised by subscription, and, if the enterprise is successfully carried to completion, the profits are divided *pro rata* among the stockholders. When the energy and ability of the principal owners is sufficient, and where there is really work to be done, this plan has been very successful, as may be seen in the vast fortunes that have been made in the gigantic monopolies of this country. There are, however, many disadvantages in the concentration of power that is thus given, which we are now seriously feeling. In governmental enterprises the chief question is not how much a particular scheme will pay, but of how much benefit it will be to the public. In corporate enterprises, on the contrary, the stockholders are only interested in obtaining the largest possible dividends, and, unless it can be shown that the work in question is likely to return a good profit on invested capital, no investors can be found. Let us apply this to the canal. It needs but the slightest consideration to see that commerce will be most benefited by an open canal, without locks, constructed at the sea level, through the shortest part of the isthmus, and provided with good harbors; inasmuch as, in a canal of this kind, vessels would be subjected to the least possible delay and expense in transit. It is also evident that such a canal is the most expensive to construct, as it involves the most excavation. Consequently, all the various schemes and plans that have been suggested, have been efforts to obtain a maximum amount of benefit, with a minimum of expense. If the canal were to be constructed under Government protection, a sea-level canal, through the shortest part of the Isthmus at Panama, is certainly the route to be selected. As will be presently shown, there are serious objections on the part of the United States to a canal constructed by any other Government than our own. Let us now examine the endeavors of French enterprise, under M. de Lesseps, to reconcile these conflicting interests.

In 1878, Commodore Wyse, of the French Navy, who had for some years been agitating an oceanic canal, obtained from the Colombian Government, on very favorable terms, a concession for ninety-nine years to build and operate a canal. Commodore Wyse proceeded to Paris to

organize his company. But he met with great difficulties. The United States Government could scarcely regard a French undertaking with enthusiasm, especially as our Government had treated for a concession a few years previously.

But the most serious difficulty Commodore Wyse encountered was the variety of ideas as to which of the several canal routes was the best, physically and financially. In order, therefore, to command capital, M. Wyse found it essential to secure, first, the services of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps and of the Suez Canal people, and, secondly, to endeavor to show that the Panama route was the best. French tact came to assist these enterprising promoters. They originated the idea of an "International Scientific Congress" to be held at Paris. If the Congress were truly scientific and impartial, there would be much danger that they would choose the Nicaragua route, therefore such a possibility was to be avoided, as M. Wyse's grant was *not* for Nicaragua. A congress was accordingly made up, chiefly of persons indicated by the promoters. M. de Lesseps was particular, even in issuing foreign invitations, to suggest to the Governments the selection of those who had shown sympathy with his ideas. The Congress met in Paris on May 15th, 1879. There were 135 delegates, of whom seventy-four were Frenchmen and sixty-one foreigners; among whom there were six from Great Britain, six from Holland, four from Switzerland, eleven from the United States, and one from Germany. Admiral Ammen, Mr. Menocal and Commodore Selfridge were from the United States; but to counteract their votes there were also some Americans who were special friends of M. de Lesseps. The Congress sat for two weeks. Apparently its purpose was to indorse the Wyse-Lesseps scheme, and it is seen that not only all details of organization, but also all subsequent proceedings, tended to that end. As the French differed among themselves as to a sea-level canal or one with locks, Commodore Wyse, ready for such an emergency, had *two* plans proposed, one for each; and, notwithstanding M. de Lesseps's diplomacy, the real purpose of the Congress became very apparent during the session. Mr. Menocal was scarcely heard at all, in spite of the protestations of Admiral Ammen and his great experience in the isthmus. Excuse was constantly made of the limited time. M. de Lesseps had organized the technical committee to suit the pleasure of himself and his friends, and instructed it to choose the Panama-Aspinwall route as the best, and the sea-level plan; but the estimates were approved by only twenty out of the fifty-four members. The chairman submitted the following proposition on the 28th of May: "That in the opinion of the committee the canal should run between Colon and Panama." Here, also, twenty votes in the affirmative, nine abstentions, and twenty-six absentees. The last proposition was that the canal should be a sea-level one, and it was carried by only sixteen votes of a committee of more than three times that number of members. And *thus* M. de Lesseps and his partners were indorsed by the special committee of the International Congress. Notwithstanding the immense advertisement of the meeting of the Congress, M. de Lesseps found it very difficult to arouse interest in his canal scheme. Rumors of opposition from the United States were circulated, and it was also reported that the information on which the Congress based their decision was inadequate. He was, however, equal to the occasion, and, abandoning his idea of a company, organized a party called the Technical Commission, composed of fifteen or twenty gentlemen of scientific attainments as contractors and engineers, and proceeded to the Isthmus of Panama, to make an examination in person. After a month or six weeks the Technical Commission reported that the canal *viâ* Panama was entirely practicable. De Lesseps then started for the United States in order to overcome, as far as possible, the opposition of our Government; but he was received with cold politeness. Had he been visiting our country with the Suez Canal triumph only, no one would have been met with greater warmth; but he was playing a part unworthy of his reputation in that great enterprise, and was, in consequence, with but one or two exceptions, treated with indifference. In an interview with the President, he declared his company was a private affair. The President replied that he was pleased to see M. de Lesseps; but he added that whoever might build the canal, the United States wished the preponderating influence over it. While M. de Lesseps was still in Washington, the President sent to Congress a message containing the views of the American people on the matter. He said: "It is the right and duty of the United States to assert and maintain such supervision and authority over any inter-oceanic canal across the isthmus that connects North and South America as will protect our national interests." After his visit to Washington, M. de Lesseps made quite an extensive tour through our principal cities, endeavoring, as far as possible, to ameliorate the opposition, and arouse the interest of capitalists in the undertaking. On his return to Europe he made an extensive lecturing tour for the same purpose. Such was the personal magnetism of the man, that in France especially he succeeded in awakening almost unbounded enthusiasm and confidence; so that shortly after the formation of the Inter-oceanic Canal Company, there were demands for over 1,200,000 shares, when only 600,000 had been advertised for sale. It is curious, also, to note that the bulk of the shares were widely distributed among the poorer people, there being over 80,000 persons holding from one to five shares each, among which, be it noted, there were some 1,600 women.

It is a most difficult thing to estimate, even approximately, the cost of such an undertaking as the Panama Canal. Even works of a less problematic character cannot be determined with accuracy. Unexpected emergencies arise which frustrate the most careful calculations of the engineer and the financier. The information furnished the Congress was altogether too meagre to arrive at an accurate result, even if the enthusiasm for the Panama route had not operated to produce a favorable estimate for that location.

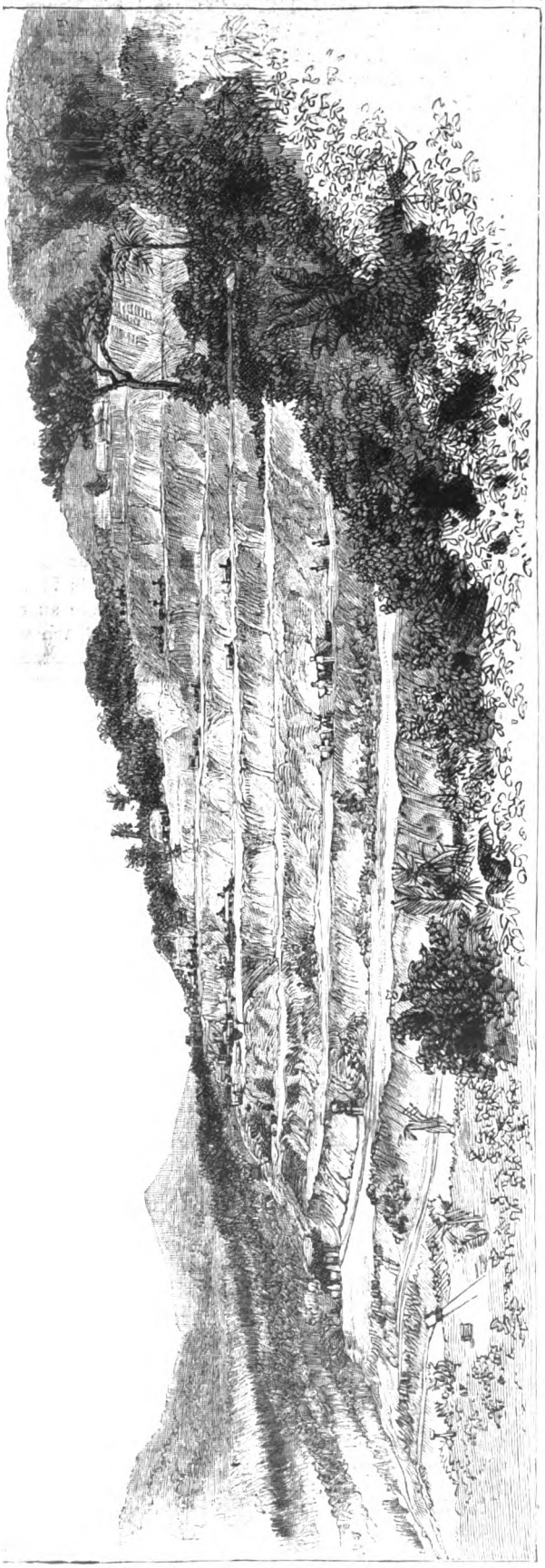
The following estimate of expense was given by the Congress:

Excavation, 59,800,000 cubic yards	$101,500,000
Damming the Chagres	5,000,000
Rectifying Rivers	3,400,000
Tide-lock and Harbor Improvements	5,000,000
Contingencies, 25 per cent	28,725,000
Total	$143,625,000

After the Technical Commission visited Panama a new estimate was made, as that given by the Congress was manifestly far too small.

Excavation, 97,500,000 cubic yards	$114,000,000
Damming the Chagres	20,000,000
Rectifying Rivers	15,000,000
Tide-lock and Harbor Improvements	2,000,000
Contingencies, 10 per cent	15,000,000
Total	$166,100,000

Neither of these estimates includes the large item of



CULEBRA CUT—VIEW TOWARD PANAMA.

banking and interest on dormant capital during the ten years that are required for construction. This enormous sum, amounting in French currency to nearly 850,000,000 of francs, was too great even for the hero of Suez to carry, supported by his sanguine countrymen, and in some way, by the inscrutable arithmetic of enthusiasm, the estimate was decreased by some 200,000,000 of francs, and the Canal Company organized on that basis. It is almost always the case that additional information serves to increase, not to decrease, cost, and at present the fairest estimate of the cost of the canal should read as follows:

Excavation, 162,500,000 cubic yards (number admitted by the Company)	$190,000,000
Damming the Chagres and Canalizing the River (according to Technical Commission of 1880)	35,000,000
Tide-lock in Panama end (ditto)	24,000,000
Breakwater in Aspinwall (ditto)	2,000,000
Unforeseen expenses, 25 per cent. (The Congress in 1879 fixed 25 per cent., the Commission of 1880 only 10 per cent.; the United States Government Commission fixed for the different projects 100 per cent. The Suez Canal cost 128½ more than estimated.) We allow Panama 25 per cent., or	62,750,000
	$313,750,000
Banking, preliminary expenses, administration, cost of concession, discount on bonds, etc., 30 per cent.	94,125,000
	$407,875,000
Interest and sinking fund during construction	100,000,000
Total	$507,875,000

This should have been the estimate of the cost of the Panama Canal, taking for an assumed fact that—

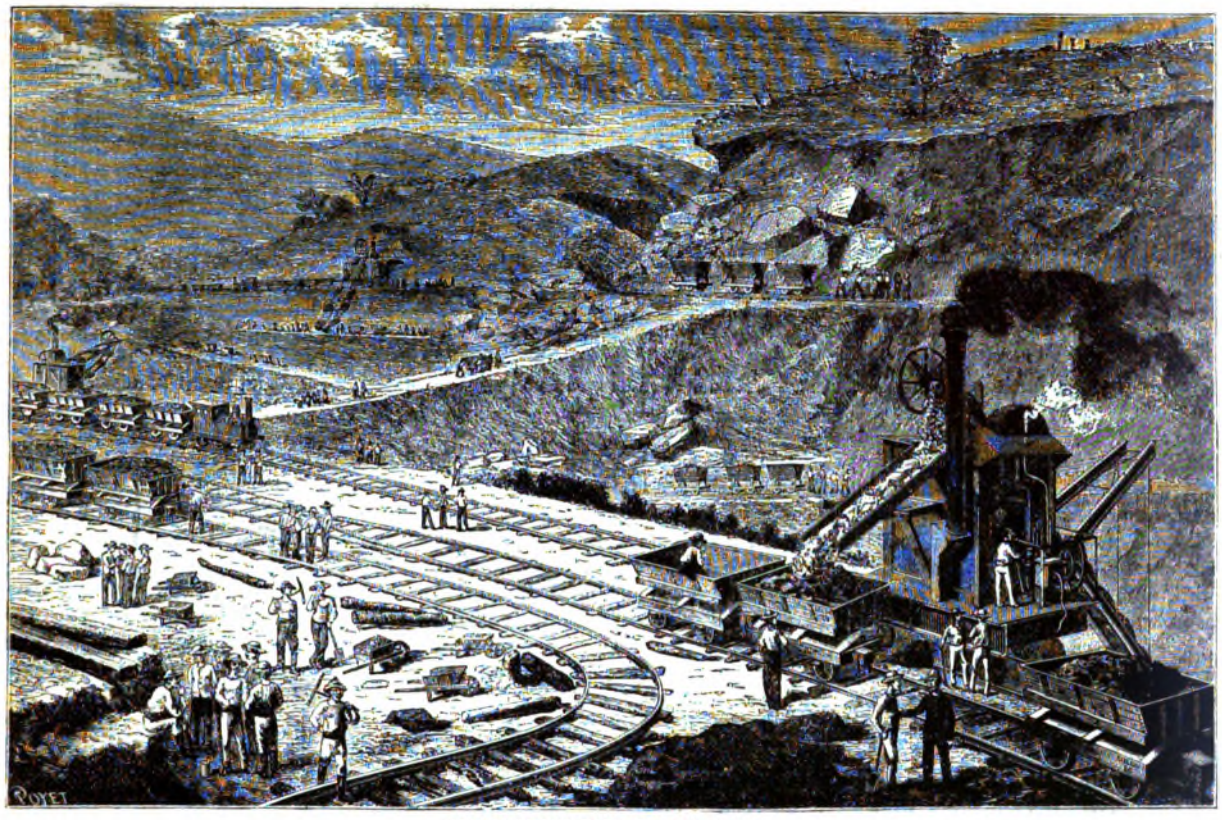
1. It might be finished in ten years from the commencement of the Company.

2. That there were only 162,500,000 cubic yards of excavation.

3. That the unsolved problem of the Chagres can be properly dealt with.

M. de Lesseps's great success in raising money produced an excellent effect. The undertaking could not be as difficult as had been represented if funds were forthcoming on such short notice, every one thought; and of course M. de Lesseps took advantage to declare more positively than before that he could do the work in six or seven years, at a cost of not more than $120,000,000, and most of the subscribers believed it. The Company held their first general meeting on January 31st, 1881. M. de Lesseps submitted a report, the more prominent part of which is taken up with the Suez Canal, and then with a review of the formation of his new Company. "All problems have been solved," he said, "and all difficulties smoothed over."

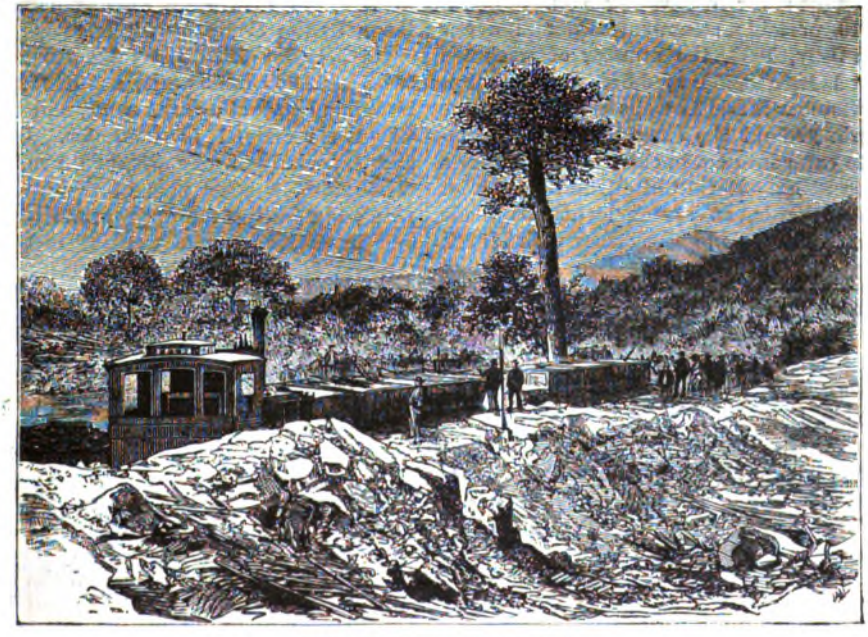
The second general meeting of the Company occurred March 3d, 1881, and the Company now became definitely organized. Another report was read by M. de Lesseps. He congratulated himself for the "energy" displayed at the first meeting. With reference to the intentions of the directors, he said: "The problem of the American isthmus is comparatively easy. It is an operation the exact mathematics of which are perfectly well known, and the grandeur of the effort to be made does not at all trouble the enterprising contractors to whom you will supply the means of carrying out the effort." The canal proper, M. de Lesseps adds, will cost $85,000,000, including the side channels to dispose of the waters of the



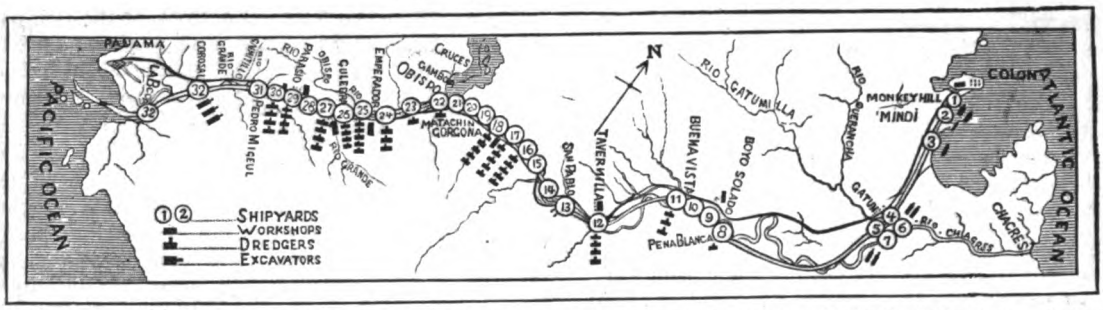
STEAM EXCAVATOR AT EMPERADOR.

various rivers. Other expenses, such as the impounding of the Chagres, the culverts from the artificial lake, the harbor improvements, will bring the amount up to $92,000,000, and the light-houses, reservoirs, tide-locks, etc., will come to $10,400,000 more; making a total for all works of $102,400,000. The programme for 1881 was to clear the canal line from vegetation, to investigate the hydrography of Panama and Colon Bays, their tides, currents and winds; to erect houses for the employés and hospitals for the sick; to mount the workyards; select localities for the different sections, etc. "In about October, all preliminary work being finished, the great cutting at Culebra will be attacked, while toward the end of the year, in November or December, the first dredges will begin excavating the soft soil in the lower part of the line, and in Colon or Aspinwall a sea-dredge will be at work. Thus, in January, 1882, the work will be going on in several parts of the canal, and the experience acquired by a few months' work will enable the Company to order the whole of the needed machinery with full knowledge of its usefulness; and before the end of 1882 all the machinery and supplies will be on the isthmus, and in 1888 the canal will be inaugurated." Such were the promises for the first year; let us now see how they were carried out.

October arrived, and, with the exception of some machinery and about 300 Europeans that were sent to the isthmus, little was done. The fever raged with great violence, and M. Henri Bionne, the main dependence of M. de Lesseps, was seized with it, and died on the steamer on his way to New York. M. Gaston Blanchet, engineer to one of the contracting firms, also died of the fever, while surveying the upper Chagres. Some work was done, such as clearing the line of the proposed canal, making soundings, etc., while hydrographic



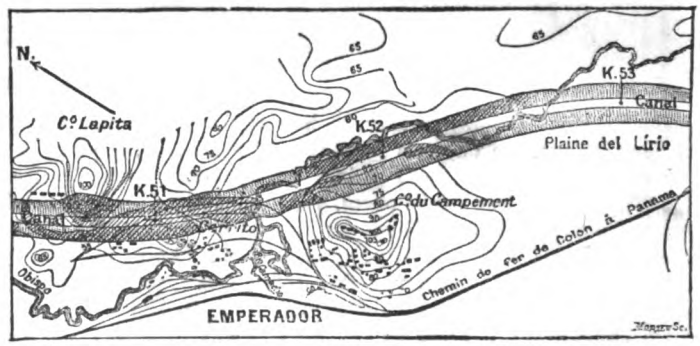
THE CUTTING AT EMPERADOR.



1, 2, Dredgings of the Port of Colon ; 3, 4, 5, Dredgings between Colon and Gatun ; 6, 7, Deviation of Rio Trinidad at Gatun ; 8, Dock-yard of Pena Blanca ; 9, 10, Embankment of Boyo Soldado ; 11, Buena Vista ; 12, Tavernilla ; 13, 14, San Pablo ; 15, 16, 17, Gorgona ; 18, 19, Matachin ; 20, Gamboa Embankment—the Great Dam ; 21, Cerosita ; 22, Upper Obispo ; 23, the Obispo ; 24, Emperador ; 25, El Lirio ; 26, 27, 28, La Culebra ; 29, 30, Parasio ; 31, Pedro Miguel ; 32, Corosal ; 33, Paca Grande.

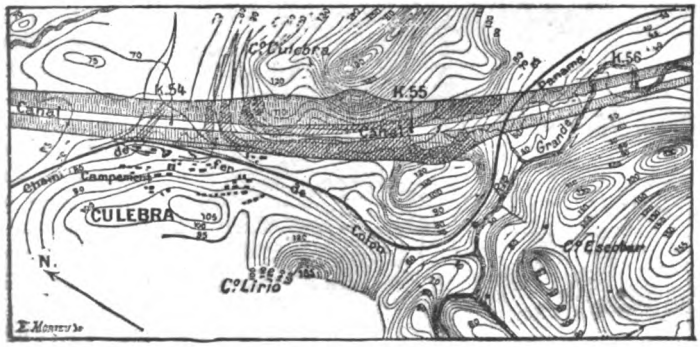
LINE OF CANAL AND WORKS IN COURSE OF EXECUTION.

studies were carried out at both bays forming the termini, a few wooden houses were erected along the line, some machinery set in place, and a little excavation done. M. de Lesseps announces in his report of June, 1882, that many landing-wharves had been put up in Aspinwall, and that the vegetation was being cleared from off the Aspinwall and Gatun line, so that *in the following August* the excavations should commence. But if there were delays during the first year, it may be said the work rapidly progressed in the succeeding one. Let us take the account of M. de Lesseps when the fourth general meeting of the shareholders occurred, on July 17th, 1883. He expatiates on the "vigorous" manner in which the rock sections of Parasio, Culebra, Emperador, Upper Rio Grande and Obispo had been attacked. But the entire number of cubic yards that had been excavated in two years did not exceed 857,614, out of a total of 162,500,000. M. de Lesseps had agreed to have 6,000,000 *one year before.* In the meantime, he makes many promises. "Work-yards *will be soon* established at various places along the line." The report gives in detail the amount of material that was then at the isthmus, two years and a half after the Company had been formed; a small showing for eighteen months. There were 4 dredges, 18 excavators, 444 wagons for excavating soil, 6 boats, 29 locomotives, 10 portable steam-engines, and a few other things. In July, 1883, the number of workmen had been increased from 3,000 to 6,844 persons; but in the following October M. de Lesseps *expected* to have 15,000 men at work. About the close of 1882 the Company had begun to enter into contracts for excavation, a commendable proceeding. Besides the Huerne contract for 75,000,000 cubic yards, an arrangement was made with the American Trading Co., and another with Millet, Sosa & Co., of Panama, for cutting the Culebra, comprising about 5,000,000 cubic yards. That work was to be finished in thirty months after the signing of the contract. The contract being dated November 6th, 1882, the work should have been completed May 6th, 1885. But we do not hear that it has been even half done. M. Dingler, the director, signed, from March to May, 1883, seventeen contracts; not for excavation alone, but for the introduction of labor also: 3,000 men in the following October, and 2,000 before January, 1884. These contracts represented altogether, 26,650,000 cubic yards, besides the excavation already done and to be undertaken by the Company directly.



EMPERADOR DOCKS.

On May 1st, 1885, the total excavation accomplished was 16,888,865 cubic yards out of 162,500,000, or a little less than one-tenth of the work, and the problem of the Chagres remained *in statu quo.* In any undertaking, and especially in one of such magnitude, so far from civilization, a large part of the time is necessarily expended in getting the appropriate plant on the ground, and in perfecting the working organization. Much of the past four years has been thus expended, and at present the canal may be said to have a fair start. Still, to complete the work in 1888, as is promised by M. de Lesseps, about 3,000,000 cubic yards of excavation will have to be moved every month, exclusive of all the necessary work in the Chagres and other rivers, and all the harbor improvements. To accomplish such an amount of work is perhaps possible, but considering that during 1885 only 700,000 cubic yards per month have been moved, it is scarcely probable that for the remainder of the time the amount will be quadrupled.



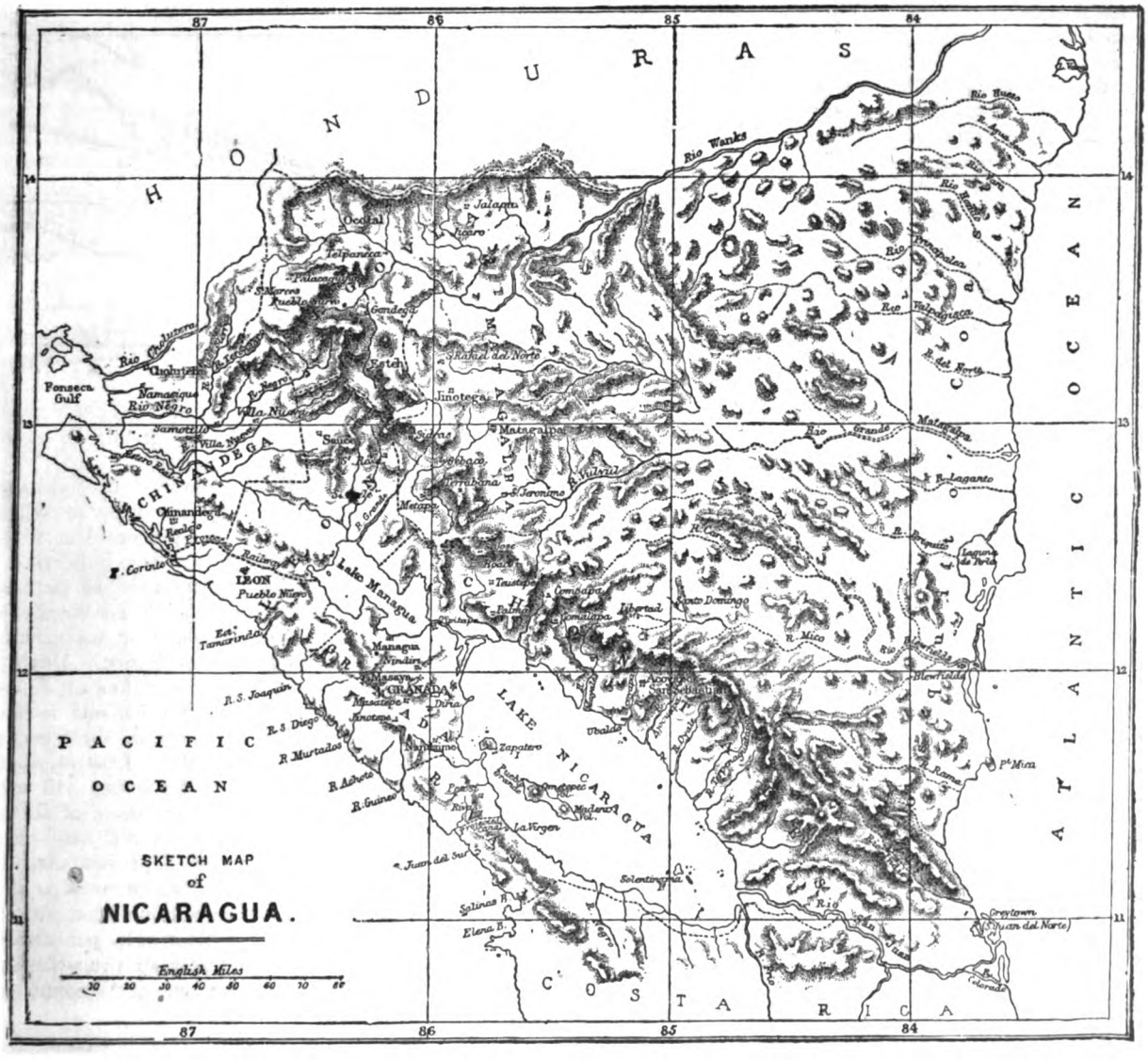
CULEBRA DOCKS.

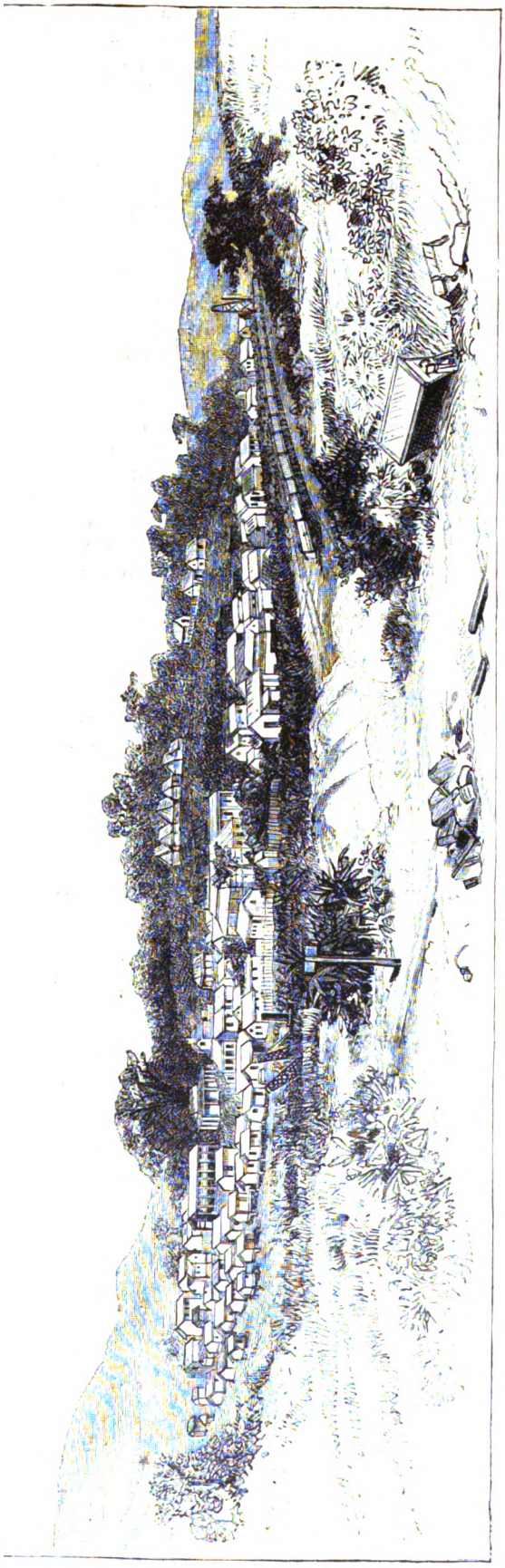
An old-fashioned proverb asserts that

"money makes the mare go." This undoubtedly applies equally as well to canals as to animals; so that if M. de Lesseps can continue his extraordinary financial successes, it is probable that the canal can, some time, be finished. The question is, how can this be done? Curiously enough the reports of the Company are always six months behindhand, so that we are only able to give the figures up to September, 1884.

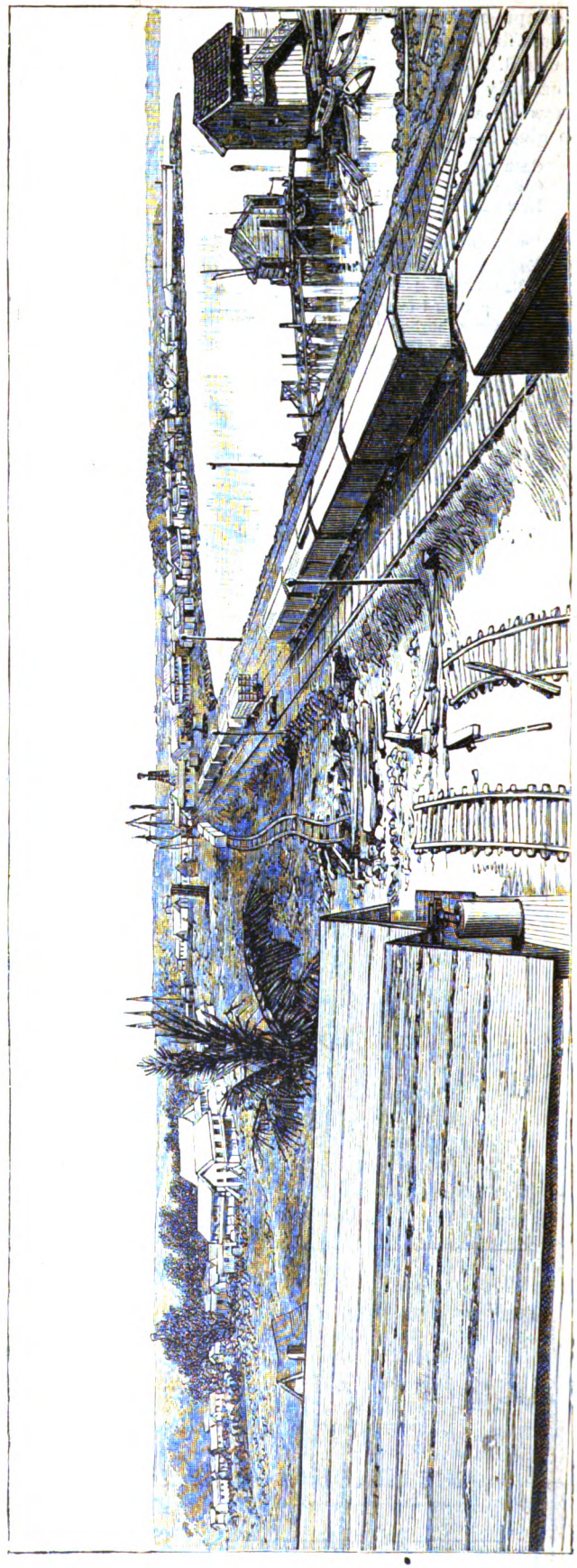
Cash raised and expended		$97,410,000
Cash on hand	$17,090,000	
New loan	38,737,000	
Resources September 30th, 1884.	$55,827,000	
Estimated cost necessary to complete canal:		
Excavation, 146,500,000 cubic yds., at $1.25 per yard (very low figures)		183,125,000
Chagres, harbor improvements, etc		40,000,000
Interest for ten years on sums expended		62,590,000
Administration at Paris and Panama for ten years at $1,600,000 per year		16,000,000
Discounts, interest, premiums, etc., for balance of time		175,000,000
Total cost		$574,125,000
Less cash already expended		97,410,000
		$476,715,000
Less resources September 30th, 1884		55,827,000
Balance necessary to complete canal		$420,888,000

Let us now see, even if the canal should be completed, what would be the financial outlook of the Company as a money-making institution? And here we have first to consider the expected traffic of the canal. The Paris Congress took 6,000,000 tons as the basis, but that seems an exaggerated estimate. As an instance, Admiral Ammen, U.S.N., at the Congress of 1870 presented a paper showing that the movement between the Atlantic coasts of the United States, and the commerce of the latter country with all nations or colonies in the Pacific, comprised only 971,455 tons. The number of tons is not so important as the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the dues charged for the passage of vessels. M. Gauthist, Secretary of the Society of Commercial Geography, brought to the notice of the Congress of 1879, that while a ship of 4,500 tons would pay only 45,000 francs to pass the Suez Canal, she would be required to pay 120,000 francs, according to the tariff of M. Wyse, for passage through the Panama Canal—nearly three times as much. Every one is aware of the competition of all leading products, and it is stated to be a fact that the phosphates, nitrates, guano, and the copper of Peru and Chili, are not able to bear the assessment of fifteen francs per ton, to be charged by the canal. They are goods that may be transported in sailing-vessels. The Panama Company is placing too great reliance on the growth of California,





CULEBRA VILLAGE.



THE PORT OF COLON—TERMINUS OF PANAMA RAILROAD.

"THE CYPRIOTE DOVE SLAVE."—FROM THE PAINTING BY MASSARANI.—SEE PAGE 271.

as if the exports of that State were dependent on transportation by water. M. de Lesseps must remember the numerous railway lines competing with each other, and carrying goods from the Great West to the Atlantic Coast at low rates. Allowing 5,000,000 tons for the business of the canal, however, and the high price per ton ($3 as proposed), the Company would have an annual revenue of $15,000,000; and, deducting the charges—

6 per cent. interest on $574,125,000	$34,447,500
Running expenses, say	2,000,000
Total annual expense	$36,447,500
Revenue	15,000,000
Annual deficit	$21,447,500

—ten million tons would not pay expenses and the fixed charges on the capital.

This appears to be the best possible showing for M. de Lesseps; and let it be understood that is assuming that the immense freshets of the Chagres do not prove to be, as stated by experts, entirely uncontrollable. The annual deficiency of $21,447,500 is not so important as the Chagres, which may in a few hours destroy the canal, or, at least, require an enormous annual expenditure in dredging, from the sediment deposited by the floods of that tropical river.

Such is the financial outlook of the Panama Canal Company. It is possible that the genius of M. de Lesseps, having proved itself equal to the sands of the Sahara, may be sufficient, not only for the rocks of the Cordilleras and the unmanageable Chagres, but for the difficult problem of financial management now presented to the Company. It is possible that, like many great undertakings, the canal may rise, phenix-like, from the ashes of a number of corporations that immolate themselves on its altar. It is possible that, private enterprise failing, governmental aid may be invoked; but here the political bearings of national interference assume their gravest aspect, and these we have now to consider.

In the first place, the famous "Monroe Doctrine" must have its share of attention. Singularly enough, it owes its origin not to Mr. Monroe, but to an English statesman, and also to Mr. Monroe's Secretary of State, Mr. John Quincy Adams. In 1822 the Spanish provinces in this country revolted against the rule of Spain, and were able to prevent that country from regaining her control over them. President Monroe, in his Message to Congress in March of the same year, declared that those provinces "ought to be recognized." In the following year, Secretary of State Mr. John Quincy Adams wrote to Mr. Middleton, our Minister to Russia, that Russia's claim to possessions in Northwestern America was not conducive to the peace of the world. "With the exception of the British establishments north of the United States, the remainder of the American Continent must henceforth be left to the management of American hands." Mr. Adams also said, in a dispatch to Mr. Rush, American Minister in London: "The application of colonial principles of exclusion, therefore, cannot be admitted by the United States as lawful upon any part of the northwest coast of America, or as belonging to any European nation."

Several communications passed between English and American diplomats bearing directly upon this theory, since known as the "Monroe Doctrine," with reference to American colonies under foreign rule, when, in December, 1823, President Monroe, in his annual Message to Congress, setting forth the claims of Russia in the northwest, and of Spain on her late possessions, said that "the occasion had been judged proper for asserting, as a *principle* in which the *rights* and *interests* of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization *by any European Powers.*" And later, with reference to the interference intended by the allied Powers on behalf of the Spanish rule over her late colonies, the President announced that "it is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference." It is no uncommon thing for Europeans to treat the "Monroe Doctrine" as a matter for ridicule; but while it is not a principle of international law, it is a sentiment or theory that the people of the United States certainly regard in the light of "unwritten law," to say the least; and which a nation of our power will enforce as if it were written law, should occasion arise. Every one is familiar with the attempt of Napoleon III. to occupy Mexico with his army. Although he was at the summit of his greatness, and the United States much less powerful than at the present time, the remonstrance alone of the latter was sufficient to cause him to withdraw.

For reasons of border security, as well as the vast interests of the surrounding region, the United States must at all hazards endeavor to obtain control of any interoceanic canal or railway that shall be opened through the isthmus. They have never lost sight of that idea from 1823 up to the present time; and while European Powers assert that a compact between our Government and England, known as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, does not permit of anything but a neutralized canal, or a canal under the joint control of all the Powers, the United States maintain that England has broken that treaty; that joint or multiple control is the source of many troubles, and that any canal or railway that may be opened must be under the control of the United States alone. The Governments of Mexico and Central America cannot be thought of as rivals for supremacy in the Western Hemisphere. They are too low in the scale of nations to be feared. But foreign armies might be placed in those countries in case of the control of a foreign Power, thus giving great annoyance to them. Deliverance from European influence in the petty states beyond their southern border is anxiously desired by those Governments.

In virtue of the Treaty of New Granada (now the United States of Colombia), the United States have several times been asked to interfere in the isthmus. The said treaty was dated December 12th, 1846, but ratified June 10th, 1848. By this treaty, the United States secure the right of transit by the Isthmus of Panama, and, in compensation, "the United States guarantee positively and efficaciously to New Granada by the present stipulation the perfect neutrality" of the isthmus. The limited space will prevent giving the treaty in full. In 1864 Spain, then at war with Peru and Chili, wished her war material to pass through the isthmus to the South Pacific. Colombia invoked the aid of the United States, as her neutrality was thereby menaced. In 1865, 1884 and 1885, the intervention of the United States was asked in troubles that arose. The latter affair is too well remembered to need explanation. The acquisition of California as a State by the American Union gave the question of control of the isthmus a new interest.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, above alluded to, grew out of a series of so-called declarations of Sir Henry Bulwer, British Minister to the United States, and Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State. It appears that England has

made many attempts during the last century to obtain a foothold in Nicaragua, as it afforded an easy means of communication between the two oceans. In 1848 the English claim in Nicaragua was extensive, and wholly untenable. At least, it was regarded as most offensive to both the United States Government and to the people of Nicaragua, as the claim occupied the points thought to be most suitable for a canal, and menaced others. In 1849 the British Minister to Nicaragua, Mr. Elijah Hise, signed a "special convention having in view the grand design of opening and establishing through the territories of the latter state a passage and communication between the Carribean Sea and the Pacific Ocean." The treaty is interesting, and should be read in full. It never found its way into the United States Senate, but the newspapers gave it to the public, who seemed to approve of it. General Taylor and his Secretary of State, Mr. Clayton, did not, however, regard it so favorably. The clause for the protection of, and alliance with, Nicaragua, and also that article which allows the United States the authority to create two free cities, were especially distasteful. There were other provisions which would have brought about a collision between our country and Great Britain, which the President wished to avoid. In 1849 Sir Henry Bulwer arrived in the United States as British envoy. He thought that "all that seemed to be required in order to bring Great Britain and the United States to a perfect understanding is, that both should abandon every particular advantage; the one such as might be derived from the protectorate over the Musquito Indians, and the other such as might be derived from any contract or treaty with Nicaragua, and dropping, as a point of controversy, those disputes as to the Nicaragua and Musquito Territory, on which it is next to impossible that they should come to any agreement." The convention was approved by Lord Palmerston, and Sir Henry was authorized to sign the proposed convention; and the since celebrated Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was signed in Washington on April 19th. It is substantially as follows: That neither of the two Governments are to control the canal, nor to erect fortifications in the vicinity, nor to exercise authority over Nicaragua, the Musquito Territory, nor any part of Central America; *nor will either make use of any protection which either affords or may afford;* nor are either of the two Governments to take advantage of any influence that either may have with any Government through whose possessions the canal may pass, for the purpose of gaining any benefits in regard to commerce or navigation which shall not be offered on the same terms to the other Government and its subjects. After several articles regarding the construction of a canal, Article 6 engages to enter into an agreement with certain states of Central America for the maintenance of the neutrality and protection of the canal on an equal footing for all nations. Several articles follow, which are not altogether clear, considering the treaty between Colombia and the United States to be still in force. Sir Henry Bulwer declared, before the ratifications of the treaty, that "Her Majesty does not understand the engagements of that convention to apply to Her Majesty's settlements at Honduras or to its dependencies"; and Mr. Clayton agreed that he "understood British Honduras was not embraced in the treaty." The Senate, strangely enough, appeared to be satisfied with the terms of the treaty. England yielded nothing. She should have been made to withdraw her claim to Nicaragua. But Sir Henry Bulwer quieted the American Secretary by saying: "You wish to have the canal built, and have got a company with a concession, and you wish England to withdraw from Nicaragua. England will not withdraw, but promises not to use her influence with the Musquito king to embarrass you; promises to protect the canal; and, furthermore, promises not to occupy, fortify, or colonize Nicaragua, or even the Musquito coast." Sir Henry Bulwer intended the protectorate should continue, but soothed apprehension by promising it should not be used so as to put obstacles in the way of a canal. The Americans lacked watchfulness to allow the ratification of the treaty, as it has been since regarded by many to be full of mischief and misunderstanding. Yet, in 1860, President Buchanan declared himself satisfied with the treaty, and it is considered as binding and in full force at the present time; although the late Secretary Frelinghuysen, in his able state paper, claimed that the convention was made for a particular object, which does not now exist; that Great Britain, to this day, contrary to its provisions, supports a colony in Honduras, so that the treaty is voidable at the pleasure of the United States, as England has broken it. It appears to be a matter difficult of solution, unless the United States, having denounced the treaty, should build a canal of her own, and control it absolutely. That is a way which would lessen the dangers and complications arising from a joint or multiple control, and give our great Republic the exclusive guardianship of an inter-oceanic canal, which is her interest and her right.

"THE CYPRIOTE DOVE SLAVE."

THE painting, by Massarani, recalls a legend of slavery in Europe in the seventeenth century, which was not unworthy of his pencil. Cosmo (II.) de Medici presented to the Duke of Ossuna, then Governor of Sicily, three fair young Cypriote girls, who had been carried off by his galleys from their native island to be sold as slaves. The beauty of one of these girls, and the admiration with which the Governor regarded her, aroused the jealousy of the duchess, and she resolved to remove her dangerous rival. The girl disappeared, and the duchess intimated that she had probably fled or committed suicide. The poor captive had really been removed to a secluded part of the grounds and left there fettered, with a small allowance of bread and water set near her. The water was poisoned. One draught, and all would be over.

As the poor child sat in mute, heart-rending misery, the doves came fluttering around, attracted by the bread and water. They lighted on the edge of the dish to drink, but soon fell dead. Their fate told her the plot against her life. The cries and sobs wrung from her anguished heart caught the ear of the duke, who was strolling near. Understanding at a glance the terrible crime intended, he listened to the voice of humanity. He took steps at once to restore the three girls to their native land.

AN INTRUDER.

THE man-eating tiger is generally one too old or feeble to grapple with a bullock, or too unwieldy to pursue fleet-footed animals like the antelope. He lies in wait where men pass, and gratifies his appetite.

Was it a man-eater that visited Captain Beauvais, a French officer, in Cochin China, one evening? Apparently not, for he was too lithe and sleek? The captain was idly reading a newspaper, when suddenly he saw, above the top of his journal, the gleam of a pair of yellowish-brown eyes. They belonged to a tiger, which, finding the door open for ventilation, had entered.

The captain took all in at a glance. Sudden as the surprise was, Beauvais was too old a soldier to be unnerved by the danger of his position. The least movement of alarm was, he knew, fatal. His revolver hung behind; without turning, almost without a movement of his body, and keeping his eye fixed on the intruder, he reached back, grasped and cocked his pistol. In an instant he began emptying the barrels into the face of his strange visitor. Startled by the flash and the report, the tiger turned and fled, the captain firing as it retreated.

Had he wounded it? He was too modest to boast. He had not time to aim, and his balls may have glanced from its skull. Had he wounded it badly, the tiger would more probably have, in its fury, sprung upon him. It was, perhaps, more fortunate that he frightened rather than hurt it, as his balls did not reach the brain through the eyes.

When the captain summoned his servants, they could, with their torches, find no trace of the enemy, and no marks of blood were to be seen.

AN INTRUDER.—"KEEPING HIS EYE FIXED ON THE TIGER, HE REACHED BACK, GRASPED AND COCKED HIS PISTOL."

THE PRICE OF A KISS.—"I CAUGHT ONE GLIMPSE OF THE COUNTENANCE OF MR. FITZGERALD, ABLAZE WITH ASTONISHMENT, AND THEN, MY EYES FALLING INVOLUNTARILY UPON THE STRUGGLING FORM OF MY LATE ASSAILANT, I SAW—NOT THE PALE, SICKLY CHILD'S I HAD IMAGINED, BUT THE HAIRY, HIDEOUSLY GRINNING VISAGE OF—A MONKEY."—SEE PAGE 274.

THE PRICE OF A KISS.

By Christian Reid.

"Time to get up, sir! Coach due in ten minutes, and only stops long enough to change horses. If you'll open your door, I'll fetch you in a light, sir."

This announcement, preceded and followed by a succession of resounding knocks on my chamber door, and delivered by the uncompromising voice of a hotel waiter, roused me at once from the unconscious happiness of profound slumber to the unhappy consciousness that I must rise and continue my journey.

Is there, among the many unavoidable small disagreeables that beset human existence in the present age of the world, one more trying to a man's patience than that of having often to tear himself from his bed in the middle of the night and encounter the discomforts of travel at so unreasonable a time? I thought not, as I listened to the receding step of the servant, and debated with myself whether to get up, or—turn over and go to sleep again, and thereby incur a delay of twenty-four hours. For, at the period in question, "some thirty years ago or more," railroads were not numerous as they are now. They made the highways of travel, but the byways of the land had not yet exchanged the old-fashioned stage-horn for the locomotive whistle. There was no special reason for hurrying my journey. My college commencement was just over; I had graduated with honors, and was a little impatient, it is true, to exhibit my academic laurels to the home-folk; but a day sooner or later would make no difference as to that. And I was very sleepy. I stretched, sighed, groaned, fairly, and had almost decided that I would "stay over" and take my sleep out, when the recollection occurred to me that if I did, it would be merely a repetition of the same struggle to-morrow night, and I sprang out of bed.

Fifteen minutes afterward I was entering the coach that stood before the door of the hotel—one of those large, lumbering, nine-passenger abominations then in use. A lantern in the hand of a hostler, and a lamp, which burned rather dimly in the hall of the hotel, and cast a feeble glimmering through the open door across the wide brick pavement to where the "vehicle" was anchored, enabled me to perceive that it contained but few passengers. Only three. But, to my annoyance, one of them—a ponderous-looking old gentleman—had established himself in a half doubled-up reclining position on the front seat, monopolizing the whole of it. Now, it was always my habit, when traveling in a coach like this, to secure a front corner as the most comfortable place in the concern. I did not mind sitting backward, and the front extremity of such a coach is just a degree less unsteady than the centre and back. It was no amiable regard, then, that I cast on the old egotist before me. I was half inclined to enter a protest against his illegal usurpation of so much space, but, on the whole, decided to be silent. The back seat was occupied by two muffled-looking figures—women, I could see—so I took possession of the middle seat in a very bad humor, I must confess.

"Crack went the whip, round went the wheels;" but I don't think any of the "folk" inside were "glad" as the machine got in motion and rattled off into the darkness, rocking and swaying from side to side like a badly built Dutch schuyt in a heavy sea. I tried in vain to obtain a comfortable position. Sitting bolt upright, with nothing but a leather strap to rest the back against, this was impossible. I twisted, I turned, and was for some time so unsettled myself that I did not notice how equally unquiet one of the occupants of the back seat was, until my attention was attracted to the fact by the low tones of a voice that, even in my discontented and preoccupied state of mind, struck me as remarkably pleasant and melodious.

"How restless Jock is!" this voice, the voice of a young and pretty woman, I was confident, remarked: "What is the matter with the little fellow, Jenny?"

"I don't know, m'm," was the reply; and though the tone was respectful—that of a servant, evidently—there was an unequivocal shade of irritation in it, which became more decided as the speaker added: "He *won't* go to sleep, and just keeps jumping from one side to the other, till——"

"And your head aching, too!" interrupted the young lady, sympathetically. "Give him to me, and try to go to sleep."

"Oh, no, m'm; I can hold him," faintly protested the maid. "You had better try to go to sleep yourself, Miss Kate."

Miss Kate's only reply to this suggestion was to take possession of the refractory "Jock," as a rustling, scrambling sort of noise informed me. I expected to hear a yell, but it did not come.

"Go to sleep now, Jenny," the charming voice said, in a kindly, authoritative tone. "I'll see if *I* can't make this little scamp behave himself. Go to sleep, Jocky; go to sleep!" it went on, so softly and caressingly to the little scamp himself, that I was not surprised when silence proclaimed the success of her effort.

I was amazingly interested. With all the vanity of a just-fledged collegian, I thought myself capable of reading character in various ways—physiognomically, phrenologically, auricularly. In the present case I could not see the lines of the lady's face, nor examine the bumps on her head; but the sound of her voice was sufficient, I said to myself. I would have staked my prospective career—which, of course, was to be one of unrivaled distinction—upon the belief that she was young, handsome, charming, amiable! I began to speculate mentally as to what the color of her eyes and hair might be; whether her nose was straight, aquiline or *retroussé;* whether her mouth was strictly classical, or divinely sweeet and mobile! In a word, my fancy, which for a wonder happened to be free just then, was very busy with conjectures concerning her, when a sudden recollection of "Jocky" suggested the natural inference under the circumstances that she must be married.

"I wonder," thought I, in profound disgust; "I wonder if it can be possible that that stertorous-breathing mass on the front seat is the husband of a woman with such a voice as that!"

He was stout, middle-aged, gray-haired. These particulars I had noted involuntarily when my eye fell on him as I entered the coach. *She* was young, there could be no question of that. There was a silvery, laughing ripple in her tones which gave me the idea of extreme youth.

In about an hour the coach stopped to change horses. All was blackness around us, for the night was cloudy, and it was in those small hours when even the inhabitants of wayside inns are paying the tribute of rest which nature demands from the most busy. At the summons of our Jehu, a brace of sleepy hostlers, one of whom bore

a lantern, made their appearance, and proceeded to take out the smoking horses that had brought us thus far, and supply their place with a fresh team. While this business was going on, I opened the coach door and sprang out, and when he was ready to start again, said to the driver:

"Stop a minute, if you please. I want some water. Here, one of you boys! bring some fresh water, will you!"

Both ran to do my bidding, and soon reappeared—the first carrying a pitcher and tumbler, while his comrade held up the lantern to light the scene.

My object was attained. I took the greenish glass tumbler in my own hand, and, after rinsing it thoroughly, presented myself at the side of the coach with it brimming and invitingly cool-looking.

"Will you allow me to offer you some fresh water, madam?" I said, in my most insinuating manner, and was rewarded for the trouble I had been at by the sight of one of the loveliest of faces, and a courteous "Thank you!" from the voice I had fallen in love with.

A vail was pushed back by one little gloved hand, and another ungloved one, that gleamed like a snowflake in the lantern-light, took the tumbler.

I had an excellent view of her face as she lifted the water to her lips. Young?—unquestionably so. Not more than eighteen, I thought. My passion was full-fledged in an instant; and it required an actual effort of self-control not to put my lips to the brim of the tumbler where it had been touched by hers, instead of throwing out the water, refilling the glass, and thus *losing the place*—as I was obliged by inexorable propriety to do. I tried to keep my eye on the spot while the old gentleman, to whom of course I offered it next, drank. But he was gluttonously thirsty, as I thought in my ire. It had to be twice refilled for him, and though my eye was fastened on it all the time, the place was lost. I could scarcely respond duly to the bland nod and words of acknowledgment with which he returned the vessel to me, and it was only the fact that I should have opportunity for yet another glance at the beautiful face I was enamored of, which sustained my spirits as I pretended to drink myself. I approached the window again, with the tumbler extended.

"Will not your maid take some?" I inquired. I could not bring myself to allude to the child, who seemed, moreover, to be asleep, as he was invisible under the mufflings that rested in the lady's lap. Could it be possible, I again wondered, that this angel was the wife of the intemperate old water-bibber on the front seat! The idea was revolting.

She received the glass with another very enchanting "Thank you," and a still more enchanting smile. "Here, Jenny, don't you want some water?" she said; and the maid—a pretty mulattress—raised herself from the far corner in which she was reclining. I could have pardoned and even commended her in my own mind, if her headache had given her a thirst equal to that of her master, but to my chagrin she drank with exasperating promptitude; too soon I was obliged to re-enter the coach and place myself with my back to the young lady. "Thankee, sir—thankee, sir!" from the hostlers; crack, crack, crack of the driver's whip, and once more there was only jolting and darkness.

But I had gained something. What had been merely intuition before we stopped, was now certainty. My neighbor on the back seat was indisputably an angel. What dreams and visions floated through my brain during the next hour! How I gloated over the recollection of her face, her voice, her smile! Then her air and manner—and that of the old gentleman, also, I ungraciously admitted—were unmistakable.

"I wonder what they are doing in a stage-coach," I thought at this point of my rumination, for at that time gentlemen of the best class rarely traveled in public conveyances, particularly for a journey of any length. "It is strange!" I considered. "When daylight comes and we make acquaintance, I will find out."

When daylight comes! That thought sent dismay to my heart. My part of the journey would terminate very shortly after daylight, and I should have to lose sight for ever, perhaps, of the exquisite creature who—with the fatuity of a love-sick boy, I felt—had made an indelible impression on my heart.

This alarming reflection spurred me to extraordinary effort. When we stopped to change horses again, I did not repeat the water experiment, but I hazarded a remark to the old gentleman. He responded civilly, and we fell into a conversation which was not dropped when the coach was again in motion.

It is easy for two people who are of precisely the same social caste and habits, to recognize the fact, even in the dark, as we were. Certain accentuations of words, turns of expression, to say nothing of general modes of thought, make conclusive evidence. We had not proceeded half a mile before the old gentleman inquired if I lived in this part of the State; and on my answering in the affirmative, he said:

"Then I presume you are acquainted with the Drummonds of Laurensville?—Colonel George Drummond and family?"

"Very well acquainted with them," I answered, smiling. "I am the eldest son of Colonel Drummond, and just returning home from my College Commencement."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the old gentleman, in a tone of the most cordial pleasure. "I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Drummond. I am your father's old friend Geoffrey Fitzgerald, of N—— County. My daughter and myself are on our way now to visit your family. Kate, are you asleep? This young gentleman, our fellow passenger, is Hal Drummond—your friend Alice's brother. Let me make you acquainted with my daughter, Mr. Drummond."

His daughter! Praised be the gods!

Greetings were exchanged, and our conversation became very animated during the next half hour. Words cannot express my rapture at this fortunate rencontre. I understood the whole affair now. They were down-the-country people whom I knew very well by character, though not personally. Miss Fitzgerald, a school-friend of my sister, was come, I learned, to spend the Summer with the latter. I should see this divine creature morning, noon and night for the next three months; for though it had been my intention to remain at home but a few weeks and then go on a mountain excursion with some college friends, I determined on the spot that while Miss Fitzgerald remained in Laurensville, I would remain there too. As to Jock, I smiled now to think how much I had been puzzled and concerned by his presence, remembering that when I was at home the Winter before for the Christmas holidays, my sister told me that her friend Kate Fitzgerald, who was to have visited her at that time, had been prevented from leaving home by the illness of her little brother. The child had been left to the care of its sister by the death of their mother when it was but a few days old; and Miss Fitzgerald was "perfectly devoted" to it, according to Alice's account. "And you never saw such a horrid, emaciated little

creature as it is!" my sister added, with a grimace. "Cross!—a perfect imp in temper! I think it a thousand pities that it had not died when its mother did."

It—or he—did not seem cross now. He had been sleeping peacefully for two hours at least. As this thought flitted through my mind, a soft sigh—a sigh of weariness, and not the first one I had heard—smote my ear.

"Don't you find this mode of traveling very tiresome?" I asked Miss Fitzgerald, from whom it was evident that the sigh had proceeded.

"Oh, no," she answered, cheerfully. "Of course one would not travel in a stage-coach from choice; but if there is any necessity for doing so——"

"The necessity in this case, you must know, Mr. Drummond," her father here interrupted in a tone of dry humor, "consisted of there being a possibility that we might be detained to-morrow by the lameness of one of my carriage-horses. We came up in the carriage as far as H——, where we stopped for the night. One of the horses cast a shoe during the afternoon, and the driver, not noticing it at the time, he began to limp a little from traveling barefoot over these gravelly roads. The shoe was replaced, and I did not apprehend a detention; but I happened to remark, casually, that if the animal was lame in the morning we must lie over a day. My daughter, alarmed at such a prospect, insisted that we should take the stage-coach at once, which we did, and left H—— at dark, after having already made a day's journey. So you may imagine whether she is tired or not."

"Now, papa," cried the young lady, laughing, "it is very ungrateful of you to talk in this way, when you know it was more on your account than my own that I proposed taking the coach. You have been so tired of creeping along day after day in the carriage, that I was sure you would rather have the journey over, even at the expense of a night's jolting, than be detained a whole day, perhaps longer, and then have a day and half still to travel before reaching Laurensville. As it is, we get there to-morrow morning, don't we, Mr. Drummond?"

"Yes, at eight o'clock," I answered.

"It is about half-past three now," said Miss Fitzgerald. "I looked at my watch when we changed horses last. Only four hours and a half until eight o'clock, and that is not long." But I heard a heartfelt though very low sigh as she concluded her sentence.

CELLINI'S STATUE OF MERCURY.

"I am afraid you will think it long before it is over," said her father, with a short laugh. "I wonder what condition you and your maid and that little rascal Jock will be in by that time!"

"As for myself," responded she, lightly, "you will see that I shall be as fresh as when we started; but"—she, too, laughed here—"poor Jenny and Jock are both broken down, I am afraid. Jock was very much puzzled and intensely disgusted at being jolted about in the dark, instead of going to bed as usual. But the dear little fellow is asleep now."

"You must be tired of his weight," said I. "Won't you let me relieve you of it?"

"Oh, he is not heavy," she answered; "he is very small——"

"But pardon me," I said, "I am sure you are tired, for I have heard you sighing with weariness again and again. Pray give the little fellow to me to hold."

"I am afraid," she said, hesitatingly, "that he might be troublesome. He is a very mischievous little monkey, and very shy of strangers. If he should get awake he would know in a minute, by instinct, that he was in the arms of a stranger, and"—her voice took a tone of anticipative alarm—"he might spring out of the coach-window before you could prevent it."

"Now that you have warned me I will be on my guard," I replied. "You may safely trust him with me."

"Then, as you are so kind, and as I really am quite tired, I shall be greatly obliged if you will hold him for a little while. But how can you get him? Papa, please strike a match, or—no! that would waken him."

"Can't you place him in my arms under the strap?" I asked, extending them as I spoke.

She laid a bundle across them, explaining that "the little fellow, being of a very chilly nature, was muffled up from the night air."

Very much muffled up, it struck me, and so small and light for a child of more than two years old, that I recalled the disgust with which my sister had described him as "horrid and emaciated," notwithstanding which description, *I* felt no disgust whatever, but a most tender interest in the object of Miss Fitzgerald's affection. Such the little anatomy certainly was, for after settling him in my arms she bent down her beautiful face, and I felt her soft breath on my hand, while one silky curl rested against it as she kissed and patted Master Jock.

"Now, *do* be careful of him, Mr. Drummond," she said. "He is very nervous, and the journey has con-

sequently been very trying to him."

"You ought to have left him at home, as I suggested," said her father, rather testily.

"Oh, it would have broken his little heart to have been left," she answered. "I would have staid at home myself sooner than not to have brought him."

"You brought a great deal of trouble for yourself, and for others too, it seems," the old gentleman remarked, drily; "but now, if you have settled Jock to your satisfaction, I hope you will keep quiet, for I want to go to sleep."

Silence followed, and soon the heavy breathing of Mr. Fitzgerald announced that he *had* gone to sleep. Everybody seemed to have gone to sleep, in fact, except myself, if I might judge by the profound stillness as well as silence of the two occupants of the back seat, and of the small bundle in my arms.

I was not sleepy. I sat in a delightful reverie, recalling every word which Miss Fitzgerald had uttered during our late conversation, with alternating recollections of her lovely face, and of her soft breath on my hand as she kissed her little brother after placing him in my arms.

SEE PAGE 281.

This last affecting incident reminded me of the kiss on the cup, of which circumstances had defrauded me, and the thought occurred that I might indemnify myself for that loss now. I bent my head, intending to press my lips softly upon the little cheek which had so lately been pressed by *hers;* but I was a second time foiled in my purpose. Perhaps it was my breath on his face which wakened Master Jock. He suddenly stirred, and then gave a quick start, jerking himself into a sitting posture. I remembered his sister's caution about his nervousness, and was careful to hold him firmly by his shoulders. They felt very small, and so thin that I was struck with compassion.

"Poor little fellow!" I thought. "No wonder his sister is devoted to him! I feel sorry for him myself! I hope he will not discover that he is in the hands of a stranger."

After that first start, he was still. So still that I was surprised, and when I felt the little frame quivering in my grasp, I became alarmed. But not wishing to disturb either Mr. or Miss Fitzgerald, if it was possible to avoid doing so, I endeavored to get him to go to sleep again, and with this view, laid him back into a reclining posture, despite considerable resistance in a small way, on his part—for he seemed to have plenty of muscle in that emaciated little frame, and in the very small fingers which fastened themselves pinchingly into both my arms. Why he did not make an outcry, puzzled me.

BITS OF OLD BOSTON.—THE HOME OF PAUL REVERE.

Perhaps, I reflected, apprehensively, he was inarticulate with terror. I bent my face close to his to listen to his breathing, when all at once—too quickly for my mind to analyze and divide the sounds—came a singular shrill noise, followed by a sharp snap; and the next instant there ——

Heaven and earth! What was the matter?

I could not conceive! I was so astounded and bewildered, that I could not at first even frame a mental conjecture. A blaze of light had suddenly burst from my eyes, as pangs of excruciating pain seized my mouth. Had I been struck by lightning? was my first tangible thought, with a confused sort of wonder that I had heard no indications of storm.

Notwithstanding my sense of stupid amazement, that thought must have flashed swift as lightning itself through my brain, for, as I afterward learned, the curious sounds above mentioned had awakened Miss Fitzgerald, who, suspecting their cause, started to her feet, leaned over my shoulder, and almost simultaneously with the flash and the pain which assailed me, exclaimed, authoritatively:

"You Jock! Don't you dare, sir! Papa, papa! Please strike a match! Oh, Mr. Drummond, I do hope he has not bitten you!"

I did not reply. How could I, when my lips were pinned together by some instrument of torture in the shape of sharp forceps, it seemed to me? And the young lady, frightened by my silence, cried out again, more loudly:

"Papa, papa! *Do* strike a match! I am afraid that Jock is biting Mr. Drummond! Oh, Mr. Drummond, pray speak!" she implored. "Jenny! Papa!" she now fairly shrieked; "get *awake!*"

"H'm! Hey!" responded Mr. Fitzgerald; while another voice, also in the tone of one suddenly awakened, exclaimed, quickly, "What's the matter, Miss Kate?"

"*Light a match!*" screamed the young lady, in a voice of extreme distress and terror. "You Jock! You Jock! Let go, sir! Let go!"

The last words dispelled my bewilderment, which up to that instant had been absolute. I understood now. The ungrateful Jock, resenting the too close proximity of my face to his own, had seized my lips between his teeth and was biting them.

"Good heavens!" I thought, in my pangs, "a child of two years old to bite like a vicious dog! 'An imp!' did Alice call him? He is a little demon, rather!" I reflected, with an emotion of fury. My hands closed in a savage grip on the diminutive shoulders I had been manipulating so tenderly the moment before, and whether it was this argument, or his sister's commands which influenced the little monster, I could not tell, but he *did* let go, just as Mr. Fitzgerald, having with infinite difficulty extracted his match-box from his pocket, struck a light.

The flame flashed up, and in the same instant was extinguished by a gust of wind, but its gleam had illuminated the scene vividly, though so briefly. I caught one glimpse of the countenance of Mr. Fitzgerald, ablaze with astonishment, concern and rage, as he stared aghast at my face, and then, my eyes falling involuntarily upon the struggling form of my late assailant, which I was holding down forcibly on my knees, I saw—not the pale, sickly child's face I had imagined to be there, but the brown, hairy, hideously grinning visage of—a monkey!

Amazement paralyzed me—or the gleaming, rolling eyes of the creature fascinated me, I don't know which—during the inappreciable space of time the light lasted, but when darkness suddenly enveloped us again, my predominant sensation was that of terrified repulsion. Instinctively I threw my head and shoulders backward, tightening at the same time my hold on the monkey, to prevent a further attack from him. My movement jostled Miss Fitzgerald, who was leaning over me, so severely that she fell back into her seat, while the strenuous grip of my fingers elicited a screech of pain from Mr. Jock.

"Oh, pray do not hurt him!" cried the young lady, beseechingly, springing up again and laying hold of me, in her excitement, with no gentle touch. "I am so—so sorry that he should have bitten you, but he did not know any better. It was my fault! I ought not to have been——"

While uttering these apologies with breathless rapidity, she was diving her arms over my shoulders in search of her pet, and, having found him, she pushed my hands unceremoniously aside, seized the little wretch by his arms, and hauled him up over my head, almost suffocating me for a moment in the heavy folds of the shawl that was wrapped around him, and which trailed across and enveloped my face.

Mr. Fitzgerald, meanwhile, was muttering suspicious sounds, as he endeavored to ignite another match. He gave something like a snort of indignation when he heard his daughter's adjurations to me, and said, in a most significant tone:

"I'll see whether *I* can't hurt him as soon as I get this d——"

Checking himself, he went on with his endeavors in silence, a silence which I am sure must have seemed ominous to his daughter, who, I judged from the muffled sounds that came to my ears, was engaged in quite a struggle with the redoubtable Jock. I could distinguish a soft undertone of soothing and remonstrance combined, interlarded by a low sob or two, and a great scratching and rustling of drapery.

Once, twice, thrice, Mr. Fitzgerald got his match to burn, and each time the flame was blown out as it blazed up, by the fresh breeze which had full sweep through the coach, all the curtains being up. The old gentleman, losing patience, shouted to the driver to stop, and that functionary, startled by the tone, obeyed at once, shouting in return, "Anything the matter in there?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Bring your lantern here instantly."

"Take hold o' these reins, if you please, and hold 'em while I go and see what the devil's to pay in yonder!" said the driver, hastily, to somebody who sat on the box with him. Springing to the ground, he took the candle out of one of the lanterns, and, shading it with his hand, came quickly to the side of the coach.

Before he really had time to speak Mr. Fitzgerald addressed me.

"I hope you are not much hurt, Mr. Drummond!" he said, in a voice of alarm, when the glare of the candle fell on the handkerchief which was pressed over the lower part of my face. "Good Heavens! you are bleeding terribly!" he exclaimed, evidently very much shocked, as he drew nearer and looked more closely, and he laid his hand on the handkerchief to remove it.

I shook my head and resisted this attempt, stammering in a stifled voice:

"It is a mere scratch! Pray don't give yourself any concern about it; a trifle, I assure you."

"It must be more than a scratch to bleed so profusely," said he, still trying to get at the handkerchief.

"It does bleed powerful," chimed in the driver, whose eyes had distended themselves wonderingly at the spectacle. "What done it?"

"I think I had better keep the handkerchief over it until I can get some water," I said, in a thick voice, to Mr. Fitzgerald, adding, in a reassuring tone: "A basin of water is all I want. How far is it to your next stopping-place, driver?"

"To the next house?" cried Mr. Fitzgerald.

"The next house *is* our stopping-place," said the driver. "It ain't more 'n half a mile, and I think we'd better git there as quick as we kin. There ain't nothin' to be done for you here in the woods, you see."

"You're right," I answered; "we had better get on."

"Give me the light," said Mr. Fitzgerald, as the man still stood gaping with curiosity, "and drive on, if you please, as fast as possible. I don't like so much loss of blood."

He took the candle, which was stuck into a tin socket with a saucer round it, that looked like a candlestick, but was, in fact, the bottom of the coach lantern, and again urging the driver to haste, we were soon thundering along at a gallop, the road, fortunately, being smooth and level just here.

The scene in the coach must have been a very ludicrous one, though it did not strike me or any of my fellow-travelers in that light. Miss Fitzgerald crouched back in the corner behind me, feeling very guilty on her own account, and apprehensive on Jock's. Her maid felt guilty also, no doubt, for she wore a most distressed expression of countenance. I could see her, though not her mistress. The emotions of the latter I construed by her movements, and by intuition, I suppose. I leaned a little way out of the coach-window for the convenience of allowing the blood to drip comfortably from the handkerchief held to my lacerated and smarting lips, and Mr. Fitzgerald sat bolt upright in the middle of the front seat, his cravat loosened, his collar crushed, his hair damp and tumbled, his portly figure, which was habited in a light-colored linen traveling-wrap, swaying from side to side, bobbing, bowing, bumping up and down with the motion of the coach, holding the candle in one hand while he shielded the flame from the air with the other. Its light shone full on his face, which was much flushed, partly from slumber, partly with the anger that flashed from his eyes as they kept reverting from my swathed-up, bleeding face to the corner behind me and back again; their expression changing each time from extreme concern as they rested on me, to extreme wrath as they pursued the shrinking culprit in the rear. I knew that this culprit did shrink, from her uneasy motions and nervous breathing, and she shrank still more when, a few minutes afterward, the driver pulled up his horses. She knew that the tug of war was near.

Mr. Fitzgerald alighted with an alacrity unusual in a gentleman of his age, habits and weight, and assisted me to the ground with the most friendly, I might say fatherly, air, led me to the house before which we had drawn up, and was about to make a summons on the front door for assistance, when I arrested his hand. The stage-horn had already roused the stable-hands, and I spoke to one of them by name as he hurried past us—for I knew the place and the people well—inquiring if Dr. Woodruff still lived there. He did, the man said.

"Then I'll go to his office," I mumbled to Mr. Fitzgerald. "It is at the end of the house yonder. Run on, Jim, and wake him and tell him I'm coming. He is only a cross-roads doctor," I added, as the man hurried forward; "but I can get a basin of water and some adhesive plaster from him, no doubt, and that is all I need."

The water and plaster were produced with satisfactory expedition by the doctor, who rendered the surgical aid required skillfully enough. Both lips were considerably "cut and contused," as he expressed it; and he naturally inquired how the accident had occurred.

"It is the work of an infernal little brute—a pet monkey," answered Mr. Fitzgerald, my mouth being under the doctor's hands as he asked the question.

"O—h, it was bitten! I thought it was a singular-looking wound," said the medical man, adding, with a short chuckle: "I shouldn't like to have such an animal as that about me!"

"I shall *not* have him about me any longer," was the response, in a tone that did not augur well for Master Jock and the feelings of Master Jock's attached mistress. I noticed that, and also the impatient restlessness manifested by the speaker as he stood waiting while the doctor, with complacent air and smiling countenance, tortured me.

But the ministrations of the latter were promptly as well as skillfully performed; and as soon as the last strip of plaster was adjusted, while Dr. Woodruff was carefully arranging a bandage across my mouth and giving me a few necessary directions, Mr. Fitzgerald left the room. I followed precipitately. I had by this time collected my thoughts, which at first had been a good deal scattered by the monkey's onslaught, and though my sudden passion of love at first sight was decidedly cooled, if not cured, by the blood-letting I had sustained, together with the pain attendant thereon, justice as well as gallantry determined me to stand the champion of Master Jock and his mistress's affections. If I had not attempted to kiss the little beast, he would not have bitten me; therefore it would not be just to punish him for an assault to which he had been provoked.

I escaped very unceremoniously from the doctor's hands, and gained Mr. Fitzgerald's side as he drew near to the coach and beckoned imperatively to one of the servants standing by.

"I want you to take this animal and kill it, my man," he said, "and I'll give you a dollar. Be careful how you handle the vicious little brute, or he'll bite you as he did this gentleman. Kate, give that monkey here."

He approached the side of the coach as he spoke, but Miss Fitzgerald, who had uttered a stifled shriek at the word "kill," turned her back on him, and, smothering Jock in her arms, cried, piteously:

"Papa, papa! how can you be so cruel to me! You know I *will* not let my poor little pet be killed. I will be killed myself first! I——"

Sobs choked her, but Mr. Fitzgerald was inexorable. He laid his hand on her shoulder, saying, very sternly:

"Come, no more nonsense, my daughter. Let me have the animal!"

"I can't! I *won't!*" she shrieked, passionately. "Oh, papa, I will give Jock away! You shall never be troubled with him again! But——"

At this instant Jock, who did not like the smothering process and had been struggling viciously to release himself, succeeded in wriggling his head out of the shawl with which his mistress had muffled him, and, peering over her shoulder, began nodding, chattering and grimacing; his narrow brown face, with its glittering dark eyes and gleaming white teeth, looking at once so diabolical and comical, that the ring of spectators gathered round—consisting of the driver, the outside passenger who had been on the box beside him, the two hostlers who were in

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN BOSTON, SALEM STREET.

attendance to change the horses, and the doctor, who had followed me to the spot—all involuntarily drew back a little, as a simultaneous laugh burst from them.

Neither Mr. Fitzgerald nor myself joined in their mirth. He was in a towering passion, and my mouth was not in laughing condition. Without a word, for by this time he was literally inarticulate from rage, he took out his penknife, a large one, and, as I saw him open a blade more than two inches long, wide in proportion, and as sharp as a razor—a small dagger, in fact—and approach the unconscious Jock with a very murderous expression of countenance, I felt that that individual's throat was in imminent peril, and that it was time for me to interfere. Tearing off with one hand the bandage which the doctor had just arranged so carefully, I seized Mr. Fitzgerald's arm with the other, and began as energetic a protest as the disabled state of my mouth would permit, against the sentence he had pronounced upon Jock. It was not the monkey's fault, I represented, that he should have followed his natural instinct as a monkey to bite; the fault was mine in not keeping out of the way of being bitten; the injury inflicted was trifling, and would soon be forgotten; but if Mr. Fitzgerald persisted in depriving his daughter of her pet, of giving her the pain from which that pet's violent and, I must consider, undeserved death would cause her, he would, so far as I was concerned, be turning a mere temporary inconvenience into a very uncomfortable sense of self-reproach, and a permanently annoying recollection. I entreated him as a favor to myself—a very great favor I should esteem it—to drop the matter and let the little animal live.

The old gentleman listened to me at first with scarcely repressed impatience, and it was not until I came to the peroration of my labored appeal, that his face showed any signs of relenting. The unmistakable sincerity and earnestness with which I then spoke seemed to produce some effect, seeing which I pressed my point still more warmly, and finally obtained a reluctant commutation of Jock's sentence. His life was spared, but Miss Fitzgerald was to remember, her father said, that she had promised to dispose of the little brute. He was not to be brought into his, Mr. Fitzgerald's, sight again.

"You are to understand that distinctly, Kate!" he said, in a very austere tone. "I'll cut his throat from ear to ear if he comes once in my way!"

"Oh, papa!" cried Miss Kate, reproachfully. She had succeeded in hiding away the monkey once more in the folds of her voluminous shawl, and now whirled round on her seat and faced the irate old gentleman fearlessly, for she knew the weapon with which she was about to deal him a blow. "Oh, papa, how can you talk so about little Bertie's monkey, that he was so fond of, and that amused him so much. Have you forgotten how he would laugh and clap his little hands——"

Her voice failed here, and Mr. Fitzgerald, turning away, first cleared his throat, audibly, and then inquired of the driver, in quite a subdued voice, if he was ready to start. The driver answered in the affirmative.

THE HOME OF GENERAL WARREN, DEMOLISHED IN 1850.

I learned afterward that Jock had been purchased from an organ-grinder for the amusement of the little brother of Miss Fitzgerald, whom I had supposed him to be—who, by-the-way, was dead—and that her attachment to the creature was quite as much on the little brother's account as on his own. This being the state of the case, I found no difficulty in excusing the indirect share she had borne in my misfortune. Nevertheless, my three hours' romance ended as suddenly as it had began.

"A young lady who carries about and kisses a monkey, is not *my* fate," I said to myself.

THE LIGHT IN THE SPIRE OF THE OLD NORTH CHURCH.

BITS OF OLD BOSTON.

By Ralph S. Tarr.

No American city has preserved her relics with greater veneration than Boston, and no city is so rich in the successive steps of progress. Side by side stand houses of the last and the present century, and, near by, the tumble-down mass of wood built by our Puritan fathers in the seventeenth century.

But Improvement rides roughshod over all relics, and each year we miss some bit of antiquity, fallen prey to that invincible steed of civilization. The rapid strides of progress must of necessity take as little notice of historic places in its way as of bits of natural beauty. The old wooden tinder-boxes placed ready for fire in the midst of important business interests must be removed. Nor is this all. Hills themselves are leveled, and the sea made dry land by our progressive age. Who would recognize the present site of Boston as the one which our Puritan fathers discovered? Three high hills, called mountains by them, then covered the small, pear-shaped peninsula.

These have been leveled to fill in the marsh lands, and only the roots of Beacon and Copp's Hills remain, while the old Fort Hill is entirely gone.

When such changes are made in nature itself, who could expect the pygmy works of man to stand? The great fire of 1872 destroyed many of our interesting historic places. Other parts have been devastated by that equally destructive foe, commerce; but there yet remains one part of Boston that is old in every sense of the word. This is the North End, one of the most historic parts of Boston. To the stranger, these buildings are a surprise; to the student, a world of reality, where, in the narrow streets, old houses, and decaying wharves, is a history in itself.

Let us first go to North Square. To get there we must go down Hanover Street, a broad furrow plowed by improvement through this, the oldest part of Boston. From each side narrow lanes twist and turn as if bent upon losing themselves in their own coils. Down one of these we turn, and find ourselves suddenly and unexpectedly in an open square. A group of crazy old tenements, fit habitations for owls and bats, not for human beings, is the verdict of the casual observer. Not so, my friend. Some of the very houses that line this square were the residences of the most aristocratic families in Boston.

The tide of travel drifts not here, and for all evidences of city life, we should call it a lost locality. No sound of bustle enters this quiet retreat; everything seems pervaded by a death-like stillness peculiarly fit for this place of history. For years North Square was an oasis in the midst of the moral desert of North Street, which it was believed could equal in immorality any part of London. This part of North Street has the same reputation today; but that of North Square has left it. The aristocrats have gone, and the vice of North Street has flowed into the place.

In the times of its ascendency men of note lived here. Governor Thomas Hutchinson, Commodore Tucker, Edward Holyoke and Edward Everett—both presidents of Harvard College—had their homes in this square. But the chief interest in all the place is centred in that little wooden house on the western side. This was the home of Paul Revere. The overhanging second story marks its age. The lower story is used by a molasses-candy maker, who exhibits his products in the window, and makes them in the rooms where Paul Revere once lived. When I first saw the house from the opposite side of the square, I was indignant; but my disgust was somewhat softened when, upon nearer approach, I saw that the candy was entirely in keeping with the antiquity of the house.

In this very square, the British troops were quartered and collected together the night before their memorable march to Concord. All the approaches were guarded, and they thought that in this quiet place their secret would be kept. But one of the residents was destined to be their betrayer, and by Paul Revere's quickness they were defeated in their object.

North Square is also the reputed scene of the offense of Captain Kemble against public morals; of kissing his wife on the street, where he chanced to meet her after a long sea-voyage. He was ordered to be placed in the stocks, and the sequel is that, smothering with wrath, he invited the Selectmen to a banquet on his vessel, and when they arrived, prepared to do justice to his good cheer, he gave each of them a severe flogging at the gangway, and, weighing anchor, made all sail from their inhospitable port.

There is also a weird, uncanny odor of witchcraft clinging to the old square. One good wife was pronounced a witch because she had an attachment for cats, of which she never kept fewer than the mystic number of nine. The gossips said she consulted her cats as the ancients consulted their oracles. Another was in the habit of going to Bermuda every night in an egg-shell, and returning before daybreak with fresh rosemary, which happened to be in request.

We have seen North Square; now we will go a little further. All about us there are places rich in history, but let us move toward Copp's Hill. Salem Street is the surest and most interesting way to go. The lower part is a veritable den of Jews, whose pawnshops line the way. The Chinaman, too, has intruded his favorite business in all available parts of the street. As we walk along we cannot help noticing the poverty that surrounds us. An old woman, bent with age, totters out from an alley with broom in hand, and begins to sweep the sidewalk clean. Each stroke tells upon her weakened frame, and at last she drops her aching body upon the doorsteps. In the next door a drunkard is curled in his drunken sleep. Hard-looking characters are grouped in the alleys, and humanity seems here to be at its lowest. Groups of dirty children play in the filth like so many pigs, and a shudder passes through us as we think of their future. These children of poverty are born to blast their young lives in perpetual vice. It is not their fault that they are here! why, then, should they be made to suffer? A hard lot is theirs, cursed with birth and forced to bear the sins of their parents because they are born.

On the right-hand side of the street is seen one of those rare houses with an overhanging second story. This is the oldest house in Boston, but the date is not known. When looking at this house one can appreciate the remark of an early French writer, that "This is the only place I ever visited where they build old houses." The type is peculiarly Puritan, and upon entering the back yard the curious structure is still better appreciated. Twelve chimneys, of every shape and size, rise out of the old roof. The shingles and boards are badly decayed, and everything has the stamp of antiquity. The good Puritans must have built their houses strongly to have them stand nearly two centuries and a half. Innumerable families of Italians occupy the tenements; flocks of children play in the yard, and lazy men lie basking in the sun. I do not know how long that block of wood has remained in the corner, but to my knowledge it has been there at least five years.

Out into Salem Street once more, the air seems purer. The street twists and turns in a serpentine manner. People say that the streets of Boston are simply paved cow-paths. I cannot believe that, for cows are more direct in their journeys. I would much rather believe them to be the paths marked out by Puritan lovers in their walks together.

The lofty steeple of Christ Church soon looms up in front of us. Here, too, the name of Paul Revere must weave itself into our story. From the window above two lanterns gleamed out on the night of April 18th, 1775, sending their flashing rays across to Charlestown, signals to Revere, who was waiting there. On the night of April 18th, 1875, two lanterns again flashed their lights across the river; but how different was the effect. No patriotic feelings were stirred to acts of desperation. The enthusiasm of the crowd died away in shouts, and the matter was soon forgotten.

With the genial sexton, Mr. Newton Glaister, as a

guide I recently spent an hour in the church. We pass in through the Sunday-school, the oldest in America, and stand within the church. The Puritan quaintness is everywhere. High box-pews, uncomfortable and straight-backed, show how the Puritans thought Sunday should be passed. The side pews were reserved for people of rank, and in the rear end of the church is the spacious pew occupied by Governor Winthrop. The slave-pews are still to be seen above the organ. Over the altar is an excellent painting of two cherubs, which is as old as the church itself. A tablet with the Ten Commandments has been in position ever since the church was founded. The original organ gives forth its solemn peals every Sunday, and an ancient clock ticks loudly as it reminds the pastor of the flying time. This clock was taken down in 1820, and a notice found saying that it was cleaned in 1740, and it is probable the clock was placed in the church when it was built, in 1723. Placed in a niche in the wall is a bust of Washington, the first that was ever made, and pronounced by Lafayette to be the best. Behind the pulpit is a large, uncomfortable chair, a present from George II., who also gave the church a service and prayer book. The sexton invited me to sit in the chair, and in a moment asked me if it was comfortable, to which I answered, from courtesy, "Yes." In doing this I allowed him to spring the joke he had just planned. "Well, then," he said, "for once you sit comfortable beneath the British crown." Long, graceful chandeliers hang from the ceiling, and these Mr. Glaister told me were being carried to Quebec for a Roman Catholic cathedral, by a French vessel, when a British privateer ran across her, and seizing the cargo, presented these to the church. Two images of the Virgin Mary, perched in front of the organ, were relics of the same capture.

The sexton offered to take me down into the catacombs beneath the church. As we descended, a chill, musty odor greeted us. Some of the tombs are over one hundred years old, and here all the rectors of the church lie buried. As we slowly groped our way along the passages lined with tombs, a chill shudder passed through my body; a sense of awe seizes me, and I expect at any moment to see the candle extinguished, and feel myself grasped by the bony fingers of some Puritan forefather come to life to punish me for my curiosity. Oh, horror! What is that that springs past me from the top of a tomb. I involuntarily shrink back as the sexton laughingly says, "It is only a cat, one of the gaunt inhabitants of this vault of death, the only living thing in all this mass of departed life." What can they live upon? I shudder as I think. Can they live upon the bodies of the dead? What else is there for them in these vaults? One of the tombs has been opened, and the sexton swings open an iron door and allows me to crawl inside. I will not describe the scene. How much more preferable it would be to drown in the deep sea, where the body is sure to be destroyed, than to lie for ages in this damp hole, an object of curiosity to every visitor. Major Pitcairn was buried here, but was afterward sent to England. It is believed that a mistake was made in forwarding the remains, and that those of Lieutenant Shea were sent instead. It has, therefore, been questioned whether the monument in Westminster Abbey to Pitcairn commemorates his bravery and death on the battle-field, or that of a man who died quietly in bed from inflammation of the brain.

Let us get away from this abode of the dead as soon as possible. A climb in the tower is the next thing. The same stairs that Newman ran up over one hundred and ten years ago, are still there. As he turned the sharp corner, he took hold of the same places to guide his course as we do to-day. A beautiful view can be had from the window, through which, in 1775, the memorable lanterns shot out their signal to the heart of every patriot in New England. On our descent we enter the pigeon-loft, of which Longfellow so beautifully speaks in his "Ride of Paul Revere." Here, on the huge beams that support the ceiling of the church, are some old oaks, hewn and ready for use. These were cut from the site of the church and were never used. The facts were learned from some documents found in the ball on the top of the spire, which blew down a few years ago. They were placed back with additional records, and now stand sealed and secure, a lasting history of this wonderful old church. A peal of eight chimes send out their melody once a week, sweet-sounding from age and doubly so from association. They were cast in 1744, in Gloucester, England, and were the first bells cast for the British Empire in North America. Each one bears an inscription, of which this is an example: "Since generosity has opened our mouths, our tongues shall ring aloud its praise." And their promises have been kept, for even to-day their melodious notes ring out sweet chimes on the return of each Sunday. Long may they continue to sound forth the praises of the church which so aided us toward gaining our liberties.

Christ Church is surrounded by the old wooden buildings of the past century. It is in the midst of a tinder-box, and some day a spark will get among this tinder and the fire of 1872 will be repeated in this end of the town. Then the North Meeting House, with all its historic associations, will disappear from amongst us, and there will be one more place of which to say, "Here once stood."

One of these old wooden houses is situated on Hull Street, near the North Church. This was General Gates's headquarters. The house is deserted now and nearly tumbling down. Almost exactly opposite is the Copp's Hill Burying Ground, where lie the bodies of many of our Puritan fathers. The hill is renowned not only as the place of last repose of many noted men, but also from the fact that the British erected a battery upon it during the battle of Bunker Hill.

The oldest stone bears the date of 1695, and nearly all bear some ornament besides the mere inscription. The grinning skull, borne along by a pair of wings, is the commonest representative, no doubt, of the Puritan idea of an angel. The following is a curious inscription from a stone in the cemetery:

"A sister of Sarah Lucas lieth here,
Whom I did love most dear;
And now her soul hath took its flight,
I bid her spightful foes good night."

The following are some curious names which may be seen on the stones:

"The bodies of Mr. John Mills and William Beer,
Returning to dust, lie crumbling here.
Elizabeth Tout lies near Timothy Scoot,
And not far off you'll find Mr. Boot.
Samuel Mornes and the charming Miss Hay,
Deep in the dust are destined to lay
Near Brown, Scarlet and White, Ruby and Stone;
While off in the corner lies poor Mr. Bone,
Lonely and quiet and quite alone,
Awaiting the sound of the Judgment Day,
When he can don his bright wings and flit away,
Across the river and over the bay
Into the bright land of eternity."

The desecration of this cemetery was begun by the

OLD HOUSE IN HULL STREET, HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL GATES.

British during the battle, and has been going on ever since. Clinton and Burgoyne watched the battle from the hill and directed the battery. There is a mathematical precision in the arrangement of the gravestones, which are so placed as to allow paths to pass between them, and when the row is filled up others are packed in behind them like sardines. A person would have a hard hunt to gather up the bones of his departed ancestors. Mills and Beer would be mixed in an unnatural manner, and Rubys and Pearls would be hard to separate. While a cemetery may be beautified under a competent hand, what can excuse the wholesale depredation made among the bones of our forefathers of the North End? Gravestones project through the tarred walk, exposing only the upper half, and everything is in a condition of destruction. The British soldiers practiced rifle-shooting with the gravestones as targets, and have left their marks upon a number of them. Acts of vandalism are still being done and will continue as long as it is used as a playground for the children of the neighborhood. Its beauties are all gone now that it is hemmed in by brick walls, but out of respect for the ancient Mather family and others, the yard might, at least, be closed.

Back from this spot, we will retrace our steps until we arrive at Faneuil Hall, so noted in American history. All the celebrated men in America have assembled here, and the vials of wrath have been poured out with fiery eloquence against British imposition. The lower part is used as a market, where sleek-looking butchers hang their festoons of sausages just beneath the platform from which Adams, Otis, Henry and Webster have launched forth their eloquence.

One of the most curious bits of poetry, equaling anything in campaign literature, adorns the door of the office. It is:

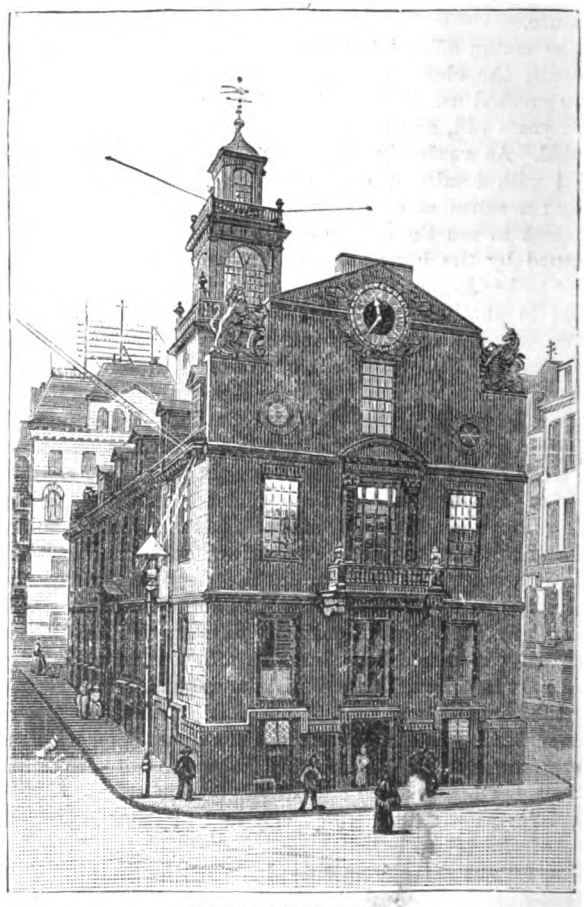
"Each visitor to Faneuil Hall,
You'll welcome be: 'The Visitors' Book'
Lies on the table; you may look
And read the name of many a son,
And daughter, too—then write your own.
No Fee to Pay—with each New Year,
We print how many folks come here."

Within the classic Hall, we are greeted by the sign, "Do not spit on the floor," almost side by side with that noted picture of Webster delivering his reply to Hayne. Portraits of many noted men adorn the walls. Directly opposite the north end of the market is the "Old Corner," a yellow wooden building, built in 1690.

A crooked alley, running from South Market Street to Merchants' Row, called Corn Court, leads past the old "Hancock House," kept by a genial Scotchman, Alexander Clarckson. It was in this house that Lafayette and Talleyrand stopped, and here Governor Vane held a council with the Indians.

This is the oldest public-house in Boston; is of old-fashioned brick, has five cramped stories, and is in every sense old. In a room in this house, which the good inn-keeper is always ready to show to visitors, it is believed that the Tea Plot was concocted. In the small, low-studded room, the bold party seated itself around the famous punch-bowl and drank deep draughts of the inspiring punch, which was the cause of a great change in our history. Paul Revere and Warren were among the number, and the bold men did more for their country than they then expected. Corn Court is little known in Boston, and, of the vast number of people who daily rush by it bent upon business, few know of its existence. It is paved by the cobble-stones which our forefathers so commonly used, and no doubt these are the same over which that party of Mohawk Indians stealthily trod on their way to the wharf. The streets, before the Revolution, were all paved in this way, and it is believed that there was not a single sidewalk in all Boston before this time. The best walking in those days was in the middle of the street, and there the citizens walked unless driven to one side by a passing carriage.

A short distance from Faneuil Hall is the Old State House, with its old clock and the lion and unicorn, emblems of British rule. From the balcony in front of the window Governor Thomas Hutchinson addressed the excited mob after the Boston massacre, which took place al-



THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

most in the shadow of its walls. From this window, too, the first public Declaration of Independence was made, in 1776. Adams, Hancock, Quincy, and their illustrious colleagues, met in the chamber into which this window opens, and there for fourteen long years opposed the encroachments of the Mother Country. It has been truly said that in this chamber "Independence was born." The noble halls are in the hands of the Bostonian Society, whose object is to preserve Boston's historic places; and the building is open to the public with all its contained relics.

All around this grand old building are places noted in the early struggles of our country. Commerce has destroyed many, fire others, until now we can only say, "Here stood Franklin's house, there was where Warren lived, and yonder is the place where the massacre occurred."

The Old South Church, so closely connected with our Revolutionary history, narrowly escaped the fate of its neighbors in that terrible fire of '72, which swept from our sight so many of Boston's oldest houses. Through the night and day, when smoke and cloud rose high to dim the moon and sun, the Old South Church still stood, a monument of history. The firemen checked its onward rush, while all around the marble walls crashed down like wood and left a mass of blackened ruin. Alone the Old South Church stood, its ancient spire reaching into the copper sky. Ruins were everywhere, but a merciful Providence spared the House of God from the greedy grasp of the seething flames.

THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

"All night the red sea round it rolled,
And o'er it fell the fiery rain;
And as each hour the old clock told,
Men said, 'Twill never strike again!'
But still the dial-plate at morn
Was crimsoned in the rising light.
Long may it redden with the dawn.
And mark the shading hours of night!
Long may it stand."

As one wanders about Boston he will occasionally see an old sign—a relic of colonial times. It was the custom in those days to advertise one's business by some symbol. Over an apothecary's store on the corner of Salem and Prince Streets is an antique head of Æsculapius, or some other follower of the curative art, which is the oldest sign now known in the North End. Many years ago it stood at the edge of the sidewalk affixed to a post, but, obstructing the way, it was removed to its present position on a shelf above the store. The taverns were all named

THE "BELL IN HAND."

from some symbol placed over the door, as, "Blue Ball," "Bunch of Grapes," "Bell in Hand," etc. The old sign of the "Bunch of Grapes" is still to be seen, though not in its original position, on North Market Street, in a liquor store. The only tavern sign that stands in its original position, to my knowledge, is the "Bell in Hand," which was placed over the old tavern on William's Court, near Young's Hotel, in 1795. The first keeper was the town-crier, and the bell still stands where he placed it, an advertisement for excellent old ale.

We cannot leave Boston without a visit to the place where that historic Old Elm once stood. As we cross the Common we catch a glimpse of the new State House through the trees, and the fine new houses on "The Lane to the Poor House," now Beacon Street, the home of the rich. And what is that large building on the corner of Park Street that is covered with stagings and workmen? Alas! There goes one more monument of history, a victim to modern improvement. This is the home of George Ticknor, the historian, one-half of which

THE ELM IN THE COMMON.

was occupied by Lafayette during his visit to Boston. In these walls the literati of all nations have assembled, and brilliant have been the assemblies and receptions held within its walls. Now it is to be "modernized" and occupied by a dealer in works of art.

The inclosure of the Old Elm is soon reached, and we feel ourselves on sacred grounds. Here the detested Quakers were hung by the stern Puritans who believed in "religious freedom"; and here, too, the victims of the witchcraft craze met with death. The Old Elm itself was used as a gallows, and for years stood the only living though mute witness of the cruelty of the Puritans in their fanaticism. It has gone now. In the Winter of 1876 it fell victim to a storm, which, but a few years ago, it would have simply bent under, then returned to its old place. Age had stiffened its joints until they cracked under the blast. It had been standing for an unknown period; was full-grown in 1722; showed signs of age in 1792, and now is gone. Would that it could have left a history of what it had seen before it left us.

A young tree, its offspring, occupies the place of the old one, and now is vigorous in its youth. Each year it is taller and broader, and soon will be full-grown. It bends under the storm with the elasticity of youth; but will it inherit the age and size of its father? Will it, too, live to look down upon generations of history? No fire can bring it to the dust—age alone can lower it. Let us wish it long life to commemorate the greatness of its father, for it can never be as great, and this will be its most important work.

HE WANTED TO BE RECOGNIZED.

A GENTLEMAN who had been long attached to Cardinal Mazarin, and was much esteemed by that Minister, asked him for some assistance. The cardinal, who had a great regard for the friend, explained to him the many demands made upon a person in his situation, and gave him many reasons for not being able to assist him.

"My lord, all the favor I expect at your hands is this, that whenever we meet in public you will do me the honor to recognize me, and to tap me on the shoulder in a familiar manner."

The cardinal readily assented to this easy method of serving his friend, who in a few years, from the advantages he derived from being supposed to be on such excellent terms with so powerful a Minister, became a wealthy man.

A PERSIAN EPITAPH.—The following beautiful epitaph was found by the author of "Six Months in Persia," at Taft, with a date equivalent to 1577: "I had a light that lighted all the world for me. Fate, like a violent wind, whirled it away. Since my unique pearl vanished from my sight, my sad eyes day and night have teemed with pearls called tears. Marvel not if bird and fish wail at the sound of my mourning, for the very rocks have learned continually to re-echo my grief. In his eleventh year, on the seventh of the month, Rajah young Abdul Ali passed to Paradise on high. It was eight hundred and forty and eight from the glad tidings of the Flight.

GRATITUDE is a short cut to sincere and lasting friendship. Some people complain that they have no friends. Have they never had a favor done to them? Why, every man has had a score of favors done him every day of his life! Those who bear it in mind, who say a word of hearty thanks, who watch a chance to do a favor in return, never lack friends.

AN ADVENTURE IN A CAVE.

SOME parts of the country, like Virginia and Kentucky, abound in caves, the rocky framework of the earth having yielded long centuries since to the action of the drops and rivulets, streams and rivers, that are ever seeking a channel and a pathway beneath the soil. The Mammoth Cave yawns wide and deep, and has been explored for miles.

Few of these great natural tunnels to the nether world are destitute of some vast cavity, where the obscurity and the roar of falling waters combine to accumulate horrors that cause the stoutest nerves to shrink back appalled from the mad endeavor to penetrate Nature's secrets.

A hardy explorer resolved to brave all dangers and explore one of these maelstroms. Lantern in hand, he was let down by two friends, suspended by a strong rope which played easily over a stout windlass.

His descent shook from the sides of the natural shaft masses of earth and rock, which plunged down in the darkness, giving out a vague gleam as they crossed the line of narrow light shed by his lantern.

When he had reached a hundred feet, he, to his relief, touched a rocky platform. Here he stopped to rest. All was gloom around, and below him a cataract roared, as a mass of water plunged down an abyss. Jerking the rope he was lowered sixty feet more, to the brink of the fall, the rush of air and spray nearly suffocating him. Fortunately, the rope was lowered from a point where he did not touch the water. Lower and lower still, and at last, two hundred feet down, he stands on the rocky shore of the basin that received the falling volumes. Seething and bubbling, the water escaped by cavities in the side of the shaft, rushing no man can tell whither. In vain he felt around to discover any rock-cut gallery by which he could proceed. He had solved the mystery of the dark gulf. There was no more to be learned by the explorer.

He jerked his rope as a signal that he was ready to ascend, but for a time his call was unheeded. At last he began to rise, and soon reached the rocky platform. To examine this more at his ease, he slipped the rope from beneath his arms, and, lantern in hand, grasping the rope firmly, he moved cautiously around.

A misstep made him drop his lantern. The rope escaped from his hand. Fortunately, the lantern was not extinguished; but, to his horror, he saw the rope swinging too far from the edge to be reached.

His friend above, alarmed at finding nothing on the rope, knew not what to do. Considering his position, the brave explorer reflected very coolly. Lying down, he crawled to the edge of the precipitous rock and reached out his foot.

Providentially, some touch to the rope above set it swaying. It came within reach, and he drew the end in. Then he secured it to a spur of rock, and while doing so saw the opening of a gallery. This he followed till his way was arrested by a wall of rock. Other openings proved as delusive. There were no new or undiscovered caverns or galleries there to tempt any more adventurers to rash exploration. On this point he was thoroughly satisfied.

Then he slipped the rope over his head, thrust his arms through and gave the signal to ascend. A few minutes more, and he stood radiant and laughing among his friends, whose pallid countenances showed that they had never expected again to behold him among them, living or dead.

THE RELIEF OF HENNEBON.

By Mrs. H. G. Rowe.

"Ride fast and far, my courier brave,
Till the dew thy courser's fetlocks lave
In the land of the setting sun,
And say to England's Edward bold,
'The wife and son of his comrade old
Lie 'leaguered in Hennebon."

Then the lady looked from her turret gray
O'er the foemen, mustered in steel array,
'Neath the walls of her Castle home;
And she thought of her lord in captive bands,
Of her son, the heir of his name and lands,
An exile doomed to roam.

And her heart swelled high with love and pride,
As forth with her noble boy by her side
She passed to the Castle wall;
In her train, her maidens fair and bright,
In silks and jewels richly dight,
Followed, in silence all.

The archer stood with bow unstrung,
The oath was checked on the soldier's tongue,
As he listened with forehead bare;
And their captain doffed his pluméd crest,
While he longed to lay his lance in rest
For God and his ladye fair.

"Brave men and true—my brothers all!"
Her voice rang out like a trumpet-call,
As each soldier grasped his brand.
"The foe besets us sore without;
Tho' we've beat them in many a bloody bout,
Yet we now beleaguered stand.

"I know that famine makes brave men shrink
Who would stand undaunted on danger's brink,
But I pray you hear my word.
When women and babes its pangs can bear,
Shall steel-clad men refuse to share
Alike with their sovereign lord?"

Then the princely boy spake bold and high,
With the fire of his race in his clear blue eye,
Tho' his childish face was wan:
"I will live or die on a single crust
Ere the home of my fathers be laid in dust
By the foes of Hennebon."

And the watchful foemen marshaled without
Wondered to hear the joyous shout,
The loud, triumphant cry;
And their brows grow dark as they mark the band
Of maidens that close by the rampart stand
Laughing in mockery.

Brave heart of soldier, of dame and child,
Rejoice! for over the ocean wild
Brave Edward's sail is seen;
And the foe are scattered far and wide,
Like mimic boats before the tide
That sweeps the white beach clean.

There's wassail and joy in those grand old halls,
And many a banner drapes their walls
From the flying foemen won;
And there, with music and mirth and light,
The English King dubs lord and knight
The heir of Hennebon.

CAPTAIN BROMLEY'S LIFE ROMANCE.

By Philip Bourke Marston.

Chapter I.

Hester Stanton and her half-sister, Mary Freeman, were the daughters of one mother. Miss Stanton was ten years the elder, and, in a certain sense, was her sister's guardian, their mother having died at the birth of Mary, and Mary's father not long afterward. There was a striking contrast in the personal appearance of the two girls, and an equally striking one in their characters.

Hester, who was twenty-eight at the time our story opens, was the daughter of a physician. She had inherited somewhat studious tastes from her father. She was haughty, reserved, and, if the epithet is not too unkind, she was crafty.

She looked down, in a certain way, upon her younger sister Mary, whose father was a country farmer, and who had many of the characteristics of the country lassie in her rollicking health, high spirits, and free, frank manner.

The two sisters lived together in a small but pretty house, called "Lilydale," and from this home of propriety, where Miss Stanton reigned as mistress, Mary was often glad to escape to visit her friend of friends, Nancy Green, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, who owned a farm of considerable extent, situated some twenty miles or more distant from Lilydale.

One of these visits had just taken place. For a happy month of sunshine and Summer Mary had been with her friend, and Hester had remained at home with her books. But she had not turned their pages as often as was her wont, for she had been turning the pages of a very new book indeed—the book of love.

Miss Stanton was not a susceptible young lady. She had reached the age of twenty-eight without a love affair, and she had troubled herself very little about any such possibility.

But suddenly she fell head and ears into love, without excuse or reason, except that a certain Captain Bromley, whom she met often during her sister's absence, seemed to her the very handsomest and manliest man she had every known.

No word of love had been spoken between them; but the captain had a sailor's natural gallantry toward women, and, for want of something better to do, he fell into the habit of passing part of almost every day at Lilydale. Surely he must care about her greatly, Miss Stanton thought; surely she should ere long wear her full-blown rose of love in her bosom!

Just then came upon the scene Mistress Mary.

The next day after her arrival an unfortunate headache sent Hester to her room, and Mary, thrown upon her own resources, made her way to the house of a neighbor, where she passed the evening. About ten o'clock, Hester, alone in her room, heard the garden-gate click, and then a murmur of voices, and finally, after about fifteen minutes, she heard Mary open the door and come, humming a light song, to her room.

"How is your head?" the younger sister asked.

"Better, thanks! And what of your evening? Who was there?"

"No one new, dear, except a Captain Bromley, who is an awfully nice fellow. He came home with me."

Suddenly a sharp pang of fear struck straight to Hester Stanton's heart. She raised herself on her elbow and looked at Mary. Why had she never realized before quite how beautiful this girl of eighteen was?

The girl is tall, with a full figure—perfect, unless it might be a thought too full for some tastes; with large, soft white arms, from which the thin sleeves of her Summer dress have fallen back; with flawless complexion, with abundant chestnut hair and great brown eyes, with sparkles of warm, golden light in them.

Hester saw, once for all, that here was beauty for a woman to fear and for a man to worship. She got up from her bed and looked at herself in the full-length looking-glass which was the door of her wardrobe. I fear she was scarcely in the mood to do herself justice. She was not without her own pretensions to beauty.

AN ADVENTURE IN A CAVE.—"HE CRAWLED TO THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPITOUS ROCK AND REACHED HIS FOOT OUT." SEE PAGE 286.

She was a trifle too pale, perhaps; her hair was fine gold, her head small, her ears dainty, her figure rather slight, though not thin. Her eyes were bright blue; perhaps a physiognomist would not quite have trusted them, but they were handsome eyes, nevertheless. Yet Hester felt herself a pale shadow compared with this girl,

CAPTAIN BROMLEY'S LIFE ROMANCE.—"NANCY THREW HER ARMS AROUND MARY AND BURST INTO TEARS, AND CALLED THE ABSENT ONE A FIEND, AND MARY FELL TO WEEPING TOO."—SEE PAGE 287.

who stood there, bright and vivid, as if sunshine and Summer had taken shape in her.

"So you like Captain Bromley?" she asked, with an appearance of carelessness. "Did he tell you he knew me?"

"Oh, yes; we talked about you all the way home; he praised you no end."

"Very good of him. If you don't mind, I'll go to sleep now."

So Mary went away to her own room to think over her evening.

The next day business took Miss Stanton away from home, and she came back to find Captain Bromley with her sister, and evidently in the height of enjoyment.

She looked at him critically. Why had she cared for this man—she, who never cared for man before? He was handsome, certainly—long of limb, broad of chest, with a strong, weather-beaten face, honest blue eyes and curling brown hair. Nothing uncommon about him, perhaps, and yet Hester Stanton knew he was the one man in the world for her.

Now, if she had been ever so wicked—and she was not guilty of any sin, unless to be constantly ill-tempered and generally suspicious can be called a sin—she would have been well punished in what she had to undergo through the following six weeks. Not only had she to see her fair hopes all take wing, but she had to watch them build their nest elsewhere. In a word, she had to see the man she loved and who, she had thought, was beginning to love her, fall desperately in love with her sister. Outwardly, she took it quietly enough, but in the privacy of her own chamber, in the darkness and the stillness of the night, she gnashed those small white teeth of hers, and clinched her finger-nails in the palms of her hands.

She couldn't cry; the tears that should have been, turned to sparks and burned her eyes.

Mary was perfectly innocent of the distress she was causing. The thought of her sister falling in love had never occurred to her, and least of all men could she have imagined that Captain Bromley would have been the man to inspire such a feeling in her learned and intellectual sister. Poor Hester! Day after day she had to see Bromley come, and know that he was not coming for her. At the sound of their laughter she would shudder. Over Mary a great change had come. Her eyes were brighter than ever, but she had become much quieter, and when one person was not present she seemed strangely listless.

Now it happened, one still, hot August evening, that Captain Bromley walked into the garden where Mary was sitting alone.

"I didn't expect you to-night," she said; "you told me you couldn't come."

"That's true enough," he answered. "I had promised to go to a dance at White Harbor, but when I came to think of it, it seemed to me that it would have been like eating food without salt, because I had no interest in it."

"Why is that?" she asked, with assumed surprise, but her heart was beginning to beat very fast. "Were there no pretty girls there?"

"Pretty girls? I should think so, and to spare, but none as pretty as a certain girl I know."

"Dear me! What is she like?"

"What is she like?"

"I meant is she tall, or short, or fair, or dark, or what?"

"Well, she's tall, but not a bit too tall, and she has a figure that a man can't help wanting to clasp in his arms as soon as he sees it. She has dark, thick hair and dark eyes, that seem to look right into your heart, and her voice is the sweetest sound I ever heard in my life; and I'm partial to music, too—and I've heard a good deal in my time——"

"So you didn't go to this dance because this wonderful beauty was not going to be there?"

"Yes; that's the reason why I didn't go."

"And you care very much about her?"

"I care about that girl so that I think if she were to say, 'Tom Bromley, I love you, and will be your wife,' and would let me take her in my arms and kiss those lips of hers, it would take more strength out of me than swimming in a stormy sea, or clinging all through a Winter night to a single spar. I love her so, that if she were to tell me to jump into the sea and drown myself, I should do it without wanting to know the wherefore."

"Then, if you love her so, why should her acceptance of you make you feel so badly?"

"Why, just because I love her so, don't you see?"

"Because it would be such happiness? Why, you *must* love her, then, for I know the feeling you mean."

"Then you love some one, Mary!" cried the captain, all the blood seeming to leave his face. "God help us both! You should have told me that before!"

"You never asked me."

"Well, now I ask to know all about the fellow? His name, to begin with?"

There was a pause.

"Come nearer, please," said Mary; "if you don't mind, I'd rather whisper it."

This, of course, the captain did, nothing loath, and had to kneel down that the full red lips might be on a level with his ear. What she whispered produced the most remarkable effect, for a sharp cry, whether of pain or delight it would have been difficult to decide, broke from the captain, and his arms went round Miss Freeman's waist.

They spoke not a word, but their faces could not have been closer together. So they remained for several minutes, and when they again saw one another, they saw they were pale with delight.

When Miss Stanton appeared on the scene, Bromley told her what had taken place. She had known it must come. Yet, when she absolutely heard it, a deathly chill seemed to strike to her heart. She drew a long breath, and then said, with perfect composure:

"I am sure, Captain Bromley, my sister is greatly flattered by the feeling you are good enough to entertain for her; but of course you will agree with me in thinking that she is too young yet to know her own mind upon such a very important step."

Here the two lovers protested, but Miss Stanton went on to say:

"I am my sister's guardian, and I must insist that she shall have a year in which to think of this matter."

Bromley protested, with all a sailor's vehement urgency; but Miss Stanton, with her quiet firmness, was too much for the lovers, and so they at last resigned themselves to her will.

At length the day of parting came—just as inevitably will the day of absolute parting from everything come to all of us. Many of us—and they who do so are happy—part from life, whether it has been to them as a lover or a bitter master, without one farewell salute.

Bromley had to be at his post by seven in the morning, but it was arranged that he should come the last thing and take leave of his love.

It was a dreary, windy, wet, comfortless September morning. Mary stood in the quiet parlor of Lilydale.

In the room, the fire she had attended to with her own hands was burning brightly. She was looking out of the window.

In the small strip of garden that went before the house there was one willow, to which the rain gave the appearance of profuse weeping. How the cold, gusty wind swept the leaves along the ground!

Poor Mary! Her hands were hot, and her eyes red from crying!

Suddenly the garden-gate went open with a scream. It was one of those gates that always do scream, till some person of sensitive nerves takes the matter in hand and applies oil lavishly.

Mary rushed from the window to the door. When she returned, it was with a strong arm wound about her waist.

"My girl's got a good fire," he said, as he stood with his back to it, holding her hand in one of his, while the other smoothed her face, or fondled the soft chestnut hair he was so proud of.

"How long have you to stay?" she asked.

"Just one hour, my sweetheart, and not a minute more."

Then they sat down, and he drew her very close to him. For several minutes they said nothing, the truth being that they both found it rather difficult to speak. At length Bromley said:

"Well, Polly, my darling, the time has just come for us to part. What I want to say is this—that if another fellow should come along that you love more than you do me, just you take him, and leave me to get on somehow. But don't let any man make you fancy that you care more about him than you do because he should be rich, or anything of that kind; for where there's enough to live on, I don't believe in lots of money making up for love. Now, you understand just how I feel, don't you?"

"Yes, Tom; but oh, Tom, I never *could* love any one but you!"

She caught him with both her strong, beautiful arms round his neck.

"I trust not, my darling," he rejoined; and thereupon followed no end of kissing.

"And you, dear Tom, you told me when you first knew me that you were very fickle. Tell me, dear, do you think, while you are away, you shall be wanting to make another woman your wife!"

"No, my love," he replied. "Don't you ever have such a thought for a moment. I may have been fickle 'once upon a time,' as children say, but that's all over now. Why, bless you, sweetheart, I never *really loved* any one before. It may be one, two or three years that I am gone. Can you trust me?"

"Yes," she said; and then for a long time they sat silent, thinking of only one thing, and that was how the swift minutes were flying.

They heard the wind blow round the house; heard Jane, who was in a bad temper, scolding the cat, at which Bromley remarked:

"Got a tongue of her own, hasn't she?"

Then they tried to cheer each other by talking of the joy of meeting; but when the last ten minutes had come, they again relapsed into silence.

Then at last he rose and drew her still closer to him. Their lips moved in an impotent attempt at speech, their throats ached and burned, then something like a faintly whispered "Good-by" came from the travail of his lips; their souls met in one transcendent kiss.

They clung to each other as dying men, to whom life is yet desirable, with an awful recoil from the darkness and mystery of death, cling desperately to the smallest hope of life,

Then he unwound her arms from round his neck, and looked at her for a moment, as if branding the picture of her upon his memory. Then she heard the room-door shut, and then the hall-door go to with a bang.

She sank on the sofa and called once, "Oh, come back, dear!" and then, realizing that he was gone and could not hear her, she buried her face in the sofa, her whole form shaken, and, as it were, broken up by her sobs. To have seen her you would have thought that her heart *must* have broken with the force of her bitter, unavailing weeping.

Mary's grief troubled her half-sister very little, if indeed it troubled her at all. She also had loved the man who had just left the house.

From her bedroom-window, unseen herself, she saw him go—saw him lean for a moment as if for support against the gate, and then strike out with a quick, free step.

Between her and this man—the only man she ever could have loved—her sister, though unknowingly, had come. I can assure you Miss Stanton did not overflow with pity.

"What! crying still?' she said, coming into the room about an hour after. "I believe breakfast is ready. Really, it would be much wiser to eat than to cry."

"You're unkind, and I hate you, Hester," said Mary, springing up and flying straight to her own room.

Miss Stanton said nothing, and rang the bell for breakfast; but though the bacon was excellently cooked—well crisped, just as she liked it—she only made a pretense of eating, and sat there watching the wet branches of the trees as they swayed from side to side, or rose and fell upon the wind. As she stirred her tea round and round, quite forgetful of what she was doing, she was thinking all the time how different things might have been if Mary had not returned.

Chapter II.

It is not my intention (indeed nothing could be further from it) to bore my readers with an account of the everyday humdrum life at Lilydale. How in time Mary became quieter, and then ceased from crying; how the first letter from Tom, though a little hard to make out, brought fresh hope and comfort into her heart—all this can easily be imagined.

He had said she could not hear from him again for some time, and his next letter did not reach her till Christmas Eve, but when it *did* come, what a long and tender letter it was! She slept with it under her pillow, and the next day in church gave thanks for it under her breath. What sweeter Christmas gift *could* she have had!

Young and old saw the change in her, and whispered to each other "Polly got her letter!" But for that letter, do you think she could have done justice to the Christmas fare as she did do? But later on trouble began.

Primroses came, and violets came, and birds came, and sweet warm days came, but came not the looked-for letter. Perhaps suspense is the cruelest pain that we are called upon to bear.

Spring gave place to Summer, and still the letter came not. An awful conviction took possession of Mary—namely, that her lover had been drowned. Though her

health seemed shaken, her beauty did not fail her. Hester was kinder to her than she had been for a long time; and through the following Winter Mary needed much care, for a wasting fever took hold of her, and for many weeks threatened her life.

Her naturally fine constitution asserted itself, however, and she recovered. She no longer asked if there were any foreign letters, knowing too surely what the answer would be.

That Spring Mary went, for a change of air and scene, to visit her dear friend Nancy Green, of whom mention has before been made.

Of course the two girls talked of the trouble, their arms round each other's waists in girl fashion. Nancy, two years older, practical and protecting, would say:

"Never take on so, my darling. Now, you mark my words, that all is right, and you'll see him again. Some night, when you're sitting by yourself, he'll walk in, just as if he'd never been away, and say: 'Hullo, Polly! did you think that I'd gone to the bottom, dear?' and you'll be so glad that you'll laugh as you never have done before."

"No," Mary would reply, "if such a thing could happen, I shouldn't laugh. I know I should cry first, and a great deal, too—I suppose in time I should laugh."

"I'm sure I should laugh; but then such a small thing sets me off."

But Mary would only answer:

"I believe I shall never see him again."

One evening, about the beginning of June, Mary returned for a few days to Lilydale. As she entered the house she was greeted by the odor of spirits and water.

She started, for, unromantic as the association may seem, Captain Bromley liked his evening glass, not better than most sailors, but quite as well.

The thrill she experienced was only for a moment; her sister met her with a grave face, and drew her into the second sitting-room—the one which was sometimes "let."

"Who is here?" asked Mary; "or is Jane taking to grog?"

Though it was twilight, she could see the expression of her sister's face, but did not choose to notice it.

"No one, dear, that you know," replied Miss Stanton; "yet some one who brings us bad news."

"News of him?" replied Mary, sharply. "It is as I said—he is drowned! Is it not so?"

"No, you are wrong. He is alive."

"Alive!" echoed the girl, springing to the door with something like a shriek. "Then how dare you call it bad news? It may be bad for you, who never liked him."

Hester caught her sister by both hands, held her back, and said, quietly:

"He is married."

"That's a lie!" said the girl, drawing a long breath. "It's a wicked, wicked lie. Oh, where am I? What is going to happen! Hester, help me!"

The next moment she lay unconscious in Miss Stanton's arms.

THE RELIEF OF HENNEBON.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 287.

"AS FORTH, WITH HER NOBLE BOY BY HER SIDE, SHE PASSED TO THE CASTLE WALL."

The visitor, who at that time was sitting in the parlor, smoking a clay pipe, and imbibing hot rum-and-water, was, in appearance, a very bad, faded likeness to Captain Bromley, whose friend he was. He subsequently repeated his story to Mary, as she would have it from no other source.

He had not much to tell, beyond the fact that in foreign parts Bromley had fallen in with a pretty and very well-to-do young widow. He had said to Slater—for such was our new friend's name:

"'By-the-way, Slater, when you get to England, I wish you'd just go down to Ashley—it's very near White Harbor—and call at a house named Lilydale. You might introduce yourself as a friend of mine, and then mention, casual-like, that you know I'm married. There is a girl lives there that used to be a bit fond of me, and maybe she'll feel better in her mind when she knows I'm done for.' And that," said Mr. Slater, in conclusion, seemed to be quite considerate on his part. But, Lord bless you, there's no gayer chap afloat than Mr. Tom Bromley."

This time there was no sign of fainting about Miss Freeman. White and tearless she listened to the end, and then she said, simply, "Thank you," and went to her room.

She discovered from Jane that Mr. Slater had been in the habit of visiting at Lilydale for more than a month, but Hester would not spoil her sister's visit to her friend by imparting the bad news before her return.

Mr. Slater had business at White Harbor, and he came often to Lilydale.

Mary loathed the sight of him. He was a ship's mate, but hoped soon to be a captain.

A week after this startling disclosure, Nancy was standing by the farm-gate, looking down the road, as people in the country do, without expecting to see anything, when suddenly her eyes caught sight of Mary, driving at great speed down the road. She had not seen Mary drive so for a long time, so she took it as a good sign.

"Good news, I hope, from your manner," said Miss Green.

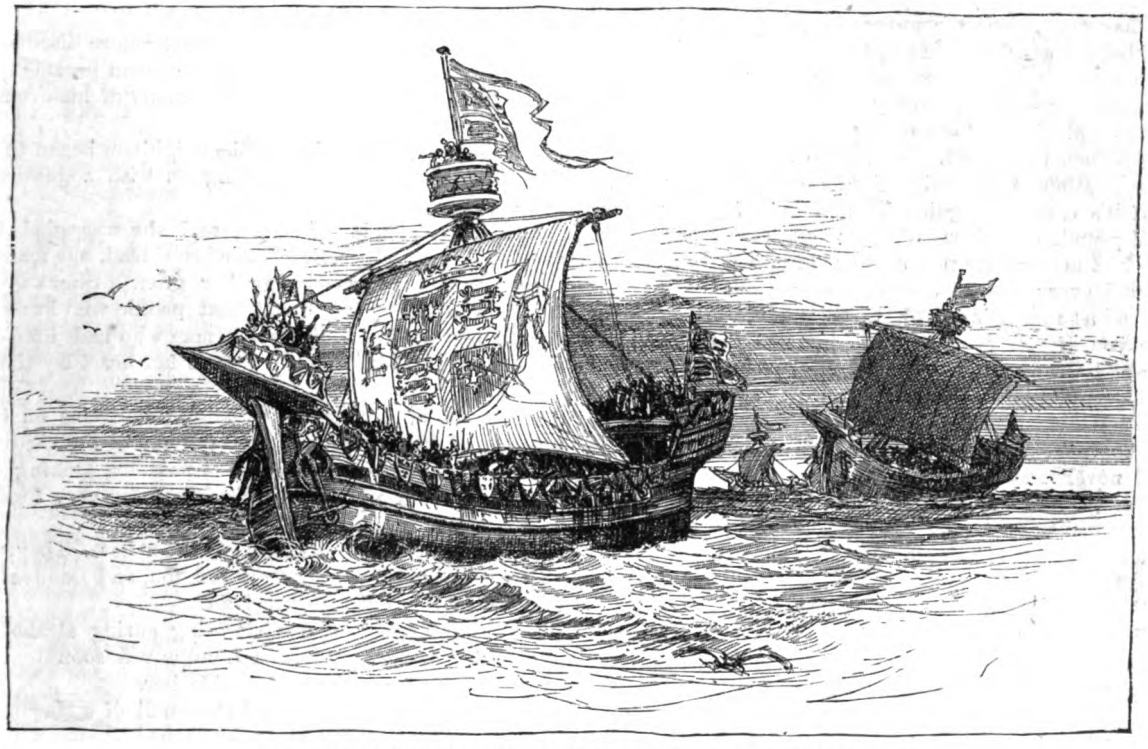
Having sent the pony to the stable, the two girls went to the orchard.

"That's as you like to take it," answered Mary, when the two were seated on the soft grass, and under the ample shade of the trees.

"Well?"

"I have news of him."

"Oh, Mary! I don't wonder now you made Jack trot! And, now, *what* news? Of course, he's not at the bottom—didn't I tell you so?—but I really began to think he was; and why hasn't he written, and where is he, and how is he? Tell me all about it."



THE RELIEF OF HENNEBON.—"REJOICE! FOR OVER THE OCEAN WILD BRAVE EDWARD'S SAIL IS SEEN."

"Have you any more questions?" asked the other, with a smile.

"No, not one more; so now begin."

"Unfortunately, I can answer only one of your questions. He has not gone to the bottom, but I cannot tell you where he is, or how he is. What I *can* tell you about him is that he is married."

Now, this Nancy was a very impulsive kind of girl. Moreover, she had some little knowledge of her friend's character, regarding her as the most brilliant and wonderful of beings; so this forced gayety did not deceive her, and she threw her arms round Mary and burst into tears, and called the absent one a fiend; and then, whether because crying is sometimes like laughing—infectious—or whether it was just that her strength broke down, I cannot say; all I know is that Mary fell to weeping, too.

So there they sat, seeming both equally afflicted.

Presently Nancy said, very tearfully: "Come and have

some strawberries and cream. You'll feel all the better for it."

The next day, while the pony was being harnessed, and the two girls were standing in the farmyard, they were surprised to see a gentleman walk in.

He was a tall, slight man, whose age might have been from thirty to thirty-five. He had a pale face, made beautiful by large, expressive, mournful eyes. He had fair and rather long hair; his hands were slender and well-shaped; he was faultlessly dressed. Such a kind of person was not often seen in the neighborhood of Ashley.

He raised his hat, and said, in a low, languid voice:

"I should be so much obliged if you could tell me of any apartments about here. I want just a sitting-room and a bedroom. The cooking must be fairly good. I spent last night at the Green Dragon, and really a more awful night I never did pass, and all I could obtain this morning for breakfast was pickled pork and eggs."

"I'm sorry I can't tell you of any, sir," said Nancy, with her good, honest country accent.

"I think I can," said Mary, with that native directness which was one of her greatest charms. "But it's some way from here—about twenty miles. The house is my sister's, and, there being only two of us, we sometimes let two rooms of which we have no need."

The gentleman seemed well pleased, and said:

"If it's clean and quiet, with plenty of pretty country all round, I shall be satisfied; but how is one to get there? I'm certainly not up to waking twenty miles today, and every trap in the place seems out."

"I'm just now going to start," answered Mary. "I can drive you, if you like. If you don't like the rooms, the Rose and Crown is not *worse* than the Green Dragon."

"Thanks! I will come with you with great pleasure," replied the stranger, whom I may as well at once introduce to the reader as Mr. Frank Walton, a somewhat noted novelist and journalist.

Then the carriage appeared, and bowled away with its two occupants.

There was a great charm about Mary Freeman's manner. It was as far removed from shyness on the one hand as it was from boldness on the other.

"It seems to me no end of a joke to be in the country," began Mr. Walton, languidly, when they had been driving about half a mile. "In London one scarcely believes there is such a thing. Ever been to London?"

"No; but I want to go very much."

"It's a dear, wicked, funny kind of place," went on the novelist, only faintly attempting to repress a yawn, and seeming to speak more to himself than to his companion. "I know it's done me up this season, if it never did before. Shall I ever be able to have enough of quiet?"

"I think Lilydale will be quiet enough for you," said Mary.

"Not to be at three or four houses every night in the week," resumed Mr. Walton, still as if speaking to himself; "not to be bored by hundreds of women you don't care for, on the chance of seeing the one you do; not to lie and be lied to; not to hear club scandal; not to wake at noon, with one's head just split in two by pain; not to write in feverish haste, scarcely knowing what is written; not to feel one's real life only turned on with the gas! Oh, the waste of time and money, and health and—— Hullo! whose house is that?"

"Lord Brook's, sir."

"I've been dreaming aloud, haven't I?"

"You've been talking to yourself."

"Yes; and what about?"

"About your pleasure in getting away from London, I should say."

"It's a bad habit that I've got into—that of thinking aloud. But I'm ill and tired and restless."

Presently, when they had to drive up a steep hill, he got out, saying he would walk up it; and he followed behind at a short distance, smoking.

However, before returning to the carriage, he threw the scarcely touched cigar away. Now, Mary liked the scent of a cigar, but the attention flattered her.

"It strikes me," he said, when he was again beside her, "that, for one living in the country, you don't look in the most vigorous health."

"No. I have been ill this Winter—that is why."

"Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it. And now?"

"Oh! I'm very much better, but not quite strong yet."

Ashley was reached by evening. Mr. Walton professed himself charmed with the rooms. And he was charmed, too, with both the sisters, though on this head he did not express himself so openly.

He had not been at Lilydale a week before discovering Miss Stanton's literary tastes; and it soon became quite an ordinary thing for him to pass many of his evenings with the sisters.

It was not very long before the neighbors began to say that Polly Freeman was carrying on with a gentleman from London.

She knew people said this, and she was glad they should. When she believed her lover dead, she made no false pretense of concealing her grief. She was not ashamed of her sorrow; but that people who knew her should say she was pining for a man who had jilted her, she could not endure; yet bitter at her heart lay the old forsaken love.

Ashley boasted no railway station, but trains on their way to and from London skirted the end of the garden at Lilydale. You could watch them pass by, looking over the ivy-covered wall, and this Mary was very fond of doing.

The trains had a great fascination for her. They were either going to or coming from London, and London, she thought, surely must be fairyland.

One evening, as she was standing gazing at the line over which the express from London was soon to pass, Walton came up and stood beside her.

He knew now that she liked the smell of a Havana, so he did not remove his cigar, but stood leaning with his arms on the wall, smoking.

"I've bad news," he said, after a very considerable pause.

"I'm sorry. Is it very, very bad news?"

"You know what the Press is?"

"Yes."

"You think you do, but you don't. Now, I'll tell you what the Press really is. He's a great, all-powerful, hundred-mouthed ogre, and we who write are not only his feeders, but the makers of his food; and the food we call 'copy.' Down one of his mouths some men cram politics. Another hungry mouth, men—and women too—are feeding with novels by hundreds, well-spiced, for the monster likes his food well-seasoned. Another mouth bolts science—such dry fare that just to think of it would make your head ache for a week to come. Then he has a mouth with a very much sweeter tooth, and with this he crunches poetry—good or bad. But I could never begin to tell you about these mouths of his. Sometimes, from their task of food-making, his feeders have a brief holiday, and then comes the cry, 'Food, food! more food

for the ogre !'—in other words, *copy*. Now, I am one of these feeders."

"Are you !" exclaimed Mary, with evident surprise.

"I am."

"And what do you feed the monster with ?"

"Novels, my child ; and now and then a morsel of politics, very lightly seasoned ; and very rarely—by way of a sweet—I give him a little poem to crunch. This evening I got a letter from my publishers, to say that they must have some more copy—and have it at once !"

"I am so sorry !" said Mary. "When I first saw you you were looking very ill, but the last day or two you have looked better."

Walton threw up his arms wearily, sighed, and said :

"Yes, you are sorry; but you won't help me."

"But I would help you if I only knew how. Is there anything I can do ?"

"Yes ; take me a walk."

"*Take* you a walk ?"

"Yes ; take me a walk. I am a great deal too depressed to go by myself ; yet it is the one thing that will do me good."

"Then I'll go with pleasure. Ah, see ! here comes the train. How it *does* tear along !"

And then, with a rush and a crash and a flash, the train darted by like a mad thing.

"Come, put your hat on," said Walton, "and let us be off."

They both enjoyed the walk very much, and it was followed by many another one ; of which sometimes Miss Stanton knew, and sometimes she knew nothing. Whatever she ought to have thought, or ought not to have thought, she troubled herself very little about the affair. Village rumor said that when Slater got his captaincy she would marry him. So the Summer days wore away.

Walton worked through the mornings and afternoons. In the evenings he took long walks, with Mary for a companion.

Oh, moonlight and still air, with now and then a just-heard sound faltering through the tender silence—sounds from the night-loving things ! Oh, beauty and romance, and searching sweetness of night-walks in the country ! I make no doubt you are active in preparing the heart to receive favorably that powerful seed of which often comes such a bitter harvesting !

One day Mary was sitting in the garden, singing softly to herself, when Walton called to her. The window of the sitting-room looked on the garden. She had got to blush now when he spoke her name suddenly, or looked at her for a very long time together, which he not unfrequently did. She left her seat and went to him.

"Sit down, please," he said, without lifting his head or leaving off writing.

He seemed for several minutes quite unconscious of her presence. At length he laid down his pen and threw himself back in his chair.

"I want to have a good look at you," he said. "I am painting your picture in words. What ! do you still blush to be told you are beautiful ?"

"No one has told me so."

"Perhaps not in so many words, but looks often say much more than speeches. Do you mind in the least being looked at ?"

"A good deal depends upon the looker."

"Well, do you mind *my* looking at you ? To look at you is always a pleasure, but now it will be of use as well."

He looked at her for a long time in silence, and then began writing again.

"Have you done with me ?" she asked.

"Yes ; but stay till I have finished this, and then you shall see what kind of a picture I have made of you and whether you think it does you justice. Now don't talk, or I shall have to turn you out ?"

She answered with some pride, "I am quite ready to be turned out."

"Yes ; but how if I am not ready to have you ready to be turned out ?" he said, just raising his eyes, and giving her one swift, subtle look that made the blood burn in her face, and her eyes shine.

He wrote on for about twenty minutes ; then he said :

"Here is what I have written. Are you listening ?"

"Yes."

Then he began : "'I wish I could describe to you this magnificent human flower. She had the figure in which the sculptors of old delighted. In every movement of her form, strength and grace seemed married. Her face was less brilliant in coloring than it had been before her illness, but the full lips were wine-red as ever ; her deep eyes seemed lit at times by strange fire, her hair was a glorious crown on her head.' Is it like you ? Will it do ?" said Mr. Walton, as he laid down the manuscript.

"It makes me sound much prettier than I am."

"Then you do own to thinking yourself pretty ?"

"Not very."

"But a little ?"

"Just a very little, perhaps. May I go now ?"

"No ; you are no more pretty than the Tower of London is pretty. You are splendid. Come here a moment, my young goddess. What ! won't you come when I ask you ? Do you think I want to eat you ?"

She came over and stood behind him.

"Feel how my head burns," he said, laying her hand upon his forehead. "Your hand is cool, and it comforts me !"

"You work too hard."

"Perhaps I do, but it will soon be over now. Polly, what makes you dislike me ?"

"I don't dislike you."

"Then why were you in such a hurry to get away ?"

She made no answer, and he did not press for one. He leaned back for a little while, holding her hand against his forehead. Then he brought it to a level with his lips, and kissed it, and said :

"Well, I suppose I must let you go now." And she went, with cheeks aglow and eyes aflame.

"I know it's not fair," ejaculated Mr. Walton to himself, as he sat with his head bowed in his hands ; "but if a woman *will* play fast and loose with a man, the chances are that a woman suffers for it. Poetic justice."

And great listlessness and loss of strength came upon Mary, and she lay all day on the sofa, looking white, and weary, and beautiful. Frank Walton was about as selfish a man as could be found in all England, and he was always ready to visit the sick, provided the complaint was not catching, and the sufferer not of his own sex, young, and at least pretty ; so, while Hester would be seeing after domestic affairs, Walton managed to take time from his work, in which to visit the invalid.

But for this sickness, he might not have held her hands as he did for long whiles together, or have let his own play with her hair, or touch her firm white throat. Many looks might have been unlooked, many tender words left unsaid, and but for all these things we might have had quite a different story.

"Have you ever been to Wrockster ?" asked Walton of Mary, one day, when they were sitting alone together.

"Yes, she answered, "I have an aunt and a cousin living there."

"I have a friend staying there. I have had a letter from him this morning. Now give me your aunt's address, and your cousin's name."

She did as he bade her.

Two days after this, Mr. Grant, Walton's particular friend, walked into a telegraph office, and sent a dispatch.

The telegram was from Margaret Freeman, 39 Church Street, Wrockster, and was addressed to Miss Stanton, Lilydale, Ashley. It was brief, and to the point:

"For Heaven's sake come to me at once. I fear aunt is dying. Am horribly frightened."

The telegram reached Lilydale about six in the evening. Miss Stanton, who was a person of action, made up her mind to take the last train, which left at 8:15, reaching Wrockster about 10:30.

The landlord of the Rose and Crown was taxed for his pony-carriage, in which Walton drove her to the nearest station, about three miles distant.

"You are sure there's no train back from Wrockster to-night?" said Mary, when he returned from the station.

"Do you think I should have made such a bungle of it?" he answered, kissing her.

When Miss Stanton reached Wrockster, to find her aunt in better health than she had been for a long time, and her cousin wholly ignorant of the telegram, her bewilderment—in fact, the bewilderment of all three—can be better imagined than depicted.

No train left Wrockster before nine next morning, and that one would not reach Ashley, or, rather, the station for Ashley, till somewhat past eleven. Of course this train numbered Miss Stanton among its passengers. When she reached Ashley, the whole place was ringing with the news. The man from London had run away with Polly. Miss Stanton bit her lips and went to her bedroom. There she locked the door, and, kneeling down by her bed, prayed simply this, and no more:

"Merciful God, save Mary and forgive me!"

Half a year after this, Miss Stanton became the wife of Captain Slater. She left Lilydale and went to live with her husband in a town far removed from Ashley. People who knew them said they seemed like persons who had something upon their conscience.

A STUDY.—BY BARON BODENHAUSEN.

Chapter III.

Six years and a half have passed since we lost sight of Captain Bromley. Now we chance upon him again, sitting in one of the most frequented of London music-halls. Yet, to use one of his favorite expressions, he was not partial to that kind of entertainment.

The bitter cold of the young March night—the fact that there he could smoke and drink and be warm, and have his thoughts a little distracted from himself by the hubbub round, even if it did *not* delight—these were probably the reasons that induced him to enter the doors of the Globe Music Hall, which in its bills advertised such a number of tempting varieties.

Six years of heavy, unintermittent sorrow. These years have not passed over him without leaving on him their uneffaceable marks. His brown hair is abundantly streaked with gray. From seldom smiling, his face has contracted a stern, set look, while much cogitating has knit his brows into wrinkles. His figure has lost something of its old erectness.

A weary, weather-beaten man he looks as he sits there, a pipe in his mouth and a glass of whisky upon the table in front of him. The hall is crowded, and the audience demonstrative; but not the band, not the voice, gesture and wit of the popular Ned Price, affectionately set forth in the bills as "the Irresistible Ned," moved him. Mr. Price impersonated a young man from the country, visiting London for the first time, and told of deceptions practiced by the more knowing on their country cousin.

ESCAPE BAFFLED.— FROM A PAINTING BY TOSQUET.

He left off his singing to ask the audience if they didn't pity him, in all ways such a nice young man, so handsome, so free from conceit, so frank-hearted, such an affectionate cousin, his father's support and his mother's pride—here he returned to the song—"for being so awfully, awfully sold. Yes, awfully, awfully, *awfully* sold." This was the chorus, and it was received with thunders of applause and tempests of laughter, while the less refined members of the audience testified their delight by breaking into a shrill whistling, but no laughter broke from the captain. He did not so much as knock with his glass upon the table.

In those first days that he did not hear from Mary, grave doubts of her faithfulness began to arise in him, doubts which were changed into awful certainty when he heard, from Slater, that she had married a fine gentleman. Yet he could scarcely realize with his soul that she he so loved could so have betrayed him.

He loved, could love, no other woman, and the thought of Mary Freeman was never for a moment out of his mind. He was not a clever man, though he greatly reverenced people who were, and his brain seemed unable to accept as absolute the fact of Mary's unfaithfulness.

Wherever he was, he was not without a vision of his love. The memory of her dark beauty was ever with him. He seemed to feel again the clasp of her strong, loving arms about his neck; once more to hear her voice. How many times had he not dreamed of that last parting day! A part of him seemed never to have left Lilydale.

In vain athletes stood upon each others' heads, or performed feats even more remarkable; Bromley remained uninterested, for ever revolving in his brain how Mary *could* have been unfaithful. He scarcely heard the announcement, though it was delivered loudly enough, and after much preliminary rapping, that the celebrated Italian peasant would appear, and sing one of her native songs and dance an Italian dance. Still, his eyes turned mechanically to the stage. Then with a cry he sprang up; again sank back into his chair, for in the so-called Italian peasant he saw, beyond the shadow of a doubt, his own lost love. She did not see him, though his eyes remained fastened on her face.

When the song and dance were concluded, he rushed from the hall, and made his way at once to the stage-door, which was in a dark, narrow back street. There he would wait till she came out. From time to time people passed in and out. A sickly looking young man, with a cigar between his lips, was waiting, too.

Again the stage-door opened, and the one person for whom Bromley had been watching passed through it. The sickly looking young man stepped forward, but the captain darted before him, and, dropping his hand on her shoulder, said:

"Polly!"

"Polly, my darling!" cried the sickly looking young man, in a tone of sham sentiment; "I'm just froze waiting for you. Don't you want supper? I do."

"Look here, my friend," said the captain, "this girl is my girl! Now follow my advice, and take yourself off."

"You're a cool hand, I must say!" the other replied.

Then, having no great opinion of his own prowess, seeing the captain's size, and that he was in earnest if ever a man was, he thought it best to retire, throwing out a hint that the last of him had not by any means been seen.

"Polly——" began Bromley, and he got both her hands in his, and, try as she would, she could not get them away.

"Go home to your wife, Tom Bromley," she answered; "it would be much more becoming than hanging about the stage-doors of music-halls!"

She said this with a harsh laugh that was followed by a fit of coughing which shook her whole frame.

"What do you mean? What wife? I have no wife."

"Have you put her out of the way, then?"

"Mary, who told you I was married?"

"Your friend Slater."

"My God! and the man wrote the same thing to me about you. What could be his object in dealing so foully with us? Didn't you get my letters?"

"None after the first two."

"Now tell me, dear," he went on, his voice quivering, "are you married?"

"No," she answered; "it's worse than that, Tom."

She shrank from him, but he threw his arms round her, and said:

"Polly, my girl, come home. Here is your home, and nowhere else. I'll take a room for you in the house where I lodge. The landlady is a good soul, and has known me many years."

"No, Tom," she answered; "I'm not worthy. Why should you want to pick up a flower that has lain in the mire?"

"Because," he cried, his voice shaken by the power of his emotion, "because I love that flower! Because in my breast it shall grow pure as the first snowdrop of Spring. You are ill; come, love, come home."

And she yielded.

The next day she told him the whole of her story, since the time of his going away. We may take it up briefly. She went to London with Walton, lured by promises of a marriage, which for family reasons could not just then take place. He very speedily wearied of her, and left her with a few pounds to get on as best she might. One night she was discovered in the streets, almost starving, by the proprietor of the Globe Music Hall. She shrank from death with an unutterable dread. He gave her life, and made his own terms. He found she had a good voice, and then occurred to him the idea of training it, and turning her into an Italian peasant. Her great beauty, he thought, would be sure to draw, as, indeed, did turn out to be the case. These were the main facts of her life since we saw her last, a life into which we do not care to look too closely.

She was taken very ill at the lodgings Bromley had procured for her, and for two or three weeks life and death hung in the balance.

"If I should lose her now!" thought poor Bromley to himself, as he paced up and down his room. "If I should just meet to part with her!" and he would creep to her bedside, thankful if he could only kiss her hand or the coverlet on which it lay. But she was not to die then, and by the end of April she was able to sit up.

Bromley kept her room filled with the Spring flowers he knew she liked best.

One soft April twilight they were sitting alone together; the music of a not very distant street-piano was hovering in the air.

"Darling!" said Bromley, bending down over Mary, who was lying on the sofa, "when shall it be?"

"When shall what be?"

"Our marriage?"

"Never!"

"For Heaven's sake don't speak like that! What can you mean?"

"I will tell you. I've no right to let you make me your wife." Then, with a wild sob: "Oh, Tom, Tom,

Tom, I can't love you as I did before I loved that other man!"

"You love that scoundrel!" he said, speaking almost under his breath—"better than you do me, who would die, inch by inch, if it could do you any good?"

"And I do love you, because you are so noble," she cried; "but I cannot love you as I did once. I cannot! Leave me to my fate. What right have I to the shelter of your love?"

Captain Bromley turned away; then he said, gulping something down: "I'm just going over the road for a drink of beer. I sha'n't be long," and he went from the room, and, once in the open air, he did battle with his trouble.

And Mary lay there all the evening, with no light in the room, crying, sometimes for herself and sometimes for Bromley, for whom she was really sorry. Just as she was beginning to think she must go to bed the door opened, and he came in.

"Still up?"

"Yes, still up."

He came and knelt down by her and kissed her. Then he said:

"Mary, my love, I've been thinking it all over, and it was like a great wave over a little ship to me, to hear that you loved that other fellow better than you could me. But since it is so, why, so it is. Love me little, or love me not at all, it is the glory of my life that in some little way I may make your life happier. What more ought I to want for myself than this? And is not this much more than I deserve?"

For answer her arms went round his neck, and she kissed him, and clung to him, calling him her savior and her love.

When Mary was quite strong enough to be left, Captain Bromley took no small time and trouble to get on the track of the Slaters, whom he found at length in the town of Blankford.

He walked in one evening, just as husband and wife were sitting down to supper. They pressed him to sit down with them, but he declined, saying that was not the house in which he meant to eat bread and salt.

"I've come to speak, and not to feed," he said. "To be heard—yes, and, by Heaven! to be answered! Slater, what caused you to tell those two infernal lies, which shall cost you dear, my friend, or my name's not Tom Bromley! You shall tell me the truth, or die with it inside of you!"

"Please stop your blustering," said Hester. "You frighten neither of us. What you wish to know I will tell you. Tom Bromley, I loved you once, and you would have loved me, had not my half-sister come between us. I never had loved her, and the thought of her becoming your wife was more than I could bear, and I made up my mind that if I could prevent the marriage, I would. I intercepted your letters, and burned them, all but the first two. When Slater came he was good enough to wish me for his wife. Those two lies were the price I fixed on myself."

Bromley drew a long breath. Then he said:

"Hester Stanton, I'd give five years of my life to have you a man for one hour; and you, Slater, if you are as great a coward as you are a liar, you stand a good chance of getting every bone in your body broken. As for you," turning to Hester, "if you open your lips to breathe one word of anything I do, I'll publish what you have told me near and far."

Slater, though a liar when he had a prize to gain by it, was not a coward, and the two men met next morning in true English fashion. On that occasion no one could have withstood Bromley.

Slater kept his bed for a month.

Then the captain, with not many marks of the conflict visible upon him, went back to London. He told Mary of his adventure, and, having him back safe and sound, she could express her delight.

In due time Tom Bromley and Mary Freeman were married. No husband more devoted could possibly have been found, and no wife could have been kinder; and yet, though neither spoke of it, there was the skeleton.

When she lay asleep in his arms, he knew there had been a man dearer to her than he was, of whom she might be dreaming, and it pained her to know of what he must be thinking, though he said nothing.

The name of her other lover she never disclosed. At that time she read a good many novels, which her husband used to get for her. He came back one day from the library with rather a long face.

"They haven't the one you wanted, my dear," he said, "but they knew you would like this one. It's by a Frank Walton."

"Oh, yes; that will do very well. Oh, how warm it is! Open the window, wide—wide!"

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON, AND HIS HOME.

By Sarah K. Bolton.

In the heart of busy London, on Euston Road, lives one of the noblest and purest of English singers, Philip Bourke Marston. Yet in early life, thirty-five years old, he has won for himself an enduring place, by his prose as well as his poetry, and a tender and reverent affection in the hearts of two nations by his sorrows.

The son of a noted dramatist, Dr. Westland Marston, and of a gifted and lovely mother, he began life with everything seemingly in his favor. His godmother, Miss Muloch (Mrs. Craik), wrote for his christening that beautiful poem "Philip, my King," which seems to have come true:

"One day,
Philip, my king,
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny and cruel and cold and gray.
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious
Martyr yet monarch, till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God, victorious,
Philip, my King."

In childhood he met at his home such men as Browning, Swinburne, Dickens and Rossetti. Could the sympathetic, affectionate, aspiring boy be other than a writer, with such intellectual stimulus?

Early in life, like the lamented Fawcett, one eye was injured in play with some schoolfellows; his other soon became inflamed in consequence, and he nearly lost the sight of both. And now the fond mother took the place of eyes, and wrote out the clear thoughts and smoothly flowing sentences that came into her boy's mind. She was a true critic, and her pride in her son did not prevent her from pruning.

His first book, "Song-Tide," was nearly ready when he was twenty. How would the dear mother rejoice when his book was laid in her hands! He could not well see the pages; but she would read to him every word; when, suddenly, the one upon whom he leaned went out from his poor dimmed sight for ever.

It was a crushing blow, for Mrs. Marston was his other and better self, his appreciator, his helper, his inspirer.

PORTRAIT OF PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

But he rallied, as young souls will, and the heart, unwittingly searching about for another idol, found it in the person of a lovely girl to whom he became engaged.

Life once more seemed full of joy. He gave his first book to her, singing her praises on almost every page with that depth of devotion which only a human being knows, who was despairing, and has found paradise. The world, always hungering for noble ideals, and reverently bending the knee when it finds a soul illumined with an affection which makes us akin to the angels, accepted "Song-Tide" as the work of a genius. Many a heart sympathized with the lover in his poem "In Praise of"—

"What thing is there on earth to which I can
My love compare?
So far is she beyond all praise of man
That speech is bare,
To say how fair;
She is beyond comparison.

"Her nature seems like some warm Summer sea,
That bears alone
The utmost glory, and the majesty
Of all the sun,
Till day be done;
Then takes the stars for company.

"As children who for cooling waters crave,
On some hot day;
And in the ebb of the retreating wave,
Are glad to play,
And feel the spray,
Their gleaming, panting bodies lave—

"So in the shallows of her nature we
Are glad to move.
I know not if on earth a man there be,
Found strong enough,
The depths thereof
To reach, in calm security,

"Yea, all the music of a Summer deep,
Her tones possess;
Such melody as comes when light winds sleep
And souls confess
Joy's keen excess,
In tears that are most sweet to weep."

The critics gave "Song-Tide" a hearty welcome. The *Athenæum* said: "There is much in it that is very beautiful. The versification is most melodious." The *Examiner* said: "Marston will, in virtue of this volume, take an equal place alongside of Swinburne, Morris and Rossetti. It is a marvelous triumph of poetic expression"; and the *Morning Post* added: "The book is undoubtedly the work of an original mind. We have a new poet in our midst." Rossetti wrote to him: "It is not too much to say of them ("Garden Secrets"), that they are worthy of Shakespeare in his subtlest lyric moods."

But scarcely had the sun of fame risen in the sky, before the blackness of darkness settled upon the young life. Quick consumption carried away his affianced in November, 1871. Weeping soon put out the glimmer of light in his eyes, and for fourteen years he has been quite blind. What this calamity is to one who loves color and sunlight, and who gains inspiration from leaf, flower and sea, none know save those who have experienced it.

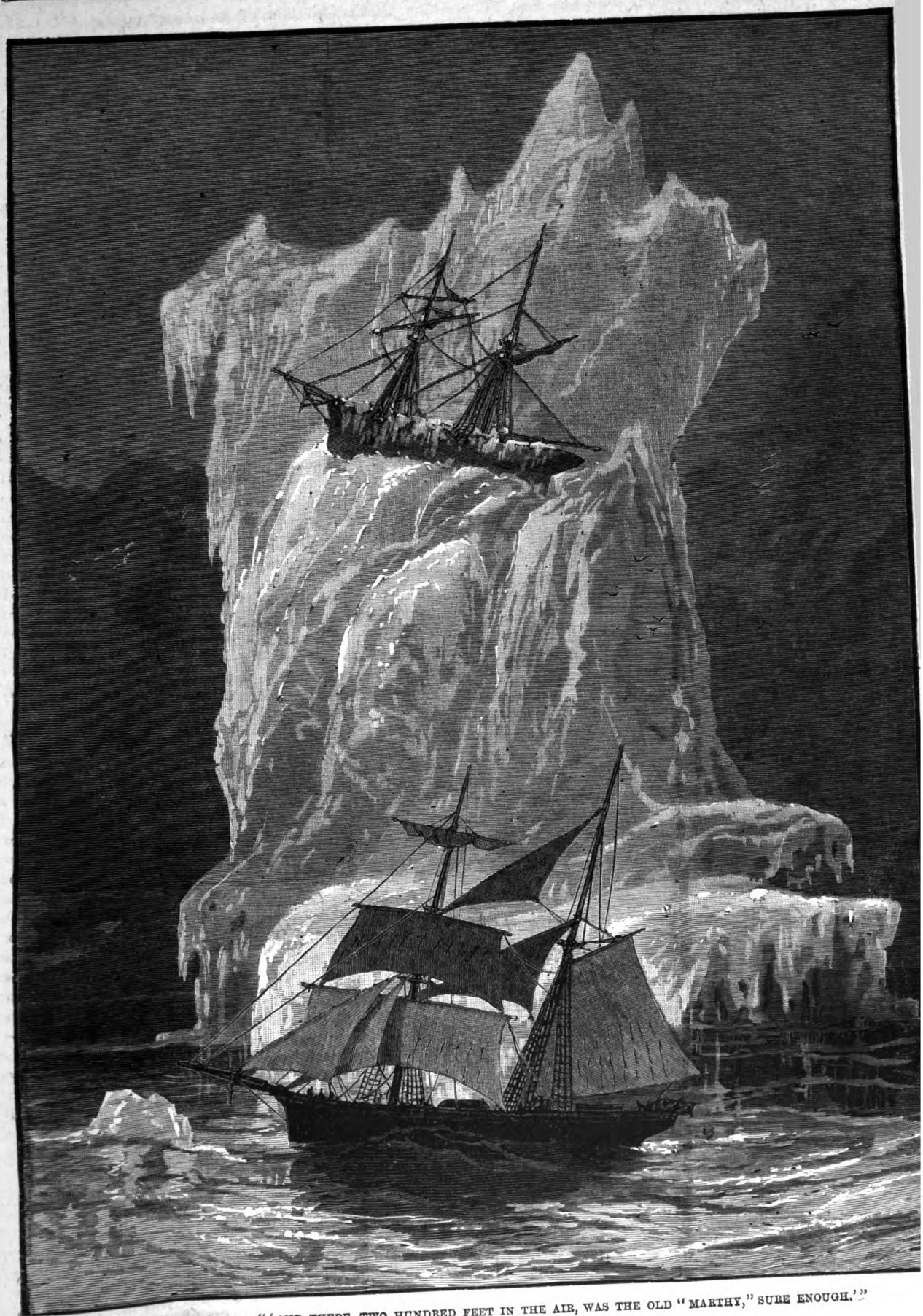
The second edition of "Song-Tide" was dedicated

"To the memory of
one whose love was the chief joy of my life,
and whose loss
is its inconsolable affliction."

The poem "In Grief" told the sad story:

"With thee so vanished, our life's light has flown,
A sudden night has fallen on the day—
A cheerless, moonless night, with no white way
Of stars that lead to lands of men unknown.

THE WEPT OF THE WISHTON WISH.—BY JOSEPH MOZIER.



THE BRIG'S GHOST.—"'AND THERE, TWO HUNDRED FEET IN THE AIR, WAS THE OLD "MARTHY," SURE ENOUGH.'"
SEE PAGE 303.

A night wherein the winds of grief are loud,
A night made black with sorrow as a cloud,
A night that wraps its darkness as a shroud
Around a world now sad and cold and gray.

"As is to one within his dungeon's gloom
A sudden burst of music and of light,
Cleaving the darkness, trancing ear and sight,
Making resplendent what is still his tomb—
So, living, to my prisoned soul thou wert;
Now all once more is dark about my heart;
No light, nor any sound its depth shall part,
And there shall be no daybreak to this night."

Marston was only twenty-two. He must write on, because the music was in his soul; but what wonder that all were minor strains now. His sister Cicely, a gifted and noble girl, laid aside her own labors to be hand and sight for her poet-brother. They visited Italy, and in Florence and Venice the color came back into the pallid face, and a lustre into the sightless brown eyes.

In 1874 his second book, "All-in-All," was published, a volume composed largely of sonnets, perfect in form and delicate and beautiful in spirit. It was an offering, laid on the altar of buried love, to her who had been "all-in-all" to him. One wish seemed uppermost in his heart:

'Yet one thought is, I deem, more kind,
That when we sleep so well,
Oh, memories that we leave behind,
Where kindred spirits dwell,
My name to thine, in words they'll bind,
Of love inseparable."

It was the same thought which Bayard Taylor had for Mary Agnew. "We have loved so long, so intimately, and so wholly, that the footsteps of her life have for ever left their traces in mine. If my name should be remembered among men, hers will not be forgotten."

Who that has loved and lost, has not felt his eyes fill with tears and his heart throb as he has read, "Not Thou, but I," of which the *Athenæum* well says, "There is nothing to equal it in simple feeling and direct expression."

If one would know the perfection of love, its self-abnegation, its loyalty, its holiness, let him read "A Year Ago," "Changed Music," "How my Songs of her Began," and "At a Window." "Beyond Recall" is as delicate as the perfume of flowers:

"My soul, that cannot serve her now at all,
I said is worthless; she who made it fair,
Can have for it no longer any care.
Why should I keep it? I will let it fall,
Nor reck of where it lies; and therewithal
I fain had flung it from me in despair;
But a voice said within my heart, 'Forbear!
Thy soul was hers, is hers beyond recall.
Is not the rose long dead, she wore an hour
Within her breast, kept by thee for her sake?
Holds thy soul less of her than this poor rose?'
'Thy speech,' I said, 'to all my spirit shows,
Of what it had been guilty. I will take
My soul and keep it as I keep the flower.'"

Four years later, in 1878, the beloved sister Cicely died, of whom he had written:

"Oh, in what things have we not been as one?
Oh, more than any sister ever was
To any brother! Ere my days be done,
And this my little strength of singing pass,
I would these failing lines of mine might show
All thou hast been, as well as all thou art.
And yet what need? for all who meet thee know
Thy queenliness of intellect and heart.

"Oh, dear companion in the land of thought,
How often hast thou led me by thy voice,
Through paths where men not all in vain have sought
For consolation; . . . . .
Shine thou upon my spirit till it grows
Not all unloving. If my life could take
Color from thy life, I might learn to live,
With no joy come to fruit; perceiving this,
It is not what we take, but what we give,
That brings the peace more durable than bliss."

Now, indeed, sorrow's cup seemed full. The next year his other sister, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, died, and her two children; and two years later, in 1881, Arthur O'Shaughnessy himself, a poet of great promise, and the successful author of "An Epic of Women," "Lays of France," and other books. No wonder that the gentle and warm-hearted nature of Philip Bourke Marston was wellnigh crushed by these afflictions, and that he, too, seemed near the grave.

In 1883 his last volume, "Wind Voices," appeared, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, and dedicated to "Louise Chandler Moulton, true poet and true friend," a woman gifted in mind, and beautiful in character. The *Athenæum* said of these lyrics: "Some of them are absolutely perfect—perfect in conception and perfect in form." Could one ask higher praise? In this volume Mr. Marston shows a more varied ability; not so much introspection, but an outlook upon the world and the needs and hopes of humanity. He showed this interest in great social questions in a "Christmas Vigil," intense and of much power, written at nineteen, and published in his first book. A "Ballad of Brave Women" who saved life in a storm off the Swansea coast makes us hope that more of the heroic and the patriotic, of which English life and history are full, may be immortalized by his pen. Such work has made Longfellow to be read and loved by all nations.

The words of the Swansea ballad, as well as the metre, are virile and effective:

"With hiss and thunder and inner boom,
White through the darkness the great waves loom,
And charge the rocks with the shock of doom."

The "Ballad of Monk Julius," light and graceful, also leads us to hope that the sunshine is coming back into Mr. Marston's darkened life, and that, seeing he has a host of admiring friends on both sides of the Atlantic, he may hereafter write more as though life were Spring and not Autumn. We all have to learn, like Emerson, to cover our hearts with steel armor and go through life looking toward the sunlight, singing as we go. For who shall make the world sunny, if not the poets? Who shall brighten the daily tasks of the toilers, if not the gifted ones? Who lift humanity up to its best, intellectually and morally, if not the singers?

That Mr. Marston never forgets his friends is shown by his touching tribute to Oliver Madox Browne in the *Century*, and the sonnet "Five Years Ago" in "Wind Voices," addressed to Cicely:

"Dear heart, which for so long beat close to mine,
Nor quailed before the darkness, and could bear
With bitterness and violence of despair,
Rest, in these later days, deep rest, is thine;
And I, bereft of hope, too sad for prayer,
Still kneel, in soul, and worship at thy shrine."

In his home, Mr. Marston keeps about him, though he cannot see them, many tokens of friendship sent him. Here are the books of several of our poets, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Stedman, Stoddard, Helen Hunt Jackson, Aldrich and others, mostly given by their

authors. Two autograph copies of Swinton's "Atalanta in Calydon" hang framed beside the mantel.

That Mr. Marston may some time come to our own great country, with its white mountains, chain of lakes, and beautiful Pacific shore, we sincerely hope. He will find many readers of his books, and what is best of all, every reader a friend.

THE BRIG'S GHOST.

By H. F. C.

"She was a ghost, I tell you, man. I know what I'm talkin' about, and there ain't one here that'll say I don't. Did ye ever know me to make a wrong dead-reckoning? Did I ever guess on the weight of a whale and not hit it? Wall, if I ain't made no mistake in ordinary things, what's the reason I should about a brig I sailed in for the like of ten years come next Tuesday?"

And the speaker looked around upon the auditors, inviting reply.

He was a tall man, but bent, with an honest red face, that looked as if it had been buffeted by many a gale, surrounded by a halo of white hair and whiskers, that gave him a venerable and commanding appearance. In fact, Captain Slocum was authority on all matters connected with the sea in the little town of P——, on the Maine coast.

The group to whom he was talkin' was the ordinary one that gathers in the country store every evening to wait for the mail and any stray news that might come in from the outside world, and during the conversation some one had ventured to doubt a statement that, however remarkable, the old captain stuck to with a vehemence worthy a better cause.

"I'll tell you what," said a mediator—the postmaster—"let the captain tell his yarn, and then we'll take a vote on it. That will settle it."

"Wall, I'm willin'," responded the skipper; "but if I ain't mistaken, there's two or three here that kin spin the yarn as well as I kin. They were shipmates of mine."

"You tell it yourself," said the postmaster, who was somewhat of a tactician. So, completely mollified, the old captain, leaning forward in his chair, and fixing his eyes on the deep red flames that were roaring up the chimney, sailed in, as he said.

"There ain't many here, I reckon," he commenced, "that kin remember when the keel of the *Marthy Walker* was laid; consequently, there ain't none here that'll dispute me when I say that a stiffer, neater, drier, more clipper-built craft never left Gloucester Harbor. She was a reg'lar yacht; plenty of room, built for the whalin' business, but built fast, so that she'd beat the old tubs they sent out of New Bedford.

"The first trip I took command, and we went to the north'ard, and in less than two years we were back with more oil and seal than any two ships in the north fleet. That booked her for good luck. The next trip she did the same, and then we made a trip to the south, intendin' to work over into the Pacific if things held well. Tom Gillis over yonder was second mate, wa'n't ye, Tom?"

"I was, my lad," spoke up an old mariner, after the question had been passed along and shouted in his ear.

"Wall," continued the narrator, "we had such luck that it looked like all hands would make their everlastin' fortune. We sent home three vessels loaded with oil we took right off-hand, and had as big a load on ourselves as we could crawl under. Whales were still plenty, and we took a vote what we should do, and decided to make for some island and store the oil, and keep at it; so we bore away to the south for land.

"I reckon we'd been goin' to the south'ard for a matter of a week when there came on a gale, the like of which I never see afore or since. There wasn't nothin' that would stand it, and I believe it would have blown the buttons off yer coats. We took in all sail and let her go, and in three hours she was a solid cake of ice; every drop that struck on her freezin' solid, so that the back and jib-stays looked like the cable of a four-decker, and the shrouds and all the standin' riggin' was froze in a solid heap, too. I tried to keep the jib clear by keepin' men there with an ax to chop away the ice, but she was under water half the time, and we gave it up.

"It blew for twelve hours, and finally, in the middle of the night, we come to all at once without any particular shock. In the mornin' I found we had run or slid on to an ice-field and were laid up, for, after we had grounded, another field had settled in around us, and there we were, without any chance of gettin' off till the wind shifted.

"Wall, we stuck to her, and when it cleared we see we were in the lee of a big island, and when I found the ice twenty foot inshore from us was forty foot thick, I made up my mind we'd never git off—and we never did in the brig," added the skipper.

"We stuck to her till the grub got so low that it was starvation; then we took to the boat, decked it over, rigged it as a schooner, and made sail for the Cape.

"To make my yarn short, in about thirty days we were picked up by a home-bound ship, in a starvin' condition, and brought into New Bedford, and the owners thought we were lucky yet, as the brig had more than paid for herself five times over.

"I staid ashore six months, and then the owners launched a sister brig to the *Marthy Walker*, and offered me command. I took it, and made money out of her for ten years a-runnin' in the sealin' trade. But one Spring the owners got it into their heads to git me to take her down south for a whalin' trip, and I said I'd go, and I did.

"First we fooled around the reg'lar grounds, and somehow got edgin' on down south just as if somebody had the painter and was a-hauling of us. To tell the truth, I was kind of anxious to see the old *Marthy* again, just to see if she was there; and so it come that we worked to the south'ard day by day, and in a week or so were about, as we thought, where we were when the old *Marthy* went aground. It was cold but clear, and we were havin' the best kind of weather, when, one mornin', at daylight, I heard the lookout sing out 'Sail, ho'!'

"I was on deck in a second, ye kin bet—no more sliding up on ice-fields for me—but when I got on deck I see that what the man had taken for a sail was a big berg, dead ahead, with the ice all melted, so a green hand would have taken it for a ship every time.

"It was a rouser, four hundred feet high, and the nearer we got the stranger it looked. The men had never seen nothin' like it, so we run to wind'ard of it, about five thousand feet, it blowin' fresh. It was a sight, I tell ye!—reg'lar mountain; and we stood a-lookin' at it, when old Gillis, over yonder, sings out, 'It's a-movin'! Down with the helm! Haul her on the wind!' 'Go 'long,' says I. But in a second we see the top a-movin', slow like, then faster and faster, till it seemed goin' down like an avalanche. We got the brig hauled on the wind, but, bless ye! it wa'n't no use.

When that mass of ice struck, ye could have heard it for six miles, the noise it made, and we see a sea a-comin' toward us, fifteen foot high. We got the vessel so it struck her end for end, but for a minute I thought the masts would go out of her. But she met it well, and for a few minutes we were so taken up that I never looked at the iceberg; then I heard old man Gillis, over yonder, say, 'For Heaven's sake, captain, there's the ghost of the *Marthy Walker!*'

"I first thought he'd gone crazy, but I looked where his finger was p'intin', and there, two hundred foot in the air, was the old *Marthy*, sure enough, as nat'ral as life, standing out from the ice and risin' up till she came to two hundred and fifty foot by my reckonin' from water level; and every man and boy on board saw her just as plain as they ever saw anything in their lives, only she looked just like a spirit; kind as if a cloud was in between her and us like.

"But we see her," said the old skipper, "and she wa'n't no livin' craft. It was the ghost of the *Marthy Walker*."

"Did you go alongside?" asked a doubting listener.

"D'ye think you or any one could when she was three hundred foot or more over your head?" replied the captain. "Then, again, we wouldn't have found nothin', for we see her go down again, forty miles to the east'ard, two weeks later, and she's been seen since. She'll always be seen a-floatin' about the south seas," added the captain; "and that's the yarn."

AFTER THE BATH.—FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL WAGNER.

"It does seem curious," said the postmaster; "but before you take a vote let me tell you what a man told me in explanation of it. He said the same thing had happened to several vessels that went ashore on the thick cakes in the lee of some island. The snow blew out over them and gradually covered the ship up, sinking her under water with the cake, that was, of course, thickening all the time, until finally it would reach the bottom, say four hundred feet below, and then there would be an iceberg four or five hundred feet high, with the ship in the middle. This would break off after awhile, and go floating off with the ship and all, and when the bottom melted it would, of course, get top-heavy and tip over, and the ship might come in sight as it did to Captain Slocum here. Then when the bottom melted off again, the ship would disappear, and so on, until, at last, it would melt out altogether. This is what, according to my notion, happened to the *Martha Walker*."

But the old skipper still demanded a vote, and the only voters for the ghost theory were from old man Gillis and the others who had sailed in the brig *Martha Walker*.

TALK.—"The power to converse well is a very great charm," says Ruskin. "You think anybody can talk. How mistaken you are! Anybody can chatter. Anybody can exchange idle gossip. Anybody can recapitulate the troubles of the kitchen, the cost of the last new dress, and the probable doings of the neighbors. But to talk wisely, instructively, freshly and delightfully is an immense accomplishment. It implies exertion, observation, study of books and people, and receptivity of impression. Plato banished the musicians from his feast that the charms of conversation might have no interference; but in our later fashions many prefer music rather than the gossip of the hour, which often degenerates into trivialities which are wearisome and commonplace."

THE extravagance of former times in the matter of carpets and coverings was something unknown even among the most reckless in these days. A million sterling was paid by a Guicowar of Baroda for a cover for the Prophet's tomb, and of this one hundred and fifty thousand dollars went to the actual fabric, the balance being jewels. Even now very heavy prices are paid. A visitor saw at Kerman a carpet which was to cost thirty-five dollars the square yard. Sir G. Birdwood thinks that in India the decay both in quality and design has been partially due to the competition between the Government jails and the caste weavers.

"LIVE" ostrich feathers repel sand, and the dealers' test is to rub the feather over loose sand, which clings to the feather if it be plucked from a dead or tame bird.

A MAN'S MIFF, AND A WOMAN'S WHIM.—"GLADYS, SEIZING THE HAND AND PRESSING IT TENDERLY, WHISPERED: 'HUSH! I FORBID ALL EXCITEMENT; YOUR WOUNDS ARE TOO DANGEROUS! YOUR HEROISM FOR LITTLE JOE CANCELS ALL. YOU ARE MY HERO OF HEROES NOW, AS IN OTHER DAYS!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE JOY OF ART.

By O. C. Auringer.

"How rich this Summer scene! This wheat-field set
In emerald waves before the east wind's edge,
How fresh! What magic in that tender pledge
Of mist, drawn round that hollow like a net!
This grass I almost feel, so cool and wet,
Almost I scent those flowers amid the hedge,
The sunlight burning on that rugged ledge,
Those sun-flushed skies, clouds, hills—how fair! and yet—"

The sweet voice paused; mutely the artist turned
His canvas toward a casement opening by,
Through which some ruddy lines of sunlight burned:
A sudden rapture spoke in cheek and eye,
As the fair critic, gazing still, discerned,
Tossed on the billowy wheat—a butterfly.

A MAN'S MIFF AND A WOMAN'S WHIM.

Away up, up on the sunrise side of the Rockies, where the 46th parallel squares a right angle with the 110th meridian, is a good place for a man to bury himself alive in.

It is a snug corner, or was, at the time of the interment in hand, before those metal miles of the Northern Pacific opened up the country to the great bedlam of civilization.

The dreary, treeless, monotonous reaches of the eastern part of the territory here merge into the foothills basing the Rockies, where long, narrow valleys run up into the mountains and rough shoulders of rock elbow their way down into the valleys in a highly picturesque manner.

Toward the sunset the main range looms in perpetual grandeur, while to right, to left, the Crazy Mountains on the one side and the Big Snowies on the other round out with full, broad sweep into a hemicircle, rimmed with clearly cut peaks—the advance guard of the mighty wall of fortification beyond—which shuts the corner in on all sides save one, the eastern gateway giving on the plains.

Up in the fastnesses of this hill-country it was quiet, it was secluded, it was remote—a thousand miles from anywhere!

The near settlements were only whisky wells—oases, where miner and ranchman cooled their perennial thirst with deep draughts of hot lightning—cities in embryo, whose inhabitants had yet to be gathered in from the four corners of the earth by boom magic. There was no howling railroad, no shrieking steamboat, no gossiping club, no libelous newspaper, no anything kith or kin to a nineteenth-century civilization. The highways were trails serpentining o'er trackless prairies, corkscrewing up rugged mountain defiles, zigzagging along dim aisles of primeval forests, or they were the great waterways of the Upper Yellowstone that came tumbling down out of the mountain gorges Wyoming-ward.

Altogether it was a bijou of a nook, where a man, were he so insanely inclined, could renounce career, friends, and the woman of his choice, to his heart's miserable content.

John Collingwood was not insane, at least no physician had ever examined him with this end in view and then given a certificate accordingly. He had never even been afflicted with an aberration for the nonce; still, one day, when June was young and full of enchanting loveliness, when simply to live and breathe was heaven, John Collingwood came to this self-burial conclusion. The farewell ceremony was solemnized straightway, *sans* undertaker, *sans* parson, *sans* mourners, *sans* even pall-bearers! It was a most remarkable affair; it was not only unostentatious, but it was cheap, for there were no weeds, no carriages, no flowers! Undeniably a uniquely cheap affair! A perfect bargain of a burial! Cheap, I say, for every one but the unfortunate gentleman himself, who was under the earthly necessity of purchasing a bill of transmigration to his future paradise.

John Collingwood neglected to confide to the world the reason for his sudden vanishment. That sensitive organism was naturally aggrieved, and fell a-wondering over the phenomenon for twice the regulation nine days.

It was a long jump, with several zigzags in it, from being a Boston briefman to being a ranchman in the hills. Cultured Boston! Raw Montana! Some said it was stocks—the unexpected lack of them. Others, that 'twas his mother's blood—a trifle erratic, you know. Was she not the descendant of a pill-man, or something else equally unutterably plebeian and unreliable? Others still, the wiseacres of the universe, said that it was—love! Bah! Is a woman ever to be at the bottom of every piece of eccentricity ventilated to the gaping gossip-mongers by a weakling of a man! Yea, verily, reader; and conversely as well. When it began to be bruited abroad that love really was at the bottom of it, everybody looked askance at Gladys Hazeltine; but Gladys's face told the curious ones no more than if they had interviewed the Sphinx. Just then, too, she was busy carrying on a tremendous flirtation with that white-haired anachronism, Colonel ———, one of our military gentlemen who had never commanded a regiment, and whose wealth was an atonement for his tottering years. So great was Gladys's apparent interest in her archaic devotee, she scarcely seemed to be aware of Mr. Collingwood's disappearance.

Everybody, however, did not know that John and Gladys were very old friends indeed. It was a boy-and-girl affair carried over into manhood and womanhood.

John was ten years Gladys's senior, and Gladys could not remember the time when John had not been her hero of heroes. John's devotion to Gladys had been mutely avowed any time these dozen years, but he had not spoken openly the wish of his heart until three months ago, because he had waited for his position and prospects to be thoroughly assured.

During these later years he had been doing penance for the misdeeds of his youth, and wrestling with that peculiar kind of raw material which adversity furnished gratis for the making of a man.

He had been a sad boy at Harvard. When he was graduated, he knew an immense deal less about Greek roots and surveying than about base-ball. After graduation he had amused himself with driving four-in-hand to a place not down in Rand & McNally's atlas, as fast as unlimited money could carry him. The Collingwoods were rich in those days, because somebody, the plebeian pill-man perhaps, had scrimped and screwed and saved in the generation before them.

People said it was the wild-oats season with John. Collingwood, the elder, thought it a very wild sowing, indeed, and in a fit of reparation toward his only son and heir, suddenly died a bankrupt.

During this dreadful after-Harvard time, when John was going to the bad so fast, and all his dear friends were calling him a "poor devil," and helping him along as friends will do, Gladys remained true to her hero. She was turning into her teens then, and her pure

loveliness was unfolding like the petals of a rare, beautiful rose.

"Jack," she said, one day, with a woman's wisdom deepening her dark, lustrous eyes, "you are all wrong now, but you'll come right again, I'm sure you will, if only for my sake." And standing on tiptoe she kissed his flushing forehead as trustfully as she would have touched a brother's.

How Jack blessed her in his dissipated heart for that simple faith in him! How he clung to it in the dark days that followed, and how it loomed ever ahead of him like a lode-star, leading him onward, upward! That considerate failing and dying of John, senior, was the making of John, junior. The native family grit, the pill-man's grit perhaps, cropped out to meet the exigency and fight the combination of untowardnesses that seemed to envelop him.

Bread was imperative, and John went to work with his hands pending an opening for his brains. His first stroke was in a gravel bank, shoveling on a railroad, and he soon learned to wield his shovel and carry his tin kettle of cold rations with the independent swing of his Celtic co-laborer. From shoveling he advanced to prospecting, and, after a few years, by dint of luck and industry, he got into law. The luck and industry continuing, John found himself, at two-and-thirty, one of the leading legal lights of the Hub, while his handsome person and elegant manners gave him *entrée* into the best society.

The attentions bestowed upon him by dames and dowagers from the Back Bay region, who had daughters to dispose of eligibly, were legion. He was hail-fellow-well-met at the club, and a popular man about town.

Gladys, whose child's faith in him had led him up out of the depths, was now a lovely girl of twenty-two; fresh, vivacious, loving, loved. She had promised to marry him. Was not life bowling along merrily that glorious June time? But John Collingwood turned his back on it all and quietly buried himself in the Montana foothills.

Gladys Hazeltine was a capital actress. Her self-control under the inquisitorial fire of her friends was marvelous; she not only convinced them that there was no tender sentiment between John Collingwood and herself, but she almost induced Gladys Hazeltine to believe that she did not care two straws because John had left her in a miff.

"If Jack flies off at such a harmless little flirtation before marriage, what will he do afterward?" she soliloquized. "He'll get over it and come back again." And she hummed a bar of Chopin, and tried to feel unconcerned.

It was only a little thing—some other fellow's attentions and a bit of thoughtless indiscretion on Gladys's part.

John would not remonstrate, he simply vanished; it was his way.

Nor did he come back again; that was his way, too.

Gladys had a private bonfire in the grate in her own room one night, during the midnight watches, while a lone policeman paced his beat echoingly out on the sidewalk below. It was a stack of old letters, a wisp of blonde hair tied with the usual blue ribbon, a few gross of dried bouquets, that tainted the air, a dozen or so of photographs that she was tired of seeing about, etc., a mere lot of rubbish but only cumbered the house in Beacon Street. Then, silly goose, she cried enough to extinguish a conflagration. Perhaps she wanted to, only her pride would not let her. Perhaps— But why go on paragraphing with this most exasperating of adverbs, when all the world knows that a woman's ways are past finding out, and that no one can prophesy what a woman will not do!

So Gladys wept on all to herself and the angels, with the policeman guarding below, and the rubbish went on curling and burning and vanishing up the chimney's black throat, until naught remained but a pile of whitening ashes. The ring she kept for a month and a day, and then it was quietly dropped into the sea as they rowed out to Colonel ———'s yacht one evening for a moonlight dance.

The harmless little flirtation went on in defiance now, and Jack? He let his beard grow and went to herding cattle like a true Montanan.

Montana made a generous grave. It was wide—from horizon to horizon; and deep—from the zenith down, through ether, through earth, as far as one would care to plumb.

There was no crowding of the lots; six feet of real estate at the East is a mere bagatelle to what an ambitious, self-made ghost may aspire to in the glorious, vasty West.

John Collingwood and his half-breed slavey, Pigeon-wing Sam, had things all their own way up in the hill-country. The ranches were few and far between in those days—one could look from plain to peak and count the shack-smokes on one's two hands; so were the mines and cities in prospective; so were the mails—once a month in Summer, not at all in Winter; and as for exacting, distracting woman, she was an exotic in these solitudes; a man might as well have been shut up on the top of Mt. Athos!

This unique environment suited John, so he rather emphatically assured himself, as if there were the suspicion of a doubt in regard to it. It was what he sought; it was out of the world. He took to ranching with the same vim and determination with which he had taken to pleading, and with which, before the law era in his life, he had taken to going to the devil.

He had been successful hitherto even in adversity; he was successful now even in perversity! His cattle grew and multiplied upon the face of the earth, and, after the second season, the yearly round-up fell into the habit of bringing in a goodly pile of shekels. But he did not work for gold. What need had he of money? His dirt-roofed log shack was his palace; the mountains and the valleys, the rushing streams and the winds and clouds of heaven, his friends. They were constant and full of pleasure; they would not betray him; he could put his trust in them everlastingly!

The years spun by—five of them. One day, during the break-up of a long, hard Winter, a trapper climbed up over the pass from the South and hung an unexpected budget of news beside the shack's crack of a door.

Gladys was repentant after long years of defiance, and had sent flying across the country a letter full of pretty penitence. The herdsman, coming in for more ammunition, started strangely as he saw it. His big, brawny hand shook as he read, and then—he laughed until the hills echoed, and the half-breed came running up aghast; he had never seen so strange a contortion on his master's face before. The herdsman laughed again and again—harsh, strident sounds that notched the very air as they burst forth; then, twisting the delicate missive into a corkscrew, he slammed the lid of his chest upon it and strode away for another shot at the invulnerable old buck outlined against the blue above.

Gladys was answered. John Collingwood lived on and made no sign.

More years spun by, filled with the humdrum of

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.— BAYARD TAMING THE HORSE.— SEE PAGE 310.

ranching, the humdrum of living without love, until the whirligig of time scored a decade. Ten years out of a man's prime is wellnigh a sacrifice of the whole chapter.

John shuddered as he thought of it, and hunted up a small mirror among his traps to see what record his face bore of it. There was a heavy sprinkling of gray in his hair and beard, not noticeable, however, because of their blondeness; but under the eyes and about the mouth deep markings bore evidence of the enormous physical fatigue with which he had crammed his life on the wild frontier.

The eleventh Autumn began.

John came riding slowly home late one afternoon after a day of it across the plains. He swung himself out of the saddle wearily, and stood for a moment with his arm resting on his brown mare's neck, watching the sun level his last shafts athwart the dark firs belting the lower slopes, ere he dropped aback the peak.

The fat bunch-grass waved in tawny splendor under the sun's gilding, and the evening breeze, and the old-day clouds in the east were flushed with a new-day, youthful bloom, like old hearts grown young again. The hemicircle rounded out to right, to left, as grand, as reposeful as ever in its mountain height; grander if anything, shrouded in the blue autumnal haze, with the Frost King's arms cresting every peak above, and firing every shrub into a burning blaze below. There were the level bottom-lands along the streams, marged with cottonwoods; the gently rising hills, with upland valleys glimpsing between, and the distant mountains crowning all in their eternal majesty.

It was a peaceful scene, and John was wont to sit in his shack's door of Summer nights, and let its restful beauty soothe him. To-night he was tired. His soul had been filled with a wild unrest for weeks, and to-day he had ridden hard and wrought his duty mightily — as if heart-hunger could be fed by physical fatigue! A great yearning now filled him to fly this prison.

For the first time he felt the barrier that these mountains presented; that he was shut in and away from the rest of the world—the world that he once said that he hated; and, as he looked, he imagined that the peak-studded rim began to reach up to the zenith, and the ends of the hemicircle to stretch out, out, as if they would meet and wall him in completely. He was suffocating! And in the vastness of such an expanse! In a real agony he turned toward the eastern gateway, and looked long and yearningly across the miles of prairie.

"It's only five years ago," he muttered. "Perhaps she's faithful still; women are such devoted creatures when the whim once seizes them."

As the sun finally dipped behind the peak, and the evening breeze rustled up from the valley afresh, Love scored another victory, and John Collingwood laughed, for the second time within the memory of the half-breed; but this time Pigeon-wing was not aghast—a satisfactory, mongrel 'Ugh!' sounding along his pipe-stem.

* * * * * *

Three weeks later, a bronzed, blonde-bearded, broad-shouldered man, with the graceful freedom of the Bedouin in his swinging step, strode up Beacon Street

one morning. He was the personification of strong-limbed health, and the pale and the lean and the weak turned to look after him in envying admiration as he passed along. He was faultlessly, though not fastidiously, dressed in the mode of the hour, and from his sun-browned, Saxon type might have been taken for a globe-trotting Englishman returning from India *viâ* the States.

John walked rapidly along, bowing neither to the right nor left. He was a stranger in his native city; no one knew him where ten years ago he knew everybody. This fact alone told him how great had been the change in himself. It struck him painfully; still he did not try to remedy it by acknowledging his identity. He was a bit superstitious, but being a lover, it was pardonable; it was Gladys's hand that he wished to clasp in the first greeting.

John had been in town two weary days. It seemed two weary years, for Gladys was not to be found. The evening of his arrival, he had mounted the steps of her old home. The house was brilliantly lighted as of yore, and in the drawing-room some one was lightly touching the accompaniment of a song they had often sung together. How nervously he clutched the bell-pull!

An unknown servant, in an unknown livery, stood before him. What a well-bred wonder the menial accentuated in his dumb-show eyebrows! The gentleman had mistaken the number. It was the Buckleys and not the Hazeltines who lived there. Did not know the latter—had never heard of them.

This morning, in a sort of desperation, John turned into his former club, blindly hoping to gain, in some way, the information he so much sought. He passed up the stairway into the reading-room. It was early, and there were few loungers as yet. He paused in the deep bay-window, and looked out across the busy street into the gardens opposite. While standing thus, looking over the iron railings, it was something of far more infinite importance than Gladys's present address that dawned upon him; it was the utter unmanliness of the part he had been playing.

He saw it all now: his mad, mad jealousy, his insufferable pride, his consummate selfishness. He had been a brute—nay, worse; some brutes show pity, he had been pitiless! And for him to find now that Gladys was beyond his reach, dead or perhaps another's, was but

BAYARD ASKING AN OUTFIT FOR THE TOURNAMENT FROM HIS UNCLE THE ABBOT.

his righteous due, he felt; it was a meting out of retributive justice, sharply and quickly, and at the very moment when it would cut him the most keenly.

The air of the room became stifling; he rushed down the street and began to walk rapidly along the pavement, as if he were trying to distance his own thoughts. His head was erect and his eyes seemingly fixed on some object before him; people and things along the way were passed heedlessly by. A long bridge was crossed, leading from urban din into suburban quiet. There were now occasional open fields and ancient, pillared houses, standing by themselves in the isolation of ample grounds and their last century quaintness; elms and maples stretched before the walker in stately vistas, and through the hazy, languorous Autumn air the gorgeous leaves floated idly downward, paving the streets with the brightest of golden patins.

But all was unnoticed by the man who walked so hastily along. Two hours passed. The city now lay far behind. John Collingwood was still striding on, on, on, and might, possibly, have thus continued to this hour had not a woman's scream and the rush of horses' feet suddenly brought him back to the present world.

Relaxing and lowering his eyes, he saw a pair of horses plunging madly toward him, in the roadway a cripple paralyzed with terror, and, opposite, a woman shouting and gesticulating wildly, after the manner of women. 'Twas well-nigh a "forlorn hope" of a case—one chance for saving that wretched piece of deformity against ninety-and-nine for a mangling of himself and the cripple to boot. But John flung himself to the winds, and muttering to himself, "It might as well be this way as another," rushed to the rescue.

All was over in a trice. The next instant the cripple rose out of a cloud of dust, scared within an inch of his life, but unhurt; and in the gutter John lay motionless, dead to all appearance—dead as Dickens's door-nail.

* * * * * *

"But I cannot touch you," said a man's voice from among the pillows, while a left hand authoritatively motioned away a woman as beautiful as an angel.

"Why not?" replied the angelic creature, *alias* Gladys, seizing the hand and pressing it very tenderly in both her own.

"Because—because I'm unworthy of you! I've been a brute all these years! A beast, a ——"

"Hush! I forbid all excitement; your wounds are too dangerous! Your heroism for little Joe cancels all. You are my hero of heroes now, as in other days!"

And, in a manner that was anything but unexciting, and forgetful of the patient's shattered condition, Gladys put her arms round the big Montana herdsman and held him in close embrace for at least—but the mainspring of my Waltham was broken, so I must decline to be veracious on this point.

When calm was restored, John asked: "What ever possessed you to establish a home for cripples, and in this out-of-the-way place?"

"After mamma and papa died, I was left all alone. You would not come back to me, and, of course, I could not marry. Just a whim, you know! I longed for something to take up my time and attention, and so fill the blank in my life. As I was driving home one day, Providence gave me an idea—William accidentally ran over an Italian cross-sweep. I took the little fellow home and nursed him back to health, but he was crippled for life. His case was the means of interesting me in one of the most pitiful of infirmities. I built this small home, am my own matron, with faithful women under me, and have a family of a dozen boys and girls—crippled waifs, who, I trust, receive the best of treatment. Some go away cured, after a time; the incurable stay."

Gladys paused for a brief time, and then continued, with a strangely beautiful light shining out of her eyes:

"My humble charity is the outgrowth of our estrangement. Had the course of our love been improverbially smooth, we would have selfishly married, and no one would have been the happier for it save you and me. Now I feel that a few human beings have been eased of their wretchedness and pain, while we have been made more tender and forbearing toward each other, perhaps. And all for a Man's Miff and a Woman's Whim."

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

"Sans peur et sans reproche!"

"Praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth.
This is the happy warrior; this is he
That every man in arms would wish to be."

BAYARD, whose "goodness and valor, intrepidity and prudence, coolness and presence of mind, patriotism and piety," gained him one of the noblest reputations ever acquired by a soldier, and the all-envied title "*Le Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*," "Spotless and Fearless," first saw the light at the Château Bayard, in Dauphiny, in the year of grace 1476. At the age of thirteen he was called to the bedside of his dying father, and asked what profession he would choose to be brought up to, when he answered, with astonishing spirit in one so young, that, holding so glorious and illustrious a name—a name unsullied and untarnished by numerous ancestors who had borne it, and who had glorified it by incomparable feats of arms—he would beg for leave to try and imitate them. The dying Aymond Terrail—the Bayard family name—sent for his brother-in-law, the Bishop of Grenoble, who, upon learning the little lad's determination, exclaimed:

"You know well how friendly the Duke of Savoy is to our house; he is now at Chambéry; to-morrow we will set out, and I will present my nephew to him for a page. Be at no expense, for I myself will equip and mount him!"

Aymond Terrail placed the boy's hand in that of the bishop with the words, "I give him to you, and pray God that wherever you place him he may do you honor."

Attired in his best to appear before the duke, young Terrail mounted his horse to show himself to the company at the castle. The fiery steed, feeling so light a weight, and disliking to be spurred by a mere child, began to rear and plunge, but the brave boy drove the spurs deeper, and held the rein tighter, till he made the animal feel he was master.

Provided with a purse and a little trunk containing his linen, he and his uncle took their way to Chambéry.

The duke, surrounded by a brilliant court, received them with great friendship, and Bayard waited on table, as was a page's duty in those days, with so much grace that the duke inquired who the child was.

"Sir," answered the bishop, "he is my nephew, whom I have brought to present to you if his services will be of use to you."

"I accept him at once," said the duke. "I should indeed be difficult to please if I refused such a present."

Bayard was installed in the duke's household, where he applied himself so heartily to all knightly exercises as to carry away the palm from all his comrades. He sur-

passed them in dancing, in playing the lute, in passages of arms, and, above all, in the handling of horses. So graceful, so manly, and so obliging was he, that the duke and duchess came almost to regard him as their own son.

A few months later the Duke of Savoy set out for Lyons, where King Charles VIII. was sojourning. Bayard rode in the escort, and his horsemanship was so perfect as to attract general notice. This reached the ears of the king, who desired that the lad should ride in the meadows of Ainay after vespers. Bayard had his horse groomed fit for royalty itself, and, as he approached, the king shouted, "Page, give the spur! Spur! spur!" From the word *piquez* (spur) Bayard got his surname Piquet, by which he was known for many a long day. The king was charmed with the young page, and committed him to the care of the Count de Ligny. He was placed among his pages, and at the end of three years, when Bayard was seventeen, the count made him a man-at-arms in his company, and gentleman of his house, with 300 louis a year.

It was during the king's sojourn at Lyons that a noble, Claude de Vaudray, gave a tournament for the young nobility. De Vaudray attached his coat-of-arms to a post, so that any cavalier desirous of entering the lists might touch it in token of challenge, and then give his "name and estate" to the king-at-arms of the tournay. Great was the astonishment of Mountjoy, king-at-arms, to find the boy Bayard entering the lists.

"Why, Piquet, you are only a child yet!" he cried; "and do you mean to pit yourself against the Lord of Vaudray, who is one of the boldest knights in Christendom?"

"Mountjoy," replied Bayard, "if I have touched that shield, believe me, it is neither pride nor vain-glory that has prompted me. I wish to learn the glorious profession of arms from those who are capable of giving me lessons, and, God helping me, I hope to acquit myself to the satisfaction of the fair ladies of the Court."

But, though he had the courage to touch the shield, he did not know where to get the money, for his good uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble, was far distant. He therefore went with his friend Bellabre to another uncle, the Abbot of Ainay. But the abbot had heard of his nephew's daring act, and received him roughly. "Ho! master boastful, you are of an age still to be whipped! And you to show so great conceit!"

Bayard replied, respectfully, that he had not acted from pride, but to maintain the honor of his ancestors and the abbot's; but the churchman was not to be appeased. He declared that the money of the abbey was given for the service of God, not for tournaments; but he yielded at last, and gave him money to purchase horses, and an order for clothes, and all he needed. Bayard construed the order very liberally, as the abbot found in time.

The tournament commenced on Monday, the 20th of July, 1494. All the "swells" of the period were entered, and it was ordered that each one, after fighting, should go round the lists with his face uncovered, that the spectators might openly judge whether he had fought well or ill. The Knight Bayard, then in his eighteenth year, weak and delicate in appearance, struck his first blow, and succeeded in overcoming the redoubtable Lord of Vaudray.

"By the faith of my birth, Cousin de Ligny," cried Charles, at supper, "Piquet has given us to-day a foretaste of what he will be as a man!"

A year subsequently, Bayard, in addition to his position of Page-in-waiting, was put into Count de Ligny's company of artillery. Bayard, when leaving to join his new comrades, took leave of the king.

"Piquet, my friend," said Charles, "may God continue in you what I have seen begun! May you grow up to be a brave man!"

The king then ordered him 300 crowns, adding to this gift one of the finest horses in the royal stables. Count de Ligny presented him with two suits of clothes, and a superb horse completely harnessed.

The knight was most graciously received by his brother-officers, who rode out to meet and escort him to the tower, and his first act was to give a tournament, the following proclamation being his own composition: "Pierre Bayard, a gentleman of Dauphiny, in the service of the high and mighty lord, Count de Ligny, lately initiated into the mysteries of war, publishes a tournament for the 20th of July, outside and close to the walls of the Tower of Aire, to all comers, to fight with lances without lists, and on horseback; the prize for the conqueror to be a gold bracelet, enameled with his arms, of the weight of 30 crowns. That the next day will be fought a combat with lances on foot, and after the lances are broken an assault with battle-axes, the prize for which will be a diamond of the value of 40 crowns."

The day arrived, and Louis d'Ars and the Lord of St. Quentin, Captain of the Scottish Guards, were appointed umpires. The number of contestants was forty-six, whom the judges divided into two parties of twenty-three against twenty-three. Bayard divided the honors of the day with a Scotch captain, David of Fougas. During the two years that ensued Bayard gave several tournaments, in the greater number of which he came off the victor.

In 1494 Charles VIII. determined to claim by power of arms the right he had upon the kingdom of Naples. He entered Italy at the head of a large army, traversed the country without interruption, and, on the last day of the year, with the whole of his troops, entered Rome by torchlight, lance in rest. The Pope, Alexander VI., retired to the Castle of St. Angelo. The king forced him from his retreat, and compelled the Pontiff to crown him Emperor of Constantinople and King of Naples. The Count de Ligny, who followed the king in this expedition, took Bayard with him; not only for the sake of his company, but also in order to give the stripling a chance for distinguishing himself.

Charles, leaving a large wing of his army to protect his newly acquired possessions, marched back to Franca with but 10,000 men. On his road, however, near Fornova, he was unexpectedly attacked by 60,000 men, composed of Papal, Venetian and Milanese troops. A prize of 100,000 ducats was offered for Charles, dead or alive, and six ducats for the head of any Frenchman. Charles, although compelled to fight against such desperate odds, gained an overwhelming victory, leaving 10,000 of his enemy on the field of battle, with a loss of but 700 of his own men. Bayard, who was in the king's army, in De Ligny's company, distinguished himself more than any other knight, having two horses killed under him. He captured an ensign from fifty men-at-arms, and presented it to the king, who, already informed of the courageous ardor Bayard had displayed in the action, rewarded him liberally.

Charles died in 1498, without children, and was succeeded by his brother-in-law, Louis, Duke of Orleans. While the new king was attending to the internal affairs of his realm, Bayard visited his friends in Savoy, and the home of the duke where he had served as a page.

His old master was dead, and his widow was at Carignan, in Piedmont, which had been given to her as her dower. The wife of the Lord of Fruzasco, chamberlain of the duchess's house, was one of her maids when Bayard first entered the house as page to the duke. She was beautiful, witty, virtuous and well-born. A friendship commenced between the page and the maid-of-honor that soon ripened into love. Had Fate been propitious, they would doubtless have been united in marriage, but Bayard's entrance into the king's service had so entirely separated them, that from that time to the present visit they had only communicated by letter. He returned to find her the wife of the Lord of Fruzasco. She received Bayard "right joyously," and with every manifestation of friendship. They talked over their "page and maid" passion, and then and there entered into a treaty of pure and solid friendship.

She at once asked Bayard to get up a tournament, a request he most gladly complied with, asking her, as his favor, for one of her sleeves. The lady gave it to him, and he placed it in the cuff of his doublet, intending it for the victor's prize.

The tournament lasted all day, and, at its close, the Lord of Fruzasco, by command of the duchess, invited all the participators to sup with her.

While at supper the judges awarded the prize to Bayard. He refused to take it, saying that the lady who provided the sleeve should adjudge the prize. The duchess declared that for the sake of the victor she would keep the sleeve herself, and presented a ruby pendant to Lord Montdragon, who came second to Bayard in knightly prowess.

BAYARD DEFENDING THE BRIDGE OF GARIGLIANO.

The French having been driven out of Milan by Ludovico Sforza, the king dispatched a powerful army into Italy under the command of the Count de Ligny and De Trivulce to retake that city. Bayard went into garrison twenty miles from Milan, and learning that there were three hundred of the enemy's horse in Binasco, asked for volunteers to sally forth and give them battle. John Bernadine Cazacci was the captain on the other side, and the combatants met, shouting their respective battle-cries, "France! France!" "More! More!"

Bayard led with such *élan*, that the enemy, after a brave resistance, turned tail. The French followed them several miles in the direction of Milan, and until under its

walls. "Turn, men-at-arms, turn!" was now the cry. Every one obeyed save Bayard, who was too madly excited to take heed. He pursued the fugitives with such ardor, that he entered Milan with them, harrying them to the steps of the king's palace. The white crosses that he wore proclaimed him a Frenchman, and he was surrounded and taken prisoner by Cazacci, who disarmed him.

Sforza ordered Bayard, the knight of twenty-four, to be brought before him.

"My good gentleman," said Sforza, "tell me what has brought you to this town?"

Bayard replied: "I had no idea that I was alone. I thought my comrades were behind me; but they are wiser than I, and more used to the ways of war, or they would undoubtedly have been made prisoners as well as myself. In the meantime, in my disgrace, I thank Heaven that I have fallen into such good hands as yours."

Sforza, after asking him some questions, exclaimed:

"Set your mind at rest. It is my intention to set you free. Ask anything you like of me, and I will grant it you."

BAYARD'S GENEROSITY TO HIS HOSTESS AT BRESCIA.

The knight had not expected such generosity. He knelt on one knee.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "the greatest favor I can ask of you is to restore my arms and my horse, and allow me a guide to the garrison, twenty miles distant, and, believe me, I shall always be ready to serve you, if I can do so in honor to my king and to my country."

On Bayard's return to the camp, Count de Ligny was as astonished as he was pleased to see him.

"What, Piquet, are you out of prison? Have you paid your ransom?" he cried. "I was about to send a herald to pay it, and bring you back!"

During the life of Charles, the Count de Ligny had married Eleanor de Baux, Princess of Altamura. When duty called the count away, the Lady Eleanor mourned so deeply that she actually died of sheer grief.

De Ligny died December 31st, 1503, and Berault Stuart, Lord d'Aubigny, then captain of the Scottish Guard, was appointed by the king to command the army about to be dispatched to Naples. Naples having been conquered, the companies were garrisoned in that kingdom, and Bayard was made governor of a large portion of the De Ligny possessions.

The Spaniard, Ferdinand King of Arragon, having claimed Naples, succeeded, through connivance with Pope Alexander VI., in taking the capital, driving the

French to Apulia. Bayard was in garrison at Minervino, and whiled away the tedium by daring forays and dashes against the enemy. In one of these latter, our knight, with his comrades, defeated Alonzo Sotomayor, a celebrated captain, and a large body of picked horse, making him prisoner on parole. Alonzo, however, broke his word of honor and escaped. He was recaptured, and, finally, ransomed. On his return to his own forces, he complained that Bayard had treated him harshly while a prisoner. Upon this reaching our knight's ears, he sent Alonzo a challenge *à l'outrance*, to the death, which the other accepted.

When the day arrived, Bayard was the first on the field, mounted and dressed in white. Alonzo, who had choice of fighting, declared he would fight on foot, knowing that Bayard was both weak and ill. The combat was of long duration. Bayard, notwithstanding his sickness, fought with his usual skill and valor. After some time, during which Alonzo kept even with his adversary, Bayard thrust his long sword into the Spaniard's throat, and, parrying the blows which the maddened Alonzo hurled at him, waited until loss of blood weakened his adversary, and, then, flinging himself upon the Spanish captain, they rolled on in the dust, Bayard giving Alonzo a poniard-thrust between the nose and the left eye. He called upon Don Alonzo to yield. The haughty hidalgo was dead. The chevalier then went to the umpire and asked if he was satisfied with what he had done.

"You have done too well for the honor of Spain," replied the umpire, sorrowfully.

The Spaniards burned to wipe out the disgrace of this defeat, and proposed that thirteen of their best knights should meet thirteen of the French knights in mortal combat. The challenge was joyfully accepted by the belligerent Bayard, and the conditions of the fight laid down, viz.: That, if a knight lost his horse he was not to fight; that he who passed over a certain boundary-line should be a prisoner; that the night should terminate the combat; and if there remained but one unhorsed on each side, he should take back his companions with equal honor to either side. The Spaniards attacked the horses instead of their riders, and with such success as to lay eleven steeds in the dust. But the horses of the Spaniards refused to advance over the dead bodies, and these afforded Bayard and his knights a rampart to retire behind when hard pressed. When night set in the Frenchmen had won the day.

Upon another occasion, Bayard, with a trusty few, lay in wait for a treasurer from Naples, who with a large treasure, was to pass within a few miles of Minervino. With the cry of "France! France! Slay! slay!" he was upon treasure and guards, and in a twinkling routed them, despoiling them of 15,000 ducats.

Pedro de Paz, a hump-backed dwarf, was one of the most daring and enterprising captains of the Spanish army. Resolved upon giving the French an alarm, he took 120 men-at-arms, each with a foot soldier mounted behind, and passed over the River Garigliano at a ford known to themselves. Bayard held the bridge of which they desired to gain possession, and alone gave them battle. He dispatched four of the men-at-arms, and was engaged with a host of the enemy, when Le Basque charged to the rescue, driving the Spaniards back toward their camp. While retiring, the enemy again attacked them in force, and Bayard's horse being blown and being surrounded by about forty of the foe, he surrendered. His companions, who had fought their way to the bridge, imagined that he was with them, when suddenly Pierre de Guiffrey cried out:

"Comrades, we have lost Bayard! I vow to the Virgin! that I will have news of him, if I go alone!"

The French spurred after the foe at full gallop, and, coming up, charged them. Bayard, who had not been disarmed, joined in the fray, and leaving his own jaded horse, vaulted upon a splendid charger from which Salvador Borgia had been hurled by the lance of Le Basque. He now fought like a lion, and a few minutes saw the Spaniards in full retreat.

In 1505 Louis d'Ars and Bayard remained in Spain after the departure of the French army, and contrived to hold several points of vantage despite the entire Spanish army. On their return to court the King gave Bayard a place in the household, pending the organization of a company of picked archers.

The Genoese having revolted from their allegiance, the French monarch resolved to bring them into subjection in person, and with a small army set out for "Genoa the Superb." Bayard was then at Lyons, very ill with intermittent fever, and from the consequences of an old wound—a sword-cut which became ulcerated. Notwithstanding his indisposition, he was one of the first in readiness for the expedition, and so quick was the march of the French army that the Genoese were taken by surprise. A newly constructed fort, strongly garrisoned and well mounted with artillery, was the lion in the path. Bayard requested permission to assault it, and leading the stormers in all forms up the steep side of the mountain, after meeting a stubborn resistance took possession of the fortress, and with it the city, for its loss caused the Genoese to surrender.

In the month of March, 1508, the king, with a view to marching upon Venice in accordance with the conditions of the League of Cambrai, reviewed his troops in the duchy of Milan. To Bayard was given a company of 1,000 infantry. The knight, however, begged that the number be reduced to 500, as he feared he could not manage them. The French and Venetians crossed swords on the 14th of May, at Agnadello, the former being victorious, Bayard and his company performing prodigies of valor, wading in a marsh up to their waists in water. Having reduced a number of cities and towns, Louis returned to Milan, only to learn that Padua had again fallen into the hands of the Venetians. Chabannes was ordered to retake the city, and he named Bayard as his second in command. The French troops having laid siege to the city, to Bayard, as usual, was given the post of danger. Ordered to storm the barriers, he took with him Bussy d'Amboise, La Cropte, Daillon, La Clayette and others of high degree and daring. After desperate fighting he forced the first, and then the second barrier, and at the third, losing patience, he shouted, "Comrades! this is lasting too long: let us dismount and force the barrier!" With visor raised and lance lowered, he leaped upon the Venetian guard, and literally hewed his way into the town.

It was during the siege that Bayard, having heard a great deal of the bravery of the Duke of Malvezze, resolved to break a lance with him. "This Captain Malvezze," said he, "is too much talked about. I am sorry he does not know what sort of men we are. If you will second me we will look for him to-morrow." Arming a number of his most trusted companions, he set forth at two in the morning, and late in the day came up with Malvezze and his troop, which consisted of 100 men-at-arms and 200 Albanians. The charge was terrific, and for a while victory hung in the balance; but Bayard's trenchant sword turned the scale, and such of the enemy as were not laid low, or unable to fly, were taken prisoners. The Emperor of Germany, on receiving our knight

at camp, exclaimed, "Knight! the king, my brother and your master, is proud and happy to have such a man as you in his service. I wish I had a dozen like you, if they cost me 100,000 florins a year."

Bayard's next exploit was the capture of the Castle of Bassano, in which a cadet, a beardless stripling named Guignes Geoffry, greatly distinguished himself by taking a standard-bearer with the colors. Foraging parties became the order of the day, and, as a consequence, heavy fighting was continually taking place. In one of these frays Bayard had his horse killed, and the knight fell heavily, his leg under the dead steed. He was surrounded and taken prisoner, but immediately rescued by Pierrepoint. A fresh horse shared the fate of the first, and again was Bayard captured by the enemy, again to be rescued by the bastard Du Fay. The knight and his troop passed the night at a little village called St. Martin. A spy having brought in the information that a body of the enemy had repaired to St. Boniface, and were sleeping like dead men, Bayard cried, "I'll wager my head that they are those we saw to-day, and that they are so fatigued with their day's work they have not been able to go further. If you are willing, comrades, they shall be ours. We will have our horses well fed, and toward four o'clock in the morning we will go by moonlight and waken them up." The result of this suggestion was the total rout of the Venetian troops.

The year 1510 beheld Bayard before Lignagno, which stood a deal of battering, especially by a culverin twenty feet long, which was known by the name of "the great devil." The chevalier ordered and witnessed the execution of several brigands who had smoked to death a number of persons in a cave at Longaro, who had taken refuge there. While the execution was taking place, a kind of phantom issued from the cave; a child of fifteen years, yellowed by smoke and more dead than alive. He was taken to the knight, who asked him by what miracle he had escaped. The poor little wretch answered that when he saw the smoke, he fled to the furthest extremity of the cavern, where he had observed the rock broken up above, and that there he had received a little air.

In 1511, Pope Julius II. claiming the Duchy of Ferrara as a possession of the Holy See, and wishing to reunite it, raised an army in the Bologna, and marched it to a town named San Felice. Bayard, who had spies everywhere, learned that the Pope was coming in person to conduct the siege of a place called Mirandola, and immediately resolved upon capturing the Holy Pontiff. At daybreak, on a certain day, the Pope entered his litter and took the road to La Mirandola. His prothonotaries, secretaries and other household officers were in advance. When Bayard beheld this *cortège* he pounced upon it, but some of its members turned bridle and galloped back to give the alarm at San Felice. The fugitives arrived, out of breath, just as the Pope reached the castle, and the good knight Bayard the town. His Holiness leaped from his litter, and himself assisted in raising the drawbridge. An instant later and he was in the mailed hands of the Chevalier Bayard, who was inconsolable at the failure of his daring scheme. La Mirandola capitulated, and the capture of La Bastia was determined upon. To Bayard's wise counsel and wondrous valor was due not only the saving of La Bastia, but the salvation of the Duke of Ferrara and the French. Falling upon the enemy when least expected, they succeeded in absolutely defeating them. Five thousand prisoners, all the baggage, all the artillery and 300 horses, fell to the victors, with such an immense quantity of plunder as to render the latter almost embarrassing. To Bayard, the Duke of Ferrara now owed his estates. The French army was no less under an obligation to him, for it would undoubtedly have been lost if the Pope had succeeded in his plans.

The Pope was for having the Duke of Ferrara as an ally, and opened negotiations through a wretch named Gueslo. The duke was to dismiss his French allies, who on their march homeward would be entirely at the mercy of the Papal troops. The duke, on the other hand, offered Gueslo a rich reward to poison the Pope, which the reckless traitor accepted. Bayard, however, would not hear of it, and the duke gave up the idea.

Trivulce, now a Marshal of France, re-took La Mirandola in 1512, and destroyed the Papal army at Bologna. Bayard acquired so much glory on this occasion that the marshal declared, in the presence of all the officers of the army, that it was to the knight, after God, that they owed the victory.

The chevalier was umpire in a horrible duel between two Spanish gentlemen, Santa Cruz and Azevedo. They fought with swords and poniards and on foot. After several strokes Santa Cruz thrust Azevedo in the face. Azevedo took his sword from him very skillfully, and plunged his own into Santa Cruz's thigh downward, cutting to the bone. The blood spurted out, and Santa Cruz, taking but one step, fell. Azevedo cried out to him, "Surrender, Santa Cruz, or I shall kill you!" but, without answering, the other sat still on the ground with the sword in his hand, and made passes as if he still fought. Azevedo called upon him to stand up, saying that he would not strike him while down. Santa Cruz made an effort, but fell on his face, when his opponent raised his sword to cut off his head. The Duchess of Ferrara begged that the combatants be now separated. "I cannot do it in honor, madame!" said the Duke de Nemours. "Right gives the conquered to the victor." Santa Cruz was carried off on the Prior of Messina's offering himself as his second. By the law of victory the arms of Santa Cruz belonged to Azevedo, who sent to demand them. They were refused. He complained of this to the Duke of Ferrara, who charged Bayard to go and demand them; that otherwise Santa Cruz should be brought back to the field, his wounds undressed, and his person abandoned to the discretion of the conqueror. Such were the grim doings of the age of chivalry!

It was while in the town of Carpi that the Duke de Nemours amused himself and his officers by consulting an astrologer, who foretold with gruesome accuracy the futures of many present.

"My master," said Bayard, "tell me if I shall be a man of consequence some day, and if I shall become rich?" The astrologer made reply after scanning the knight's face and hand.

"You shall be richer in honor and virtue than ever French captain was before you, but you shall have scarcely any of fortune's goods, so do not seek them. You shall serve another King of France besides the one who now reigns, and whom you serve, who will love and esteem you much; but the envy of those surrounding him will prevent his giving you great riches, or promoting you to the honor that your merit will have deserved: Always believe that the fault will not be his. . . . A dozen years hence, at the most, you will die in action, and of a cannon-shot, and in no other way."

Brescia is one of the most beautiful towns in Europe, and the Venetians regained it by a surprise. The French resolved upon its recapture, and the chevalier was intrusted with an important command. The troops marching to reinforce it were attacked by Bayard in his nightgown, for he had had the ague all night, and with his

corselet strapped over the gown and his good sword in his hand, he held, with his standard-bearer, a defile for a quarter of an hour, and until he was joined by his troops. His standard-bearer was killed.

Brescia, having refused to surrender, was assaulted, Bayard supporting what, in later times, is known as the "forlorn hope." He was the first to cross the rampart, but paid dearly for his intrepidity, having been struck by a pike in the thigh, the spear-head breaking off short in the flesh. The pain was so intense that he imagined himself dying, and cried:

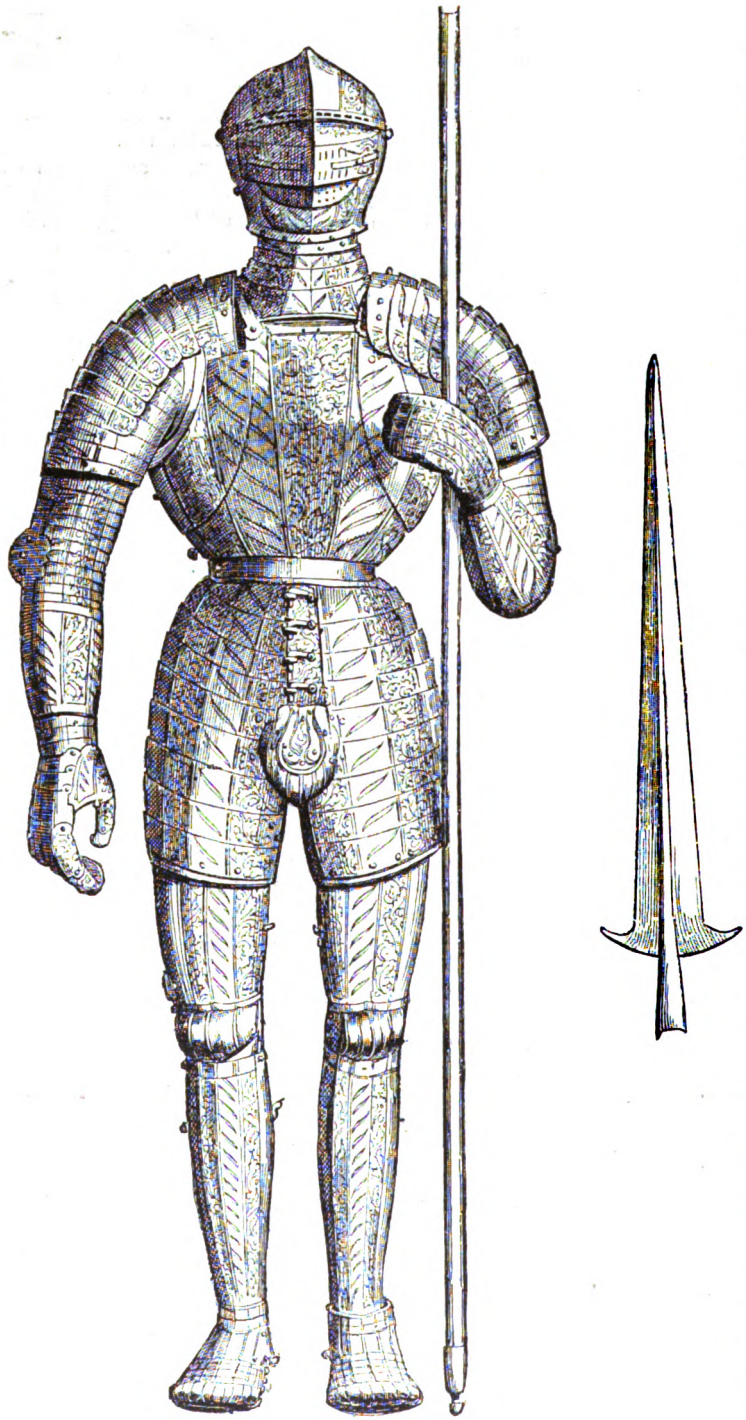
"Captain Molard, take the command of my men. The town is won, but I shall never enter it. I am wounded to the death!"

The blood was streaming from his wound in such a degree that two of his men tore up their shirts to stanch it, and then bore him from the fray with as little motion as possible.

Molard and his men, maddened at the loss of their captain, flung themselves like tigers upon the enemy. The Duke de Nemours, learning that the first fort was taken, but that Bayard was mortally wounded, was stricken with the utmost grief, and exclaimed:

"Let us go and avenge the death of the most accomplished knight that ever lived!"

Brescia fell. The carnage was awful. The town was pillaged. The plunder was the immediate cause of subsequent French disaster, for the soldiers became so enriched by it that they deserted in bands and returned to their homes, leaving the army a complete skeleton. In a short time the French lost every town and fortress they held in Italy.



BAYARD'S ARMOR.

Bayard, mortally wounded—as was supposed—was placed by two of his soldiers on a wooden door, and carried to a large and handsome house deserted by its owner, who left it in the care of his wife and two young and beautiful daughters. The elder lady opened the portal and received the knight as a dying man. Bayard ordered his two soldiers to station themselves at the gate, and to admit none but members of his own command.

The lady, flinging herself on her knees by Bayard, sobbed forth:

"Noble lord, I offer you the house and all it contains; all is yours by the law of war. I only beseech one favor, which is that you will preserve the lives and honor of myself and my two daughters!"

"Madame," replied the knight, scarcely able to draw breath, "I do not know whether I shall recover from the wound I have received, but as long as I live neither you nor your daughters shall sustain more injury than myself; only take care of them, and do not let them appear. I promise you that no one shall enter the house contrary to your wish. I am not the man to plunder you; on the contrary, I promise you all the respect and friendship in my power. But the most urgent need now is to procure me some help, and that quickly!"

A surgeon was procured, who declared that Bayard's wound was not mortal, and in less than six weeks our knight was again in the saddle.

The Duke de Nemours, on leaving Brescia, made Bayard many presents, among them 500 crowns, which the chevalier divided equally between the two soldiers who had stood by him; he also made good to them their losses of plunder.

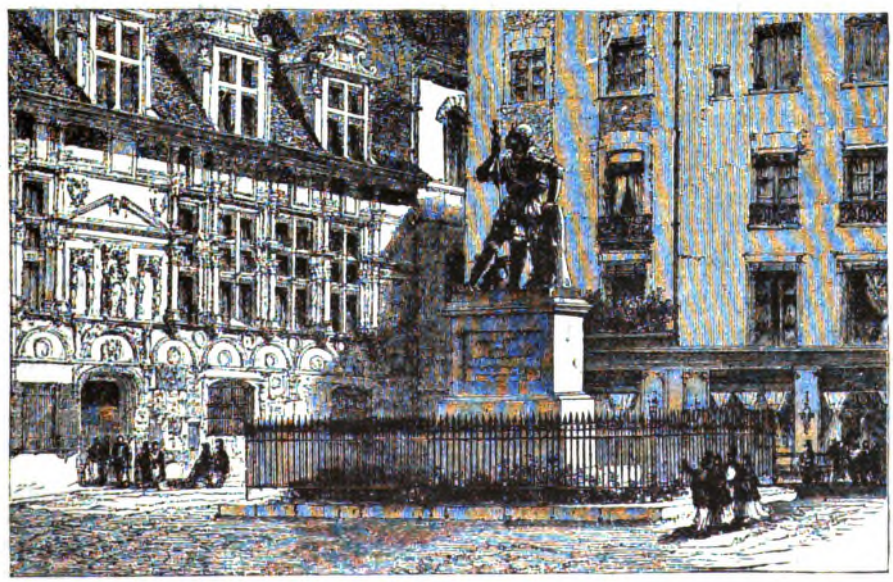
When about to depart from the house where he had lain ill of his wound, the lady came to him with an offering of 2,500 gold ducats, in a highly ornamented steel coffer, ransom money. The knight, who never in his life

set any value on gold or silver, smiled as he asked her how much was in the coffer. The lady replied, 2,500 gold ducats, but that he must have as much as he asked for. The knight refused the money, thanking the good lady for her kindness and friendship, and as she insisted upon his taking it, he sent for her two daughters, on whom he bestowed it as dower. The girls each gave him a piece of her work, the elder two bracelets of gold and silver thread, and the younger a crimson satin purse richly embroidered.

BAYARD'S LAST MOMENT.

When the good knight joined the French army before Ravenna, he was received by the prince and the troops with as much demonstration of joy as though he had been a reinforcement of 10,000 men. The fighting under the walls of Ravenna was after Bayard's own taste—hot, chivalrous, bloody. The Duke de Nemours was killed, having fought on foot after being unhorsed, and received fifteen sword-cuts in the face alone. The knight was everywhere, doing deeds of desperate valor, fighting from eight o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon. The flower of the French and Spanish chivalry fell, and scarce an officer on either side left the field unwounded. On the following day Ravenna was plundered. Bayard indited a long epistle to his uncle, Laurent Alleman, descriptive of the bloody battle, a letter well worthy of perusal, but unfortunately much too lengthy to include in this necessarily brief narrative. The French next threw themselves into Pavia, the Swiss entering at the same time. Our knight had two horses killed under him, and while, as the last man, defending a bridge which he was to break down to cut off the passage of the enemy, a falcon-shot struck his shoulder, cutting off the flesh to the bone. Shirts were torn up for bandages, and tree-moss was applied for lack of better surgery, which enabled him to follow the army, repassing the Alps; when Bayard repaired to Grenoble, the residence of his uncle, where he was *fêted* by the good bishop and townspeople almost *ad nauseam*. While residing here, the knight was laid low by a violent fever, which reduced him to a very skeleton. When he found himself in this weak state, his regret was not that death was near, but that he must die in his bed. While he was in this state, all the town, both great and small, the bishop and clergy and the nuns, prayed incessantly for his preservation. His recovery was slow, and it was many months ere he again appeared in panoply. It was during his convalescence that his continence was put to severest test by the

BAYARD'S TABLET IN THE MUSEUM, GRENOBLE.



STATUE OF BAYARD AT GRENOBLE.

offer of a beautiful and well-born virgin, whose mother was willing to sell her to the knight through dire distress. Having sternly reproached the mother, Bayard presented the trembling girl, who had been introduced unawares to his chamber by a roguish valet, a marriage portion of 200 crowns; and, as he quitted the town, beheld her honorably wedded to the man of her choice.

After the chevalier had passed some time in Dauphiny, *fêted* and caressed by everybody, the King, Louis XII., sent an army to Guienne to recover the Kingdom of Navarre from Ferdinand, King of Arragon. The enterprise was not successful, and Bayard was requested to lay siege to Pampeluna, which, after a brief siege, he battered in and plundered.

In the year 1513, Henry VIII. of England, with a large army, landed at Calais, and laid siege to Terouanne. Bayard was for capturing the "Merrie Monarch" on his road. With 1,200 men-at-arms he was eager to charge the English. "Let us charge them," he urged. "If we break them we shall have their king; if they drive us back, our horses will carry us off without much loss." He was overruled, but unable to contain himself, he fell in the rear of the troops and carried off a large cannon known as St. John, being one of what Henry called his "Twelve Apostles." A skirmish that now took place with the English is known in history as "The Battle of the Spurs," as the French, on the sound of retreat, put spurs to their horses and galloped off the field to a man, Chabannes in vain endeavoring to turn them back. In this rush of spurring was the redoubtable Bayard, who often faced about, and at length reined in at a little bridge, where he made a bold stand; but, overpowered by numbers, was compelled to surrender, having first made a well-equipped officer prisoner with a view to subsequent ransom.

The English king "chaffed" the cavalier anent his flight, and secretly proposed to him to enter the English service, assuring him of riches and honors. Pope Julius had made him a similar offer, and to both he made the same answer: "that he had only one Master in heaven, who was God, and one upon earth, who was the King of France, and that he would never serve any other."

Louis died on New Year's Day, 1514, and the new king, Francis I., at once meditated reconquering the Duchy of Milan, which the Sforzas continued to hold in sovereignty. Our knight again entered Italy, and was soon in the thickest of the fray, and was as wise in council as he was valiant with the sword. In a bloody skirmish, Bayard came near to losing his life. He was mounted on a spirited horse, who, feeling himself wounded, slipped his bridle and dashed in through the Swiss, and was careering toward another troop, who would have given the knight no quarter, when the maddened brute became entangled in some vine-stalks, hanging from tree to tree, and was brought to a sudden standstill. Bayard slid from his horse to the ground, left all his arms, and, creeping on his hands and feet, so as to escape observation, arrived safely in camp. The Duke of Lorraine meeting him in such a sorry plight, presented him with a splendid horse. The knight soon picked up a helmet, and, being well mounted, charged for the enemy without a moment's delay, and so greatly did he distinguish himself that the king expressed a desire to receive the honor of knighthood at his hands; a ceremony performed by Bayard with great circumstance and formality.

Having "enjoyed" a campaign, during which he defended Mezières against the Imperialists, the chevalier repaired to Paris with the king, where he was regarded as the lion of the day, the French Parliament presenting him with an address. He then sojourned at Grenoble, and from thence departed, by request of the king, to "keep an eye upon the Genoese." He now had to confront a terrible enemy—the plague!—and never did tenderness, watchfulness, or charity, do better work. He provided for all, nourished at his proper cost the sick poor, and extended his care in every direction. He fought the grim enemy so well that he eventually and speedily forced him to retire from Grenoble.

The year 1524 beheld Bayard's last campaign. Admiral Bonnivet established his quarters in a little town called Biagrasso, and ordered the chevalier to advance to a small village quite close to Milan named Robecco, an utterly defenseless post. The Spaniards were in such force that Bayard was compelled to retreat upon Biagrasso. From Biagrasso the French were again compelled to retreat, the knight in command of the rear guard. The artillery and flags were then thrown forward and in safety, when, about ten o'clock in the morning, an arquebuse was fired, the stone of which struck Bayard across the loins, and completely fractured his spine. When he felt the blow, his first cry was "Jesus!" Then he added, "Oh, God! I am slain!" Then he kissed the cross-hilt of his sword, using it as a crucifix. He changed color, and his men seeing him stagger, went to him and urged him to withdraw from the fray.

"It is all over!" he said to them. "I am a dead man, and do not wish in my last moments to turn my back to the enemy for the first time in my life!"

He had still strength enough left to order a charge, seeing that the Spaniards were about to advance. Then he was placed by some Swiss at the foot of a tree, "so that," said he, "I may have my face toward the enemy!"

"It is," the dying knight exclaimed, "God's will to take me to Himself. He has kept me in this world long enough, and shown me more goodness and favor than I deserved." Then, there being no priest, he confessed to his gentleman squire, of whom he begged to be left where he was, because any movement caused the most acute pain. The Lord d'Alègre, Provost of Paris, asked for and received his last wishes; and a Swiss captain, named John Diesbach, offered to remove him, for fear that he should fall into the enemy's power; but he replied to him and all the officers who surrounded him: "Let me devote the short time that remains to me to thinking of my conscience. I beg you all to leave me, for fear that you should be made prisoners, and that would be another grief for me. I am dying! You cannot relieve me in any way. All I ask of you, Lord d'Alègre, is to assure the king that I die his servant, without any regret but my inability to render him further services. Give my respects to my lady, the Princess of France, and to all the gentlemen and captains. And, now, good-by, my good friends! I commend to you the care of my soul!"

The Lord of Pescara, the Spanish captain, had his own tent and bed brought immediately, had it spread close by the dying man, and himself helped him to lie upon it, kissing his hand the while. He gave him a guard, so that he should be neither crowded nor pressed upon, and himself fetched a priest, to whom Bayard confessed, with perfect consciousness and edifying piety.

All the Spanish army hastened to come and admire the expiring hero.

Bayard being left alone, thought only of his approaching death; he devoutly recited the "Miserere," after which he prayed aloud; his last words being, "Let Thy justice be softened by the merits of the blood of Jesus Christ."

Bayard died on the 30th of April, 1524, aged forty-eight years. The Spaniards showed as sincere a regret at his death as did France. As soon as he was dead, the guard that the Marquis of Pescara had given him bore him, by that nobleman's orders, to the nearest church, where services were said over him for two days; after which the body was handed over to his squires and servants, with passports, to transport it to France.

When the king heard of the chevalier's death he was sorely afflicted for many days.

"We have lost," he said, "a great captain, whose name alone made his arms feared and honored."

The knight's body was taken to France into the province of his birth, to be placed, according to the last wishes of the hero, near his ancestors. The procession passed through Piedmont and Savoy, and everywhere the Duke of Savoy gave orders that it should be received with all the honors accorded to princes of the blood royal, that services should be performed for the repose of his soul in all the churches on the road, and that the body should lie over night in a church.

At Grenoble the knight's remains were received with kingly honors, and borne to a neighboring convent of Minims, founded by his uncle. There he was laid in the chapel of the Allemans. A tablet with his bust in white marble, wearing the collar of his Order and a Latin epitaph, is preserved in Grenoble, where they profess to have his remains, but they are more probably still beneath the factory established in the Alleman chapel.

All writers, whether while Bayard was living, or since his death, have agreed, without a single exception, to praise him for the virtues that can adorn humanity, and which were all assembled in him—piety, charity, modesty, generosity, valor, greatness of mind in danger, goodness in victory, disinterestedness, the talent of obeying and commanding; also, justice in his advices, fertility in expedients, fidelity to his king, his country, and his duty—he had all these; and his virtues cannot be better expressed than by the surname which his own age decreed to him, of "the knight without fear, and without reproach."

CAVENDISH'S DISREGARD FOR MONEY.

"THE bankers" (says Mr. Pepys), "where he kept his accounts, in looking over their affairs, found he had a considerable sum in their hands—nearly eighty thousand pounds—and one of them remarked that he did not think it right that it should lie so without investment. He was, therefore, commissioned to wait upon Mr. Cavendish, who at that time resided at Clapham. Upon his arrival at the house he desired to speak to Mr. Cavendish.

"The servant said: 'What is your business with him?'

"He did not choose to tell the servant.

"The servant then said: 'You must wait till my master rings his bell, and then I will let him know.'

"In about a quarter of an hour the bell rang, and the banker had the curiosity to listen to the conversation which took place.

"'Sir, there is a person below who wants to speak to you.'

"'Who is he? Who is he? What does he want with me, sir?"

"'He says he is your banker, and must speak to you.'

"Mr. Cavendish, in great agitation, desires he may be sent up, and before he entered the room, cries: 'What do you come here for? What do you want with me?'

"'Sir, I thought it proper to wait upon you. as we have a very large balance in hand of yours, and wish for your orders respecting it.'

"'If it is any trouble to you, I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me!'

"'Not the least trouble to us, sir—not the least; but we thought you might like some of it to be invested.'

"'Well, well! What do you want to do?'

"'Perhaps you would like to have forty thousand pounds invested?'

"'Do so! do so! and don't come here and trouble me, or I will remove it!'"

A LION-HUNT BY MAGNESIUM LIGHT.

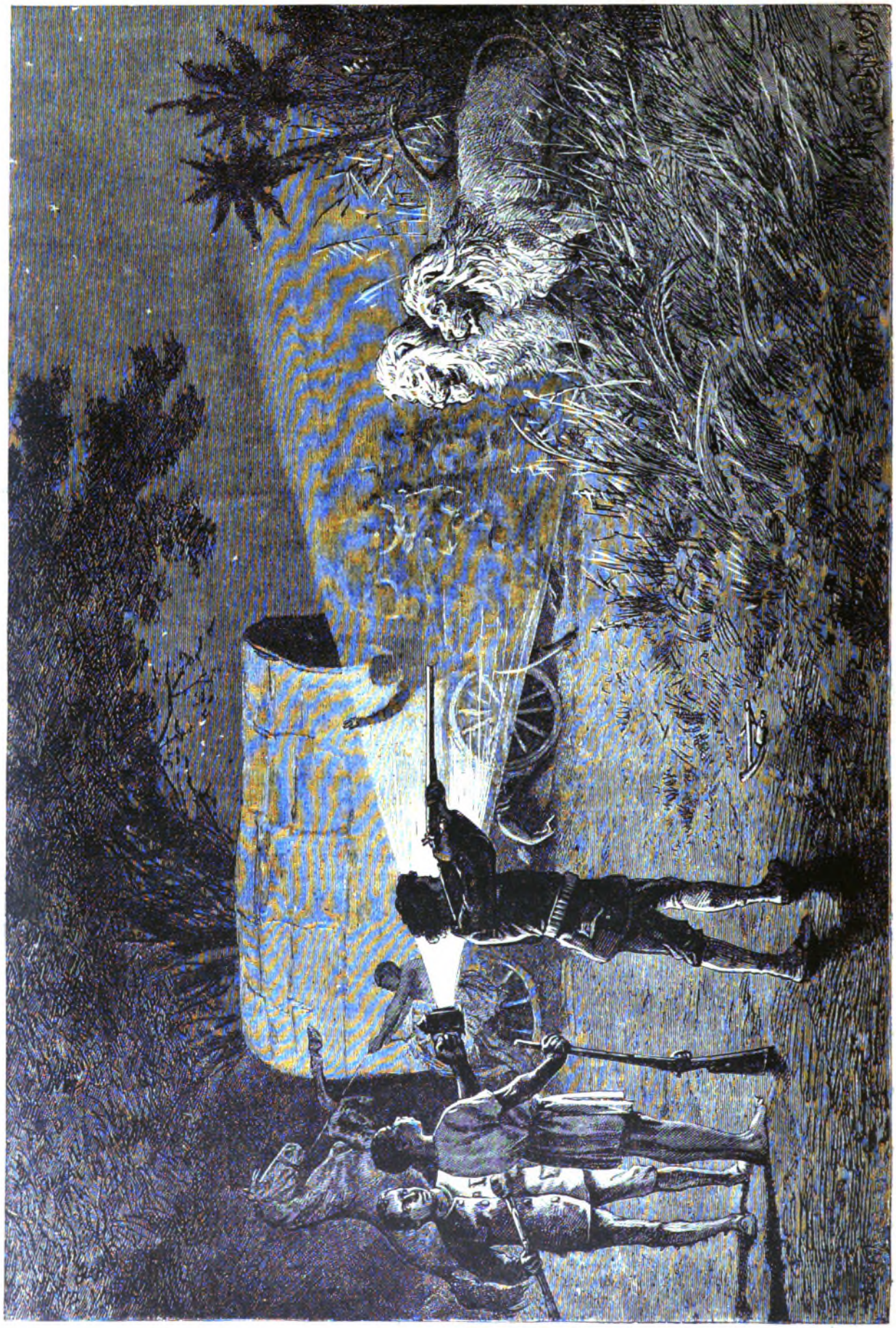
As WE approached Zoupantsberg and were actually in sight of it, the fast approach of night warned us that it would be useless to attempt to reach it. With all our anxiety to be in civilized society, we were forced to halt and camp. We had neighbors, if not of the kind we desired. One of the men, seeing a suspicious movement in the jungle, dashed in and brought out a leopard which he had dispatched.

The spot where we pitched our camp bears, in the language of the Boers, the name of Adicul. There was no moon, but the sky was clear, and I began to make observations to fix my exact position. My devotion to science stood me in good stead. I had secured a magnesium lamp and a supply of wire. This I found very useful.

I was taking with my sextant the altitude of Canopus, and drawing my angles with the help of Aldebaran, when a roar like thunder startled me from the stellar world. The sound came from my immediate vicinity. My horse, fastened to a wheel of the wagon, plunged so as to move the heavy vehicle, and the oxen came plunging toward us. Laying down my sextant I seized my rifle, while my man, Augustine, turned the light full on the spot from which the roar came; as he did so, the cone of light fell upon the majestic forms of two enormous lions. Fascinated by the light of the magnesium wire thus suddenly flashed upon them, they stood as if statues carved in rock, while I aimed with all the coolness I could muster. One barrel, then in a second the other, and the two lions fell mortally wounded.

Leaving them quivering there, we rushed back to secure the horses and cattle, now wild with fear, and to calm some of our cowardly people, who, crouching under the wagon, were shouting out boasts of their valorous intention to slay all the wild animals in Africa. Augustine and Verissimo had stood stanchly by me, one holding the lantern which did me such good service, the other with a loaded rifle ready for me if I had missed. Better fellows in an emergency I never met or had under me.

"SHUT THE DOOR."—Charles Burney, the well-known author of the "History of Music," had a great dread of a draught of air, and would never sit in one if he could possibly avoid it. "Shut the door!" was the salutation uttered by him to any one who, entering his apartment, neglected the rule, and by chance left the door open. As an illustration of this habit, it is related that, having been stopped and robbed by footpads while returning home one evening in his carriage to Chelsea Hospital, of which he was the organist, he called them back as they were making off, exclaiming, in a commanding voice, "Shut the door!" The rogues, losing their presence of mind for the moment, obeyed the order, and shut the door!



A LION-HUNT BY MAGNESIUM LIGHT. — SEE PAGE 319.

THESEUS SLAYING THE CENTAUR.—FROM CANOVA'S GROUP.

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN.

BY

ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER VIII.—ESTHER HART'S JOURNAL.

IT was at Barton Academy that I first began to keep a journal, and I have continued the practice since leaving school, because it sometimes helps to beguile the loneliness of life on this bleak island.

After the departure of Mr. Fleetwood in grand'ther's boat to-day, I sat for a long time on the rocks, looking away in the direction of Cinderville, and battling with one of my darkest and most discontented moods. Presently Aunt Deb came to the door and called me in.

"I hope to goodness that man will never come here again!" was her first salutation.

I asked for no explanations. She eyed me askance for a moment, then burst out, fretfully:

"You be as trying a critter, Essie Hart, as ever I set

eyes on! There ain't a gal up and down the whole Maine coast that's better provided for than you be. You've got handsome gowns and rings and chains and spending money, and a comfortable home with grand-'ther and me; and in spite of it all, you're as oneasy from morn till night as a fish out of water. I don't believe you ever felt contented for a single hour here at Porgy Island."

"No," said I, sadly enough; "I never did."

"Ongrateful!" sniffed Aunt Deb, behind a huge cotton handkerchief. "The worst thing that can befall a gal is to have too many good looks."

"*You* were never tried in that way, Aunt Deb," said I; and then I was sorry for the words, and drew the immense handkerchief away and kissed her.

"If you had a squint and freckles, Esther, you would not be the restless, oneasy critter that you are," pursued Aunt Deb; "a-chafing and a-fuming at your lot with grand'ther and me! Seems as if you never cared much for either of us, and we your own flesh and blood, too! If *I'd* a-had my way, you never would have gone to Barton Academy; but your father was possessed to have you eddicated in first-class style, and this is what comes of it—pride and discontent and vanity and vexation of sperrit!"

Her charges against me are true enough. I am all that she says, and more. I care very little for Aunt Deb or grand'ther, and I detest Porgy Rock and its barren solitude.

Watched the beacon for grand'ther the first half of the night. The sea was very quiet, only the breakers boomed on the other side of the island. Large and bright the stars shone in the deep purple sky. Up in the tower the lamp flamed with a steady light through the slow hours. A ship went by, with pale wings spread in the star-lit silence.

Shall I ever see him again?

Wednesday.

Before the sun had reached meridian he came alone, in Rube Dexter's boat. I was just pushing off from the landing-place.

"Where are you going?" he cried, eagerly.

"To catch a string of mackerel for dinner," I answered.

"Delightful! Pray let me go with you."

I sat stiff and ungracious, while he scrambled with more speed than grace into my dory.

"Will you permit me to take the oars?" he asked.

"No," I replied; "I probably know how to use them much better than you do."

"Now am I annihilated, indeed!" he said, with a gay laugh. "At least, let me humbly beg permission to help you secure the mackerel."

He looked like a young viking, with his broad shoulders and blue eyes, and hair as fair as flax.

"Have you had much experience in fishing?" I queried, scornfully.

"Yes," he replied, "I know all about lobster traps, and weirs, and drag-nets, and trawls. I have been pollocking and haddocking and haking with your friend Rube Dexter. A week at Cinderville has transformed me into a purely amphibious creature."

A little bird, somewhat larger than a sandpiper, was hovering over the water near by. I nodded toward it.

"That is a sea-goose," I said; "and wherever you see it, there you will find mackerel."

"What am I to do? Command me."

"Drop the anchor."

Down it splashed over the boat's side.

"Now mind your tackle. There's a box of bait under the seat."

We had struck a shoal of fat, mottled beauties. How fast we drew them in! The sun glowed hot overhead, a land wind combed the current into languid ripples. Trouble very often with Mr. Fleetwood's tackle, and constant appeals to me for help.

"I think you are tangling it purposely," I said, at last, with stern suspicion. He colored to his eyebrows.

"Like the father of his country, I cannot tell a lie," he said; and then seized upon the hands which he had called so often to his aid, and pressed them to his lips. "There *are* temptations, Miss Hart, which no man could find it in his heart to resist."

I snatched away my hands. "We will fish no more to-day," I said, with high displeasure. He drew in the anchor meekly, and we started back to the Light.

"Pray, what brought you to Porgy Island again to-day?" I demanded. He gave me a reproachful look.

"Pardon me, is that quite—quite polite, Miss Hart? Is it hospitable? *You* brought me! I came because I could not help myself any more than that silly sea-goose can help following the mackerel shoal."

Some birds flew over the boat at that moment, uttering a sharp, queer cry. It was like a woman's name—"*Maud! Maud!*"

He started violently. "The deuce!" I heard him mutter. He does not like the name, perhaps.

"What sort of a bird is that?" he asked.

"I do not know," I answered, carelessly. "The same, maybe, that Tennyson's young man had in mind when he said:

"'Birds in the high Hall garden,
When twilight was falling;
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.'"

"I have a cousin by that name," he said, with a short laugh. "I could have sworn that it was her voice overhead. Pray let me take my turn at quoting Tennyson."

And then, with his bold eyes fixed steadily on my face, he said over these lines in a low, effective tone:

"'Is there a voice coming up with the voice of the deep from the strand,
One coming up, with a song, in the flush of the glimmering red?
Love that is born of the deep coming up with the sun from the sea,
Love that can shape or can shatter a life till the life shall have fled?
Nay, let us welcome him, Love that can lift up a life from the dead.
Keep him away from the lone little isle. Let us be, let us be.
Nay, let him make it his own, let him reign in it—he, it is he—
Love that is born of the deep, coming up with the sun from the sea.'"

I spoke not a word. We landed, and he carried the mackerel up to the house. Aunt Deb sat at her big wool-wheel in the kitchen—such things are still used along the Maine coast—and being in a hospitable mood, she invited Mr. Fleetwood to dine with us for the second time. Grand'ther also urged him. He staid. Dinner—broiled mackerel and potatoes, fried lobster, and one of Aunt Deb's famous Indian puddings.

After the meal, gran'ther carried him up to the tower, to look at the light. Determined not to encounter him again, I went off over the chaotic rocks, to the furthest end of the island, and hid myself among the ledges there in the Mermaid's Chair—a dangerous cleft, scarcely above high-water mark. The gulls and I know the place well.

I crouched down in my wild refuge, and gazed gloomily out to sea, my chin in my hand, my hair flying in the wind, the great waves crashing up around my feet, and spattering me with thin salt spray. A shark was cruising just below—I could see his sinister fins rising now and then above the water.

"He is waiting for me to make a misstep," I thought—as, without doubt, he was.

Higher and higher the waves dashed up; they had quite drenched the skirt of my dress, when I heard a voice on the rocks overhead:

"To look on a pair of bright black eyes
Is the life of a pair of blue ones!"

it sang gayly; after which followed an imperative call:

"Come out of that, Miss Hart! Do you want to drown?"

I did not stir or answer. He thought I was deafened by the waves—he leaned down and touched me. I started incautiously up, with the blood racing furiously through my heart; my foot slipped; a moment more and I should have been within reach of the shark's jaws; but, with a cry, Guy Fleetwood had leaped down into the Mermaid's Chair. He seized me, as I clung, in a cloud of flying spume, to the bare, perpendicular, wave-swept rock, and lifted me bodily to his own level.

There was a moment of silence, in which I stood looking at my hands, all torn and bleeding from my desperate clutch on the ledge; then he cried out:

"My poor child! I frightened you, did I not?" And he drew forth his handkerchief and wrapped it about my wounds. He was deadly pale. "Forgive me for following you here—it is a matter of civility! I must say good-by! Rube Dexter has just brought me a telegram from Cinderville."

"Ah," I said, with a wicked little laugh, "perhaps some one has, at last, discovered Concordia Tempest?"

"No," he answered, very gravely; "things of greater importance have quite driven that perplexing female from my mind. My mother is dangerously ill, and I am called home to Canada." He caught his breath in a very odd way. "Look me in the face, Esther! Shall I ever come to this 'lone little isle' again, or shall I not? Do you ever wish to see me again?"

Would I have this stranger to rule over me? Did I desire his dominion? My heart swelled fiercely. I looked him full in his pale face, as he had requested, and answered:

"I never wish to see you again! Come no more to Porgy Light!"

"You have saved my honor!" he said, bitterly; "perhaps I ought to thank you for that!"

Then he turned, and hurried away over the rocks, never looking back.

The sea lay under the low afternoon sky—a great dazzle of berylline tints—a vast field, scaled with changeful opal and amethyst. His boat faded away in that wealth of costly color. He will come no more!

Thursday.

Gray clouds trailing low over the riotous sea. Miserable winds complaining across the rock, and around the tower. Aunt Debbie, lugubrious and tearful, bent upon chanting such cheerful hymns as:

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.'

Gran'ther down with a "spell" of rheumatism, and so irritable that there is perpetual warfare in the house. Aunt Deb and I attend the light. No matter what may happen on Porgy Island, the light must burn on.

Friday.

Without doubt he has reached his mother by this time. What did he mean when he said that I, by refusing to see him again, had saved his honor?

Everything at the light the same as yesterday. A heavy storm approaching. A jigger went by toward Cinderville; a schooner and a few fishing-boats passed—all making for port.

"Love that is born of the deep, coming up with the sun from the sea;
Love that can shape or can shatter a life till the life shall have fled."

How those lines that he quoted out there on the water buzz through my head. Gran'ther's rheumatism is increasing.

"Let me go to Cinderville for a doctor," I said.

"No," answered gran'ther; "it's coming on to blow great guns. I ain't a-goin' to have you running any risks, Essie! You're too precious to Aunt Deb and me!"

I stared. I never before knew that I was precious to anybody.

"We depend on your board, you know," he explained, naïvely.

Gran'ther's pay for keeping the light is very small, and Aunt Deb loves money even better than she loves Watts's hymns. Of course they depend on my board, and of course they value me from that standpoint only. Why should one care about such trifles—why, in fact, should one care for anything or anybody in the world?

Saturday.

Gran'ther's rheumatism remains the same. Desolation at the Light, and silence, save for the roaring of hungry tides. Toward nightfall the wind began to blow, and the rain to beat against the windows. Storms at Porgy Island are no trifling affairs. I hurried to the tower to light the beacon.

As I stood there, with gran'ther's glass in hand, looking out upon the sea, I discovered—could I believe my own eyes?—a boat making for the island. Its sole occupant—a man—exhibited considerable skill in managing his frail craft. Now down in a white trough of foam it went, then up on the curling crest of a wave. The boat was Rube Dexter's, but who was the man?

He made straight for the landing-place. I thought he could never reach it through the surf that was running; but when I descended the tower-stair, and passed into the dwelling-house, lo! he was there before me—a pale, smiling, dripping spectre, standing on Aunt Deb's best braided mat.

"We thought you was gone to Canady, sir," I heard gran'ther say as I opened the door.

"I tried to go, but I could not," he answered; then he turned and looked at me. Neither of us spoke.

"You're more of a sailor than I took you for," said gran'ther, "if you've brought a boat from Cinderville in this sea. You can't go back to-night!"

"Well, it's a mercy somebody has come," cried Aunt Deb; "for I don't know of anything lonesomer than two women and a crippled man shut up together on this rock, with the storm a-pelting, and the water making a clean breach over everything, and that light to 'tend, if all of us go to destruction together. And father, with no regard for his immortal soul, a-flying in the face of Providence, and swearing about his rheumatiz fit to raise the roof!"

"Did you come across in Rube's boat, Mr. Fleetwood?" piped gran'ther.

"Yes," he answered.

"It was reckless doings in such a storm; you risked your life, sir."

"Maybe—I didn't think of that."

Night fell, black and terrible. The gale steadily increased, the waves beat with tremendous force on the island—we could hear them creeping up, like hungry wolves, to the very door.

"Maybe we'll have to take refuge in the tower afore morning," said Aunt Deb.

"Like enough we shall," assented gran'ther, cheerfully; "like enough the sharks will be a-feeding on us all 'twixt now and sunrise. There's nothing, as I can see, to hinder the whole place from being washed away."

In spite of this prospect, Aunt Deb set forth a supper of broiled bacon and potatoes, of which our unbidden guest partook sparingly. During the meal, while talking with gran'ther, he chanced to call him "Mr. Hart." Gran'ther made haste to correct the error.

"My name is Joe Runnel, sir," he said. "Hart belongs only to Essie. Her mother was my darter; Deb here is my stepdarter—the child of my wife by a first marriage. We're a sort of mixed up lot. Each of us answers to a different name."

Mr. Fleetwood showed no particular interest in our family-tree. Supper over, the trio gathered around the fire. Crippled gran'ther began to croon over some wild tales of shipwreck and disaster. I did not join them. My place was up in the tower with the light. I slipped into the passage, donned my dreadnaught, took up my lantern, and stepped out upon the bridge which connects the house with the tower.

Here a terrific blast nearly swept me off my feet. My lantern went out, leaving me in utter darkness. I clung blindly to the iron railing, over which the sea was hurling its foam and slippery spray. At the same moment, a hand, strong, but cold as ice, closed around mine—took possession of me, suddenly, resolutely. He was there at my side, in the deep darkness, trying to shield me with his own body. A second gust dashed us both against the wall of the tower.

"Go back!" I gasped.

"Impossible!" he answered.

And so, through the thunderous riot, the pitch-black night, we groped up the steep ladders, through narrow open traps, to the light, his hold upon me tightening all the way. There, at the top of the tall tower, we stood, at last, revealed to each other. He was as pale as the dead.

"You told me never to come to the island again," he said. "I knew that I ought to obey you. Duty to my mother, honor, everything called me to Canada, but I could not go. For days I have been over there at Cinderville, fighting as hard a battle with self as man ever fought. And here I stand, Esther, ignominiously conquered! I would have come to this rock to-night if a legion of demons had stood in my way—if death itself had been the penalty! I love you against my own will, and in defiance of all sound reason and good judgment. Oh, you sorceress!" He opened his arms with a great cry, "can you—will you love *me?*"

A wild thrill of joy went through me, but swift upon it followed a shuddering dread. Perhaps I am superstitious by nature. At any rate, the dreary place, the night, the black, shrieking storm, filled me with a sudden strange terror. Across the glass of the high, wind-rocked tower a legion of demon-voices seemed screaming, "Beware!"

I staggered back a step and covered my face.

"Esther!"

He snatched me to his heart. His lips pressed mine.

"Speak!" he urged; "do you love me?"

"Yes," I answered, solemnly, "I love you; but something tells me it is a love which will bring us nothing but sorrow, despair and death!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE FLIGHT.

"DEATH!" echoed Guy Fleetwood, with a face as white as the island girl's, for, somehow, she seemed to communicate her dark forebodings to him. "Do not say such things, Esther. No trouble shall come to you through me—no sorrow. I swear to cherish you tenderly till I die; I swear to love you for ever and ever!"

The wind screamed mockingly around the tall tower, the waves beat mockingly on the rocks below. Did Fleetwood think of his cousin Maud then? If he did, the thought had no power to stay his new, impetuous passion. The two were strangers, they knew next to nothing of each other, yet here in the tempestuous night, at the top of the old lighthouse, they stood plighting their troth.

"You have seen me but three times," sighed Esther. "How strange—how very strange it all seems!"

"I knew, the moment I first looked upon you, that my doom was sealed," he answered, passionately. "What has Love to do with times and seasons? I love you, and all the rest of the world may go. I have laughed at the grand passion in my day; I have thought it a foolish delusion; and in this way, you see, it takes revenge upon me at last."

With the shining black braids and the face like carven pearl pressed against his breast, he might well forget his loyalty to Maud, his honor, his social obligations.

"Will you marry me, Esther?" he said, through set teeth. "If you do not, no other woman ever shall!"

"Your sick mother in Canada—what will she say to your choice?" faltered Esther Hart.

"She may not like it at first," he answered, frankly. "Indeed, I am sure she will not; but time will reconcile her to it, and when she sees you she will love you. Anyway," gloomily, "I cannot marry to please my mother."

She was barely eighteen, and very shy, in spite of all her pride, so she questioned him no more, and he volunteered no further information. They went back down the stair to the house. Gran'ther Joe Runnel and Aunt Deb, crooning over the kitchen-fire, were startled to see this pair of young creatures flashing suddenly up to them with such a light on their faces as never was on land nor sea.

"Mr. Runnel," began Fleetwood, with manly candor, "I love your granddaughter, and she has promised to become my wife. Give us your blessing."

Crippled with rheumatism Gran'ther Joe undoubtedly was, but at these words he bounced up like a rubber ball from his flag-bottomed chair. Fright and dismay mingled in his wrinkled face, and seemed to choke his breath. As for Aunt Deb, she uttered a shrill scream.

"There! father," she cried, "it's come, jest as I thought it would—it's come, and you and I are ruined!"

To this outbreak, which seemed quite as strange to Esther as it did to Fleetwood, Gran'ther responded, with a furious snort:

"You scoundrel! Who be you that's come to rob us of Esther? If I was a strong man I'd throw you over the rocks. No, sir! Esther shall not marry you nor anybody else! Esther is our main stay here. She belongs to us. She ain't a-going to leave us for any

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN.—"WITH A CRY, GUY FLEETWOOD HAD LEAPED DOWN INTO THE MERMAID'S CHAIR. HE SEIZED ME, AS I CLUNG, IN A CLOUD OF FLYING SPUME, TO THE BARE, PERPENDICULAR, WAVE-SWEPT ROCK, AND LIFTED ME BODILY TO HIS OWN LEVEL."

stranger." And then, swinging his arm in air, he shouted, at the top of his lungs: "Be off!"

It was not pleasant, this sudden transformation of a hospitable host into a belligerent enemy; but Fleetwood confronted the old light-keeper with a calm smile.

"Pardon, it is impossible for me to leave the island to-night, Mr. Runnel; and, permit me to add, it is extremely selfish of you to reject my suit for such reasons as you have just given. Esther loves me, and her happiness should be your first thought. You ask who I am. A gentleman by birth, and, I trust, by nature also. I have sufficient means to support your granddaughter in plenty, and I can give you indisputable proofs that her future is safe in my keeping."

"Oh!" groaned Aunt Deb; "we're ruined, father, we're ruined! This is wussur than rheumatiz, or blowing away in storms. I thought we had Essie safe out on this rock!" Then, turning on Fleetwood, like an angry cat, she hissed: "Cursed be the hour you entered this house! I wish you had drowned coming over to the rock to-night."

"Aunt Deb!" interposed Esther, in shame and indignation; "have you and gran'ther gone mad? What does this absurd talk mean? Not love for me, surely. You have both been kind to me; you have never treated me ill, and yet"—sadly—"I have always felt—always known that you did not love me."

"I not love you, and you my dead sister's child?" cried Aunt Deb, with a curious, frightened look on her foxy face. "You're an ungrateful hussy, to talk in sich a way. One thing's sartin"—shutting her thin lips with resolution—"this young man that goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, won't have *you!* Dad's sot agin it, and I'm sot agin it, and we're your nat'ral guardians at present. He'll have to take you over our cold corpses, if he takes you at all."

Fleetwood, irritated indeed, but peaceably disposed, essayed the force of argument with the pair. It was like talking to the wind. Aunt Deb, with her apron over her head, refused to listen. The old man, stubborn as a mule, would answer nothing save:

"Ye can't have Essie! There's girls enough over at Cinderville, but ye can't have Essie!"

Talk being useless, Fleetwood gave up at last, but the look that he cast at Esther spoke volumes. This opposition, which neither could understand, but which plainly had some deep hidden meaning, only added fuel to the flame of the young fellow's passion. Gran'ther Joe hopped out of his chair at last, and began to hobble up and down the room in a high state of excitement.

"Go to bed, girl," he growled to Esther; "I'll watch the light myself for the rest of the night, and Mr. Fleetwood and I will talk some more together."

"Fear nothing," whispered Fleetwood, as Esther swept by him in that low-ceiled room; "all will be well."

She raised her great velvety eyes to his own—that look sealed his fate. "All for love, and the world well lost!"

"Perish friends and honor," thought Fleetwood, recklessly; "perish all my promises to Maud! all the milk-and-water affection which I have felt for my cousin! Welcome reproach, dishonor, anything—everything, if only I can win this magnificent darling for my own!"

Esther, with her grand princess air, made a slight bow to her lover, and went off up the stair to the second story of the cottage. Close upon her heels, stealthy as a cat, followed Aunt Deb, and as the girl reached the refuge of her own little room, that admirable spinster slammed the low door, and fastened it quickly upon the outside, thus making Esther, for this night at least, a prisoner. After which, Aunt Deb skipped back to the room below, to help gran'ther watch the beacon.

Guy Fleetwood had further conversation with the pair that night, but it was of a highly unsatisfactory character. Aunt Deb was sharp and reiterating; Gran'ther ranted and swore, but stuck fast to his mysterious hostility concerning Esther's marriage.

"Ye sha'n't have Esther—whether ye be rich or poor, high or low, ye sha'n't have her!" he repeated, like a parrot. At last, Fleetwood with an *insouciant* smile on his lips, and a dangerous flash in his eyes, said, airily:

"My dear sir, I am determined to marry Esther, either with or without your consent! Since you will not, to the satisfaction of any reasonable person, explain your objections to our union, you cannot expect me to give them respect or heed!"

There was no sleep for him that night. He sat moodily by the hearth which had of a sudden grown so inhospitable, and laid swift, reckless plans for the future. About midnight the storm began to subside, the wind died away. Up in the high tower the beacon burned on, shining across bare Porgy Island, and out over the tossing, foaming sea till the pink dawn blossomed in the sky.

There had been no outcry from Esther Hart's chamber through the night. The girl understood the situation, and submitted in proud silence; but, like her lover in the room below, she had not slept. She was standing at her small window, waiting, with such patience as she could command, for deliverance, when she saw Rube Dexter's boat, with Fleetwood in it, put off from Porgy Island, and dance away over the rough waters toward Cinderville.

She waved her handkerchief. He saw the signal and answered it with ardor. Surely he must know that she had been kept by unfair means from bidding him farewell. She watched the boat till it became a mere speck in the distance; then, of a sudden, the door of the chamber was thrown back, and on the threshold stood Aunt Deb, with her foxy face and cunning eyes, looking in on her niece.

"He's gone, Esther!" she whined; "you can come out now. Your gran'ther didn't think it was best for you to see him again—drat him! If I'd a-dreamed, the first time he came here, what game he was up to, I'd have flung hot water on him, that I would!"

Esther Hart's big black eyes flashed lightnings on her relative.

"I detest you, Aunt Deb!" was all she said. Then she swept down-stairs to confront gran'ther, who had just hobbled in from the tower.

He looked at her sheepishly.

"You wouldn't go to leave the island and your poor old gran'dad with that strange man, now, would you, Essie?" he coaxed. "Who knows but what he's got a wife somewhere a'ready? He has too many fine airs to please me. I misdoubt that kind, I do. He's too suddint! Rube Dexter, now, wouldn't ask to marry a girl that he hadn't seen but twice or thrice, would he?"

Oh, the scorn that blazed in her splendid face!

"Rube Dexter!" she echoed, in a withering tone; "what do I know or care about Rube Dexter? Your power over me is limited, gran'ther—don't be so foolish as to abuse it. I am eighteen years old—a fact that both you and Aunt Deb should remember. Do you know what she did last night? Locked me into my room, as though I was a disobedient child. She will never do it again!" with an ominous ring in her voice; "never!"

Old Joe knew his granddaughter's temper. He saw

that it would be no easy task to manage her in this matter. A pathetic grin overspread his wrinkles.

"Lord love ye, Essie; don't ye know yer aunt Deb is a leetle cranky at times? It makes her raging mad to think of losing ye. Then there's Jim—nobody seems to have thought about Jim at all," brightening up. "You wouldn't go for to take that young cock-of-the-walk without writing to Jim about it? It would raise his dander powerful to have you choose a husband unbeknown to him. Let's rest upon it a while, Essie. Mr. Fleetwood may have been a-fooling ye—men of his sort do such things often enough. Ye'd better think no more about him for the present."

An odd smile curled her lips.

"You're very wise, gran'ther; I'm sure I ought to obey you," she answered, dryly.

Neither Aunt Deb nor gran'ther said anything more to the island girl about her lover. Life at Porgy Rock went on in its usual groove, until the noon of Monday, at which time old Tom Dexter appeared at the light in his catboat, bringing supplies, and also a letter for Esther Hart. Rolling his quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other, and mournfully winking one eye as though he knew that this little manœuvre was blighting the happiness of his son Rube, the old fisherman thrust the message surreptitiously into Esther's hand.

"The landing—at ten to-night!" he whispered; "by which time that she-critter Debbie ought to be in her bed."

Esther's heart leaped into her throat. What had her lover written? She fled across the rock to the shelter of the Mermaid's Chair, and there read his letter undisturbed:

"I shall be at the island landing-place," it ran, "to-night at ten o'clock. If you love me, meet me then and there, prepared to become my wife. I have procured the proper license, and engaged the clergyman at Cinderville to perform the ceremony.

"*Do* you love me? Can you trust me? I know the test is severe; will you show yourself equal to it? Oh, my darling! something tells me that you *will!* The last few hours have been to me a nightmare—a purgatory.

"Your lover in life and in death, FLEETWOOD."

Esther Hart sat for a long time with this message in her hand, staring out on the wild, gloomy sea. The breakers came thundering up at her feet, the gulls flashed over her head. She saw nothing, heard nothing. Finally she started up, tore Fleetwood's letter to fragments, tossed it into the boiling surf, and went thoughtfully back to the lighthouse.

Tom Dexter had left for Cinderville when she reached the tower. Esther went over to Aunt Debbie's wool-wheel, a great, bold affair, at which her superb figure stood with striking pose, and set it buzzing in feverish haste. Perhaps the cottage had never looked so sombre and cheerless to her eyes as it did upon this eventful afternoon. Through an open window before her, the rocks of Porgy Island loomed up in all their native barrenness, relieved by no vegetation save the dogweed and Aunt Deb's scattering hills of potatoes. And out beyond that solitude, and the desolation of trap-rock and mutinous waves, lay a world of verdure and bloom—a world of life and joy and love.

The hours went by swiftly; a tall clock in a corner ticked them off with solemn tones. The sun set in purple and gold across the low, black waste of waters. Night fell on Porgy Rock—a still, peaceful night, full of stars.

The girl felt no compunction concerning what she was about to do. She was in no way indebted either to gran'ther or Aunt Deb. She did not love them, they did not love her.

Fate placed few difficulties in her way. Aunt Deb grew drowsy, and went off to sleep in her chair by the fire. Gran'ther betook himself to the tower, and remained there in the most accommodating fashion. Breathlessly Esther Hart stole up to her chamber under the cottage-eaves, and there robed herself with trembling fingers for her wedding.

Unlike most girls of her station, she possessed a wardrobe that seemed to lack nothing. No pupil at Barton Academy had dressed in better style than the light-keeper's handsome granddaughter. She arrayed herself now with particular care, then crowded some traveling-bags with her belongings, put a well-filled purse in her pocket, donned a long cloak of fine gray cloth, a hat and thick vail, and stood ready for departure.

"Shall I ever regret this madness?" she asked herself, with a pang of misgiving. "Do I go to happiness or to sorrow?"

At the head of her white bed a narrow window opened toward the west. As Esther glanced that way, she saw a golden crescent sinking, like a broken ring of fire, down the purple slope of the night. A new moon, seen over her left shoulder, and through glass, too! The beautiful, superstitious creature experienced a queer creeping chill.

"Sorrow!" she muttered; "I am going to sorrow, not happiness!"

Then Guy Fleetwood's blonde face rose up before her with irresistible power. Guy Fleetwood's voice seemed to ring in her ears:

"If you love me—if you trust me!"

She loved him—she trusted him. The clock in the room below struck the hour of ten. Her dark thoughts fled like bats before the sunlight. Passion conquered. She snatched up her bundles and flew noiselessly down the stairs and out of the house.

Almost before she reached the landing-place she found herself in the arms of Fleetwood.

"My darling!" he cried, as he folded her to his heart; "I knew you would come—I knew you could not disappoint me! You shall never regret this step, dearest. I will show you that you have not trusted me in vain. Look! Here is Tom Dexter with his catboat. We must be off without a moment's delay."

She yielded to his kisses, his embraces. The die was cast. Her lot and his were henceforth one. In this blonde, *insouciant* face, bending so tenderly over her own, she must look for her future heaven.

"Speak," he urged, gently; "you do not fear to come with me, Esther?"

"No," she answered.

"Bless you, my brave, beautiful darling! Are we likely to be pursued? Does your grandfather or that she-dragon, Aunt Deb, suspect anything?"

"I think not."

"Heaven be praised!"

The next instant she was in the boat, gliding away from the landing-place. Did gran'ther up in the tower hear or see aught to disturb his vigil? It seemed not, for there was no outcry. The girl who was in a literal sense a treasure to him, and whom he valued in his own way, and the audacious stranger who was robbing him of her, swept, unchallenged, past Porgy Rock and the red beacon, and vanished swiftly into darkness and distance.

The lovers sat like statues. Tom Dexter trimmed his sail, groaning inwardly over this total wreck of Rube's

hopes. Presently the lights of Cinderville began to twinkle in the far darkness. Toward these the catboat flew, like a living thing. It lacked but a few minutes to eleven o'clock when the little craft glided up to the old wharf by the fish-house, and Guy Fleetwood assisted the girl to step ashore.

The inhabitants of Cinderville kept early hours. Nearly all the lights had gone out in the houses. Fleetwood and Esther left Tom Dexter at the wharf, and turned their steps toward the principal street of the town.

Here stood a public-house, a church and a little white parsonage. In the latter, lamps were still burning, as if in expectation of visitors. Fleetwood and his companion went up a walk of cobble-stones, and rang the bell.

"By this time," whispered the lover, "they have discovered your flight from the island. I greatly fear, my darling, that we shall be pursued. Your grandfather is your nearest of kin, and probably he has full power over you——"

"No," she corrected, quietly; "he is not my nearest of kin, and he has no power whatever over me."

He was surprised at the answer, even then, but before another word could be spoken, the Rev. David Lane, the white-haired shepherd of the Cinderville sheep, opened the parsonage-door with his own hand, and bade the pair enter.

They followed him into a neat little parlor, lighted by kerosene-lamps. Here the clergyman's wife was waiting to witness the marriage.

"Will you take off your hat and cloak, my dear?" she said to Esther, in a gentle, motherly voice.

The bewildered girl dropped her outer garments, burst from them, as it seemed, like a butterfly from a chrysalis —at any rate, she quite took her lover's breath.

She had knotted her magnificent hair in one silken, shining mass at the nape of her milk-white neck, and pierced it through with a great pin of solid gold. Her wedding-gown was of thick, lustrous silk, like the gray-blue bloom on the ripe grape, in color, and it fitted her queenly shape like a glove. Some fine, creamy lace fell over the corsage, and was fastened at the throat by an arrow of big, luminous pearls. She had put on no other ornaments, although she possessed a generous share of such things. Her faultless face was without a vestige of color. The great velvety eyes shone like stars. She was regal—she was marvelous!

The Rev. Mr. Lane looked at the marriage license and found it satisfactory. Esther slipped her small, tremulous hand into Fleetwood's—in spite of her grand air the island girl was quaking like a leaf—then the solemn voice of the clergyman arose and filled the room for a few moments, and it was over—she was Guy Fleetwood's lawfully wedded wife!

"I wish you much happiness, my dear," said Mrs. Lane, and she kissed the bride as a mother might.

"Mine now—mine for ever!" whispered Fleetwood, triumphantly, as he folded the gray cloak around Esther again. Then he put the marriage fee into the clergyman's hand, and stepped forth with his bride into the still Summer midnight.

The sea was murmuring on the shore; the stars shone bright overhead. What had he done? Deceived and wronged Maud Loftus, indeed, but won, at the same time, the desire of his eyes. Esther was now his wife, and before this supreme fact, all other things sank into insignificance.

He carried her to the little inn beyond the Cinderville church.

"I wish, my darling," he said, gravely, "that I could conduct you to my own house, and present you to my mother this very hour; but that cannot be. It is best that we should remain in this place for a few days, at least."

The average American girl looks upon herself as a match for the best of men. It never occurred to Esther that the relatives of her well-born Canadian husband might consider his hasty marriage a *mésalliance*. She simply said:

"I will try to love your mother, Guy; I want your friends to be my friends also."

In the still, small hours of that fateful night, in a chamber of the seaside inn, the young husband, tossing uneasily in his sleep, muttered aloud three words, as though they were the keynote of his dreams. Esther, waking suddenly, heard them—listened—heard them repeated, "*Forgive me, Maud!*" and wondered.

Who was Maud, and for what transgression did he, her bridegroom, desire to be forgiven?

CHAPTER X.

FRIENDS AND FOES.

"I AM here at Rookwood, dear papa, in the very house where you were born, and here I must live, I suppose, till you come to carry me back to our Colorado valley. Poor meek Aunt Elinor is as kind and lovable as ever. Uncle Philip I find courteous and jesuitical—he was never a favorite of mine; and as for Cyril, you know how I regard *him*. Last night he asked me to marry him, and you need not be told that I promptly declined. He was so rude that a gentleman, the guest of one of our neighbors, was obliged to come to my assistance. We have some *very* interesting neighbors at Rookwood. I shall make a study of them till you arrive. Do you ask what possession I hold most precious in the East? My black horse Ranchero, that you sent me as a birthday gift five years ago. He is as sleek and swift as ever. I have just been to Rookwood stables to give him some sugar, and pat his velvet nose, and talk to him about the dear old ranch where we both were born. Ah, dearest papa, for a long time your letters have been very meagre and unsatisfactory. You rarely tell me anything about yourself, and you never mention the ranch save in a vague way. It is plain that you are very much absorbed in cattle-raising, or else you are growing indifferent to your exiled Mignon, who thinks of you, and longs to see you, every hour in the day."

Mignon Vye folded the letter, from which the above lines are an extract, slipped it into an envelope, and rose up from her writing-desk just as the door opened, and in fluttered Maud Loftus like a brisk breeze.

"Writing to papa?" she said, lightly. "What a dutiful daughter! Did you mention your adventure with that dashing soldier last night? Don't redden so violently, *ma chère*. If my eyes did not deceive me in the mere glimpse which I got of him, your Captain Shirlaw was too—too absurdly good-looking for anything. And now the pony carriage is waiting, and you are to take the ribbons and show me the beauties of the Dale."

"Ready—ready!" laughed Mignon. "I will post my letter on the way."

And ten minutes later the two girls were rolling in a smart pony carriage along the romantic road by the river.

They had gone but a short distance when they suddenly encountered an English drag attached to four prancing, turbulent horses. Abel Lispenard held the lines, and his military guest Shirlaw sat by his side.

The dwarf, who seemed to be managing the fiery beasts with admirable skill, made no sign of recognition; but Shirlaw boldly claimed acquaintance with the occupants of the pony carriage by lifting his hat, and dazzling Mignon with his swift, bright glance.

"Oh, oh!" ejaculated the vivacious Canadian, as the drag dashed by and vanished on the river road; "what a

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pair of eyes!—what an Adonis generally! But his companion—the object who was driving—was it a man, or an enormous frog? And does he belong to the side-show of some circus, or to civilized society?"

"That 'object,'" replied Mignon, laughing and reddening "is Mr. Lispenard, the owner of the gray towers across the river. I met him by chance, last night, in Uncle Philip's library, and," speaking very fast, "I think him uncommonly considerate in failing to recognize me even by a glance, for he knows it cannot be pleasant for me to remember the circumstances."

And then she related to her friend the incident of the previous night.

"Your cousin Cyril will yet give you no end of trouble, dear; see if he does not!" commented Maud. "It's a pity that Mr. Lispenard is such a fright. There is really no amusement, you know, in flirting with a monster. Ugh! he makes my flesh creep! By-the-way, Mignon dear, I received a letter from dear Guy this morning, and," with two wrinkles coming out betwixt her blue eyes, "it perplexes me greatly. He has shaken the dust of Colorado from his feet, and is *en route* home. The precious sheet was penned in Chicago; but, strange to say, he did not speak of coming here to Rookwood to see *me* on his way; only said that important business called him to some town on the coast of Maine, where he might be compelled to tarry for a while. Maine! a miserable, obscure place, I'm sure! What can be the business that would induce him to pass *me* by for a trip to Maine?"

Her jealous tone made Mignon laugh.

"Remember the gypsy's warning!" she said, lightly.

"Nonsense!" replied Maud, loftily; "I fear no rival. Guy has probably gone to the Maine coast to fish or—or—recuperate. Doubtless the wounds inflicted by that Colorado robber are not yet wholly healed. But it was just horrid of him to pass me by on his homeward route. He will be obliged to explain his queer conduct. Really I cannot endure anything like mysteries in connection with Guy."

"Quite right, I'm sure," answered Mignon, lightly; "I hate mysteries myself in connection with anything."

It was high noon before the two girls returned to Rookwood, and guests were expected to lunch. As Mignon was crossing the wainscoted hall of the old house, she heard some one call her name, and turning, she found herself face to face with Cyril Vye. She had not seen him since the previous night.

"Pray, let me make my peace with you, Mignon," he began, humbly. 'To be wroth with one we love doth work like madness in the brain.' The circumstances under which I offended ought to plead for me. Impose upon me whatever penance you please, but let us be friends—cousins—once more!"

He looked so wretched that her heart softened. What woman does not pity, even though she may despise, a rejected lover?

"Since I am to remain indefinitely at Rookwood, and under the same roof with you," answered Mignon, coldly, "I will make peace upon one condition."

"And that is——"

"That you never, *never* speak of love to me again!"

He bit his lip.

"Very well; your hand upon it, cousin! I can bear anything better than your anger."

Reluctantly she gave him her hand. He raised it to his lips and left upon it a fiery kiss.

"I must bide my time," he muttered, then dropped the little hand, and walked quickly away.

The two girls dressed for lunch with great care. Maud blossomed out in blue, the color of her eyes. Mignon was all in creamy-white, with a huge knot of Maréchal Niel and Jacqueminot roses blending their deep tints in her corsage. From a window of the drawing-room they saw Lispenard's gondola cross the river, and the dwarf himself hop out, and come slowly up the garden-walk with that handsome soldier Captain Shirlaw.

Philip Vye presented both gentlemen in due form to his niece and her Canadian friend—it was plain that he meant to ignore the encounter in the library, as Lispenard himself seemed disposed to do. Considering the events of the previous night, everybody behaved remarkably well.

"I have been waiting most impatiently for this moment," said Shirlaw, boldly, as he bowed to Mignon.

The other guests were a High-church rector, grave and ponderous; a Boston banker named Berkely, with a hooked nose and shining bald pate; his daughter Nina, a sparkling brunette, who dabbled in poetry and painting, and wore her hair in the maddest of frizzles; and his son Reginald, an æsthetic Harvard student who fixed his abstracted eyes upon Mignon and kept them there in blank, dazed admiration.

Captain Shirlaw glanced around the Rookwood drawing-room, espied Cyril Vye in a corner, and crossed to his side.

"You failed to keep your appointment last night," said the young soldier, in a low voice.

Vye stared.

"*Sir?*"

"Your appointment with me, and a brace of pistols, in the garden!"

"I am at a loss to know what you mean, sir."

"Then you have a strangely defective memory."

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear Shirlaw, you must be what the French call *entre-deux vins*, or, to use plain English, half drunk. At this early hour, too!—verily the army is a sad place."

"My dear Vye," responded Shirlaw, calmly, "it may not be a strictly polite thing to say in your father's drawing-room, but it is plain to me that you are a consummate coward and hypocrite."

After this little exchange of compliments—happily no one had overheard them—the two turned their backs on each other, and sat down with the rest of the party to a lunch-table sumptuous with old plate and crystal and Sèvres porcelain, and groaning with foreign fruits, salads, jellies and cold game.

Elinor Vye, pale and impassive, presided at the board. She started nervously at every movement of her lord, and her plaintive, "Oh, I beg pardon!" was more frequent than ever this day.

"If there is one person above another whom I pity, it is your Aunt Elinor," whispered Nina Berkely to Mignon; *en passant*, have you yet been to Lispenard's tower across the river? It abounds in wonderful things—priceless *faience*, old St. Domingo mahogany, carved oak presses, Bokhara teapots, marvelous tapestries and Oriental curios—the accumulation of generations of cultured and traveled people. The Lispenards, you know, are intensely old and aristocratic. One was Governor of this Commonwealth, another Minister to Russia—your neighbor drinks his tea from a magnificent *samovar* that was presented to his ancestor by some dead and buried czar."

"Indeed!" answered Mignon, absently.

She was wondering at that moment what Maud Loftus and Captain Shirlaw could be talking about on the opposite side of the table.

"They were ever a remarkable race," went on Miss Berkely, undaunted; "but to Abel Lispenard, the last of his name, all the gifts of the gods seem to have fallen."

Mignon stared. The dwarf himself chanced to be seated at the other end of the board, with Philip Vye on one hand and the High-church rector on the other. All three were conversing, and as the rector possessed a voice like a fog-horn, the mild hum of Nina Berkely's talk traveled no further than the ear for which it was intended.

"All the gifts of the gods!" echoed Mignon; "surely you are jesting. He is frightfully ugly—he is deformed."

"How can you say that?" answered Miss Berkely. "Are you one of the absurd multitude who can see no beauty save in certain conventional lines and tints? The man yonder is unique—magnificent! Both in body and soul he is unlike all others. You do not know him yet, and so you cannot appreciate his grandeur. To me he is the impersonation of sublime tragedy. In all the world there is but one Lispenard."

Mignon's velvety eyes opened wider yet.

"She is very far gone, indeed!" she thought; "and oh, horror! to lose one's heart to that dwarf, that frog-man; it is incredible!" Aloud she stammered: "Pray pardon me, Miss Barkely, I did not dream that Mr. Lispenard was your—your——"

"*Lover?* Is that what you would say?" queried Nina Berkely, as she took a cluster of hothouse grapes from a silver *epergne*. "You err. I do not think Abel Lispenard ever approached a woman in that character. He does not love our sex—he simply tolerates us. No marble statue was ever colder."

Mignon did not answer. She was straining her ears to catch the conversation on the opposite side of the table.

"You are positively the first soldier that I have met in Yankeeland," she heard Maud Loftus say; "and I dote upon soldiers. Mamma used to take me to Halifax sometimes. We always have a garrison there, you know. And so it is your business to fight Indians on the far frontier. Pray tell me, have you ever been in Colorado?"

Yes, he had been in Colorado and New Mexico and Arizona. He had fought Apaches and Cheyennes and Utes and other redskins.

"But there are worse creatures than redskins in the West," said Miss Loftus, vivaciously. "I mean road-agents. Did you ever meet a road-agent, Captain Shirlaw?"

"Yes," answered the handsome captain.

"Delightful! Pray tell me about it. What was his name? Not—no, of course it could not have been that prince and leader of them all—*Black Dave?*"

Shirlaw looked greatly surprised.

"Exactly! You have probably been reading about his exploits. Often his name gets into Western newspapers. It was down on the Southern Pacific Road. Black Dave or Tiger Chief, as the desperado is sometimes called, boarded a train upon which I happened to be traveling, and attempted to take possession of it, and clear out the pockets of the passengers. He had played that game before with remarkable success, but this time, I remember," with a faint smile, "he met with signal failure."

"Surely you did not dare to offer resistance?" said Maud Loftus, proudly recalling another who had done the same thing.

"I rather think we did!" replied Shirlaw, lightly. "Most of the passengers were unarmed; but we knew there were rifles in the baggage-car, and none of us cared to part with the small amount of filthy lucre which we carried. So we had a smart scrimmage, and for once, at least, Black Dave decamped with no booty worth mentioning."

"Did you see the creature?" said Maud, breathlessly; "and what was he like?"

"I saw him. It is said that he usually conceals his face with a mask; but it was uncovered on this occasion, and I observed him so closely that I feel assured I should know him anywhere and in any guise. He was strikingly handsome, fair-haired, blue-eyed. He seemed to be a reckless dare-devil, and his ruffians obeyed his slightest gesture—he evidently had them in good discipline. His name has become a terror in certain portions of the West."

The conversation seemed suddenly to attract the attention of Philip Vye. He extricated his voice from that of the rector, and leaning toward Shirlaw, said:

"It is very strange, but I, too, have a story to tell about that same border outlaw and train-robber. A legal friend of mine has just returned from the frontier. By a stress of circumstances, he was lately compelled to pass a night in a town beyond the railway terminus. In the wee small hours Black Dave and his men dashed into the place, and proceeded to work their own sweet will among the terrified inhabitants. There was a *mêlée*, and in the midst of it my friend encountered the robber chief face to face, and recognized in him—well, whom do you think?"

"Not a long-lost brother, with a strawberry-mark on his left arm?" gasped Maud Loftus.

"No, but an old friend and college classmate, closely connected with wealthy and distinguished people in the East. In his horror and astonishment, he called out the fellow's real name—a name which he had abandoned and disgraced—and he tells me that Black Dave grew as pale as ashes, clapped a mask on his face, set spurs to his horse and galloped away, and all his gang after him."

A curious silence fell on the table. It was broken by Mignon.

"How dreadful!" she shuddered.

"Yes, my dear," answered Philip Vye, "it *is* a shocking story, and you remind me that I must write it out in a letter to your papa—it may interest him, particularly as my legal friend was *his* college classmate, too."

"By Jove!" drawled Cyril Vye, "the incident serves, at least, to illustrate life on the frontier and the demoralizing influence of Western air upon Eastern men. Some *savans* declare that the best of us have a vein of lawless blood in our make-up—circumstances conceal or develop it, as the case may be."

"I suppose we can all cheerfully unite in wishing Black Dave comfortably hanged?" said Maud Loftus.

Elinor Vye had been listening with the others. Her pale face put on a distressed look.

"Not—surely not till he has had time to repent of his sins," she quavered; "whoever he may be, let us hope that he may be brought to repentance."

"Amen!" said the rector.

"Think of such a man possessing respectable relatives here in the East!" remarked Shirlaw. "It is fair to presume that they can know nothing of the life he is leading?"

"Certainly not," replied Philip Vye, with a queer smile; "I understand that Black Dave has been at his nefarious business but a short time, a few years, at the most. Some day a final catastrophe must come—an

exposé. The high-bred relatives will then be brought to grief."

They arose from the table shortly after. Victor Shirlaw made his way promptly to the embrasure of a drawing-room window, where Mignon stood in her dazzling young beauty, with the sunlight slanting on the ripples and coils of her yellow hair.

"Permit me to ask if you have suffered any annoyance since the incident of last night?" he murmured.

"No," she replied, in a sweet but reserved tone; "it is not likely that I shall be troubled again."

"Do not be quite sure. A man like your cousin is capable of anything. I am glad that my visit with Lispenard is to continue for a few weeks longer. I shall take it upon myself to watch that fellow."

She colored faintly. Was not this soldier, with his rich brown cheeks and bold gray eyes, rather presumptuous?

He went away directly with Abel Lispenard. The latter had not spoken a dozen words to Mignon, but once or twice he had fastened his dark, volcanic glance upon her in a way that startled her not a little. She experienced a sense of relief when she saw the gondola moving away over the river.

"The ogre has gone back to his tower," she shivered.

"Really he is not such a disagreeable person after all," said Maud Loftus, yawning behind her finger-tips. "His manners are perfect. That Nina Berkely reminds me of the lily-white duck of the nursery-rhyme, bent upon gobbling Mr. Frog up."

CHAPTER XI.

A STRANGE REVELATION.

PHILIP VYE dined that day at his club in town. He did not reach Rookwood again till a late hour. Then he went straight to his library, where he was sitting, absorbed in some important law-papers, when the door opened, and his son and heir entered.

"Cyril, you seem to have made a fool of yourself in this matter of Mignon," said the elder Vye, irritably.

Cyril lounged carelessly up to the table at which his father was seated, his glass screwed into his pale eye, his manner cool and consequential.

"Mignon is enough to make a fool of any man," he answered, dryly.

"Precipitation is always unwise, even in a love-affair. You should have given her more time to study the perfection of your character," with a sarcastic smile. "Now you find yourself rejected outright, and unpleasant relations established with Lispenard's guest, not to mention the increased antipathy of Mignon herself. And all this because you had not the good sense to await your opportunity."

Cyril Vye gave his red mustache a nonchalant upward twist.

"My dear father, my opportunity is still to come. No man should ever pay much regard to a woman's 'No.' Sooner or later, either of her own will or otherwise, Mignon will be mine. And as for that beggarly soldier, Shirlaw, my accounts with him are not yet settled."

Philip Vye shrugged his shoulders.

"Mignon is an exceedingly handsome creature; but I am not altogether convinced, Cyril, that she is a desirable wife for you. With your tastes and habits, your fast ways and unlimited extravagance, you require, above all things, a rich woman. As you know, I am greatly embarrassed by your reckless expenditures. Were it not for my neighbor Lispenard, who is as generous as he is rich, I should find it impossible to keep my difficulties from the knowledge of the world."

The younger Vye stared blankly at the elder.

"What rot are you talking?" he cried. "Isn't Mignon an heiress? Isn't she the daughter of my Uncle Gilbert, rich ranchman, cattle king, Western Midas, and all that?"

"Undoubtedly she is Gilbert's daughter; but I cannot, with the same assurance, speak of her claim to the title of heiress."

"What! has my Uncle Gilbert lost his fortune?"

"Sit down, Cyril. You may as well understand this matter, or, at least, as much of it as I myself know. You need not be told that Gilbert has always sent abundant supplies for Mignon's support and education, and that he has talked largely in his letters of flocks and herds and ranches and all that, but these things are not sufficient to convince me that he is a rich man. I distrust my kind too much to take any man upon his bare word only—in reality, what do I know of Gilbert? It is eight years since I saw him last. What changes of character may not eight years develop in a man? He was always a wild, reckless sort of a fellow, as some of his early escapades here in the East will abundantly prove. When I found that your heart was set upon Mignon, what do you think I did?"

"Don't know, really, *mon père*."

"I determined to send a person secretly to Gilbert's ranch on a tour of investigation."

"Sharp!"

"That clap-trap fellow Martin was under some obligations to me. I chose him. He is shrewd and reliable."

"Well?"

Philip Vye leaned forward on the table, and fixed his intensely keen eye on his son. A slight dilation of his pale, thin nostrils alone betrayed that he was agitated.

"He started upon his mission some weeks ago. Yesterday he returned and made his report, and a very strange one it proves to be. The ranch in Happy Valley, Colorado, Mignon's birthplace, was sold by Gilbert to an English capitalist five years ago, at which time my brother himself disappeared, and has never since been seen or heard of in that region."

Father and son looked hard at each other. The red mustache received another upward twist.

"Ha!" said Cyril Vye; "what more did Martin discover?"

"He learned from the Englishman that Gilbert had fallen into money difficulties through such agencies as drink and draw-poker. His wife's death here in the East, and separation from Mignon, must have affected his morals. It seems that he was obliged to sell the ranch. Some of the *rancheros* thought he had returned East, others declared he had gone down New Mexico way in search of a new range, and still a third lot pretended to believe that he had crossed the Rockies into California."

"The deuce!"

"Martin went down to New Mexico, and searched everywhere, but found no Gilbert. He knew that my brother had not returned East or gone to California, so he telegraphed to me for further instructions. I hunted up all the letters that I had received from Gilbert in the last five years. They bear no dates, strange to say, but a variety of postmarks—towns in Colorado and Texas, in New Mexico and Arizona—evidently he is still a constant traveler, although he has gone out of the cattle business."

"Don't you know," drawled Cyril, "they have a primitive post-office of their own out there—a box on a

LADYBIRD, LADYBIRD ! FLY AWAY !—DRAWN BY F. LIPPS

pole, stuck up on the prairie, in which the 'cow-punchers' deposit letters. Doubtless my uncle Gilbert found such receptacles convenient on his travels. But how about the letters which you and Mignon write to him? To what place do you direct them?"

"There was never any postal communication with Happy Valley Ranch," answered Philip Vye, "or the wild township in which you will find it located. As Gilbert seemed constantly going hither and thither, to purchase or sell cattle, Mignon and I, in obedience to instructions received from him long ago, have always sent, and still send, our letters to Denver, where there was, and still is, I suppose, an agent of Gilbert's, who delivers them to my brother, wherever the latter may be. It is certain that he receives our letters. I telegraphed to Martin to search Denver over for Gilbert's agent, whose name, unluckily, I do not know, and have never known. Martin did so, but failed to find trace of such a person."

"Mysterious, by Jove! Have you told Mignon?"

"Certainly not. It is best that, for the present, she should know nothing. Martin reached home yesterday, no wiser, I may say, than when he went away."

The son looked attentively at the father.

"What does your legal mind make out of all this? Is my uncle Gilbert playing some deuced double game?"

Philip Vye avoided the other's gaze.

"I cannot say, but one thing is certain—he is not the same Gilbert who committed wife and child to my care eight years ago—he is no longer a wealthy cattle king. Mignon has rejected you—foolish child! Very well. Do not press your suit further until we can get at the bottom of this very strange matter—until we know whether Mignon is an heiress or otherwise—until we can discover my brother Gilbert's motives for the disgracefully secret course which he seems to have pursued for years, both with his daughter and with me. Either he has lost both his mind and his morals, or he is playing a game, not only of the double kind, but so deep as to be beyond your conception. In either case, suspicion of anything wrong must be carefully kept from Mignon. She adores her father—if she guessed half that Martin has told me, she would immediately start to find him, in the face of every known or unknown danger. Above all, Cyril, cease, for the present, to think of marriage with your cousin. I consider her refusal of your hand the most fortunate thing that ever befell you."

A sinister gleam shot into Cyril Vye's pale eyes.

"My opinion differs from yours upon that point, my dear father. I consider her rejection a deuced shabby thing, and she has yet to pay dearly for it! Your prudence, no doubt, is wise and commendable, but there is one fact that I wish you to know, now and here. I am determined to have Mignon—to settle my long account with her in my own way, and," dashing his hand violently down on the library-table, "nothing shall turn me from my purpose! Whether she be rich or poor, heiress or pauper; whether my uncle Gilbert be a cattle king, or a lunatic, or a common adventurer, or by Heaven! a train-robber and outlaw, like the fellow you and Shirlaw were talking about at lunch, is all the same to me—by fair means or foul, I am going to have Mignon!"

CHAPTER XII.

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

MIGNON stood before the mirror dressing for her first party.

Is there a fairer sight under the sun than a young girl in the first flush of her beauty, the first knowledge of her own power? Never had that brass-framed Venetian glass, though it was as old as Rookwood itself, reflected a lovelier image. She was dressed in white lawn, but the masses of costly Valenciennes, which fairly covered her gown, made it anything but simple. She wore a charming hat of white ostrich tips, but no ornaments save a great cluster of tea-roses, and she needed nothing more; for no jewels could have enhanced the splendor of her golden hair, the velvety darkness of her seal-brown eyes, the downy softness of her exquisite skin.

It was only a lawn party, given by Philip Vye in honor of his niece; but to it all the *élite* of the Dale had been bidden, and it was to mark an epoch in Mignon's life.

"You will do very well, my dear," sighed Aunt Elinor, and she kissed the Western girl with yearning tenderness.

"I call that tame praise indeed," said Maud Loftus. "Why, Mignon, you are as lovely as one of Watteau's pictures! Captain Shirlaw must look well to his peace of mind to-day."

Maud had donned a lovely mauve costume. It was her first party, as well as Mignon's, and both girls were fully alive to the importance of the occasion.

"I do not mean to wear the willow for Guy to-day," proclaimed Miss Loftus. "He can have gone to Maine for no other purpose than to amuse himself; so, by way of retaliation, I shall dance and be merry here at Rookwood."

The wide, closely shaven lawns of the old house were as green as living emerald. All the proper accessories to a garden party were there—perfect weather, flowers, fountains in full flush, a band from town, exquisite toilets, a grand marquee, gay with flags and streamers, a platform for the dancers, and cold meats, *pâté de foie gras*, boned turkey, ices, claret-cup, and all sorts of French delicacies for the hungry.

Captain Shirlaw was there, with his rich bronze beauty, and bold, ardent eyes. That deformed Hercules, Lispenard, was there, with his pale, saturnine look. Cyril Vye was there, unobtrusive, but watchful as a lynx. Scores of the Summer dwellers of the Dale were there, conspicuous among whom were Nina Berkely and her student brother Reginald; the poetess in an æsthetic sulphur-colored gown, with long wrinkled gloves of the same hue, and amber beads for ornaments, and a branch of day lilies in her hand—the latter gave her the appearance of a mediæval saint.

The dancing-pavilion was embowered in hothouse palms and rare shrubs heavy with particolored bloom. Mignon danced with Victor Shirlaw—danced with him again and again, until Philip Vye took it upon himself to interfere.

"My dear," he said, blandly, "since your foolish Aunt Elinor will not speak, I must. No young girl should draw attention to herself in this way. Moreover, you will suffer fatigue. You really must rest a little."

"One finds Eden only to hear the hiss of the serpent," murmured Shirlaw in Mignon's pink ear.

Aunt Elinor, wan and dejected as usual, was sitting in a corner of the piazza, talking with Reginald Berkely. She had no intention of interfering with her niece's pleasure this day; she meant that Mignon should be happy.

"They are an ideal pair!" groaned Reginald, as he watched Shirlaw and his fair partner.

"Yes," assented Aunt Elinor, with a sigh.

"Woe is me?

'How bitter a thing it is to look
Into happiness through another man's eyes!'"

murmured the student.

He was swarthy and thin. He wore his black hair nearly to his coat-collar, and being attired in the blackest of broadcloth, he had the appearance of a melancholy crow. The dancing pavilion was some yards from the piazza, but Maud Loftus, whirling through a waltz in the arms of Cyril Vye, caught, even at that distance, the expression on the face of the Harvard student, and carelessly remarked:

"I fear the young man yonder is looking too much at Mignon."

"Beastly snob—that soldier!" hissed Cyril Vye.

"Dear me! I did not mean him at all, but the absurd brother of Nina Berkely. Pray do not speak of Captain Shirlaw in that tone. He is simply superb—handsome as Antinous, you know, and sure to carry by storm the feminine heart that he chooses to besiege."

Vye fixed his pale eye with a gloomy expression on the gay Canadian.

"Do you think that?"

"I *know* it. The profession of arms is dangerous in more ways than one:

'A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A doublet of the blue,'

are absolutely irresistible. Take me to a seat, please—I am quite exhausted."

He was anxious to cultivate the good-will of Mignon's bosom friend, and he pleaded humbly, "May I have the next waltz?"

"Oh, in mercy don't ask me to dance again!" answered Miss Loftus; "you have torn my dress, you have trampled on me, you have kicked me! Human nature can endure no more. Ah, your father, meddlesome man, has actually carried Mignon away from handsome young Mars!"

"Thank Heaven for that!" muttered Cyril, as Miss Loftus uttered the last words.

Philip Vye had, indeed, rescued his niece from Shirlaw, but, almost at the same moment, Nina Berkely, in her sulphur-colored gown, seized upon Mignon and whisked her away to a little summer-house, hidden in blossoming shrubbery close to the river-side.

"You lovely unsophisticated child!" burst out the poetess, to the astonishment of Mignon; "how I envy you! You dance and are happy—why not? You are *free*. You have never felt the gnawing of that worm in the bud—concealment. Your heart is like a bird that yet has the range of the whole sky. Your fancy is untouched—you have never fallen under the terrible despotism of Love."

Mignon was indignant at the unceremonious manner in which she had been swept away from Captain Shirlaw, and Miss Berkely's queer gown and mediæval lilies made her head ache.

"Cannot you dance, too," she said, listlessly, "and be jolly?"

Miss Berkely looked at her with lively scorn.

"You know not what you say. *I* dance—I be jolly—a very vulgar word, by-the-way—where did you learn it? Never again! I have pierced the depths of something as omnipotent and omnipresent as Love—I mean Misery. I love, Mignon, and my love is hopeless. Does not that explain everything?"

Mignon was startled by this burst of confidence.

"How inconvenient!" was all she could gasp.

"What is inconvenient?" demanded Miss Berkely, sharply; "to love? On the contrary, it is the highest privilege of men and angels—the divinest rapture accorded to either! To love happily—what bliss can exceed that! To love without hope—ah, the bitterness of death is in those words!"

She had put on a tragic expression. Mignon knew not what to answer, and so remained silent.

"*En vérité*," burst out Miss Berkely, after a pause, "I am madly envious of that rose-leaf face of yours, which takes all men captive at sight! I am called a woman of brains, but what do brains avail me in my struggles after the Paradise of my sex? What chance," with a bitter laugh, "did brains ever have against beauty? I watch him as no other person can, and for one such look as I sometimes see him give to you—looks that would take the very breath of other women, but which *you* never notice!—I would barter the best years that remain to me of life!"

Mignon sat dumbfounded.

"Of whom can you be talking?" she stammered.

"Can you ask? He stands alone among men. Dull people call him dwarfed; but he is a monarch, and they are the pigmies. Look yonder."

She made a gesture with the mediæval lilies, and Mignon saw, leaning against a tree not three yards distant, Abel Lispenard.

His face was like a marble mask. He seemed unaware of the proximity of the two girls. He was gazing off upon the placid river, and listening, apparently, to the band in the pavilion. The immense shoulders, the short limbs, the whole ill-proportioned body, had never looked so ugly to Mignon as at this moment. A shiver crept over the Western girl.

"You must be mistaken," she gasped. "I do not think Mr. Lispenard ever gave me the smallest notice; indeed, I—I should be very sorry to—to believe your words!"

Nina Berkely smiled bitterly.

"It is the old story. One woman rejects with scorn that which would be life itself to another! That empty-headed soldier Shirlaw, with whom you were dancing so conspicuously just now, is doubtless more to your taste—bah!"

As if impelled against his own will to interrupt the conversation, Abel Lispenard turned at this juncture, and walked straight up to the summer-house. Nina Berkely reddened violently.

"Pardon me," he said; "did I hear you speaking of Shirlaw? Pray do not seek to prejudice Miss Vye against my friend! Victor is very far from being empty-headed. He is generous and brave and noble—as chivalrous as Bayard—a man to trust and honor. You compel me, you see," with a sombre smile, "to say this much in his defense."

"I have always thought it strange," answered Nina Berkely, "that one like you should choose for his familiar friend a person of Shirlaw's calibre, for, in spite of your generous praise, he is infinitely your inferior."

Lispenard looked greatly annoyed.

"Shirlaw is not only my friend, Miss Berkely, but a cousin also—a few lines removed. A man, standing alone on the earth, as I do, is glad to claim kinship with some one. I have never known in the same person better qualities of heart and head than I find united in Victor Shirlaw."

"I shall not quarrel with you over such a subject," sneered Nina Berkely. "Talk of angels, and they always appear."

And sure enough, Shirlaw himself, gay, debonair, appeared at that very moment in the entrance of the summer-house.

(*To be continued*).

SPRING.—BY THE RUSSIAN ARTIST BROJE.

THROUGH THE CRUCIBLE.—"'LOOK, THERE'S A MODEL FOR YOU!" WHISPERS RALPH TO EDWARD, WHO TURNS TO SEE, FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT DAY—MARGARET. BESIDE HER IS A STOOPED AND EMACIATED MAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

VALLEY FORGE, MARCH, 1778.

By J. J. Clangy.

Gay carouse in Philadelphia hold the gallants of King George;
Tighter grip takes pallid hunger on the camp at Valley Forge.

What avail their fleeting triumphs to the naked rebels now?
Naught save Winter's icy barrier stays the vengeful sword of Howe.

Wearily the shivering sentinel plods his circuit in the snow,
Drearily the evening's mantle wraps the cheerless huts below,

Where the ragged Continentals, with gaunt faces grimly set,
Still defy the royal mandate—dream of victory even yet.

Through two years' unequal conflict they have passed, and what have gained?
Answer, crimson banks of Schuylkill, which their shoeless feet have stained.

Can the dupes still trust in Congress, or the hopes of aid from France?
He who counts on such alliance leans upon a broken lance.

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In the house of Farmer Isaac,* gazing toward the setting sun,
Stands the grave, sad-faced commander, the "arch rebel" Washington.

What thick memories crowd upon him? What new plottings tax his brain?
Vain it were to gauge conjecture by that calm face, at the pane.

Suddenly from view he passes, fading back within the room,
Where a smoldering fire's faint flashes quiver through the thickening gloom.

"A message for the General!" Farmer Isaac takes the note,
Shuffles up the narrow hallway, shakes the white flakes from his coat,

Taps upon the blistered panel—taps again—no answer hears;
Hesitates—then turns the handle, and across the threshold peers.

Motionless as marble statue, by the quaint-carved oaken chair
Suppliant kneels the patriot leader, rapt in deep and voiceless prayer.

Softly back steps Farmer Isaac, to his good dame by the hearth,
Tremulous and low his acents as he speaks: "If on this earth

"There be a man of woman born whose appeal the Lord will hear
And mercifully hearken to, he dwelleth with us here."

* * * * * * *

Stern as steel-girt old Crusader, ice-clad Winter stands at bay,
Till his crystal mail is shattered by the flashing lance of May.

Lo! a courier, madly dashing through remote defile and gorge,
Reins in his foam-flecked courser at headquarters, Valley Forge.

Of what tidings is he bearer, that the startled clouds are rent
By the cheers of strong-limbed soldiers, scrambling out from hut and tent?

Simply this: "Brave ships and legions come to aid us o'er the sea,
And beside our starry ensign floats henceforth the *Fleur-de-lys*.

"Saddening news for Howe and Clinton—speed it gladly South and West;
Crushing answer shall it wake unto the Parliament's behest."

In the quiet of his chamber kneels once more, and speaks no word,
The grateful, grave commander. His prayer has been heard.

THROUGH THE CRUCIBLE.

By Bertha May Ivory.

It is a stormy day. The wind howls, and clouds of snow fill the air. Edward Bellemont watches it lazily through the smoke-wreaths of his cigar. He is an artist, and his studio is an attractive one, made so by the sacrifice of many personal comforts. His hazel eyes wear a thoughtful expression, as with palette and brushes thrown aside he sits deploring life generally. The world, ever slow to encourage struggling genius, has shown him as yet but slight favor, and the pecuniary result of his painting by no means satisfies him. Then, too, he has had a romance, which, though ended sadly long since, is still vivid in memory.

Four years it was, since in his old home he had met and loved Margaret Seldon. Just entering upon his career, he was too honorable to bind her by any promise, although she warmly reciprocated his love, and parted from him with much sorrow when he left L—— to locate in a larger city. He loved and trusted her so implicitly. For a while they had corresponded, then her letters had ceased, and soon after had come to him the startling news that she was married and was living in a Western city. Edward's thoughts grow gloomier. He rises, and tosses his cigar in the fire.

"I wonder if there is, in all the crowded streets, a lonelier man than I to-day," he says, crossing to the window and looking out.

On the opposite side he sees the graceful figure of a lady walking, unmindful of the inclement weather. Her delicate, highbred beauty is remarkable enough to attract the eye of any beauty-lover. But it is not this that so suddenly dissipates all Bellemont's languor, and brings a rush of warm color to his face.

"Margaret!" he cries. "What brings her here? I had hoped never to see her false face again, and yet, my God, how sweet and beautiful she looks!"

He gazes after her until she disappears, then returns once more to the fireside. His friends would scarcely recognize the the gay, debonair artist, in this grave man, whose eyes have grown dark with pain.

"She must be visiting here, and her husband with her, of course. Her husband," he continues, bitterly. "Fool that I was to trust a woman! What one of them that would not sell her hand for gold? Perhaps, though, she loves him. Women change. She may have forgotten our love. And yet, oh! Margaret, I deemed you so unlike this. You were so pure and so constant, I thought, and I would have been true to you till death!"

A sob rises in his throat, for he has loved this woman with all the tender passion of his poetic nature. He throws himself on a sofa, and buries his head in the cushions. By degrees his suffering mind grows calmer, and from the intense heat of the room, or the soporific influence of many cigars, he falls into a slumber. It has lasted, perhaps, ten minutes, when he feels himself roused by the presence of some one in the room. He fain would spring up, but a strange apathy forces him to quiet. And yet, coming toward him, he sees the figure of a woman, and that woman—Margaret, clad in a dressing-

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* "On one occasion, Isaac Potts, whose house was Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge, discovered the chief in a retired place pouring out his soul in prayer to God. Potts went back to his wife and said, with tears in his eyes, 'If there is any one on this earth to whom the Lord will listen, it is General Washington.'"—*Lossing.*

gown, the only wrap around her, and her gold-brown hair in a shower about her shoulders. He wonders vaguely at the strangeness of her attire. Her face, which at first wore a serene expression, grows suddenly pale as death, her dark eyes widen and fill with terror. Then Edward Bellemont sees that she is not alone; that beside her is a gray-haired man he has never seen before, who grasps her arm, and fixes his gaze upon her, and in his eyes the artist sees the gleam of insanity. "For the sake of the past, save me, save me!" she cries, throwing her arms toward him. "I will, I will, my darling!" he calls out, throwing off his apathy, and springing toward her, but at that moment the figures vanish, and the voice of his friend, Ralph Carlisle, says, close beside him:

"Why, wake up, old boy! I did not know you loved me to the extent of all that demonstration. I come in to find you sleeeping, try to waken you, and lo! you suddenly fly at me with the most devoted of epithets. But, heavens, your face is livid! Are you ill, dear fellow?"

"No," Edward says, rising excitedly; "but did you not see them in the room?"

"See whom? What do you mean! There was no one here but yourself when I entered, Ed," he exclaims, with evident concern. "You are overworked: You will have brain-fever next thing, if you do not slack up a little. Genius don't pay if it affects one in this way. Commonplace people like myself are not troubled, usually, with bad dreams, and when we are, it can be scored to ultra-richness of lobster salad, or something of the kind. Come," he says, holding his hands before the genial glow of the picturesque log fire, "hurry into your overcoat, and dine at my hotel. We will have a jovial time, and you shall arrange the evening's programme after that."

Edward accords with his friend's wishes, yet he cannot rid himself of the belief that this is something more than an ordinary dream. Were Margaret not there in the flesh, it was a vision, a warning; perhaps she was in danger even now, yet how could he aid her? All feelings of resentment vanished before the thought that she might really need his assistance. But how go to her? Where seek her? When they had been a few minutes in the bracing air, it had, together with his friend's merry flow of spirits, imparted to him a more subdued state of feeling. He began to laugh at himself.

"I was dreaming, of course," he thought. "The sight of Margaret awoke old memories; and, as Ralph says, I am a trifle overworked."

They have the jovial time, as his chum expressed it, and as they are on their way to Carlisle's rooms they meet a lady and gentleman crossing the corridor.

"Look, there's a model for you!" whispers Ralph to Edward, who turns to see, for the second time that day—Margaret. Beside her is a stooped and emaciated man. His hair and mustache are gray, but his bright blue eyes have a wide-open, childish expression. He leans on Margaret with a pitiable dependence, and just now his glance is fixed on the chatelaine watch at her belt. He fumbles at it, endeavoring to grasp it. She draws it off and places it in his hand. A weak smile overspreads his countenance, and at that moment they enter a room.

"That was Mrs. Grayson and her husband," says Ralph, carelessly.

"Great God, you cannot mean it! That idiotic old man the husband of Margaret Seldon!"

A convulsive shiver goes through the frame of Edward Bellemont, for in the man he distinctly recognizes the form beside Margaret in his vision of the afternoon, for vision he is now convinced it was.

"What! you know her, then?" cries Ralph.

"I once did; we lived in the same town," the artist answers; controlling himself so that there is nothing save calm indifference in his manner. Ralph's room gained, he rings for wine and cigars, and then resumes:

"I was told to-day that this lovely Mrs. Grayson has had quite a romantic story. It seems she was awfully in love with some young fellow; engaged, most people thought. Business called him to another place, apparently to her great sorrow; but, shortly after, her father, attacked by a sudden illness and about to die, besought her to marry Archibald Grayson. At first she vowed it impossible, her love was already pledged, and all that sort of thing; but eventually complied with her father's desire. The true secret of it all no one has fathomed; but it is believed that Mr. Seldon, having involved his honor in some affair of business, had received the offer of Grayson to carry him safely through, in return for the hand of Miss Seldon, with whom he was dead in love. To save her father's name and insure the comfort of the family, she consented to the hateful union, and they were married at Seldon's deathbed. Although stern and exacting, Archibald Grayson loved his wife devotedly, and, like many men, selfish to others, lavished upon her every luxury. One night, after a brilliant entertainment, Mrs. Grayson sought her husband in his study. Entering noiselessly, she was horrified at the sight that met her gaze. At his desk was her husband, before him an open letter, and in his hand a revolver placed close to his head. Swift as a flash Mrs. Grayson sprang forward, and after a struggle succeeded in wresting the weapon from him. When more calm he informed her that he had just received intelligence of the collapse of his business affairs, and his proud nature and love for her made him unable to bear reverses. That whole night she spent in urging him to bear his misfortunes bravely; and all through his troubles she counseled and encouraged him. They lived quietly for a year, when Grayson's money-making faculty again asserted itself, and another fortune being in progress of accumulation, the old life of luxury and fashion recommenced. One day, on returning from a drive, a telegram was handed him announcing for the second time his failure. He fell to the ground in a spasm. Before long softening of the brain developed, and his wife, dreading another attempt at suicide, scarcely left his side. And now that his malady is so far advanced, she tends him like a child. She has brought him here, believing the change may benefit him. Of course his case is hopeless. Sad, isn't it? especially as she never loved him, but was forced into the match. The strangest part of it all was that the report of the failure was false."

Edward is silent, and has in a few minutes dexterously changed the subject. A little after one o'clock he rises to leave, when a loud cry rings through the hall, and a decided odor of smoke penetrates to their room. Rushing out, a scene of confused horror greets them. The corridors are filled with people striving to escape from the hotel, for a fire has broken out in the cellar, beneath the principal stairway, and is making rapid strides. Ralph hurries along, rousing those who have not heard the alarm; but Bellemont seeks at once the room which Margaret Grayson had entered that afternoon. Knocking and calling loudly, and receiving no response, he is about to precipitate himself against the panel to force it, when it opens, and Margaret stands before him. She had evidently fallen asleep by the fireside, for her face is flushed, and she is in her wrapper. Yes, there she stands, with her gold-brown hair in a cloud about her shoulders, and clad in the very same robe she had appeared to wear that afternoon in his studio!

OLD-TIME ORDEALS AND PUNISHMENTS.—AN ORDEAL BY WATER AMONG THE BAMARS.—SEE PAGE 342.

"What does it mean? what does it mean?" he wonders, vaguely; but there is no time for thought now, and he quickly informs her of the danger. "We have not a moment to lose!" he cries. "The stairway, already thronged, is about to ignite. For God's sake be quick!"

He is about to lift her in his arms and convey her to a place of safety, when she springs from him, crying:

"My husband, my poor husband must be saved first. He is helpless!'

"I fear only one life can be saved, and yours is more valuable," he answers.

She looks imploringly at him, pointing to where her husband lies, like a tired child, asleep.

"No, oh, no! It is your duty to save the helpless. Let me do what I can to save myself."

She steeps some towels in water and places them about the head of her unconscious husband. Again he implores her to come, but she refuses. He is filled with pity for the prostrate man, even though he has robbed him of his heart's treasure. Then he says, with hasty determination:

"I will take you out of danger, Margaret, and return

for your husband. I swear I will, though I were to lose my life." But Margaret is resolute.

"If I cannot save him, I will not leave him to die alone!" Without further protest Bellemont raises the sleeping form in his arms.

"I will do it in the name of God; may He direct me!" Grayson has awakened, and is gazing blankly at him.

"Margaret," Edward says, "follow me closely. Can you not grasp my arm?"

She does so, and they seek the stairway. Mr. Grayson

OLD-TIME ORDEALS AND PUNISHMENTS.—ORDEAL BY FIRE—A WOMAN WALKING OVER HOT PLOWSHARES.

at first struggles to free himself, and, though he is light, Edward has extreme difficulty in holding him; still, he fights his way bravely. Suddenly Grayson ceases struggling, and lies a dead weight in the arms of his rescuer, who pushes his way through the smoke till the outer door is reached, and some one takes the burden from his arms. He turns to speak to Margaret.

Great God! she is not there! In his terrible excitement, she must have fallen without his missing her. With a cry, he turns to retrace his steps. Many hands pull him back.

"It will be death to go!" some one cries, but he breaks away and again pierces the dense, suffocating smoke. In an instant he finds her lying at the foot of the stairway, and the flames have almost reached her. Holding her close in his arms, he again seeks the door; but ere he reaches it, some sparks alighting on his coat-sleeve set it on fire, which communicates to Margaret's wrapper. But, thank God! he feels the air upon his brow. The firemen spring forward and extinguish the flames, just as Edward falls unconscious.

A physician just arrived on the scene, examines Mrs. Grayson and Edward Bellemont. Neither is seriously injured—both have fainted from exhaustion; but bending over Archibald Grayson, he becomes more grave.

"This brave young fellow has risked his life to save a dead man! Having a heart-affection, the excitement proved too much for him. He must have died five minutes ago!"

* * * * * *

In a pretty sitting-room in Paris sits a beautiful American woman, her trailing robes of crape throw into strong relief the shining silver hair. Yes, silver! though the face is very youthful. Surely her age does not exceed twenty-four years. In the dark eyes there is the expression of a soul which has suffered much, but has at last won peace. This is Margaret Grayson, whose hair had silvered on that terrible night when her husband died, and she and the only man she had ever loved had so narrowly escaped an awful fate. She had come abroad to counteract the ill effects of her tireless attendance upon her sick husband, and recover from the severe shock of the hotel fire. She had seen Edward Bellemont but once since then, and had bade him wait a year before professing his love. She would return to America at the expiration of that time. Till then, he must be patient. As she sits thinking of him, and that she is almost always doing, two of her younger sisters who have accompanied her to Europe, come gayly to her room.

"We have had a letter from mamma!" they cry; "begging us to induce you to return home, now that you are well. And do let us go, sister! We are tired of horrid old Paris!"

At that moment, the youngest, who is looking from a window, sees a gentleman of distinguished appearance ascending their steps.

"An American, unmistakably," she says; "and oh! awfully handsome, too! Who can he be?"

In a moment the servant is announcing, "A visitor for madame!"

The young ladies, not caring to receive any one at the time, vanish, so that Mrs. Grayson is alone when a gentleman is ushered into her presence. She is awaiting a stranger, but her face becomes transfigured with joy when she beholds Edward Bellemont.

"Margaret," he says, his face alight with smiles, "I have come to you. I have waited so long, I could wait no longer, my darling!"

She raises her eyes with absorbing love to his. She cannot speak for her intense happiness; but, when he takes her in his arms, she whispers:

"Oh, love! my love! all my sorrows are as nothing to the supreme happiness of this hour, my own! God has been, indeed, good to us!"

OLD-TIME PUNISHMENTS AND ORDEALS.

By Marc F. Vallette.

Punishments came into the world with the fall of our first parents, and their banishment from Paradise. Since that time it has always followed real or imaginary offense against established law. The original idea of punishment was the infliction of pain on the offender in proportion to the amount of suffering or pain he had entailed upon others through his offense. Out of this grew the *lex talionis*, or retaliatory idea of punishment, which required "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Christianity was not slow in discovering that vindictiveness, or the infliction of pain as a satisfaction for an offense, was not the true end of punishment. Punishment was to prevent future offenses, not to avenge the past. The interest of society demands its security from the injury to person or property occasioned by crime; and the moral and religious improvement of the criminal. This security of society has been sought for in several ways, *viz.:* by forcibly preventing the offender from repeating the offense, as by death, mutilation, or life imprisonment; by reforming the habits of the offender and directing his thoughts into purer channels; by deterring him from the repetition of his crimes through fear of greater and more severe punishment; and, finally, by making the consequences of violation of law so terrible as to deter others from following in the way of old offenders.

We can scarcely be expected, here, to enter into the history and nature of the punishments that have followed the commission of crimes against nature, the person, property, or the state. We must leave this highly interesting and instructive study to be pursued in the numerous volumes published upon crime, its amount, causes and remedies. It will be enough for us here to mention some of the most peculiar modes of punishment resorted to among different nations and at different times.

Capital punishment — so called because the head (Latin, *caput*), from being the most vital, is generally that part of the body which it acted on—goes back to a very early period. We find numerous instances of it in Sacred Scripture, and it prevailed among the ancient Greeks and Romans. Plutarch tells us that under the Draconian law "for nearly all crimes there was the same penalty of death. The man who was convicted of idleness, or who stole a cabbage or an apple, was liable to death, no less than the robber of temples or the murderer." Nor must we imagine that such a severe penalty for slight offenses was confined to Draco and his day. Death was, in former times, in England, the usual punishment for all felonies, and the certain doom of those who were not protected by the Benefit of Clergy. The common law inflicted death on every felon *who could not read*, and the law implied that punishment where the statute made any new offense felony. Then, again, the many Acts of Parliament creating felonies, without Benefit of Clergy, show that the statute law was still more bloodthirsty; for four-fifths of the one hundred and sixty offenses referred to by Blackstone as punishable

with death, had been made so during the reigns of the first three Georges. It may be interesting for us to mention some of the offenses which came under the sentence of death: Stealing in a dwelling-house to the amount of forty shillings; stealing privately, in a shop, goods of the value of five shillings; counterfeiting stamps that were used for the sale of *perfumery;* doing the same with the stamps used for the certificates for *hair-powder!*

Beheading, the *decollatio* of the Romans, was introduced into England from Normandy by William the Conqueror, in 1076, when Waltheoff, Earl of Huntingdon, Northampton and Northumberland, was the first so executed. Since that time this mode of execution became frequent, particularly during the reign of Henry VIII., who found it a convenient way to get rid of some of his wives. Kings, queens, noblemen and ecclesiastics of all grades have perished upon the block in England. In France the guillotine has been the most usual means of decapitation. This instrument was invented about 1785 by Joseph Ignace Guillotin, as a more sure and less painful means of inflicting the punishment of death. Among the most prominent victims who perished upon this terrible scaffold may be mentioned Louis XVI. and his unfortunate Queen, Marie Antoinette, Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday. Among the Chinese, beheading, or decapitation, has always been a mode of inflicting capital punishment, but the manner of administering it differs from that common in European countries. The criminal is carried to the place of execution in a bamboo cage, and by his side is the basket in which his head will drop when removed. He is pinioned in a very effective manner. The middle of a long, thin rope is passed across the back of his neck, and the ends are crossed on his chest and brought under the arms. They are then twisted round the arms, the wrists tied together behind the back, and the ends fastened to the portion of the rope on the back. A slip of paper containing his name, crime and sentence is fixed to a reed, and fastened at the back of his head. On arriving at the place of execution, the officials remove the paper and take it to the presiding Mandarin, who writes on it, in red ink, the warrant for execution. The paper is then replaced, a rope loop is passed over the head of the culprit, and the end given to an assistant, who draws the head forward so as to stretch the neck, while a second assistant holds the body from behind, and in a moment the head is severed from the body. The instrument employed is a sword made expressly for the purpose. It is a two-handed weapon, very heavy, and has a very broad blade. The executioners pride themselves on their dexterity in its management. After the execution, the culprit's head is taken away, and generally hung up in a bamboo cage near the scene of the crime, and with a label bearing the name and offense of the criminal. In some cases neither ropes nor assistants are required at executions, the Chinese having very little fear of death. Indeed, cases are known in which criminals have purchased substitutes for capital punishment.

Blinding, by consuming the eyeballs with lime or vinegar, was a punishment inflicted anciently upon adulterers, perjurers and thieves. In the Middle Ages the penalty was frequently changed from total blindness to diminution of sight. When, in 1014, the Emperor Basil captured 15,000 Bulgarian prisoners, he caused their eyes to be put out, leaving one eye only to every hundredth man, to enable him to conduct his countrymen home. Several of the Eastern emperors had their eyes torn from their heads. In the days of the Assyrian empire, Tiglath-pileser (B. C. 728) conquered Syria and carried off many Jews into captivity; numbers of these unfortunate victims had their eyes burned out with hot irons.

Boiling to death was made a capital punishment in England by statute 22 Henry VIII. (1531). This act was occasioned by seventeen persons having been poisoned by John Roose, the Bishop of Rochester's cook. Two of his victims died. Margaret Davie, a young woman, suffered in the same manner for a similar offense in 1542.

Burning alive was inflicted by the Romans, Jews, and other nations, on betrayers of councils, incendiaries, and for incest. The ancient Britons punished heinous crimes by burning alive in wicker baskets. Many persons have been burned alive on account of religious principle. The first sufferer was Sir William Sawtre, parish priest of St. Osyth, London, (3 Henry IV.), February 9th, 1401. Bartholomew Leggatt and Edward Wightman were burned for heresy in 1612, by warrant of James I. Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, was burned at the stake in the market-place at Rouen in May, 1431, by order of her English captors. Burning alive was the punishment in colonial times for petty treason, as, murder of a master by his slave. Many were thus burned in all the colonies, from Massachusetts to Carolina, and during the short period that Virginia claimed authority in Illinois she disgraced the Mississippi Valley by introducing this form of punishment.

Another mode of burning alive, or, rather, roasting alive, prevailed among the Chinese. It is known as Pao-lo, and was invented by the Emperor Tcheon at the instigation of his favorite concubine Takya. The instrument for this punishment was a brass cylinder 20 cubits in height by 8 in diameter, with openings at the bottom like a grate. Criminals had their arms and legs fastened around this cylinder, the fires were lighted within, and the unfortunate victims were roasted in this manner until they were reduced to ashes. Father Duhalde, who describes this mode of punishment, says that Takya made it an occasion of great merrymaking.

Another and somewhat similar punishment practiced among the Chinese is a coil of snakes. These coils are of soft metal, fashioned in the shape of snakes with open mouths. They are coiled round the naked limbs and body of the sufferer, and boiling water is then poured into them, producing the most horrible torture, ending in death.

One of the most barbarous and unheard-of punishments is that known as the *illuminated body.* Sefi II., Shah of Persia, who assumed the title of Soliman, indulged to an excess in strong drinks, and when under their influence resorted to the most diabolical cruelties. At an early age he gave signs of his cruel disposition. In the beginning of his reign he took a sudden notion that one of his favorites whom he held in great esteem should be married forthwith to some low-born man of the people. The first man that came in sight was the son of the court laundryman, and the marriage took place there and then. The former favorite was well pleased with the young man, and they lived happily together for some time. Finally the court laundryman died, and his son asked to become his father's successor. The Shah sent for him and said to him:

"When thou didst marry this beautiful girl by my order, what didst thou do in the way of a feast of rejoicing?"

"O mighty Prince," answered the young man, "I am a poor man, and could not afford to have an illumination."

"What!" exclaimed the Shah; "this dog had no

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OLD-TIME PUNISHMENTS AND ORDEALS.—A WOMAN'S WAGER OF BATTLE IN GERMANY.

illumination over his great good fortune! *Let an illumination be made with his body!*"

The poor fellow was immediately stretched out upon a slab and fastened to it. Innumerable little holes were bored all over his body. These were filled with oil, a little taper was set in each hole, and they were all lighted together. It is needless to add that the poor victim perished in the most unspeakable agony.

While on the subject of punishments by fire, it may not be out of place here to refer to ordeals by fire. The word ordeal in this connection corresponds to the modern German, *urthheil*, but bears the special sense of the mediæval Latin, *Dei judicium*, a miraculous decision as to the truth of an accusation or claim. The ordeal had existed for many ages before it was imported into Europe. In principle, and often in the very forms used, it belongs to ancient culture, thence flourishing up to the mediæval European and modern Asiatic levels, but dying out before the light of modern civilization. Some ordeals are simply magical, being processes of divination turned to legal purposes. In Burmah, for example, suits are still determined by the plaintiff and defendant being each furnished with a candle equal in size, and both lighted at once. He whose candle outlasts the other is judged, amid the applause of his friends, to have won his cause. The subject of ordeals is too extensive to be described here in all its forms; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with giving a few examples. A classical mention of the ordeals by carrying hot iron in the hands, and by passing through the fire, is made more interesting by the guards, who offer to prove their innocence in this way; offering further to take oaths by the gods, which shows the intimate connection between oaths and ordeals. (See Soph., *ant.*, 264. See also Æschyl., p. 284.) The passing through fire is described in the Hindoo Codes of Yâjnavalkya, and others, and is an incident of Hindoo poetry, where, in the Ramâyana, the virtuous Sitâ thus proves her innocence to her jealous husband Râma (Pietet, "Origines Indo-Européennes"). It was not less known to European law and chronicle. We read that Ricardis, wife of Charles the Fat, proves her innocence by going into the fire clothed in a waxed chemise, and is unhurt by the fire (Grimm, "Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer"). Yet more minutely described in the Hindoo ordeal books is the rite of carrying the glowing hot iron seven steps, into the seven or nine circles traced on the ground, the examination of the hands to see if they show traces of burning, and the binding them up in leaves. The close historical connection of the Hindoo ordeal laws with the old European is shown by the correspondence of minute details; as where, in a Scandinavian law, it is prescribed that the red-hot iron shall be carried nine steps. (See Grimm.) In the Anglo-Saxon laws we learn from "Ancient Laws and Institutes of England," iv. 6., that the iron to be carried was at first only one pound in weight, but Athelstan's laws increased it to three pounds. Another form of ordeal well known in Germany and England, was the walking barefoot over glowing plowshares, generally nine. In the works above referred to, we further learn that the law codes of the Middle Ages show this as an ordinary criminal procedure, but it is perhaps best remembered in two stories, both without foundation, one regarding Cunegunda, the wife of the Emperor Henry II. of Germany, and the other relating to Queen Emma, mother of Edward the Confessor, both of whom, the legend tells us, triumphantly vindicated their good name by walking unharmed over nine glowing plowshares. The actual practice of the fire ordeal contrasts shamefully with its theory that the fire, rather than harm the innocent, restrained its natural action. Thus it stands in the Hindoo code of Manu (viii., 115.): "He whom the flame does not burn, whom the water does not cast up, or whom no harm soon befalls, is to be taken as truthful in his oath." A decree of the Fourth Lateran Council (1215) forbade trials by ordeal.

Peine Forte et Dure, or the horrible punishment of pressing to death, was inflicted upon mutes or those who refused to plead "Guilty" or "Not Guilty," when arraigned for treason or felony, or who made answers foreign to the purpose. By 12 George III., 1772, judgment was awarded against mutes as if they were convicted or had confessed. A man refusing to plead was condemned and executed at the Old Bailey, on a charge of murder, 1778, and another, on a charge of burglary, at Wells, 1792. An act was passed in 1827, by which the court is directed to enter a plea of "Not Guilty" when the prisoner will not plead. Walter Calverly, of Calverly, in Yorkshire, England, having murdered two of his children, and stabbed his wife, in a fit of jealousy, being arraigned for his crime at the York assizes, stood mute, and was thereupon pressed to death in the castle; a large iron weight being placed upon his breast, August 5th, 1605. Major Strangeway suffered death in a similar manner at Newgate, in 1657, for the murder of his brother-in-law. Margaret Clitheroe, charged with harboring a priest, died under the horrible *peine forte et dure*. The only case in this country was that of Corey, pressed to death in Massachusetts during the witchcraft delusion. Ordeal by water is practiced among the Bamars in India.

Among the military punishments inflicted during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in France and Germany, was the one known as *Passer par les Armes*. The accused was tried by forty of his peers, and if the verdict was not agreeable to the people, the case was submitted to another forty, and even to a third, until a satisfactory decision was reached. If adverse to the prisoner, he was executed there and then. A circle of spearsmen was formed around him, and, amid the beating of drums, the circle narrowed around the victim until his body was transfixed with lances. Death was not slow, for the friends of the accused made sure to make his sufferings of short duration by piercing the vital parts as quickly as possible.

Trial by combat was resorted to in feudal times in all doubtful cases, and especially when a crime not capable of notorious proof was charged. It does not seem to have established itself in France till ordeals went into disuse. It may be met with under the Merovingian kings, and seems to have prevailed in Burgundy. It was established by the laws of the Alemanni and Swabians (Baluz, c. i., p. 80). It was always popular in Lombardy. Otho II. established it in all disputes concerning real property, and there is a famous case where the right of representation, or preference of the son of a deceased elder child to his uncle in succession to his grandfather's estate, was settled by this test. It was introduced into England for accusations of treason, if neither the accuser nor the accused would produce good evidence (9 William II., 1096). The first battle by single combat was fought before the king and peers, between Geoffrey Baynard and William Earl of Eu, who was accused by the former of high treason. Baynard, having conquered his antagonist, was deemed innocent. The last combat proposed was between Lord Reay and David Ramsay, in 1631, but the king prevented it. The same method of trial also existed in Ireland. A trial was appointed between the Prior of Kilmainham and the Earl

of Ormond, the former having impeached the latter of high treason, but the quarrel having been taken up by the king, was decided without fighting, 1446. A remarkable combat took place in Dublin Castle, before the lords justices and council, between Connor McCormack O'Connor and Teig McGilpatrick O'Connor, in which the former had his head cut off and presented to the lords justices, 1553. The wager fight was most common in Germany. When a man was accused of a crime, he had the right to demand personal combat to prove his innocence. When a woman happened to be the accuser, she was subject to challenge by the man she accused, but, as he was by his superior strength certain to overcome his weaker antagonist, he was required to stand in a pit up to his waist. The arms were clubs, or the woman might use a cloth in which a stone weighing from one to five pounds was tied. This fight was a very serious matter, for the conquered party forfeited life, and in the case of a woman, she was burned alive in the pit where her antagonist had stood.

We can scarcely dismiss the subject of punishments without referring to the various forms visited upon vixens and scolding wives. They seem to have been especially provided for by the laws of England, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth, and even into the nineteenth, centuries. The cucking-stool did not, like the ducking-stool, admit of immersion, and was used for both men and women. It was a simple chair, in which the crank or offender was placed, before his or her door, to be pelted and insulted by the mob. In the course of time it gave way to the ducking-stool, which was reserved expressly for women. She was seated in a chair, placed over the water at the end of a beam, with her arms fastened behind her. The instrument worked on the see-saw principle, and the unfortunate scold was ducked as many times as her sentence called for. Sometimes a poor woman, accused of offenses against the moral code, was placed astride of an ass, with her back to his head and compelled to hold his tail in her hand. In this way, preceded by the officers of the law, she was led through the streets and subjected to the hoots and jeers of the entire populace, who never failed to turn out in large numbers on such occasions. In New England the scold does not seem to have met with any more favor than she did in Old England; for Josselyn, writing of the old "Body Laws of 1646," says: "They gag and set them at their doors for certain hours, for all comers and goers-by to gaze at." . . ."Ducking in running water" was also a punishment for this class of offenders.

The list of curious and cruel punishments of bygone times is by no means exhausted, for the laws were as capricious as criminals were ingenious.

A GERMAN CUP OF IVORY AND SILVER-GILT—SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Few collections can compete with the Austrian Museum in the richness, beauty and artistic value of the specimens of early and mediæval art work in gold and silver or other precious material. As the finest articles are reproduced by electrotyping, and the originals are readily placed so as to be copied, the Museum has had a worldwide influence. One of the curious objects here shown, though not by any means the finest specimen, is a carved ivory cup, shown in our illustration. This tumbler-shaped cup, with a lid set in silver-gilt, is a good sample of workmanship, although its design is by no means faultless. The figures are skillfully carved and cleverly grouped, so far as their contour is preserved; but the profile of the figure on the right is clumsy, and forms a very bad outline, when the vase is regarded at a distance from this point of view.

One of the gems of the collection is a silver-gilt cup in seven pieces, covered with figures in high relief, representing events in the life of the Emperor Charles V., the battle of Pavia being prominent. The knob of the lid has a medallion of the Emperor.

OF TWO EVILS.

BY

PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC.

PART IV.

THE WAY OF A DOUBLE VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(CONTINUED).

Glugg tried to keep the sneering smile upon his face, but it slipped off in some way, and fear took its place. It was some moments before his bravado came to his help again; then he said:

"As you wish, Mr. Barcase. I shall expect to hang if you and your friends have power to bring me to the gallows. I had rather die in that way than suffer as I have at the hands of a certain race—the Dellerton race—on whom, from the youngest to the oldest, I have at last sworn to have the deadliest vengeance. I shall die happy, though I die at the hands of the outraged law, if I know that I leave broken lives, and bitter tears, and endless sorrow for my foes behind me. So much for that; so much for you. To your question—I wanted the package for the information in it."

"And why?"

"Because I believed it referred to me."

"And you knew its character?"

"I believed I did."

"And you meant to use it?"

"Not then. I meant to suppress it. I meant to shield myself from the accusations which I feared it contained against me. I had no better plan of vengeance then—and my life is devoted to my revenge—than the crude and commonplace one of murder. I have a better plan now."

"Which means, I suppose, that you would make the contents of the package public now."

"Yes, sir—and take my chances."

"Very well; state what the contents are.

"But I am not certain."

"Not certain? Why?"

"Because I failed to get the package. You escaped me in the woods; and later, it was not in—in——"

"Not in my valise? Is that what you mean?"

"It is."

"So you came for my valise, did you? You stole my check, did you?"

"You are welcome to use such language as you like, Mr. Barcase. I *got* your check; you may say I stole it if it gives you greater pleasure. I sent a man for the valise. I don't hesitate telling you these little things against myself, for I know that I have the advantage of you in every respect and at every turn."

"That will be for the law to determine."

"A fig for the law. You'll scarcely care, any of you, to ask me to go to law in these matters. My evidence would be too damaging."

OLD-TIME PUNISHMENTS AND ORDEALS.—DISGRACEFUL PUNISHMENT OF WOMEN.—SEE PAGE 342.

"Possibly. It is doubtful, though, if twelve men could be found who would believe you on oath."

"They wouldn't have to; I have evidence outside my word."

"Well, state what is in the package."

"I've said I do not know. I never read the package."

"You never did?"

"I never did."

The lawyer struck his clinched fist upon the table.

"Thank God for as much comfort as that!" he cried.

"Yes," sneered Glugg, "be thankful; be as thankful as you can; be thankful as long as you can. Do you know who that white-faced fool yonder was?" And he pointed his quivering finger at Mrs. Eustace scornfully.

"Possibly. Whom do you say she was?"

"Ward Dellerton's wife, and——"

"Mrs. Eustace, one question, please; speak the exact truth in one word. You were Ward Dellerton's wife?" Barcase asked.

Her answer was scarcely more than a whisper. Her head sank forward upon her breast as she spoke it; but the single word was "Yes."

"You are correct, Mr. Glugg, "said Barcase, quietly; "Mrs. Eustace was Ward Dellerton's wife. What of it?"

"Ward Dellerton's wife," cried Glugg; "Ward Dellerton's divorced wife! I have only pity and contempt for her—pity and contempt—a woman who allowed the man to ruin her life who did so much to ruin mine! But," and his teeth snapped viciously together as though he had been some wild beast looking for a human victim, "her daughter yonder is of the cursed Dellerton blood, and I hate her! I hate her!!"

A GERMAN CUP OF IVORY AND SILVER-GILT—SIXTEENTH CENTURY. SEE PAGE 347.

"You are wandering from the subject, Mr. Glugg, besides exhibiting yourself to bad advantage. We were speaking of the package."

"The package! Good! Thank you for reminding me of it. Shall I tell you what I think it said?"

"Why should you? You never saw it. You know nothing of what was in it? Why should you say what you imagined was there?"

"But I will say; I will——"

"Very well; say it. What do you think John Braynor had to say of you in the document he left behind him?"

"*I think he said that I changed Dellerton's baby for Ampstead's!*"

The lawyer raised his hand warningly, as a signal that no one must speak.

"You think he said what?" Barcase demanded, his voice hoarse and husky.

"That I changed Dellerton's child for Ampstead's; that makes the *husband* and *wife* yonder *brother* and *sister*, don't it? Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!"

"It would if it were true that Ampstead is Dellerton, and Dellerton, Ampstead. But why should Braynor say such a thing?"

"*Because I did it!*"

"But you were arrested and taken away from Pleanton the night after the one in which those children were born."

"No matter, I changed them before I went."

"And what had John Braynor to do with this?"

"He hired me to do it."

"And did he know of your success?"

"He must. I left him word, and he directed in his will that the balance he had promised should be paid to me."

The lawyer leaned forward. Any one but a passion-blinded wretch like Glugg would have read joy in the face of Barcase instead of sorrow, and heard hope in his voice in place of fear. Any one not gloating over a revenge which he felt was accomplished would have seen danger ahead, and have known that shrewdness was setting a trap for him.

"Martin Glugg," said the lawyer, "you are a liar. You cannot prove this."

"I can."

"You had no time in which to do it."

"I had."

"Explain yourself. I will not believe until I am convinced."

"I will explain. John Braynor came to me among the hills where I was fishing."

"Yes."

"He hired me on the way home. It was late when we reached Pleanton, and——"

"Late! I thought so. You never had time to do what you have said you did."

"I did. It was eight when we came in sight of Pleanton; late, but not very late."

"Late; but not very late! But you did several things that evening, and you went away on—on what train?"

"The ten o'clock express."

"Was the train late that night?"

"No, it was on time."

"That settles it; you are a weak liar!"

"I am not. I am speaking the exact truth. I was in Pleanton as early as five minutes past eight."

"Yes."

"I went at once to a clothing store, and purchased a new suit of clothes."

"I know you did. I saw you with them on that night."

"Very well. They cost money. I paid for them. How? How, unless I am telling the truth? How, unless it was with John Braynor's money?"

"I do not know, I confess. Go on with your story; it interests me. It took time as well as money to secure the clothing, did it not?"

"Certainly. Not more than a quarter of an hour. It was not more than twenty-five minutes past eight when I left the clothing store."

"Twenty-five minutes past eight! You hurried some?"

"I did. Ward Dellerton had called me a vagabond; I was anxious to look unlike one as soon as possible."

"I see. What next?"

"I bought a watch and chain next. I was no judge of such things. I took about the first cheap and showy articles which were shown me."

"And what time was it then?"

"Twenty-four minutes of nine. I looked at my watch, and that was the time it indicated when I left the store."

"Very good. What then?"

"I walked about for a little. At fifteen minutes before nine I went to the barber-shop."

"For a shave?"

"I wanted a shave. But I saw two men there that I knew were after me. I shut the door and went away, instead of going in."

"I know you did. I was in the barber-shop at the time myself, and so unusual a visitor as you made an impression on my mind which I have never forgotten. You did not cross the threshold. You shut the door you had opened, and you went away again. This is true. You did as you have said. What next?"

"I went at once to the Braynor mansion. I entered the room where the child was sleeping, going in at the window. Mrs. Johnson was sitting asleep in a chair in a room just across the hall from the room where the child was. I saw her through the window as I went by. The doors between the rooms were ajar, too. I changed the children. I did it undetected and unsuspected. At half-past nine I went to the barber-shop again, and gave myself up to those who were seeking me."

"A very plausible and ingenious story, Mr. Martin Glugg, as lies are always likely to be," said Mr. Barcase; "now let me see how easily I can disprove it all."

"You cannot disprove it," growled Glugg, "for it is true. I have——"

"Never mind what you have," said the lawyer, with a wave of the hand, the color in his cheeks again, and his eyes sparkling. He turned his back upon Glugg.

"Mrs. Johnson," he said, "I want a statement or two from you. The exact truth, please, be it good or bad, in as few words as possible. The truth cannot harm us. Did you sleep in your chair, in the room across the hall from the one in which Annette Dellerton's child was sleeping, at any time during the evening of which Mr. Glugg has been speaking? 'Yes' or 'No' will be enough. I want the fact, not the reasons. Did you so sleep?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Johnson, bravely and stoutly, yet with an air which seemed a confession that by so doing she had committed an unpardonable sin, and by owning it had sealed the fate of friends she loved.

"Ah," said Barcase, sharply; "so you slept. What awoke you?"

"The opening of the door by John Braynor."

"What door?"

"The front door."

"When?"

"When he came home."

"Had he been gone long?"

"Since some time in the afternoon, and——

"That will do. About what time was this?"

"Oh, Mr. Barcase, sir, I am afraid——"

"Fear is unworthy in a case like this. What was the time? Do you know?"

"Not exactly."

"Do you know whether it was before or after half-past nine?"

"It was after that."

"You are certain?"

"I wish I wasn't, but——"

"Please do nothing but answer the questions. You are certain it was later than half-past nine?"

"I am."

"How long had you been asleep?—as much as an hour?"

"More than that. Not less than an hour and a half."

"Thank you; that will do."

Then he turned to Glugg again, and said, "Really, Glugg, circumstances seem to point toward the possibility of your story being true. But we do not deal in possibilities in courts. Unless you have other evidence——"

"I have other evidence," said Glugg; "look at this."

He held up a small gold cross set with pearls.

"Ah!" said Barcase; "and so this is to be put in evidence, is it? What is it, and where did you get it?"

And he stepped forward and took it from Glugg's hand.

"I took it from the room in this house from which I took the Dellerton baby," said Glugg.

"Did you? You are a common thief, then, in addition to several other things."

"I suppose so, but——"

"Never mind, never mind. Mrs. Johnson," turning toward her again; "will you tell me whether you ever saw that before?"

Mrs. Johnson took it in her hand and examined it.

"I have," she said.

"Where?"

"In a box in this house."

"In what room?"

"In two different rooms."

"You may specify them."

"The room in which Annette died, and——"

"That room is up-stairs, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what other room?"

"The room where the child slept the night of which we have been hearing."

"Ah! and in which room was the box usually kept?"

"In the room up-stairs."

"In which was it during the night of which Mr. Glugg has been speaking?"

"In the room down-stairs?"

"Who carried it down?"

"I did."

"When?"

"At about dark that afternoon—the afternoon before the evening when Glugg says he stole the child."

"Why did you take it down?"

"Because I had a foolish fancy to try the effect of the cross on the neck of the sleeping child."

"And you did that?"

"I did."

"When?"

"Just after I brought the box down. At about dark."

"Whose cross was this?"

"It belonged to Annette's mother, and afterward to Annette, and she gave it to John Braynor when they were engaged."

"You know this to be true?"

"I do. I have heard both Annette and John Braynor say so."

Seth Barcase was groping his way most carefully in the dark, but was finding more and more light at every step. A sudden inspiration came upon him. He could scarcely steady his voice enough to speak.

"When John Braynor was dying," he said, "he gave some keepsakes to his friends. He offered you something. What was it?"

"It was this cross, and——"

"Never mind anything more. What did you tell him?"

"I told him it was gone; and oh, sir——"

"Wait! Nothing more of that. At what time did you miss it?"

"The morning after the night when Glugg was taken away."

"And you did not mention its loss? Go on, please, and tell the story in your own way. I'll stop you if you wander from the point."

"I found in the morning that the cross was missing. I never thought of theft, but supposed I had dropped it somewhere. I carried the box up-stairs again; I searched everywhere that I could think for the cross. Each day I said that I should find it to-morrow; each day I said that unless I found it the next day I would tell John Braynor. But time passed on. My search became less and less, and ceased, and so I never told him until——"

"That will do! Glugg, tell your story."

"It looks as though things were going in my favor," laughed Glugg; "this is my story. I stole the cross. I hid it. When I came back from prison I secured it again. I left it as a signal. It was to say 'Search.' There was a tray in the box. Beneath the tray I left a message, and——"

"What sort of a message, a written one?"

"Yes."

"With pencil or with pen?"

"With pencil."

"Write it again, please, if you remember it."

And Barcase pushed a slip of paper and a pencil across the table to Glugg.

"I do remember it. It was this."

Barcase took the paper and folded it, and kept it in his hand.

"I will send for that box. Mrs. Johnson, you know the box and where it is kept. Mr. Bragg, you will please be kind enough to go with Mrs. Johnson. On no account open the box until you return."

Mrs. Johnson advanced to the table, took a bunch of keys from her pocket, and handed them to Mr. Barcase.

"The box is locked," she said, "and cannot be unlocked until we return."

"Then please go at once."

And Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Bragg went away.

They soon returned with a box.

"Is this the box?" asked Barcase, addressing Glugg.

"I think so. Let me look. Yes, I am sure it is."

"Then if I find your message in the box——"

"You won't find it, of course; for John Braynor must have found it and removed it long years ago."

"But suppose I *do* find it? Suppose *he didn't* find it?"

"It would only make my case as strong as a case could possibly be. It would prove that John Braynor did not know that I had done as I agreed. It would prove that the package could have contained no reference to me. It would show that I might have killed you—for nothing. But it would show that my story of changing the children is a true one."

"Exactly! Mrs. Johnson, please select the proper key and open the box."

Mrs. Johnson did so.

"Now raise the tray. Do you find a paper? Yes. That is good. Please read it."

Then Mrs. Johnson read:

"I have paid one installment of Ward Dellerton's debt, though I fear I owe him more than I thought. The young ones are changed, anyway."

Then Barcase opened the folded paper Glugg had just written, and read in his turn:

"I have paid one installment of Ward Dellerton's debt, though I fear I owe him more than I thought. The young ones are changed, anyway."

"Bluff," he said, placing the two pieces of paper before him "did the same person, in your opinion, write them both?"

"Yes," said Bluff, after a careful examination.

"Yes," said Bragg, to the same question.

"That proves it," said Glugg.

"That proves it," echoed Mortimer Dellerton, rising to his feet, and running to where Carrie Ampstead was reclining upon the lounge. He threw himself on his knees before her, and tried to take her hand.

"You're an outcast," he cried, passionately, "a wife without a husband, a woman without hope or a future. Come to me! Be mine! I worship the ground you walk upon! I love——"

"Never," she cried, shrinking from him in horror.

He cast one look of blackest hate and fiercest triumph on John Ampstead, and slunk back to his seat again.

"It does prove it, doesn't it?" cried Glugg.

"I confess it looks so," said the lawyer; "but I want to ask a few more questions before I sum up the evidence."

"All right, ask them."

"You insist that John Braynor couldn't have known that you had changed the children?"

"I am certain now that he couldn't have known it."

"His desire in having them changed was to make the future happier for Annette's child, rather than to be revenged on Ward Dellerton, wasn't it?"

"Certainly."

"Does it look likely that he would have done as he did by John Ampstead unless he believed he was Annette's son."

"It certainly doesn't, but I feel sure he didn't know I had done what he hired me to do."

"Another thing. When and where did you first see Mortimer Dellerton after the evening when you changed the children?"

Glugg shuddered.

"He—he was looking in at me—at—at a window."

"Exactly. And you thought it was——"

"I thought it was Ward Dellerton's ghost. It was the face, over again, which I last saw when I saw Ward Dellerton alive."

"Was it? Looking at John Ampstead and Mortimer Dellerton now, if you were a stranger to them, and knew only that one was the son of Ward Dellerton, which one would you say was the man?"

"Mortimer, of course, but facts——"

"I know about *facts*, my man; I haven't been a lawyer for more than half a century to so little purpose as to have to go to you for the logic of facts. Why do you say you would select Mortimer as Ward Dellerton's son?"

"Well, he looks like him; but——"

"Which man of the two has the Dellerton character?"

"Mortimer, I suppose; but I changed——"

"Wait! Mrs. Johnson"—turning to her again—"did you tell dying John Braynor that the cross was stolen?"

"I did," was the instant reply.

"Did you tell him the time of its loss?"

"I told him."

"And what effect did that have upon him?"

"DOG'S TICKET, IF YOU PLEASE!"

ST. VALENTINE'S PRISONER. —"IT WAS BROAD DAYLIGHT WHEN SHE REVIVED, AND IT WAS ST. VALENTINE'S MORNING. WHEN SHE OPENED HER EYES, SHE WAS LYING UPON THE FLOOR, AT THE FOOT OF THE OBSERVATORY-STAIRS."

"It gave him peace, I think, in some way, so that he died happy."

"I know he died happier for what you said to him," said Barcase, solemnly; "God gave him everlasting happiness!"

Glugg rose to his feet. He had not guessed the truth yet. He was coarse and insolent.

"You're a mighty fine lawyer, no doubt," he said, "but even you must sometimes be on the losing side. Let us be done with this nonsense of questioning. I changed the Ampstead and Dellerton children; I think I have proved it; will you say, without quibble or evasion, whether you believe me?"

"I will. I think you have proved what you claim. *I believe you changed the children! No reasonable man could doubt it, after what has been said!*"

"Good. I will remain no longer. I have an engagement to keep. I leave my curse for Ward Dellerton's children and for all their friends. Come, Mortimer Ampstead—Dellerton no longer—let us go."

"Wait," cried Barcase, commandingly—"wait! I believe you changed the children, as you say, before ten o'clock. But the package John Braynor left has been read here, to-day, and *he says that he changed the children, too*, after two o'clock. *I believe you both.* I believe that Ampstead is Ampstead and Dellerton is Dellerton. Look at the two men, Martin Glugg; think of their past lives; think of their faces; think of the evidence. *Were the children changed once—or twice?*"

Glugg stood and looked. Outside the birds sang sweetly; the sunshine drifted in through the vines and lay in fantastic patterns on the floor; the scent of flowers came in a wave of fragrance.

Glugg stood and looked. Surprise, doubt, conviction, despair, chased each other across his face.

Then he turned upon his heel, and moved toward the door.

"*I believe they were changed twice,*" he said.

* * * * * *

John Ampstead holds his wife in his arms. She leans her head upon his shoulder, and whispers, through a flood of tears—happy tears, "I have you again, mine for evermore! Oh, my darling! My husband!"

Mrs. Eustace covers her daughter's hand with tears and kisses. Mr. and Mrs. Ampstead bend over their son, their eyes overflowing with the flood of joy.

Dr. Pilleo coughs with suspicious emphasis.

Mrs. Bluff and Mrs. Johnson cry like children, clasped in each other's arms.

"We've never known a stranger case than this," says frank Bluff.

"And we're on the right side, *as usual*," boasts Bragg.

Barcase stands, pale and calm and silent, in his place, his arm about the loyal wife who has hurried to his side.

Glugg is almost to the door. But what of Dellerton? There is a sudden shot.

"So you—you—you convict, you have cheated me like this? Die like the prison-polluted dog you are!" hisses Dellerton, as he lowers his hand, holding the smoking pistol to his side.

The dying Glugg wheels about quick as a flash. He can scarcely stand; he can barely speak; he is shot through the body; his life has only seconds left, not minutes.

"The—cursed—Dellerton—blood!" he gasps. "The—last—of—the—Dellerton—name! I—told—you—that—when—when—you—shot—me—it—would—be—in—in—in—self——"

He fires. His numbing arm is firm yet. His glazing eyes have not lost all their power. He reels backward, catches at the air, goes down! down!—*to keep his engagement, perhaps!*

And Dellerton, shot squarely through the brain, a curse half formed upon his lips, which he will never speak, is falling—falling—falling—and——

You may remember it so, reader.

Ring down the curtain on this final tableau of justice!

And let me write, while the still living, loving actors smile upon us—

THE END.

THE TRAVELING LIBRARY.

PROFESSOR PORSON, the celebrated Grecian, was once traveling in a stage-coach, where a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and, amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach, too, roused the slumbering professor from a kind of dog-sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears, and rubbing his eyes, "I think, young gentleman," said he, "you favored us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there."

"Oh, sir," replied the tyro, "the quotation is, word for word, as I have repeated it, and from Sophocles too; but I suspect, sir, it is some time since you were at college."

The professor, applying his hand to his greatcoat pocket, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he would be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the pages for some time, he replied:

"Upon second thought, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides."

"Then perhaps, sir," said the professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book."

The young Oxonian returned to his task, but with no better success; muttering, however, to himself, a vow never again to quote in Greek in a stage-coach. The tittering of the ladies informed him plainly that he had got into a hobble.

At last, "Why, sir," said he, "how dull I am! I recollect now; yes, now I perfectly remember that the passage is in Æschylus."

The inexorable professor returned to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished freshman vociferated:

"Coachman! Halloa, coachman! Let me out! I say, instantly let me out! There's a fellow here has the whole Bodleian Library in his pocket!"

SCOTT tells a story of a Scottish country gentleman, who broke in upon the description of the hunt in the "Lady of the Lake," by exclaiming, when the hounds swim after the boat in which Ellen and the knight seek the "enchanted hall," "By Jove! sir, it will kill the dogs to take the water after such a day's work!"

WHAT IS A MARTINET?—This term is derived from the general officer M. de Martinet, who was, as Voltaire states, celebrated for having restored and improved the discipline and tactics of the French Army; whence very strict officers came to be called *martinets*.

COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID.

By Benjamin G. Smith.

King Cophetua walked in his garden,
In his garden of verdure and bloom;
But he heeded not fragrance or roses,
And his features were shadowed with gloom;
And his sighs bore an infinite burden,
And he lifted his voice and he said,
As he walked all alone in his garden:
"Oh, I die for the sweet Beggar-Maid."

King Cophetua stood in his castle,
From its battlements viewed his domain,
Saw his forests and rivers and mountains,
Saw his cities and valleys and plain;
But he thought, as he looked on their grandeur,
They were commonplace things, and he said:
"They are worthless to me as their shadows,
When I think of the sweet Beggar-Maid."

King Cophetua looked at his treasures,
At his silver and then at his gold,
At his pearls, and his diamonds and rubies,
At his riches all counted and told;
But they faded away from before him,
And their glitter was dimmed, and he said:
"All these treasures seem tinsel and baubles
When I think of the sweet Beggar-Maid."

King Cophetua gathered his nobles,
And he seated himself on his throne,
And he spoke to them royally, nobly,
Like a king in the midst of his own;
And they listened in silence, in wonder,
And they stood without speech when he said:
"I have called you together to tell you
I shall marry the sweet Beggar-Maid."

Then they brought her and placed her before them,
And they told her the words of the King;
And she answered them fearless and wisely:
"Ah, you think that no dowry I bring!
But I tell you an innocent maiden
Is worth more than the treasure displayed,
That e'er came from the mines of Golconda,
Though she come as a poor Beggar-Maid.

"King Cophetua, not for your riches,
For your pearls and your diamonds and gold,
For your forests and cities and castles,
For your lands and your treasures all told—
Love for love is the only condition,
And this clearly down now shall be laid;
If you love me and die for me truly,
Take the hand of your 'sweet Beggar-Maid.'"

Then the princes and nobles and ladies,
Led the maiden triumphant away,
And they dressed her in robes of the richest,
Till she looked like the dawn of the day;
And they all were amazed at her beauty,
And they led her, so queenly arrayed,
To the throne of the King in his grandeur,
And he wedded the sweet Beggar-Maid.

ST. VALENTINE'S PRISONER.

By Frances B. Currie.

It was the eve of St. Valentine. In a softly lighted room a young lady sat before a flickering fire, thinking of the morrow, and of its customs and its follies. Her little feet rested upon the fender; her little head nestled in the cushions of a luxurious "Sleepy-hollow" chair; her cheeks were warm with happy anticipation, and her eyes were fixed upon the fickle firelight, as if they were reading a happy futurity. This young lady was Dolly Clyde.

Her enthusiasm was not in keeping with her years, and was at least a century behind the times. Our young lady was twenty-four years old, and, having been a society belle for five seasons, she should have outlived her sentimentality long ago. Besides, she was a belle of the nineteenth century, and had nothing to do with those obsolete times when ladies looked out on St. Valentine's Day and saw their future husbands beneath their windows. She belonged to an era when eligible husbands were not secured by lassies who arose betimes to look for them, but by languid ladies who slept very late and who were possessors of fat bank accounts. Nevertheless, she was more enthusiastic than the times admitted, and she was going to a ball.

Of course she had been to scores of balls before, and had scarcely thought of them with interest; but this particular ball, given on St. Valentine's Eve, was to be the great event of the season. Five hundred invitations had been issued, and all the ladies in the charmed upper circle had been put in a fever of doubt and excitement about what they should wear on so auspicious an occasion. Valentine Jerrold was to give the ball, in honor of his patron saint. He had recently returned from Europe, and for the first time was opening his house to his friends.

The 14th of February was his birthday. This fact had settled a dispute which might have lasted through many years. When he was born he had two irascible grandfathers who had spent one-third of their lives in quarreling with each other. These gentlemen were each desirous that no honor, however trifling, should be conferred upon his antagonist.

Old Mr. Jerrold's name was Joseph, and he said his name was good enough for anybody. He insisted that it should be given his grandson, and declared that if the boy was named after his other grandfather, not an inch of the Jerrold property should ever descend to him.

On the other hand, the maternal grandfather said the boy must be named after *him*. His name was Sylvester, and he declared that he had never done anything to disgrace it. One thing was certain, viz.: That not a penny of his money should ever go to a namesake of old Joe Jerrold's!

How the matter would ever have been settled if the boy's mother had not possessed a will of her own must remain a matter of conjecture. As she was unable to please everybody in her selection of a name, she determined to please herself in the matter, independently of all objections. She named the boy after the saint on whose birthday he was born.

All this had happened twenty-eight years before the night on which Dolly Clyde sat in her dainty boudoir and dreamed of the prospective ball. Two years before that festive night old Joe Jerrold and his adversary had quarreled themselves into their graves; but later, when the lawyers "settled" their estates, it was learned that they had bequeathed all they owned to Valentine Jerrold. Each of the old men had felt so gratified by the other's disappointment that he had been generously disposed

IN AND ABOUT THE CITY OF MEXICO.—PALACE OF CHAPUI-TEPEC.

toward the lucky grandson. Dolly Clyde, sitting all this time before her fire, has been living over a part of her past, and looking a little way into the future. She has been thinking of Val Jerrold as he looked when he was a sturdy boy of fifteen, and she a dainty miss of eleven. He had sent her a valentine then with some rhymes of his own composition. It was his first effort at versifying, and he had afterward told her how difficult he had found it. He had drawn a rude caricature of himself, in which he was represented with knit brows and disheveled hair, turning the leaves of a dictionary in a mad search after a word that would rhyme with valentine.

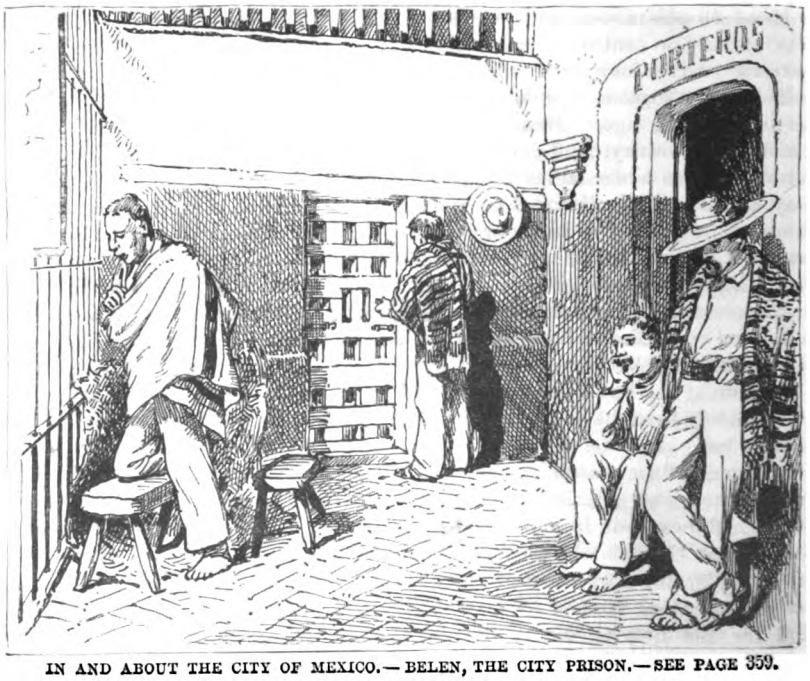
She had the drawing and the verses yet. The latter were written on the back of a picture representing a badly damaged heart. She had kept them when a child because she liked him; and later, because they amused her. She took the verses from her desk now and read them:

"Oh, Dolly Clyde, sweet Dolly Clyde,
Whene'er I see you walking,
I'd give the world if by your side
I only could be stalking.
To-morrow when you take your walk
As usual, at nine,
A lad will join you who's no saint,
Though he's a Valentine.

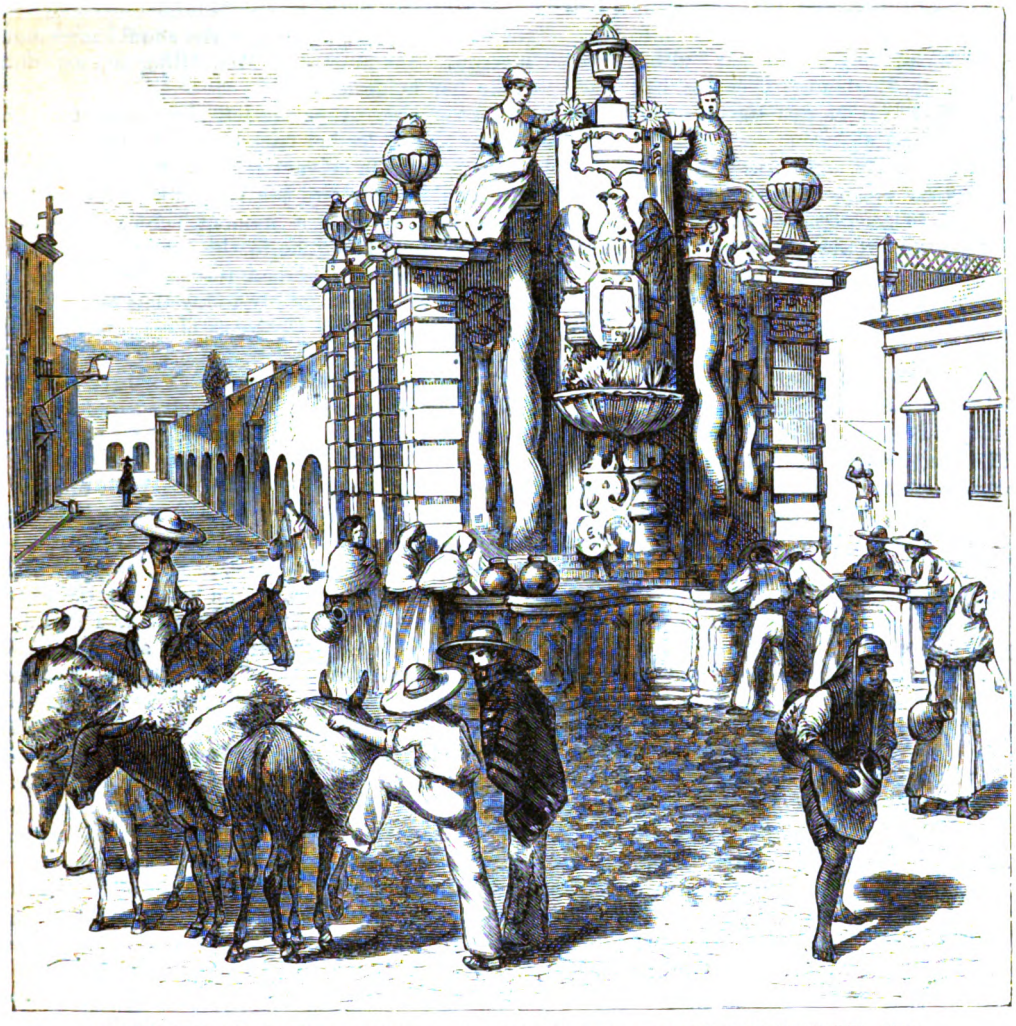
"Oh, Dolly Clyde, sweet Dolly Clyde,
Whene'er I see you dancing,
I'd give the world if by your side,
I only could be prancing.
I'll go and learn to dance, and then
I'll crook this arm of mine,
And say to you, 'Pray will you waltz
With your own Valentine?'"

This interesting programme had been interrupted. Val had been sent away to school, and Dolly had not seen him again until three years before our story opens, when they had accidentally met in England. Dolly had been staying at Brighton, and he had noticed her name on the hotel-register. When he sought to renew their acquaintance, she had been much surprised at his changed appearance. This tall and cultured gentleman was very unlike the short, almost fat, Val Jerrold whom she had known in childhood. She found it hard to realize that they were identical. She blushed when she thought of the boy's shameless admiration for her. The man was reserved, and rarely paid her a compliment. The boy had used slang, had been rough, though kindly, and had been addicted to mischief. This gentleman had exceptionally polished manners. There was absolutely no trace of her youthful companion left, excepting in the laughing brown eyes which time and travel had not changed.

Her father interrupted her reminiscences, by telling her that the carriage was at the door. She crushed the valentine with guilty haste into her



IN AND ABOUT THE CITY OF MEXICO.—BELEN, THE CITY PRISON.—SEE PAGE 359.



IN AND ABOUT THE CITY OF MEXICO.—CITY END OF THE AQUEDUCT—THE SALTO DEL AGUA, OR WATERFALL.—SEE PAGE 359.

pocket, drew on her wraps, and went out—to meet her destiny.

The ballrooms were beautifully decorated. There were floralpieces representing hearts pierced and unpierced with arrows. There were Cupids lurking about with full and empty quivers—Cupids half smothered in bowers of roses, or riding in floral chariots and drawn by butterflies. There were a thousand pretty devices suggestive of the sentiment of the time. The host stood in his flower-scented rooms, giving a welcome to his friends.

The "great event of the season" seemed to give general satisfaction. The music was inimitable, the *menu* delicious, the dinner favors tasteful and appropriate to the occasion, and the house was so beautiful that many a fond mother longed to see her daughter its mistress.

But one guest in that company was heavy-hearted. Dolly Clyde, the prettiest woman in the room, considered this ball, which she had so fondly anticipated, little better than a failure. To her the music sounded discordant, the luxurious rooms were cheerless, the supper unpalatable, and the flowers sickening. Mr. Jerrold had scarcely approached her.

True, she had given him one waltz at the beginning of the evening, after which he had disappeared, and she had been left to the tender mercies of less agreeable partners. She was no "wallflower." She would dance until the music made her dizzy, no matter how dull her partners were. *He* should never suspect that she missed his company. What if he *had* spent those long, delicious evenings with her at Brighton? What matter if he *had*

THE "NOCHE-TRISTE" TREE.

reminded her of their childish courtship? What if he *had* intimated that he wished it might have ripened into something deeper and more enduring? All that had belonged to her happy time in England. Then he had been a poor art-student. Now that he was the owner of two estates, everything else had changed.

Her father went home very early. He was a man of simple habits, who preferred sleep to festivity. His daughter would have liked to accompany him, but she feared that so early a departure would excite comment. Some suspicious person might guess that her pleasure had been spoiled. Every one knew that she was not obliged to leave when her father did. She frequently shared the carriage owned by a Mrs. Alling, who often acted as her chaperon. She looked about for Mrs. Alling, intending to tell her that her chaperonage would be needed; but that lady was not visible. Miss Clyde remembered her friend's excessive fondness for flowers, and went to the conservatory to look for her. As she entered this modern Garden of Eden Mr. Jerrold accosted her. At the eleventh hour he had sought her company.

"I have been trying for a long time to speak with you," he said. "Whenever I was at liberty you were dancing. How can you dance a whole night through and never show fatigue? One would fancy that exercise of this severe character was your daily portion."

"One becomes accustomed to even severe enjoyment," she answered.

"Then you call it enjoyment?" he continued. "Do you know that I have often looked at people in a ball-room and wondered if they called their sensations by that name? In such a place people invariably smile when they are addressed, but their faces in repose are generally melancholy."

"You are too critical," she told him. People cannot be perpetually smiling. One must be serious with one's self."

"I followed you here," he said, "to ask permission to call on you to-morrow. I would like to take up the thread of our interrupted acquaintance, and to try and fancy that we were back at Brighton again."

His look and tone were significant, but she would not notice them. She answered, rather coldly:

"Papa and I will be glad to see you. I am going to the cloakroom now," she added, "and must say good-night. I should congratulate you, because every one here is saying that this is the most perfect entertainment ever experienced."

As he took her hand at parting he placed in it a crushed little paper. Then, seeing her surprise, he said:

"I found it in the ballroom. You must have dropped it. Good-night, Miss Clyde."

When she was alone in the cloakroom she looked at the paper, and the hot blood surged into her face and neck at the sight. He had returned the verses he had written her twelve years before! By some mishap she had lost them from her pocket, and he had found and returned them. He knew now that she had kept them all these years. What must he think of her? Would he be vain enough to suppose that she had saved them because she entertained some sentimental fancy for him? Could he believe that she purposely dropped them, because she intended him to see them, and because she wished to use them as a bait to attract his interest? Several ambitious women had angled for him and his fortune that night. Would he dare to think that she was like them?

She must get away from this luckless place. She must reach her own room, where, behind locked doors, she might solve the problem of how she should meet him on the morrow. She must find Mrs. Alling and ask that lady to take her home at once.

Before donning her wraps she left the cloakroom and continued her search for her friend. In the upper corridor she asked a man in servant's livery if he knew Mrs. Alling, and could tell where she had gone. He replied that he had seen the lady a moment before. She and several other persons had gone to the observatory to test a telescope that Mr. Jerrold had recently purchased in Europe. The man went on glibly to say that Mrs. Alling had been looking for Miss Clyde, as she wished her to join their party.

In her impatience to reach home Miss Clyde would not await Mrs. Alling's return, and she resolved to go to the observatory and quietly tell her friend of her desire to be away. She was familiar with the house, for she had frequently visited it in childhood. It was built of stone, and was of curious construction, having many irregular corridors and stairways. The observatory was approached by a spiral staircase made of stone, at the foot of which was a small, square room. This room had a marble floor, and its entrance was guarded by a heavy oaken door.

As Miss Clyde entered, preparatory to ascending the spiral stairs, she experienced one of those curious forebodings of danger which often occur to us without apparent cause. She turned suddenly and learned that the pretended servant had silently followed her. The instant that he saw he was discovered, he drew the door shut and sprang at her. He caught her by her beautiful throat and choked her until resistance was impossible. She could not shriek, nor, indeed, utter a sound. She was in the vise-like grasp of a thief, perhaps in the clutch of a murderer. No doubt the observatory was deserted, and he had adroitly tricked her into coming to this lonely part of the house, where, unheard and unseen, he would rob her of her jewels, and possibly of her life. Heaven help her!

Nature is often merciful in our dire distress, and rids us of the power to suffer. As the grasp on her throat tightened, Miss Clyde lost consciousness.

* * * * * *

It was broad daylight when she revived, and it was St. Valentine's morning. When she opened her eyes, she was lying upon the floor at the foot of the observatory-stairs.

How came she here? Why was she, the petted daughter of the house of Clyde, lying upon the bare stones of a cheerless room? And why was she left there suffering, perhaps dying, bruised and freezing?

She remembered how she came there, and she arose feebly, looking about her for some trace of her assailant. Her jewels were gone.

She was terribly cold. This room and the observatory were not heated, and her thin ball-dress was low-necked and sleeveless, and afforded her little warmth. She had been in a cruelly cramped position during the long hours of her unconsciousness, and now she could scarcely stand. She tried to open the door with her benumbed fingers and failed. Was it because her strength had left her, or could it be that the fiend in human form who had brought her there had locked the door after him, and made this her prison-house? Had he feared that she would recover and pursue him, and had he used this precaution to guard his own safety? She tried the door again and again, and all in vain. The door was locked. She beat against it with her delicate hands. She might as well have beaten against the

Chinese wall, the panels of that oaken door were so solid. She called again and again for help. She begged that some one would succor her, before cold and hunger had done their cruel work. No one heard her. The ball was over, and the tired inmates of the house had gone to their rooms. She realized, with a sickening sense of horror and dismay, that in this remote part of the house there was scarcely a single chance that her cries would ever be heard.

A long time would elapse before any one would seek her. Her father believed she had gone home with Mrs. Alling. She had frequently spent the fragment of a night with her after a ball, and he would feel no concern about her until the following evening, when he would miss her at the dinner-table.

Mrs. Alling would also have no anxiety, as she had no reason to doubt that Miss Clyde had gone home with her father.

And when it was known that Dolly Clyde was missing, would any one think of looking for her in such a place? How long would it be before that oaken door would swing on its hinges and Dolly Clyde, living or dead, be discovered?

She drew some of the drapery belonging to her ball-dress over her bare arms and shoulders, climbed the spiral staircase and looked out of the observatory-window. No one was visible. The house stood in a park, detached from all other buildings, and so far from the street that she despaired of attracting the attention of any passer-by.

She wondered if she could attract the attention of any one in the rooms below by throwing something out of the window. She looked about her for something to throw. The observatory, being unused, was absolutely bare. She felt in her pocket and found the little old valentine. She determined to tear the lace from her dress, attach it to the paper and lower it from the window. Some one observing it might inquire into its starting-point.

Just as she came to this decision her eye was attracted to a strange handwriting upon the valentine. Another verse had been added to it while it had been out of her possession. In her anger and excitement in the cloak-room, she had failed to notice the addition:

"Sweet Mistress Clyde, if I could see
You looking, on the morrow,
Through trellised vines, for one to come
And shield you from all sorrow:
I'd think this ancient custom
Were a blessing half divine,
If mine could be the form you saw,
And I your Valentine."

In spite of her suffering she read the verse through, her heart beating more warmly while she read. There could be only one explanation to the additional stanza: Valentine Jerrold had written it, and it meant that he cared for her. She shed tears over it—wretched poetry though it was—and resolved that she would never throw that precious paper out of the window; not if she had to stay in her tower as long as the hapless Ginevra remained in the fatal chest!

She went down in the square room again and found her fan. She would try to wait patiently until some one left the house, then she would lean out of the window and drop the fan on the stone walk. She had little hope of her voice being heard from that distance, but the fan might be effective.

She returned to her post of observation. The minutes seemed to drag like frozen hours, but she waited for the appearance of some one as many a lass in olden time watched for her valentine.

Hers came at last! He closed the outer door, and stopped for a minute to draw on his gloves. While he stood, a satin fan fell at his feet, its pearl sticks shivering in a thousand pieces. He glanced up and saw her.

Mr. Jerrold was in the house and up the stairs in an incredibly short time. He caught her in his arms, forgetful that he had yet no right to do so, and carried her to his comfortable studio, where he and his housekeeper dosed her with hot drinks until she cried for mercy. He had her wrapped up until she declared that she felt and looked like a mummy. Then she told him all that had happened.

He, in his turn, informed her that a skillful sneak-thief had been captured while trying to make his escape from the house. When caught, he wore the house-servant's livery, and had a number of jewels in his possession. Later, Miss Clyde identified him as her assailant, and recovered her jewels.

* * * * * *

While Mr. and Mrs. Jerrold were on their wedding journey he made this confession:

"I tried while we were at Brighton to not care for you, Dolly, but I did not succeed in my undertaking. I loved you. I knew that I was poor then, and could not give you the comforts and luxuries to which you were accustomed, and I believed that the only honorable course for me to pursue was to keep out of your way. After this money was left me I came home determined to win you. I found you surrounded by so many admirers that, from sheer jealousy, I kept aloof until I chanced to find the valentine you had lost. Since you had kept it for so many years, I felt sure that you could not be entirely indifferent to the sender; so I added the audacious verse at the end, and determined to ask you next day if you would be my wife."

"There seems to be some magic in the old-time superstition, after all," his wife said, smilingly. "When I looked out of my window on St. Valentine's morning you were the only person whom I saw, and haven't you proved to be my Valentine?"

IN AND ABOUT THE CITY OF MEXICO.

By Emily Pierce.

Among all the environs of this interesting capital, none is so rich in traditions, memories and historic record as the Castle of Chapultepec. Reaching back so far as 1245, when the wandering Aztecs put in their first appearance—coming from we know not where, making their first stop and stronghold upon the beetling brow of Chapultepec, or Grasshopper Hill—and extending down through the magnificence of Montezuma days, the oppression of Spanish occupation, the pride of American victory, the brevity of Imperialism, until the present day, when it embraces within its generous gray walls the National Military School, Fortress, Observatory and Palace of State of the (at present) peaceful Porfirio Diaz, President of the Republic.

It is the first spot toward which the intelligent tourist turns his eye; it remains the clearest imprint upon his memory.

"*Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas.*"

To visit Chapultepec is to wander far down the corridors of time, to enter the atmosphere of a past tinged with sadness that seems to drop down like the moss from

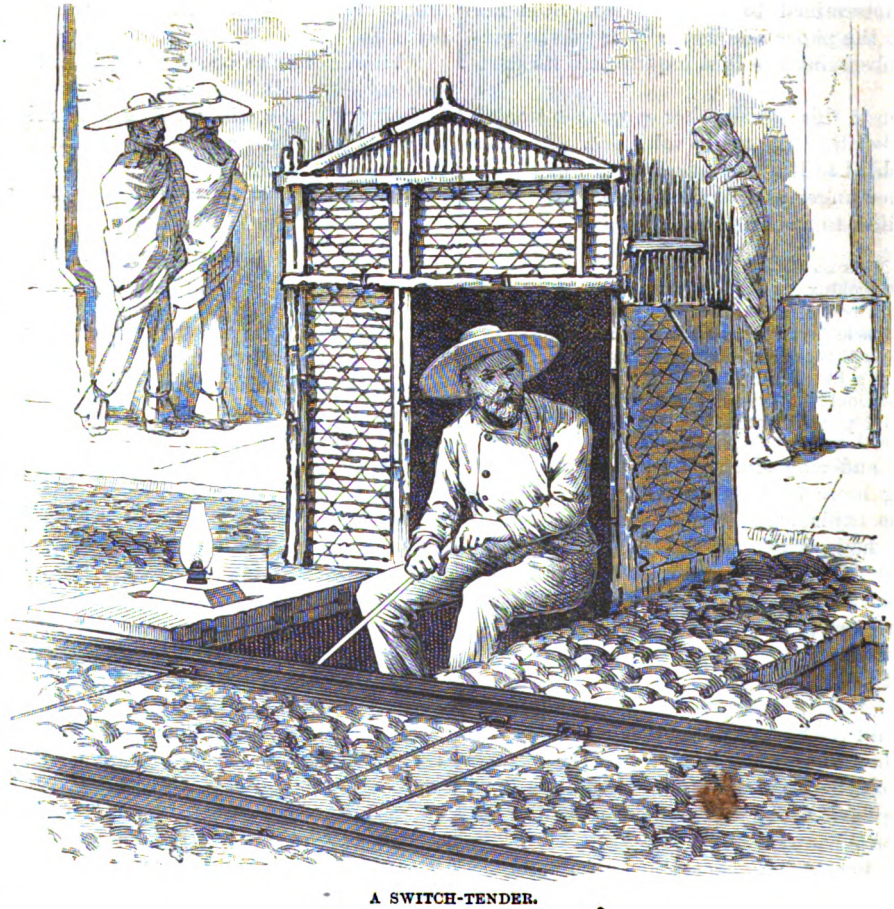
ARRIVAL OF A DILIGENCIA.

the cypress-trees of its grove, and cover one with its gray mantle of shadows. The book of Ecclesiastes is profitable reading at Chapultepec.

About two and one-half miles from the Main Plaza the Castle stands, half hidden in its surrounding grove of cypress, its foundation, a huge rock whereon the waves of war have beaten for more than a thousand years, "tempest-buffeted, glory-crowned!"

To travel in Mexico is to undergo infinite variety of new experiences. The street scenes are a constant artistic panorama, of which one never tires. Their means of transportation are primitive and most uncomfortable.

The dilapidated ark that carried us to the Fortress was most beguilingly named "*carruage de lujo*" (literally "carriage of luxury"). The only true "carriage of luxury" in the entire republic is a horse-car, because of the wretched condition of the



A SWITCH-TENDER.

streets, the paving being universally abominable. The style of public vehicle in the capital is the best the land affords. The enormous duty on wagons and every rotary invention, from a chariot down to a wheelbarrow, has barred out everything in that line, even within railway limits, except to the favored few upon whom Fortune has bestowed an overplus of "the needful." The general calculation is to allow the Custom House Shylocks twenty-five dollars a wheel on all rolling-stock, perambulator for the first baby included.

The natural consequence of this is, that the antediluvian hacks that offer their hospitalities upon most plazas are positively worth coming to Mexico to see.

Any one of them might be worshiped without sin, for they are in the likeness of nothing else, in "the heavens above or in the earth beneath," and, coupled with the dire condition of the ill-paved streets, are a constant trial to our temper and our bones. The genuine Mexican carriage is a swinging old vehicle, a cross between an army ambulance and a Black Maria, with universally weak springs, and narrow accommodations for four persons. After ascending their precipitous sides, at the risk of our necks, we are rattled around in their cavernous depths in a pitiful manner, and are relieved when the "general smash-up" takes place, and we find ourselves let down into the trough of the sea, as it were, the pole in the air like a pike-staff, and the horses prancing off with the consciousness of duty done in the very flourish of their tails. There is a tramway leading past Chapultepec which we might have taken had not "carriages of luxury" deluded us, and from thence it continues on to Tacubaya and lovely San Angel—formerly famous as a gambling centre, now made prominent by its annual feasts of flowers. Formerly, the insecurity of these beautiful suburbs of Mexico was a great objection to residing among them. The road, although the distance was so short, was infested with robbers, and neither life nor purse was safe. Quick transit has wrought the change, and although the tramways still run in trains of three or four cars, with armed guard on the platform, one is as far from danger here as in journeying to Coney Island.

This innovation was effected five or six years ago, when the "railway fever" raged at its highest, when a grand "American Improvement Company" was formed, which projected the purchase of vast tracts of lands near this "Hill of the Grasshopper," the building of a mammoth hotel, and the putting up of houses, to be sold on the installment plan. The scheme was not a bad one, although selling the heritage of Montezuma upon the installment plan could only have emanated from the American brain, that is seldom baffled by venerable traditions. That the project, so far as the hotel was concerned, fell through, must be regretted by every traveler in this "Land of God and Liberty" who is not a native. Mexican hotels are a terror to any American who has undergone the ordeal of their experience. Personal comfort is an unknown quantity among these people, whose language does not contain the word "home." The beds are a thin cotton mattress laid upon an ox-hide, which is thrown across rough slats. The servants are utterly incompetent, and only score success by faithfully eluding one in the hour of sore need. Cookery is a mystery whose secret has not been penetrated upon the southern side of the Rio Grande.

THE QUARTERS OF THE HUMBLER CLASS IN MEXICO.

We are surfeited with grease soaked in garlic, and fed upon the national dish of "chili" until we fancy ourselves dining in purgatory. Our stomachs are being burnt out like the lining to an American cooking-stove, and I feel confident that, when we get through Mexico, we shall be able to swallow red-hot coals as easily as the feat is performed by Barnum's "fire-eater." This projected American hotel, which has thus far proved a genuine *Château en Espagne*, was to have been 500 feet front by 600 deep--a veritable Far Rockaway Beach affair—and of "American style of architecture." Heaven forbid!

To "improve" the quaint Moorish style, which is the crowning feature of the Mexican landscape, is a sin against artistic taste.

When Cortez destroyed the Mexico of the Aztecs, the historical reader will recollect it was proposed to build the new city at Chapultepec, and on the border of the hills; but that the abundance of building material, already at hand, from Indian temples and palaces, induced him to rebuild on the same spot.

This error of judgment has always been apparent, for the site chosen was the worst in the valley, from the impossibility of effectual drainage.

It was the intelligent forecast of Maximilian, that, by reasons of good drainage, and easy access, and natural scenery, the city of the future should lie in this Chapultepec direction, and he began a series of improvements with this view; being a ruler far better fitted to cope with such pleasant matters than the ferocity of Mexican war. He laid out the fashionable Paseo de la Reforma, the afternoon drive and promenade—the Bois and Central Park of fashionable Mexico.

Through this magnificent drive our "carriage of luxury" takes us past many a historic spot, the most notable being the venerable and famous Noche-triste Tree, under which Cortez lay that "Sad Night," watching the remnant of his army pass by, where, history tells us, he shed the only tears of his life. It is a gnarled old cypress, fit for the weird pencil of a Doré.

During these later times, it has been protected from the coming American tourist by a high fence, with pickets of pointed iron. During the War of the Intervention it stood unguarded from vandalism.

A story was at that time set afloat, to the effect that the historic tree was to undergo a gigantic transplanting, and be carried as a trophy of war to France. The ignorant and indignant Indians, with dim but honest ideas of patriotism in their hearts, fired the tree, preferring it should be a sacrifice to the elements rather than a spoil of the enemy. Scarred and blackened by fire, its mammoth trunk still protects the hidden arteries which supply the few remaining branches with their vestige of vitality, and gives a living landmark to the spot.

Near the foot of the Castle wall is a monument raised to the memory of the Mexican cadets who fell in its defense against General Scott and his army in 1847—cadets from the same military school through whose arsenal-entrance we pass. The Palace proper has been restored from the wreck and ruin wrought by revolution, and made meet and fit for a President—*or Dictator*. Juarez dared not stay here after nightfall without a large body-guard, but Maximilian enjoyed the retreat, and filled the Palace with pictures and Imperial symbols, and upon the upper terrace we were shown the favorite promenade of "poor Carlotta." It was under an arcade, upheld by light iron columns coquettishly painted and gilded, its floor a coarse mosaic, its inner wall decorated in the Pompeian style. It opened upon a garden of tropic growth, designed and clipped in modern French fashion. Under the blooming orange and gigantic palm trees were beds of pansies, whose thoughtful faces must have watched the wretched woman as she paced up and down the corridor of this inhospitable palace, that grew to be more cruel than a prison.

The great soft black eyes of our little guide betrayed no thirst for gain as he offered me three of the pansies he had stolen under the very nose of the keen-eyed sentinel pacing up and down before the entrance. "*Recuerdo de Carlota*," he murmured, in the vowelly tongue of Castile; but he got his *real* all the same, and the flowers are thus labeled in our Mexican treasure-book.

The view from this same terrace was pronounced by the great Humboldt as the finest in the world. No such panorama has any other palace on earth. Windsor, Schönbrunn, Potsdam, Fontainebleau, look upon nothing to compare with the wonderful picture that opens here. To describe it seems impossible; to enjoy it for ever is the greatest privilege of memory: The wonderful color of plain and sky; the green hedge-rows of maguey lifting their scimetar-like leaves; the canals and causeways; the Grand Paseo, an avenue straight as an arrow from an Aztec bow, leading to the picturesque city beyond, which, with its domes and spires, seems an Eastern picture with an imprint of mosque and minaret. Beyond all are the blue mountains, and above all the snow crowns of Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl, rising more than 18,000 feet above the sea.

The former peak is less widely known, but far more impressive in its grand proportions and artistic outline than famed Popocatepetl.

The name Ixtaccihuatl (which took me four months to pronounce) means "the white woman," and arose from the curious contour of its crest, which from every point shows a gigantic woman lying with her upturned face and floating hair under her cold sheet of eternal snow; a dead woman, wrapped in her white winding-sheet, her patient hands folded upon her breast—a grand picture of everlasting rest. Nothing has ever impressed me as this dead woman of the mountains. Ages have passed, nations come and gone, heathen gods perished, the cross has been lifted, the sword descended, and still she has slumbered on; her bier the mountain-crest, her pall the glistening snow, her heart the volcanic fire.

To wander through the noble avenues of Chapultepec is to grope among the ghosts and shadows of the past. The hoary cypress-trees, with their gnarled and twisted branches, seem spectres of the lost race—venerable Druids, with floating locks of gray; for pendent from every limb drops the Spanish moss, to add its weird shadows to the haunting recollections of the spot.

Some of their branches are almost trees of themselves. The trunks grow with the same sinewy irregularity as the yew, and both trunks and branches are covered thickly with what the Mexicans call *barba Española*, similar to our live-oak moss of the South.

Century after century they have stood, already old when Montezuma was a boy, and still vigorous as the shriek of the locomotive echoes through their branches to-day. We stand at last under the shelter of the monarch of them all, known by the name of "Montezuma's Cypress"; a most stupendous tree, dark, solemn and stately, its branches unmoved as the light wind played amongst them, of most majestic height, and forty-one feet in circumference.

Here the last of the Aztec emperors smoked his "tobacco mingled with amber," enjoyed his peaceful *siesta*, with no dreams of the stern travelers from the far East

drawing near to outrage his royal hospitality. Here were his gardens, his aviaries, his fish-ponds. From the very rock where the Castle stands he looked down upon his fertile valley and great capital, with its canoe-covered lakes, its outspreading villages and temples, its gardens and flowers; no care for the future darkening the present peace and prosperity, unhaunted by visions of the coming of "the fair god."

Not far from this historic tree there gushes from the base of the hill that equally famous spring of pure, crystal water known as "Montezuma's Bath." It was the former source of supply for the ancient Aztec city, and is conducted to the capital over a magnificent aqueduct of 900 arches, of about 15 feet in height, each arch costing $1,000. It was named in the Aztec tongue *Tlaxpana*, by which it is still called, and terminates in San Cosme, a suburb of Mexico, and from thence the water is conducted in pipes, underground, to the heart of the city. There is an inscription carved in the stone walls of the basin, to the effect that this bath was restored by the Viceroy of Spain in the year 1571, and upon the terminal fountain, of quaint design, near the city gate, is a tablet informing one that there are "904 *arcos* from the bridge of Chapultepec to the fountain; that it is 4,653 *varas* long, was begun in 1677, and finished in 1779." The fountain is extremely picturesque, and the rampant and never-absent Mexican eagle perches on the end like the figure-head of a ship. It is called the *Salto del Agua*, or Waterfall, and the water is known as *agua delgada*, thin or pure water, to distinguish it from that of San Cosme Aqueduct, which is *agua gorda*, or thick water. About it always gather picturesque groups with jars and pitchers to bear away its grateful gift—women, vailed in the national *reboza*; men, rolled in their bright-hued *zarapas*; the patient *aguadors*, with pendent pitcher and leathern apron; the ever-present *burros*, who may rightly be named "Mexican birds of wisdom."

All buildings in Mexico are erected, as a rule, in the most substantial manner. Most of them are of a cement composed of lime and gravel, cut in huge blocks, and said to be almost as enduring as granite. The style of architecture is the Spanish *renaissance*, the often forbidding exterior opening upon a charming interior, with courtyard-garden, plashing fountain, and balconies half concealed by tangles of roses and passion-flowers. There is no especial quarter separating the rich and poor—no Fifth Avenue, or Nob Hill; but we find the abode of poverty sandwiched between palatial walls, and the ragged, unkempt street Arabs sunning their little mahogany faces under the windows of luxury. Every window is barred with iron, giving more the aspect of prison than home to the entrance it protects.

The question often arises whether a prison is not a preferable residence rather than the horrible lairs that shelter a large share of the population. The condition of the wretched poor of this country is the ever-present spectre haunting the memory and gnawing the heart. Their misery is so great that it hangs like a pall over the entire land, its dire shadow obscuring the sunlight in fair Mexico. To the gradual elevation of the masses by education and the more rapid development of the marvelous natural resources of the country, Mexico must add the saving clause to her prosperity by levying a land-tax, which will serve to break down the great Hacienda system, which to-day involves a condition of slavery in the republic more hopeless and degrading than Russian serfdom.

Peonism is voluntary servitude. A laborer borrows a sum of money, and offers himself as security. It is needless to add that the mortgage is foreclosed and the debt hereditary. Generations come and go, but the shackles of self-elected slavery never fall. Peon labor averages twelve cents per day. This, in the country, is usually paid in leathern checks, which pass current at the store, which is a feature of every hacienda, and where its proprietor may charge whatever his heart dictates to his helpless hirelings. No wonder we see the prisons overflowing with contented inmates. We find that Mexican prison-bars are made of wood, they need no iron; the comfort and shelter of prison is too welcome—far better than many homes.

In this City Prison of Belen some two thousand prisoners, of all ages, are confined, and for sentences of all durations. Once within the prison-walls, there seem no further special restrictions. They herd together in a most social spirit; eat and sleep at will, and work at various light occupations together; weave baskets and purses, painting them with a fancy of barbaric splendor; have good air, light and food, and are allowed a share of their own earnings. They take a *siesta* at noon, play checkers, gossip and smoke, and even bathe luxuriously in a central tank. At the Penitentiary in Saltillo, in the State of Coahuila, the pet project of the progressive Governor Madero was a prison-school, and, as nearly as I could learn, the way to obtain the most liberal education there was to go to the Penitentiary for four years.

In Morelia there are two well-filled prisons, which I visited—male and female prisons. The officials told me most of the women were incarcerated for attempted or actual murder, usually by the bloodthirsty method of stabbing, and almost universally actuated by the same cause—jealousy. By a strange sarcasm of destiny, the labor imposed upon these women prisoners was preparing and cooking the food of the inmates of the male prison.

The gentle exterior and tender tone of the Mexican seem to vail a nature that shrinks from no manner of violence. Undoubtedly, the national games enjoyed in the cock-pit and bull-ring have had no small share in developing a taste so cruel. Nowadays, however, bull-fighting is not allowed within city limits under legal penalty, but it is enjoyed in the suburban towns, notably at Huisachal.

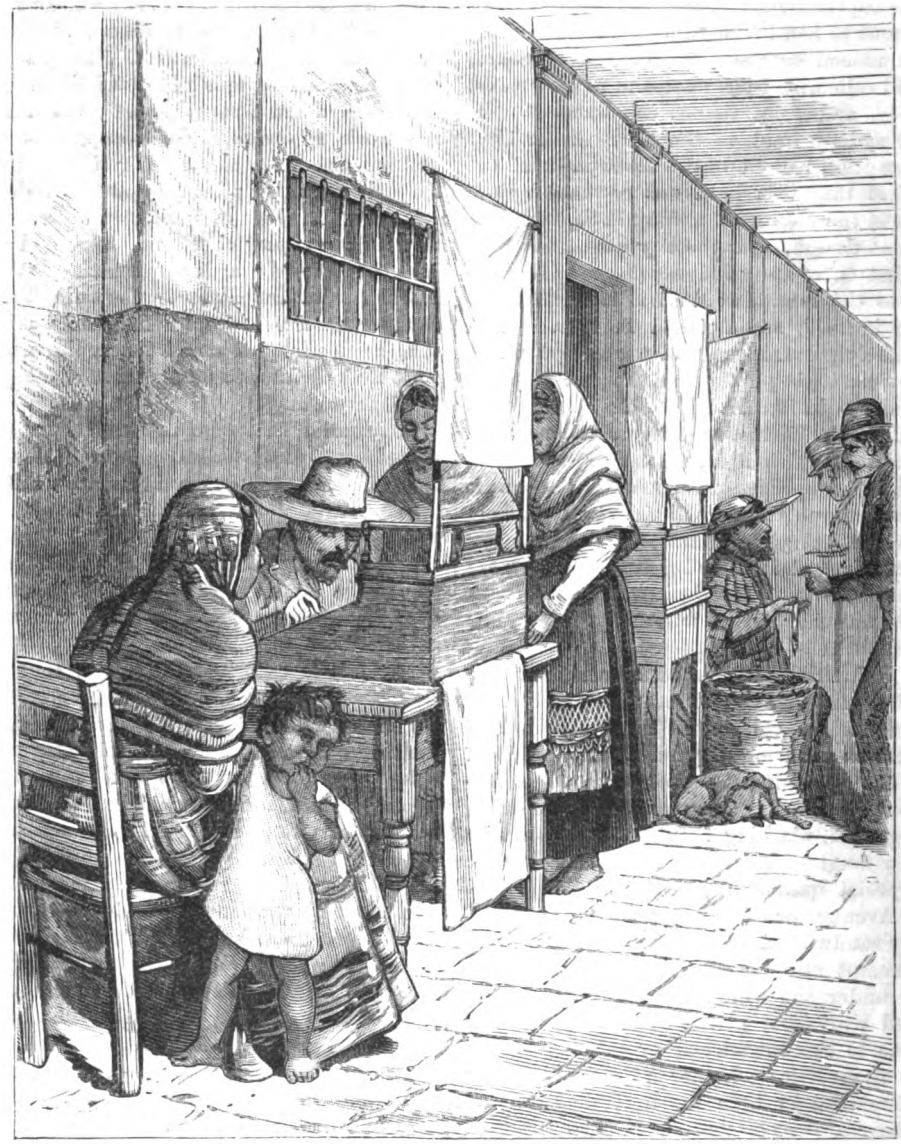
The crowded railway-trains that bear away the people, of a Sunday afternoon attest how dear to their Mexican hearts remains this *fiesta*, which has been to them one of the most objectionable legacies of the Spaniards. These *plaza-de-toros*, or bull-rings, are built in the form of an amphitheatre, usually of wood. The one at the capital is frequently utilized for entertainments of feats of horsemanship and use of the lasso, which is thrown with a grace and dexterity almost marvelous.

In the near past, when this country was only a huge hieroglyphic of mule-paths, when the nation at large had few ideas of transportation above a pack-saddle, and moved at the pace of a *burro* train, the *diligencia* was one of the features in the land; but since the donkey has given place to the locomotive, it has been left to go to ruin in the corral, or utilized for travel through routes the railway fails to reach.

But there are certain places where, even after the advent of the engine, the coach is preferable to the traveler who enjoys the scenery and historic interest of the journey. The coaches are built in Mexico, after the "Concord" pattern, but are heavier and more lumbering. Eight mules are attached to each vehicle in pleasant weather, and nine in the rainy season. They are

harnessed, two leaders and two wheelers, with four animals abreast between. The driver is soft-voiced and polite. The whipper sits by his side, and will frequently descend from the coach while in motion, run ahead and strike the forward mules, catching his place again with unfailing accuracy. He is also liberally supplied with stones, with which he skillfully pelts the leaders, who are out of reach of the lash. Preparations for a start, or the arrival of the *diligencia*, is a scene truly Mexican; full of clatter and dash, handshakes, cigarette-lighting, masculine embraces, and the oft-repeated "*Adios!*"

The Mexicans themselves prefer this method of travel, on the whole, I think. They like the jar and rattle, the frequent stops, the spice of danger, the crowded interior with its flavor of tobacco and pulque and garlic. Even now, many an old Mexican holds his life too precious to venture upon the perils of the rail. We were told in explanation, by a soft-voiced señora, that "it was outside the pale of reason to believe it safe for such huge carts to run on bits of iron not two inches broad;" and she measured the rails with her pudgy brown fingers, and gave her head an ominous shake.



THE "ESCRIVINEROS," OR PUBLIC LETTER-WRITERS.

Mexican ways are not our ways, and many of their methods seem past finding out. We have learned to be surprised at nothing; whether we see a native trotting by with the last-ordered coffin on his head, or the switch-tender sitting down under the shadow of his *jaçel* of bamboo. The *dolce far niente* of fair Italy is but a suggestion of this "Castle of Indolence." It is a veritable Lotos Land, and in this regard resists even American energy and enterprise.

Saddest of all, we ourselves gradually accept the common fate, and appropriate the word *mañana* (to-morrow), which covers every sin of omission or commission, and is warranted to reduce the "sperrit" of the most enterprising Yankee, or smother the "get up a job" of the liveliest frontiersman. These vowelly tongued natives of the cactus republic would be called "shiftless" at the North, and "trifling" at the South, but here all is expressed by the one word *mañana*. They have yet to learn that one day is different from another, or time of the slightest value.

This condition arises as much from climatic influences as from native inanition; and many plans laid during the cool season of refreshing that these incomparable evenings in Mexico offer, and begun in the tonic of the morning, fade and fail under the scorching sun of midday, and we Americans learn to gasp in broken Spanish the fatal word *mañana*.

These Mexican people, especially those whom one meets through the country, have the vaguest ideas possible concerning us as a people. This knowledge is gathered from the Texan type, the "cowboys," who wander across the border, and the mongrel crew of railroad-graders who have infested the country from time to time. In their childish eyes we are a nation of gypsies who travel about in wagons and murder one another for pastime.

Said a gentle-voiced *Mexicana*: "Do you not think them a strange kind of people—*no bueno?*" (no good). Figuratively speaking, we shook our countrymen and replied "Yes," inasmuch as one had been threatening to cut his partner's heart out under our window during the night, and another had stolen our blankets that chanced to be lying across the wall for the morning sunshine.

Equally crude is the American idea of the Mexican, which is generally drawn from the wretched, degenerate

FIRST FLOWERS OF SPRING.—DRAWN BY J. BINDAVETS.

specimens upon the border. We call him "greaser, cutthroat, dog," fairly failing in words to express our scorn, when an intimate knowledge of his character reveals virtues and graces which we, with our boasted Anglo-Saxon civilization, might do well to imitate. A nation of children, they represent generations of good-breeding. Their gentle kindness is unequaled, their hospitality unlimited. We speak that we know, and testify to that we have seen. Traveling through the country at evening-time, we alight at a stranger's door. We are graciously bidden to enter, and gracefully embraced by a dark-eyed señora, who says, "Welcome; this house is yours." The best the larder affords is brought forward. If there is but one bed, it is ours, the host and hostess resting upon a pallet. Our horses share an equal hospitality, and when the morning comes, and we are ready to go upon our rejoicing way, if we presume to offer remuneration, the señora tells us, with trembling lip and tearful eye, "She is aware she is poor, but never too poor to entertain the stranger within her portal."

Do we chance to mistake our road? We find one of this same despised and rejected race who will cheerily walk three leagues to point out the way, and when we part, and press him to accept a gift in repayment, he says us nay; adding in a voice of proud reproof: "Could a Christian do less than to assist his brother in a time of need?"

I do not claim for these misunderstood people an absence of the most glaring faults; but I do maintain that they are generous, gentle and timid, unless their hospitality is outraged or their hearts stirred to bloody deeds by revolutionary leaders, who make capital from their patriotism and ignorance—

> "Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
> With whom revenge is virtue."

EVANGÈLE.

"COME, then, do not dream all the day. Josette is busy polishing up her casseroles; the father will not be back for an hour. Oh! Evangèle, ever since old Madame Delaplaine called you the 'Tenth Muse,' you haven't been the least fun. Ten Muses, indeed! Nine are too many, *ma foi!*"

The young girl, who spoke in a half-laughing, impatient way, was a stout, rosy-cheeked maiden of eighteen, with vivacious eyes, a pug nose and rather a wide mouth—in fact, Sophie Chotard had only the charms of youth and health and light-heartedness to recommend her. She held a large white cat in her arms—a cat who looked as solemn as an owl, while the young girl was pirouetting about in the wildest way. Mumu had reached an age in which high jinks was no longer to his taste, but he submitted in a dignified manner, as if reflecting, "Ah, well, she is but a kitten yet."

The girl addressed was one of those fresh and graceful creatures that Greuze embodies in his pictures. She was slender and fair, with only the palest rose-flush on her cheeks. Her dreamy gray eyes were darkly fringed, but the hair, which was very carelessly bundled up under a Normandy cap, had flecks of gold in it, and stole down in many a curl and tendril over her forehead. In the girl's eyes were many vague yearnings—a sort of expectant hunger for what life had in store for her. Her dress of pink muslin was crushed and carelessly worn. A little fichu of white lace, pushed half off one shoulder, showed a fair and rounded neck, with a pink ribbon half untied about it. She held a sheet of white, unwritten paper in one hand, and before her were innumerable scraps, scribbled over, blotted, torn in the despair that comes of not reaching one's ideas. She was in the clouds, evidently.

Still, at her sister's call, she came back to earth, pushed the papers away with a little weariness, seized a large black silk mantilla which had a hood on it and transformed her at once into a bewitching and nunlike figure, sweet and winning enough to make a man forswear the vanities of the world for her sake. She seemed eager to go.

"Of course," said Sophie, as they slipped past the great kitchen where Josette was turning the copper of her casseroles to gold, "it is not so important to you; your fortune's made."

"How can you say that?" asked Evangeline, still a little dreamy.

"Why, if *I* was engaged to be married, I would not have the least curiosity to have my fortune told," answered Sophie, curtly. "It's very good, all the same, that you come with me. This is the very last afternoon; they strike tents to-morrow, and old Mère Richard says there never was such a witch as the Gypsy Queen of this lot. You see, she ought to know, for she has her fortune told every time. Pretty high for her to expect anything, with one foot in the grave, and she's had three husbands already."

"But husbands are not everything," answered Evangèle, with a laugh. I am anxious on other points. I want to hear from Madame Delaplaine. I want to know how my book succeeds, and whether I shall ever—ever go to Paris. Oh, Sophie, how I dream of that, night and day!"

"Very complimentary to us, I must say, and especially to your lover!" exclaimed Sophie. "Poor Pierre, *I* wouldn't want a Tenth Muse for a lady-love, I know."

"He must take me as he finds me," Evangèle said, with a shrug.

"Oh, what a misfortune to have aspirations! How thankful I am that I have none! I am just willing to live and die at my own home, to have the simple joys, the country *fête* days, the village dances. Oh, Evangèle, but it is the best to live and die with one's own!"

They were out on the dust-white road, between tall, straight ranks of Lombardy poplars. The sky was as blue as June skies proverbially are, and there was a flush of wild roses at the wayside; a soft wind fanned the cheeks of the young girls and whispered all sorts of Summer fancies to Evangèle.

"Ah, perhaps it is best, but it bores me," she said. "The *ennui* enfolds me like a cloud of dust and stifles me. I am like the ugly duck in Andersen's tale. I want to dash into clearer water. I want to go with the tide. I want to find my place."

"And I? Well, I am like the cat in the same story, I suppose!" exclaimed Sophie, with a half pout. "*She* couldn't understand why the duck wanted to take such a plunge, *she* didn't."

The road now led down into a little ravine, and there was the flash of water between the trees. It was a lovely nook, plumed with mosses and fringed with wild vines, that trailed themselves over the very brink of the stream. Evangèle had often strolled there with Pierre since her betrothal, and some tender memories came to her as they stepped in the cool shadow.

"The gypsies have an eye for the beautiful," she said. "I wonder if they have any poets among them? I should think, living so near to nature, they must be inspired. They might learn her secrets, find out what the

wind whispers to the pine, what the flower sings to the dewdrops. I wish I knew."

"Good gracious, Evangèle, they are much more occupied in seasoning the rabbit-stews and plucking the fowls they steal!" exclaimed Sophie. "I caught a glimpse of some of them when I passed on Thursday, and such cutthroats, and such villainous old hags——"

"Ahem! Good-day, my pretty pigeons!"

Well, if she had sprung out of the ground—and it seemed as if she had veritably done so—the two girls could not have been more startled than at the apparition that suddenly barred their way. An old woman in a red cloak, leaning upon a knotted stick, stood regarding them with a pair of undimmed black eyes that burned with all the fire of youth beneath a gray thatch of eyebrow. The whole face was seamed and lined like a map, and the long, gray hair, half streaming unconfined from under an old felt hat, gave the creature a very uncanny look. The two girls felt their hearts beat fast.

"It's your fortune, I'll be bound, that you've come to look after, my little loves. Cross old Nicola's hand with silver, then. You will not often see real Hungarian gypsies about, my darlings, so seize the chance when it offers. I can tell all your past, reveal the future, give you love-potions to make your lover true and constant. Which now? Who will be first?"

Sophie was the most eager now, and she hurriedly held out a stout brown palm, which the old woman seemed to scan carefully.

"A long life and a happy one!" she cried. "Oho! here is a fine lover. He is dark, my dove is dark as a gypsy chief, and has a fine glint in his eye. You'll be married in two years, my girl, I promise you that, and you'll live among your own folks. Not much gold. I'm a true prophetess, you see. I must read the lines as I see them. A little pinched now and then, but happy as the day's long. What better could there be, my dear marmot?"

"Dark as a gypsy," said Sophie. "Why, that's Pierre. Oh, you've made a mistake; it's my sister who is to——"

"Hush!" cried Evangèle. "Is there only one dark man in the world?"

"And poor, too," pouted Sophie. "I did hope for a set of coral, at least. Well, I don't think I've got much for my half-franc. You try now, Evangèle."

Had the old hag been lurking in the trees and heard their innocent talk? However that might have been, she took Evangèle's slender white hand, upon which Pierre's little ruby ring burned, as if it had been the hand of a duchess.

"My child," she said, with a tremulous voice, "I read strange things here. You will soon go away. Yes, here is a journey and a letter." Evangèle's heart began to beat strangely. Could it be that the mystic book of Fate was about to be opened for her? She trembled and grew pale. "*You* are not thinking of love or lovers!" cried the old hag, with a sort of power in her tones. You have a work to do, and you are going out into the world to do it. You will cast love under your feet. You will trample on all that is in the way of your mission. You hear a voice that these others do not hear, and fairer forms are flitting over the mirror of your soul. They may laugh now, but one day they will cheer you. You will make a name and come back to your home in triumph. The young men will unharness the horses and bear your carriage themselves to the place you have made famous. It will be a *fête* day in the village when your triumphal car enters. They will crown you Queen of Song with pure white flowers."

Evangèle was speechless with ecstasy, mingled with terror, but Sophie had quite recovered her vivacity.

"*White* flowers!" she exclaimed. "I wonder what Pierre will be doing all this time? Don't you see a *parti* for my sister, *bonne mère?*" The old hag studied the hand more closely. "What is written is written," she said, sententiously. "I don't run the Fates. But if I might read the face instead of the hands, I would say that lovers would not be wanting, and it will be the young lady's own fault if this pretty ring is left lonely for want of a plain gold one to keep it company."

Evangèle blushed and hurried her sister away, her heart throbbing with unutterable joy that made her afraid. It must be so; all her dreams, that no one had understood, were to be fulfilled. Like Andersen, who had not been appreciated in his own home, she had struggled, and now the reward was near. It had been prophesied for him, too, that triumphal car, and it had come true.

"Ah!" she murmured, half aloud—

> "Far lingering on some distant dawn,
> My triumph comes more sweet than late."

"Late!" echoed Sophie. "So it is, for there is Pierre driving up with the carriage. No one to-night—at least there's no one getting out. Well, I think you have had the most for your money, with your triumphal processions, and all. I'll put a blue ribbon on Mumu for the occasion, and we must have the carriage painted."

"Don't speak of it to Pierre!" exclaimed Evangèle, with a blush; "I have to bear enough already!"

"No, I will not; but you'll surely tell the father. I think it will make him happy, for you know how he worships you, the dear *père*. I see him now listening to your sonnets and nodding to our guests, as much as to say, 'Ah! what it is to have a Tenth Muse for a daughter!' Oh! I know it's all very fine, but I can't understand it. I'm only common clay," and the girl ran off, laughing, to see Pierre and ask him the news of the day, while Evangèle did not even go to greet him, but stole away to her own room to feast on her dreams and hopes.

Pierre looked after her with longing eyes. The slight figure in the pale-pink dress was like a June rose to him, tender and fragile and sweet. He could wonder over it and inhale the perfume, but it was a miracle to him all the same. He was growing a little moody over it, this fine stalwart fellow, who had not an idea above the prose of life.

> "A primrose by the river's brim,
> A yellow primose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

He had listened to Evangèle's fancies as he would listen to anything she said. She was sweet to look upon, it was a delight to be with her, and she had dreamed at first that he saw and felt as she did—therefore the ruby ring. But when her muse seemed to lead her to a flight beyond the parental nest, when he found that he counted for little in these ambitious dreams, he rebelled. He began to look upon his love's genius as an enemy, and to combat it with all his might, and so a coldness had grown up between them. Pierre had served old Jacques Chotard, of the Golden Lion, for six years, and had saved a snug little sum. He was the son of a man who was the owner of a place of some pretension, so that he was not such a bad *parti* for Evangèle. The Golden Lion was not what it had been. Old Jacques, always given to enjoy his own wines, had lately taken to stronger potations. Custom had fallen off, and Pierre seemed really the prop of the place. So it appeared right and fitting that he

should take the eldest daughter, and the father was quite ready to abdicate in favor of the young people and take a back seat, so that it was sunny and comfortable enough, and it might all have gone as merry as a marriage bell but for Evangèle and Madame Delaplaine. The girl was gifted, and the old French lady had praised her and encouraged her. She was no longer content with her meagre life. She had aspirations.

But Pierre did not leave her to meditate long upon the triumphal car, the thought of which made her pulses beat faster than kiss or caress had ever done. He had a letter and he would give it into her own hands. She came down with a new sort of shyness in her face. He had not been included in her strange fortune, and she felt, somehow, as if the old hag had cast him out of her life.

"You look very excited," he said, regarding her, and rather joyful. "What is the good news?"

"Let me have my letter and I will tell you. I am sure it is from madame."

"I felt like throwing it into the river," Pierre said. "She is always disturbing us. Can't she find pies enough in Paris to put her fingers in and let our poor little country tarts alone?"

And he held the letter back, in a tormenting fashion. But Evangèle was in no mood to be teased, and she stood there quietly looking at him. At the same time she seemed looking through him and beyond him in those visions that grew brighter every moment. And then Pierre's curiosity got the better of him.

"Tell me what she says now?" he said, as he handed the letter.

"It is only a few lines," exclaimed Evangèle, scanning it, hurriedly; "but, oh, see, see! I am to spend the Winter with her, and my book is published. Think, she has done that!"

"Yes, with the help of two thousand francs from your father, for which he has had to mortgage the place!" growled Pierre.

"But I shall make plenty of money to pay the dear *père* back," exclaimed Evangèle, in a glow of delight; "and it needed influence as well as money. Madame Delaplaine is a leader in the literary world, and has brilliant reunions regularly at her house. I shall hear great authors speak; I shall live in a new atmosphere; I shall breathe——"

Here Evangèle recollected herself and stopped, with a blush.

"Oh, go on! Don't have the least regard for my feelings!" Pierre said, a little savagely.

"My dear Pierre, you know you hate poetry," the girl said, with a little nervous laugh.

"I will like it. I will study it, and quote it all day long, if you will love me a little!" the poor fellow said, with emotion. "See, I am already making a collection! How do you like this? I have composed these four lines myself. I did not mean to tell you till all was finished. You're always raving about the country, so I thought this theme would surely please you. I worked half the night over these lines. Oh, I would do anything for your sake, Evangèle."

AN EMBRYO COQUETTE.

Miss Elsie—"WHO ARE YOU STARING AT?"
Master Alfred—"I WASN'T STARING AT ANY ONE."
Miss Elsie (*after a pause*)—"WELL, YOU MAY IF YOU LIKE.

He thereupon read to her the following lines:

"'Go see what I have sawn,
Go feel what I have felt;
Go in the fields at early dawn,
And smell what I have smelt.'"

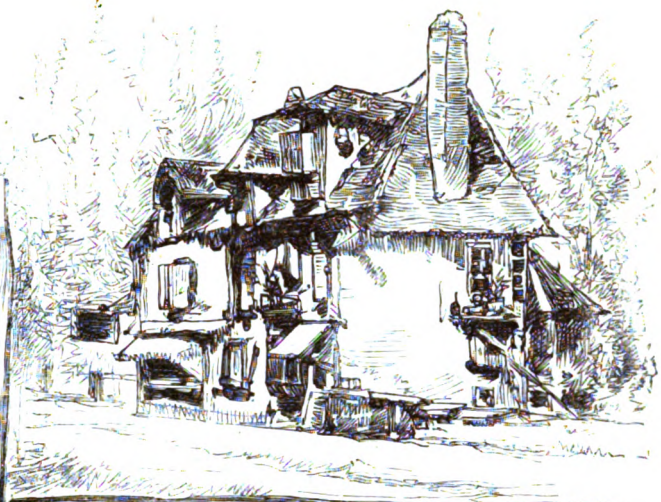
"But, Pierre," exclaimed Evangèle, laughing, "that isn't poetry."

"Isn't it? Why, it sounds like yours," cried Pierre, in a tone of despair.

"You cannot make yourself a poet," said Evangèle. "Poets are born, not made."

"The deuce! Oh, I beg pardon!" exclaimed the

EVANGÈLE.—"SHE DREW NEARER AND LOOKED AT HER—MADAME WAS DEAD."



"SOPHIE HURRIEDLY HELD OUT A STOUT BROWN PALM, WHICH THE OLD WOMAN SEEMED TO SCAN CAREFULLY."

puzzled swain, in a mortified tone. "Then I'll go and feed the horses. I understand that, at all events."

Old Jacques gave an affectionate and rather maudlin consent to his daughter's departure, and talked grandly to his neighbors of the great house she was to visit, and the sensation her book, "The Dewdrops of the Heart," had made in Paris. But the last glimpse Evangèle had of him he had turned away to shed genuine tears. Sophie, with Mumu in her arms, was weeping till the wondering white cat's fur was damp, and Josette had buried her face in her apron. Ah, it was very sweet and peaceful, after all, this home of her childhood. The gold of the lion on the sign was dimmed with time, but it grew dimmer yet, seen through tears, as the young girl remembered how often in her childhood she had wondered over the strange beast, and expected, with half-fear, a golden lion like it, yet alive, to walk out of the neighboring

ravine. Pierre was driving her. He was to take her to Paris. It was a painful journey to both. The brave fellow felt that it was the end for him, but he would not acknowledge it, even to himself.

"You will find that home things and home hearts are the best," he whispered, as he left her in a wide vestibule set with flowers. "You will come back disenchanted."

And Evangèle smiled. She would not contradict him. Then he touched her lips with his own, even before the stately servitor that had come to lead her to her patroness, and was gone without another word.

The young girl followed up the stairs, and was soon in the embrace of a stately old lady, with point-lace on her white hair and diamonds on her wrinkled hands. But she had a kind and cordial way with her, and intended to do her best with this sweet wild-rose. Madame Delaplaine always had a *protégé*, and spent her life in fostering obscure geniuses. Some of the malicious said "All her geese were swans," but she had not always been mistaken. She was full of goodness for Evangèle, and made her feel at home at once.

"Your little verses have pleased me, *ma petite*," she said. "They have come to these feverish city people like veritable dewdrops. Go and rest yourself now, for we are to have a reunion in your honor this evening; two or three editors to whom I want to introduce you, and a delightful woman who writes romances. By-and-by you must show me what you have to wear. A fresh white dress will do, and natural flowers are better than jewels for a young girl."

Evangèle could not resist imparting to her friend the experience with the gypsy, and the wonderful prediction of her triumph.

"Why not?" exclaimed Madame Delaplaine, with a cheery laugh. "Genius deserves a triumphal car at last, I am sure, for it tramps over a very flinty way to reach it. But, for you, my love, I shall try to smooth the way, and even scatter a few roses on it. Now go, *ma petite*."

The young girl looked admiringly at the pretty little nest of a room into which madame led her. The paper was sea-blue, and pond-lilies and corals and sea-mosses floated over it. The hangings were sea-blue satin, with cool, white water-lilies embroidered on them, and they were matched by the covering of the bed and the furniture. Evangèle felt as if she would drift away from this tideless sea, and, indeed, it was not long before she was embarked on the sea of dreams, and thought herself afloat on the billows with Mumu in her arms. It was twilight when she awoke, and the lilies gleamed ghostly white out of the blue depths about her. She started, wondering that no one had called her. There seemed a strange silence in the house. She got up softly, and went out to madame's room. No answer came to her knock, and an odd loneliness stole into her heart. She could hear her pulses beat, all seemed so quiet. At last she turned the latch and went in. Madame was sitting in a great violet velvet chair, her hands folded before her. Evangèle could see her quite plainly, although the gloom of twilight was there.

"I could not tell about the time. I thought——" she began, but there was something about the stirless figure that froze the words upon her lips. Was madame asleep?

She drew nearer and looked at her. The placid face was changed a little, and the hands looked rigid. She felt herself growing cold and hot. She drew nearer, touched the hand, and then a great cry rang through the rooms. Madame was dead! Dead in a moment. In one sudden spasm of the heart she had stepped from this world into the next. She had a box of laces near her. She had evidently been looking for something to adorn her new charge for the *fête*, and then the kindly great heart had stopped beating, and all the cares and joys and pains of earth were dropped in a moment.

Evangèle was stunned. The world seemed at an end for her. Only as the days went on and the distant relative came to take possession she found that she must think a little. She could not go back—that was the only clear thought in her mind. She was in the right place. If she had real talent, she would climb to the top. If not, she would go under. So be it. She would rather go under than go back to her father, who believed in her—to Pierre, who predicted disappointment. How could she fill her life if this failed her?

So she talked with one or two of madame's literary friends, and decided to take a room and go to work. She had the promise of enough from one paper to barely keep her from starving. Through the Winter she was invited here and there—feasted, petted, admired as a new star. She felt hopeful and happy, and wrote of her success to her friends at home. She never told them of the death of her patroness. She wrote also to Pierre, to say that she could not marry him. In the Spring a new light appeared, in the shape of a young man who had written a play. It had been a great success. He had his turn in the petting and *fêting*, and Evangèle was forgotten.

She pined in her little attic room as the warm days came on. The muse did not flourish there. How could she sing her songs in a strange land? How could the murmur of the tree-tops, the splendor of sunset dyes, the fragrance of the flowers, the music of the stream, get into her verses, when she was shut up in the heat of the city? The editor began to complain that she was growing trite and commonplace. Then, one cold and cheerless morning in November, he gave her *congé*. He did it in a polite way, and sent her a hundred francs. Her poems were crowded out by other matter. She held the money in her hand, and gazed at it with despairing eyes. A hundred francs between her and starvation! She set herself to work, in a feverish heat, with throbbing pulses and a sledge-hammer beating her brain. She went from one house to another with her wares. The newspaper people came to know the pale, pretty girl in the shabby clothes. One day one dared to suggest to her an easier mode of living. She went home crushed by the insult, and went out no more. In fact, she lost the sense of injury in a dead swoon, and then passed into the delirium of brain-fever. Oh, how the peaceful scenes of her old life came back to her! The golden lion swung before her once again; the Lombardy poplars stood up stiff and straight by the wayside; Mumu was waiting in the window-seat; Pierre was leading the horses to water, and Sophie was dancing about with wreaths in her hand. Wreaths? Ah, yes. They were to decorate her triumphal car, to be sure. There was a sound of music, too! The lads and lasses had come from every side. They wore white favors, and the flowers were all white—white! Strange, when the wayside was all pink with wild-roses! So the poor thing dreamed on! A happy delirium, from which she was called back to a disenchanted life. Her last possession had been sold for her sickness. She woke to find herself with one suit of worn garments and ten francs in her purse. Ten francs! Well, she must not stay and die among strangers. She would go as far as that would take her, and then walk the rest of the way. She picked up a letter that had come while she was ill, and opened it anxiously. Pierre and Sophie were to be

married. The news did not trouble her. The old life and her brief engagement seemed far back in the distance now. She had lived much in her sorrows, her crushed hopes, her vanishing illusions. She felt worn as if with age, as she took her seat in the diligence the next day; and yet a sort of calm stole into her heart. She longed for rest. She had given up all, and some of the calm of renunciation blessed her. No more dreams of fame, of triumphal cars and laurel wreaths. She was

"Weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren bowers;
Desires and dreams and powers,
And anything but sleep."

She leaned back in the diligence, in a faint doze half the time. She did not look at the scenery. She scarcely had the strength to think. A weak pulse was beating from her head to her feet. She did not notice that a chill and numbing rain was beginning to fall. The driver had not the heart to let her walk when she came to the end of her money. He stopped at the town three miles from the Golden Lion, and he would take her there.

She sank back once more with a vague sense of thankfulness. All sensation had grown vague. Suddenly she remembered! She was going home, and Sophie was to marry Pierre. Why, the old hag had predicted that! she remembered, with a sort of thrill, and why should not the rest come true? She seemed to see lights kindling about her, and she heard the tramp of a long procession. Yes, there were lights—the lights of the city where she was to stop. But where do these come from, these white-robed maidens and lads with knots of flowers in their button-holes—white, white flowers, as the woman had said? She tottered from the steps of the diligence. It all swam in on her brain with a tide of delight. It had come! It was here, the triumphal car and the procession to do her honor! Where was the wreath of white roses for her brow? Ah, was that a thorn that pierced her so sharply? No matter, she had won—she had won! And she dropped from the diligence upon the wet, slippery pavement directly in the way of the joyous bridal procession who were hurrying their finery out of the rain.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the bride, starting back. "It is our darling—our Evangèle!"

Pierre stopped, as if stunned. His heart throbbed with a great pain. He lifted the precious burden in his arms.

"She is dead!" he moaned.

"Oh, my darling!" wept the bride; "is this your home-coming that you talked about so much? Pierre, think what an omen for our wedding! We must take her home now. It is a *fête* day, as the old woman predicted, and the lads and lasses are here to carry her. Poor Evangèle! This will be her triumphal car"

But it was well with the one they mourned'

"She had gone before their face,
A moment's worth, a little space.
When they come where she has stepp
They will wonder that they wept."

She had died with her illusions! How many long for such happiness! She had given up earthly melodies, and the striving and the struggling, to utter aright the music that was in her for the choral strains of heaven's triumphant song. And so they crowned her with white flowers, and carried her to her home, and the funeral bier was Evangèle's triumphal car.

MY OLD HOME.

It stands upon a sunny slope,
And fronts the beechy hollow
Where glossy vines have ample scope
The wanton brook to follow;
Witch-hazels drop their magic wands
In search of golden treasure;
And, lying in the silent ponds,
The trout find quiet pleasure.

The oxen turn their patient eyes
Upon me; the bay filly
Neighs softly in her glad surprise;
The tender lambs are chilly,
And nestle in my apron wide;
The apple blooms are sifting
In eddies on the laughing tide,
To yonder river drifting.

The snowy dogwood stars the copse,
Ferns nod in fronded beauty,
The violet has modest hopes
To pay her fragrant duty.
The arum darts a mottled tongue
To Indian-pipe, and vying
With every flower the muse has sung
Arbutus pale is sighing.

SENTENCED TO SIBERIA.

"Siberia? I have had about five-and-twenty years in Siberia."

So said my fellow-passenger. We were on board a Petersburg and Hull steamer; we were passing down the Gulf of Finland, and the low fortifications of Cronstadt were growing more and more indistinct in the distance. We were sitting on deck, he and I, each with the fraternal pipe in his mouth, and were getting through the preliminary stages of acquaintanceship-making. Passengers are few and far between on these lines, and one has to make the most one may of such as the gods think well to send. Plainly, this smoking companion of mine did not spring from the educated classes. His was not a refined face; though, so far as the pock-marks, with which it was liberally tattooed, would permit one to see, it was an intelligent and not an unkindly one. He was unusually big and strongly built, and though in the downhill of life, would still have been an ugly opponent in a tussle. His dress and personal appearance generally, indicated the well-to-do man. Even to those who know something of Western Russia, "Siberia" has an awful and mysterious sound, and the experiences of one who had spent a quarter of a century in the Czar's great prison-house must be worth the hearing. I proposed to myself to cultivate my big acquaintance.

Had he, I asked, seen anything of convict life? He was of opinion that a man could not well live where he had lived without seeing something of it. Was that life as dreadful as English novel-writers represented it, and as English people generally supposed it to be? My fellow-passenger was no reader of novels, and had been too long from home to know what English people generally thought; but he could tell me a thing or two that had come under his own notice, and I might judge for myself.

Nothing, I assured him, would give me greater pleasure than to listen.

"I am a Lancashire man," said my big friend, "and I rose from the ranks. I began life much as other mill-hands do; but my head was set the right way on my shoulders, and I got to be an overlooker. Five-and-twenty years ago, when a great English firm, whose

MUSIC.—FROM AN ALLEGORICAL PAINTING BY ALBERT HYNAIS.

THE WOOING OF THE BIRDS.

vast operations extend over many parts of Russia, started a cotton mill at Ekaterinburg, I was offered a post as manager. Ekaterinburg is, as I dare say you know, on the Siberian side of the Ural Mountains, and in the heart of the Government mining districts. A man thinks twice before he transports himself and his family to such a place, but I had made up my mind to get on, and this was a good chance to one in my position.

"I was not disappointed. I looked well after the mill, and it prospered. We north-country operatives are a thrifty folk, and like living in a plain way. I saved money; and as it was the policy of our firm to keep me in my post, and to give me a personal interest in the undertaking, I was allowed to invest my few hundreds of roubles in the mill.

"These commonplace particulars about my own affairs can have very little interest for you, sir. I only tell them because otherwise you would scarcely understand what has to follow.

"One evening, late in our short Russian Summer, when the long days were fast drawing in, we were in our family sitting-room, I engaged with some of the mill accounts, and my wife with her sewing, when Lottie, our eldest daughter, rushed in, and, without a word, fainted right away on the floor.

"This did not more frighten my wife and myself than it surprised us, for Lottie was a sensible girl, and had never given way to any hysterical fancies before. We knew that it must have taken a good deal to upset her in that way, and as soon as we had contrived to bring her round, we made her tell us what had been the matter.

"It seemed that she had been alone in her room, when, turning suddenly toward the window, she became aware of a face pressed closely against the glass and glaring at her. What the face was like she was unable to describe, but it appeared too ugly and horrible for a human being. If it could have been called that of a man or woman, she said, she should not have been so frightened.

"I went out and looked round the house. Nothing was to be seen. We knew Lottie to be a sensible girl, but we were inclined to think that her fancy must have played her a trick for once.

"After a time my wife left the room to see about our supper. My wife (she has been dead now this many years) had as strong nerves as any woman that I ever knew—nothing ever seemed to knock her off her balance. Well, she came back in a minute or two, and beckoned me to the door. She was calm enough, but I could see by her face that something was wrong. She would not say what she had to say before the girl for fear of frightening her again. So she whispered to me outside:

"'Lottie must have been right, there *is* something about. When I opened the door of the *kladovoy*' (the larder, that is) 'I heard something at the window. Whatever it may have been it took the alarm, and did not let me see it; but it has left its mark on the lattice.'

"I followed her silently to the *kladovoy*. All was now quiet there. I examined the *fortochká*—as in Russia we call the little window of such a place. In summertime

its glass casement was removed, and it was now only protected by a lattice of crossed strips of fir-wood. These strips were slightly displaced, as if some one had tried to force them out, and thus to gain entrance. The *fortochká* was about large enough to have admitted the body of a man.

"Nothing was to be seen by looking out; for though a reasonable amount of twilight still remained, it was only enough to show things with any distinctness in the open, and I had sheltered the back of our house by planting a number of young fir-trees. I whispered to my wife that she should go back to Lottie, and that I would stay where I was for a bit, and see whether the robber—if it was a robber—would come again.

"It was scarcely to be called late, yet it was too late for any of our mill people to be about, and they were our only neighbors. Indeed, we had no near neighbors. My house, and one adjoining it (intended for another *employé*, but at that time unoccupied), stood partly within the high wooden fence which inclosed the mill; that is, their backs opened into the inclosure (the *dvor*, as we call it), whilst their fronts looked on a public thoroughfare. Thus our back premises were strictly private after the gates to the mill had been closed; and the person—if it was a person—who had got to the windows must either have secreted himself within the *dvor*, or have gained access to it in some improper manner. Now, however, all was still as could be.

"Down I sat, to watch, close by the door of the *kladovoy*. I chose a dark corner, and one where, in the dusk, it would have been a hard matter to see me, but I had a full view of the lattice. I waited till my patience was beginning to wear out, and then fancied that I heard some slight sound outside under the *fortochká*. It was so slight that at first I was not sure whether it might not be merely fancy, but after a little pause I heard it again, louder and more distinctly. I sat still as a mouse, and kept a sharp lookout.

"Slowly and gradually something raised itself before the opening. It was a head; but in the uncertain light I could not say whether it was a human head or that of some brute creature. Whichever it might be, I could see enough of it to know that it was such a wild, haggard, unearthly-looking thing as I had never looked upon before. Any quantity of shaggy hair was hanging about it, and its only features to speak of seemed to be eyes. Eyes it had, past all mistake. Never did I see anything like the way in which it glared at our good provisions within. I have seen what a famished wolf looks like, and I should scarcely think a famished wolf worth comparing with that creature. It was ravenous after what it saw. Up beside the head came two bunches of long claws, which wrenched at the wooden lattice as if to tear it down. But they were too weak. The strips held fast. And then the thing fell to with its teeth to gnaw a way through.

"While the creature was thus engaged, I contrived to slip quietly from my dark corner by the door, and catching up a big stick, went out at the back of the house. I stole round as noiselessly as I could toward the window. There were, as I said, young fir-trees on that side of the house, so that with a little care it was not difficult to approach the place unobserved. When I got to within a few yards, I saw that the man—for the creature *was* a man—was still hard at work, trying to force a way in.

I dropped my stick, and made a rush at him, and had him before he knew anything about it. He did not give up quietly. He struggled hard—desperately, I may say. But, bless you! he'd not the ghost of a chance with me. I am a tolerably strong man still, as men go, and I was younger then. I could have undertaken three such as he, and thought nothing of it. The poor wretch had no sort of condition about him—he was mere skin and bones—no muscle at all. He was nothing but a walking anatomy, with a few rags by way of covering—and only a very few.

"All that he gained by his struggles was a good shaking, for I gave him one that made every tooth in his head chatter; and then I laid him flat on his back.

"I had been long enough in the country to gain some knowledge of Russ. I could use it pretty freely to our mill people; and I must own that for terms in which to blackguard a set of lazy rascals, as most of those fellows are, Billingsgate isn't a patch on it. So I could make my prisoner understand me. 'Now, then, my friend,' I said to him, 'you needn't take the trouble to show any more fight. You see it won't pay. So just get up, and march quietly off with me to the *ouchastok*'—the *ouchastok* being, as you perhaps know, equivalent to the police-station in English.

"But instead of getting up, and doing as he was told, like a reasonable being, the creature contrived to wriggle itself upon its knees, and to hold up its hands; whilst it begged of me in the name of the Virgin and all the Saints not to hand it over to the *politzia*. It would rather be killed outright, and was ready to be beaten as much as I pleased.

"'My ragged friend,' I said, 'you are a queer chap! Why do you object to the police so strongly?'

"The poor wretch made no direct answer, but only reiterated his entreaties that I would not give him up. I began to have some suspicion of the quality of my guest.

"'I am inclined to think,' I said, 'that you are neither more nor less than an escaped convict.'

"Instead of attempting to deny it, he only begged me to pity him as before.

"Russian law is terribly hard on those who in any way assist in or conceal the escape of a convict. Of that I was aware. But though I am a big fellow to look at, and in some things can hold my own as well as any man, I have always been a poor, soft-hearted fool in others. I was beginning to feel downright sorry for that poor devil—it was not so much his prayers that fetched me, as his looks.

"'Well,' I said, 'suppose I don't give you up, but let you go. What then?'

"He would always remember me with gratitude. He would go on his way at once, and do no harm to my property. He was no thief. He had only entered this *dvor*—this yard, to hide himself, but that the sight of food had overcome him; he was famishing, and he dared not beg. He had walked, how far he could not tell, perhaps a thousand versts, and all the way he had not dared to ask for food, scarcely to speak to a living soul. He was trying to reach his own village, perhaps a thousand versts further. If I would only set him free he would go on at once.

"That was about the substance of the fellow's answer. His appearance seemed to bear out his statements, and I was inclined to believe him.

"'It's sheer nonsense,' I said, 'for you to talk of setting off for a walk of a thousand versts, if I let you go. You might as well talk of flying. You have not the strength to walk ten. You would only fall by the roadside, you miserable scarecrow, and die in a ditch. I should be doing the kinder thing by you if I handed you over to the authorities. If I *do* let you go, I must give you something to eat first. Come with me.'

"The miserable wretch scarcely believed that I really meant to feed him, and would have run away had he dared. I took him into the empty house, of which I had the key, and fetched him as much food as I thought it safe for him to eat.

"So there I was, with an escaped convict on my hands. Had I been more prudent I should have reflected that the fellow was most likely a hardened scoundrel, quite undeserving of pity, and that his gratitude would probably be shown either by robbing me, or, if he should happen to fall into the hands of the police, by getting me into trouble to save his own worthless neck. I ought to have thought of these things; but, as I said before, I am a soft-hearted old fool, and neglected to do so.

"I kept him in that empty house for several days; in fact, till he had so far recovered his strength as to be fit to go on. Nobody knew about him, not even the members of my own family; for if I was doing a foolish thing, I had sense enough to run as little risk over it as possible. Feodor Stepanovitch, for that my convict told me was his name, enlightened me on some few points of his personal history. His native village was, he said, in the Government of Vladimir, and he had left it to get work in the town of Ivanova, where there are factories. Every man tries to make out a good case for himself, so I did not feel myself bound to place implicit reliance on Feodor's statement that he had never committed anything that could properly be called a crime. According to his showing, the sole source of his troubles had been a difference with an *ouvadnik*—a police agent. I do not exactly remember the particulars, but, of course, there was a woman in the business; blows had passed, and the *ouvadnik* had, by a false charge, procured Feodor's condemnation to Siberia for life. This, I say, was *his* story.

"Feodor told me that his place of exile had been somewhere far up the country; and of the severities he had had to endure, and of the tyranny of officials, he spoke bitterly. After making his escape, the privations and dangers he had undergone before reaching Ekaterinburg, were such as I should not have believed from his words, had they not been verified by his appearance.

"For a Russian, he appeared to me to be a not unintelligent fellow, and I pointed out to him the difficulties he would find in making his way to Ivanova—a distance of not less than twelve hundred versts from Ekaterinburg, as the crow flies; and advised him, as he was used to mill work, to stay and find employment where he was. I was weak enough to offer to help him, and see what could be done in the way of getting a passport for him. But the fellow was bent on going forward. He was resolved, he said, to see his family again, and he was resolved to see Basil Makaroff. This Makaroff was, I found, the *ouvadnik* to whom Feodor attributed his troubles, and it seemed to me that his particular hankering to see this person meant a craving to have his revenge. I confess that when I had learnt this much I felt no desire to detain my friend Feodor longer than was necessary. I was glad to give him something more decent in the way of clothing than he had brought, and a trifle in money to help him on his way, and to be rid of him.

"I never expected to see him again, nor wished to do so; and I was somewhat startled when, a few weeks later, among a gang of convicts which were being marched by a guard of soldiers out of the town on their way eastward, I recognized Stepanovitch. I was standing close by when he passed, and was so much surprised to see him, that I somewhat imprudently, perhaps, spoke to him by name. But, will you believe it?—the ungrateful dog stared me in the face, and marched sullenly by without word or sign of recognition. 'So much,' thought I, 'for gratitude!'

"Some months later, when the next Summer was getting well advanced, we had one night an alarm of fire. Many of the newer mills at Ekaterinburg are of stone, but the main building of ours, being comparatively old, was of wood. It was a thing to blaze up like a box of matches. It was not, however, in the main building that the fire had broken out, but in some sheds connected with the main building by a range of shopping. This last was stone-built, but as ill-luck would have it, covered with wooden shingles.

"A good many people were soon got together, mostly our own hands, and I directed and encouraged them as well as I could to get the fire under. But they are a stolid, heavy set of fellows, those Russians, and the way in which they take care not to over-exert themselves at a fire is enough to drive an Englishman wild. Yet there were some few who worked well, and one fellow in particular I noticed, a ragged fellow—a beggar I took him to be—who really worked splendidly, and in a way that ought to have made many of those whose daily bread depended on the existence of the mill ashamed.

"What between the apathy of those lazy scoundrels generally, and want of water, it was soon plain that the sheds which were on fire could not be saved, and that what we had to look to was the mill itself. The danger of the main building was increasing every moment, for the fire was beginning to make its way along the shingled roof of which I spoke.

"I could see what had to be done—those shingles had to be stripped off. I had a ladder reared against the building, and called for volunteers to mount it. The height of that roof from the ground was considerable, and the fire was every moment getting more and more hold upon it. To strip off the shingles would be a hard job, and a hot one, and, it is not to be denied, a dangerous one. Not one of those cold-blooded rascals who had eaten our bread for years would come forward. I stood at the foot of the ladder, and told them I was going up myself. I offered twenty roubles—fifty roubles—to any man who would help me. But it was of no use.

"Just when I was about to mount alone, the ragged stranger-fellow, whom I had before observed working so vigorously, came running up. He had been too busy in another place to know what was going forward sooner. That was scarcely a time for taking any particular notice of people's looks, yet I had an impression that he was not altogether a stranger to me.

"He looked up to the roof. The delay of those few minutes had given a fearful advantage to the fire.

"'There is death up there,' he said. 'Is saving this mill so *very* important to you?'

"'If it is burned, I am a beggar. Every *kopeck* I am worth is in it. A hundred roubles if you will help me save it!"

"'We can talk of the reward afterward,' he said, as he sprang past me, and up the ladder like a cat.

"I was following, too eagerly, perhaps, to be careful, and I am a heavy man. A round broke, and down I came, with a knee so much twisted that I could scarcely stand. It was no longer in my power to climb to the roof. But from where I propped myself against a wall, I could see that ragged fellow, who was up and doing enough for three or four ordinary men. You should have seen how he sent the shingles rattling down. Seen from below, he seemed at times to be working with fire all round him, but he went on without minding it. I never

saw an Englishman—let alone a Russian—go to it with a better will. I heard the people round me say that he worked more like a fiend than a mortal man—and so he did. He handled the burning wood as though his fingers had been iron instead of flesh and bone, and scarcely seemed to shrink from the flames that blazed up round his face. He never appeared to rest or stay for breath till he had succeeded in cutting off the communication between the fire and the mill.

"I made the men below set the ladder as handily as they could for him to get down, and he did his best to reach it. But he must have been quite used up, besides being pretty much blinded and suffocated with the smoke. Anyway, he lost his footing, and down he went through the rafters, and crashed among the burning rubbish below. It was an ugly fall.

"We got him out as well as we could; and such a scorched, smoke-blackened, smashed up copy of God's image I should never wish to see again. But he was still alive, and to the proposal to carry him straight to the hospital, I said, 'No; take him into my house.' So they took him in.

"After we had got the fire quite under, and made all safe about the mill, I limped to the side of the bed where they had laid the poor fellow. He had come round a bit by that time. He tried to open his eyes, but it seemed to me that the fire and smoke had not left him much power of seeing. He spoke, however, more distinctly than might have been hoped for, and his first question was whether the mill was safe.

"I told him that owing to his pluck it was. I was surprised to find that he recognized my voice, and still more when he mentioned my name.

"'You do not know me,' he said—and, indeed, it was not likely that any one should know such a crushed and shapeless mass of cinder as he was—'you do not know me—Feodor Stepanovitch. They caught me, and took me back. I knew you when you spoke to me in the street, but I dared not answer, lest they should suspect you of having befriended me. I have escaped from them again, and am going home to Ivanova. I must see my wife, and that villain Makaroff.'

"He lay a little, and then added, in a joyful tone:

"'I am glad I was here to help you to-night. I am glad they did not take me again before I got here. I do not think the *politzia* will take me again.'

"And they did not; for he was dead within an hour of that time.

"That, sir, is the end of my story of a *Siberiak*. Do you happen to have a light handy, for, somehow, I have let my pipe out? And, bless me, my pipe-bowl is quite wet. I believe I'm crying. What an old ass I am!"

THE WOOING OF THE BIRDS.

By C. F. Holder.

On warm Summer afternoons, on some wooded knoll or in some secluded part of the forest, where only at the will of the nodding branches the sun gains entrance, we may watch the mazy evolutions of insect life. Without the sun they are invisible, but do its magic gleams shoot through the trees, myriads of forms, seemingly, spring into existence. In irregular lines they dart into the gladsome light, rising and falling in unison, and forming as they rise in graceful rhythm very strange figures—veritable elfin dances, seemingly to some mystic measure.

DANCING COURTSHIP OF THE CRANE.

To those who have watched unseen these insect movements, the impression is given that there is method in their dance. Perhaps we are witness to some secret rite of insect life, some weird performance with mysterious meaning; or perchance it is an outcome of their joyous life, some wild game or wedding-feast. From the curious and regular gyrations of some of these insect clouds, the latter assumption seems not implausible, and the quaint drama born of the warm sunlight may be the courtship of the gnats or other forms, as the case may be.

This belief is borne out by our knowledge concerning similar actions among higher forms that are better known, as among a large class of animals the wooing season is one of merrymaking, often resulting in performances in the highest degree grotesque. Not the least interesting is the fact that there is a parallel between their actions at this time and those of many native swains.

In one of the South American tribes the would-be suitor must prove his right to acceptance, and, in a circle of which the fair one is a judge, he exhibits his strength of limb, contorts his visage; now rolling at her feet, and anon leaping high in air or rushing to and fro, and finally, breathless and expectant, awaits her decision.

Analogous to this strange performance is the courtship of the common crane, which we have often observed in the South. On the coral sands that are washed up at the end of the great Florida Peninsula, they may often be seen dancing about, while the brown pelican looks on in grim amazement.

CURIOUS PERFORMANCES OF THE COCK OF THE ROCK.

The crane, though a solemn bird of more than ordinary dignity and repose, becomes at this time possessed of the frenzy of the dervish. Their feathers are ruffled, their wings outspread, and their necks contorted into impossible shape; and thus, with dainty tread and mincing gait, the wooer passes before the silent female; now upon one leg and now the other, leaping into the air in short, fluttering flights; dancing about, pecking and striking at imaginary foes, bending its neck between its legs, or throwing them high in air. Now, in line, in pairs or fours, the rivals seem partners in some curious dance, vying with each other and becoming more and more excited, emotion succeeding emotion, until, finally, they almost fall upon the sands exhausted, only to recover and recommence their singular courtship, until a selection is made by the attendant female.

Nor are these assemblies always pleasantly ended. The successful suitor is often obliged to maintain his suit against the entire defeated band, and, when sorely pushed with his hardly won bride, takes wing and flies away, followed by the clamorous throng.

Perhaps the most remarkable courtship among birds, showing a wonderful degree of method and fair play, is that of the cock of the rock. The bird is a native of South America, and in appearance is extremely odd and fantastic. The general color is a bright orange, the head ornamented with a plume-like arrangement of brown-tipped feathers that extends out beyond the bill, effectually concealing it. It is principally a ground bird, dwelling, as its name implies, among the rocks near streams, where its nest, of rude construction, is also found.

At the commencement of the breeding season the birds congregate in quite large assemblies, presumably for social intercourse, and to enable and further judicious connubial selection. During the day the bands often break up in sections, seeming to settle better the rights and differences of individuals. From twelve to twenty birds select some clear open spot upon the rocks, and

form themselves into a regular circle, males and females, facing the centre. In the ring thus formed, the males, one at a time, take their place with all the gravity imaginable, and entertain the audience with physical manœuvres, startling, at least, to the unseen human witness.

As the bird enters the ring he whirls about, lifting one leg, then the other; tossing his head in air and leaping upward; darting from side to side with backward look, as if in imaginary fear or coquetry; now running around or walking with dignified stride or hop, finally joining the circle of attentive lookers-on and giving place to another wooer, who endeavors to outdo his rival. This curious performance continues until every male has exhibited his powers, when, finally, the selection or mating is made, and the disappointed birds, perhaps, seek another circle wherein to declare their loves.

The courtship of the great English bustard is a rare sight, the magnificent creature giving wondrous exhibitions of its powers of wing. The love-making is carried on entirely in the air, the male whirling about above the object of its choice, assuming theatrical positions of attack and defense; now remaining stationary, and then dashing down suddenly as if to destruction, only to alight softly and murmur its addresses in the bustard tongue.

The love-making of *Otis Begalensis* and allied forms is equally interesting. The great bird rises above the female with hurried flapping, all its feathers erect, and wheels about in graceful but erratic flight; finally alighting near her, humming in an audible tone; and, when her attention is attracted, spreads its tail and struts about with all the grandeur of the domestic turkey-cock.

The courtship of some of the woodpeckers calls to mind that of a nation of the East, where the bride is pursued on horseback by a troop of claimants, the fleetest horseman securing the prize; or the African tribe, where the amorous swain seeks the object of his love at night, and, by the gentle persuasion of a knotted club, bears her, insensible, away. The female woodpecker is constantly pursued by a flock of gay cavaliers, who perch about her, striving one with another to pay her court, until, driven to desperation, she makes her selection, when the happy pair combine forces, attack the luckless swains, and soon put them to flight.

Not only do the birds resemble mankind in their methods of love-making, but, very naturally, they seem actuated and governed by the same impulses, even after the marriage vow has been declared. Mr. William Conkling, director of the Central Park Zoölogical Garden, states that several years ago a wild goose, in passing over the lake, alighted, and, being in fine feather, immediately secured the affections of a tame flock, that deserted their old leader from that time forth.

In many experiments carried out in this country and Europe, it is evident that female birds are visibly attracted by the most gorgeous males. In other words, there is a decided selection of the fittest, especially when the latter applies to personal adornment. According to Rudolph, a careful observer, a female meadow-bird of the Cape of Good Hope deserted her mate for no other reason than that he had lost his tail-feathers—that are particularly long in the breeding season—accepting the advances of a more resplendent rival who had not been thus curtailed.

Male pheasants, when deprived of their tail-feathers, have been deserted by their wives, and undoubtedly the rule would hold good with many other forms.

Generally the male bird is the possessor of a brilliant garb that he may attract his feeble mate, and perhaps one of the most striking instances of this is seen in the birds-of-paradise, where the males are resplendent with the most superb decoration, while the females are bedecked in modest, unassuming garbs of sombre brown. The latter gather in groups in the tree-tops, and on the neighboring limbs the males display their dazzling splendors. Every motion develops a new shade, tint or color. Their lace-like feathers stand erect, forming, perhaps, a golden halo about them, while the emerald patch upon the head seems a veritable gem in its golden setting. The rich and newly discovered *Epimachus* has plumes that stand out like wings, and during this time they are used with dazzling effect, their vibrations bringing into play the most wondrous hues.

Our own blue-jay is a most garrulous fellow in his wooing, and evidently not unmindful of his personal attractions. His impassioned notes are as varied as the positions he affects—now they are sweet and low, now loud, as if in expostulation, then becoming suddenly satirical, and terminating in a mimetic vocal performance defying all description. The songs of all birds are at his tongue's-end, and the low chatterings of his love-making often end in loud shrieks that have been compared to the squeaking of an ungreased wheelbarrow.

Among the pugnacious lovers the humming-birds are prominent, performing extraordinary acts of valor at this time, even attacking large birds and driving them away.

The courtship of *Florisuga mellivor*, so common in Central America, is carried on while in the air, the rich coloring of the male giving him the appearance of some gorgeous insect darting about. The head and neck are a beautiful metallic-blue with a border or collar of white, followed in turn by a coat of rich scintillating green. The tail, which is pure white, can be expanded so that it forms a semicircle, and darting around the female hovering near, the birds present a most beautiful appearance.

Equally pugnacious in its love-making as the humming-bird is the well-known ruff, whose peculiar dances and contortions are familiar to sportsmen. Every physical effort seems to be made to attract the favorable attention of the female, who is, perhaps, near at hand, watching the contest of rival suitors. The appeals of the males invariably bring them into collision, and a fierce and sanguinary battle is the result, often ending in the death of one or both.

Many of the game birds are remarkable for special peculiarities in the pressing of their various suits. Especially is it noticeable in the case of the pinnated grouse, whose courtship occurs in the month of March. At this season the male is endowed with a distinctive note or signal, and as it is sounded the throat is seen to inflate or swell. On clear mornings, when the wind is low, it can be heard two or three miles, so resonant and piercing is it. Not alone is this nuptial cry far-reaching, but peculiar for its ventriloquistic properties. To the bystander it does not appear remarkably loud—in fact, appears far away, and as it travels it seems to gather power, rushing onward, a wave of sound, rolling over the hills and through the trees, startling the birds; and reinforced by their song, finally dying away a veritable echo of its former self.

Even after the mating has been accomplished, a curious scene is enacted. While the females are setting the males congregate in flocks, meeting at a general rendezvous where it is not thickly wooded. The meet at these scratching places, as they are called, is generally at early dawn, and often sixty or more birds gather in the scrub. The note from one cock is the signal, and from

the underbrush they enter the open spot and vie with one another in a manner not incomparable to the cake walk of the South. Loftiness of demeanor, stateliness of tread, the mincing gait of the exquisite, and the actions of the buffoon, are all seen in rapid succession. Their feathers stand out like "quills on the fretful porcupine," and finally, the insults becoming more personal, the furious opponents engage in a sanguinary contest, during which they show the greatest determination, leaping into the air, uttering incessantly wild fierce cries or harsh discordant shrieks.

We see from these and the methods of the cock of the rock, a decided tendency to select certain localities or special places for the better expression of their emotions, and the perfection of this idea is seen in a group of birds allied to the birds-of-paradise, and found in Australia. Not only have they certain places for meeting, but regular halls of courtship are erected that are embellished and ornamented in a manner showing that birds have æsthetic tastes of no mean order. The amount of skill, architectural ability and intelligence involved in the formation of these "halls" is marvelous, and were it not for many well-authenticated accounts, the stories would be classed with the most improbable of fables. In recognizing the work of these birds we must accord them decorative taste, a high order of intelligence, and, in fact, many of the attributes that are supposed to characterize the higher animal, man. The birds that build these halls of courtship comprise a dozen or more species confined to Australia and the Island of Arru.

During the mating season the male birds become exceedingly active, and having selected some secluded spot, begin the erection of the edifice, that is entirely separate and distinct from the nest. The first "play house," discovered by a Mr. Coxen, of Brisbane, New South Wales, was that of the *Ptilonorhynchus holosericeus*. He exhibited it in the Museum of Natural History, Sydney, where at first not a few believed it to be of human invention. The bird first selects numbers of twigs, which are deposited as a flooring, all carefully interwoven. Upon this base, and in the centre of it, the hall of courtship is erected of twigs still more delicate. These are carefully chosen, principally by the male, and inserted in rows so that they fall over, meeting at the top and forming an arbor. When finished, the saloons are two three feet in length. Now, having shown itself an architect, the bird gives evidence of æsthetic taste by its selection of articles of *vertu* and *bric-à-brac* that are, perhaps, to charm the fair enslaver. Bright feathers, flowers, and shining bits of stone, are brought and placed, also highly colored shells and leaves, or gaudy insects, fruits, or anything that will catch the eye. In this apartment the courtship is carried on, the male assuming quaint positions, darting through the hall, tossing the decorations or pecking at them in play, hopping about, and in every way showing its delight and gratification.

Of the genus *Chlamydera* there are four species that build similar structures, evidently for a like purpose, yet quite different architecturally. One of the largest is the work of *C. maculata*, being sometimes four feet long and two in width. Here no floor is made, the rods or twigs being stuck in the sand and so arranged that the tops meet, and in this avenue the birds are seen moving here and there the ornaments, or flying about.

A fine specimen of one of the edifices of *C. maculata* has been placed in the British Museum, and is a marvel of constructive ability, being not only walled, but the latter interwound by fine grasses; while decorations of every description were strewn about to attract the notice of the female, who, like others in higher walks, is captivated by display.

Even more wonderful are the actions of the family *Bucerotidæ*, whose courtship and period of incubation is a season rather the reverse of joyous. During the time of mating the birds congregate in flocks and are extremely social. The choosing of mates having been accomplished, a hollow tree is selected, and in this the female takes her place and deposits her eggs. Whether it is by mutual arrangement and accord, or whether the male has doubts of the patience of his mistress, we can only surmise. That the latter is the case is plausible, as no sooner is she fairly in the nest than he proceeds to wall up the opening, bringing mud and soil from various quarters and plastering it on, leaving only a small orifice through which the bride can insert the tip of her bill. The plastering soon hardens in the sun, and the female is in secure durance vile. Her mate, however, is faithful to his trust, and during her entire incarceration, which lasts until the young are hatched, he feeds her with all the delicacies obtainable; in fact, is so vigilant that at the end of the imprisonment he is often in a state of complete exhaustion.

The discovery of this remarkable habit was made simultaneously by Dr. Mason in Burmah, Livingstone in Africa, and Tichnell in India, and has since been observed by Wallace and others; showing that the habit is not confined to a single species, but is characteristic many genera of the family.

We would little expect to find the gallantries of the highly decorated birds perpetuated in the sober-hued and prosaic water-birds, yet the albatross is a most affectionate lover and devoted husband, his attentions during the breeding season, if anything, exceeding those of the period of courtship. While the female is on the nest the male stands beside her, raising his feathers, repeatedly spreading his tail, tossing his head in air, or stretching out his neck to its utmost, all the while uttering a curious note, presumably a love-song, to which the female replies, gently rubbing her beak against that of her mate.

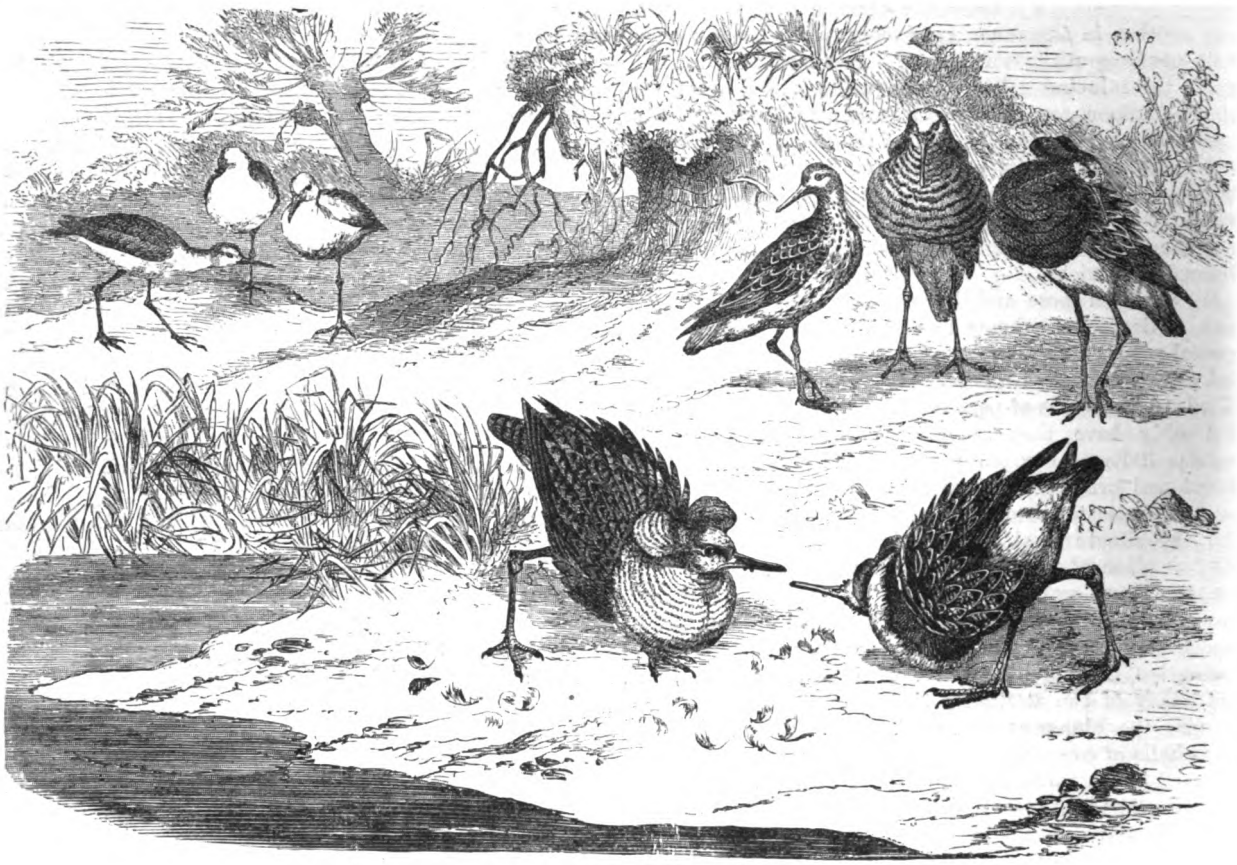
According to Moseley, this curious performance goes on for hours at a time, and is a most laughable scene.

Quite similar are the love actions of a smaller albatross, commonly known as the mollymoke. As in the former case, the courtship is continued after the mating, and the male sits for hours upon the nest, uttering curious shrieks resembling human laughter, and many demonstrations showing his affection for his mate, who, in return, caresses him with her bill.

The nest of this bird is only approached by that of the flamingo, being nearly two feet in height and ten inches in diameter, the top falling over the edges, so that when deserted by the birds they form convenient seats. The reason of so tall a structure is scarcely obvious, as the egg does not rest in the nest, being held in a pouch—a characteristic also peculiar to the great penguin.

In Central America is found the curious sanate or quiscalus, a jet-black bird, about the size of a magpie, though their bills and tails are extremely long, in their movements much resembling the famous Majiltons.

During the period of courtship four or five birds gather together, and seem to vie with one another in their efforts at grotesque posturing. At times they form in rows as if in a regular dance, ruffling up their feathers and advancing simultaneously with outstretched head and neck, uttering a loud squeaking whistle, then suddenly recovering their feathers and directing their head and tail high in air, as if in shame at having been caught in so undignified a position. This attitude of

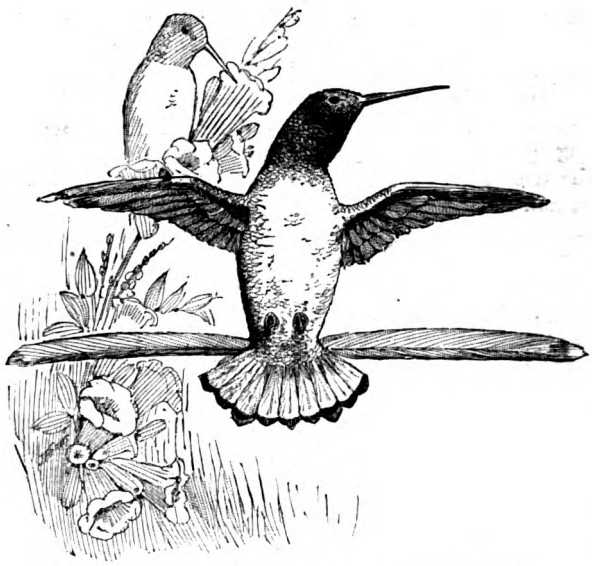


THE COURTSHIP OF THE RUFF.

penance is held for a moment, when the absurd actions and movements will be repeated as before.

As with the woodpeckers in general, the courtship of the house martin is conducted on the wing. The wooers, often numbering fifty or sixty, hover about the object of their choice with loud exultant or angry cries, now rising in the air *en masse*, whirling about her in great circles, diving downward—a grand display; until, finally, she makes her choice, when the rest are either eluded by the happy pair, or driven off. It is then that the most touching displays of affection are seen, and beside the object of his conquest the victorious lover caresses her with his bill, evidently making vows of eternal constancy.

The great affection entertained by these birds for their mates is well described by De Nemours, a French naturalist. He says: "I once saw a martin which had, unfortunately, I know not how, caught her foot in the running knot of a thread, the other end of which was attached to a gutter of the Collége des Quatre Nations. Its strength being exhausted, it hung and cried at the end of the thread, which it raised sometimes by trying to fly away. All the martins of the great basin between the bridge of the Tuilleries and the Pont Neuf, and perhaps from a still greater distance, collected to the number of several thousand. They formed a cloud, all emitting cries of alarm and pity. After much hesitation and a tumultuous consultation, one of them invented a mode of delivering their companion, made the others understand it, and commenced its execution. All those that were within reach came in turn, as if running at the ring, and gave a peck to the thread in passing. These blows, all directed upon the same point, succeeded each other every second, or even still more frequently. Half an hour of this work was sufficient to cut through the thread and set the captive at liberty.



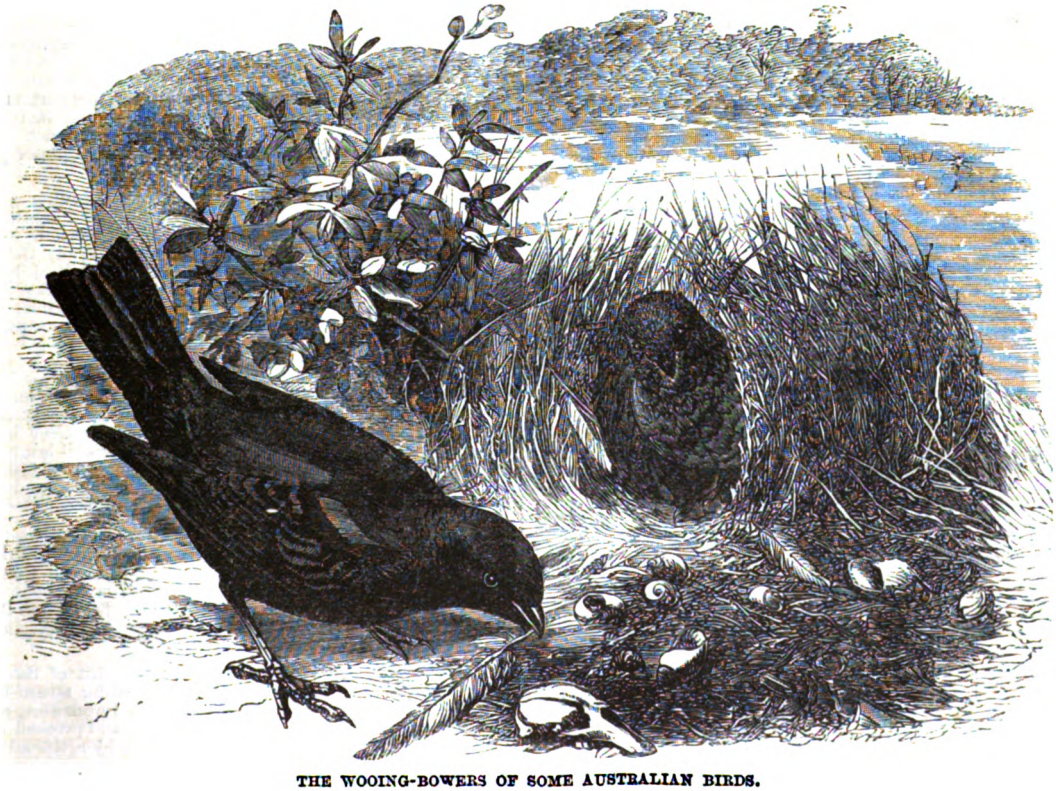
CURIOUS PLUMES OF THE HUMMING-BIRD IN WOOING.

The courtship of the night-hawk is also held in mid-air, their bold flights and erratic posturing while on the wing showing them to have no rivals in their native element. Mounting quickly, the male will suddenly dash perpendicularly fifty or one hundred feet to the ground, wheeling suddenly and uttering a loud booming sound. Again he mounts, squeaking hoarsely, diving again and again, and, perhaps answered by the hoarse

THE WOOING OF THE GROUSE.

voice of the female, to whom the terrific plunges, never attempted by herself, appear wondrous acts of valorous devotion.

The peculiar attachment to the young and eggs of many of this family deserve attention. Rarely is a nest formed, though year after year the birds return to the exact spot occupied on previous occasions, the eggs and young finding ample protection in their resemblance to



THE WOOING-BOWERS OF SOME AUSTRALIAN BIRDS.

their surroundings. When the nest is approached the female shuffles off with drooping wings and ruffled feathers, a ruse that is more than apt to lure the stroller from the young. In a number of well-authenticated cases both male and female have been observed to seize an egg in their capacious mouths and fly silently away. Le Vaillant records such an instance in the collared goat-sucker (*Caprimulgus pectoralis*) of the Cape of Good Hope, and Wilson, leaving a young and helpless night-hawk for a few moments, returned to find it gone, perhaps removed in a similar manner, and not more surprising than the case of the wood-duck that has been observed carrying off its young in its claws.

Andubon distinctly saw the chuck-will's-widow transport its eggs in its mouth, and says : "When either male or female—for each sits alternately—has discovered that the eggs have been touched, it ruffles its feathers and appears extremely dejected for a minute or two, after which it emits a low, murmuring cry, scarcely audible to me as I lay concealed at a distance of not more than eighteen or twenty rods. At this time I have seen the other parent reach the spot, flying so low over the ground that I thought its little feet must have touched it, as it skimmed along, and after a few low notes and some gesticulations, all indicative of great distress, take an egg into its large mouth, the other bird doing the same, when they would fly off together, skimming closely over the ground, until they disappeared among the branches and trees."

How often the old old story is recorded among our own ranks, and among all the cases cited, the analogies, sometimes ludicrous, sometimes pathetic, point to the assumption that perhaps the mental gulf between man and his humble friends is not so great, and the difference merely one of degree.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE number of eggs that any one kind of fish produces each season seems to be in pretty direct proportion to its defenselessness among its enemies, chiefly other fishes. A good example of this is the case of the buffalo-fish of the prairie streams. When the streams begin to get warm, and are swollen by the rains of Spring, the buffalo goes up the creek sloughs to deposit its eggs. These eggs are very small, but exceedingly numerous, and are deposited near the edge of the water. The gar-pike follows close behind, depositing larger but fewer eggs in the same locality. By the time the young buffaloes hatched from these eggs are half an inch long, the gars are two inches long, and able to swallow the former. The pike and black bass having spawned and hatched their young earlier in the season, have also the start in growth, and can devour young buffalo. So the struggle goes on, millions of the weaklings hovering along the edge of the water, ever in dread of their fierce enemies; and it is not until the buffalo is three or four years old that he is big enough to be free from fear. When two years old the buffalo begins to spawn, and thus enter upon his life work of supplying food for the game fishes.

IN the service of the Maryland Fisheries Commission, and of the United States Fisheries Commission, Professors Ryder and W. K. Brooks have for some years been studying the embryology of oysters, with reference to their possible artificial cultivation. As a result of these investigations these gentlemen recommend the cultivation of young oysters on floating "cars" or rafts, on which the "seed" is placed and allowed to develop. As the young oyster is so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, and is very delicately constituted, it is liable to be killed by being smothered under dirt and by other mishaps, if left to its own resources. These floats make it possible to provide more favorable conditions for its growth, and if more largely used would make it unnecessary to destroy thousands of dollars' worth of oysters every year by dredging for young "plants," as is now done.

M. FORDOZ gives a very simple and useful method for detecting lead in the tinning of culinary utensils. The vessels having been carefully cleaned to remove grease, a drop of nitric acid is applied to any part, and a gentle heat is used to dry the spot. A drop of solution of iodide of potassium is applied to the spot, and, if lead be present, a yellow iodide of lead is formed.

THE principal paper presented to the National Academy of Science at their last Autumn meeting (at Albany) was by Mr. W. H. Pickering, upon stellar photography. He showed that, owing to the recent improvements in photographic methods, and particularly by the advances in dry-plate manufacture, we had now a new tool in astronomy, of the utmost importance. While attempts at stellar photography had been begun as early as 1850, they were limited in success to stars of the first magnitude, whereas now it was possible to transfer to paper an image of stars of the fourteenth magnitude; that is, an object only a hundred-thousandth as bright as the stars taken by the first man. Professor Pickering's researches were carried on by means of an instrument of his own devising, in which a photographic lens of 8 inches aperture and 44 inches focus is mounted equatorially and moved by clockwork. Three different fields are here opened for investigation. One is, a mapping of the heavens; a second, the study of atmospheric absorption, and a third, the study of stellar spectra.

LIGHT COINS OF GOLD AND SILVER RESTORED TO STANDARD WEIGHT.—Herr J. Müller, a German mining engineer, has introduced the practice of bringing light coins of silver and gold to the standard weight by electro-deposition of the metal on their surfaces. The coins form the cathode of the electrotyping bath, and a band of silver or gold, as the case may be, is used as the anode. For silver coins the solution that is decomposed by the electric current consists of fifteen grams of chloride of silver freshly precipitated in a saturated solution of cyanide of potassium, to which water has been added to make one litre of solution. Two Leclanché cells form the source of the current. The *Engineering and Mining Journal* says: "As 101 milligrams of silver are found to be deposited in an hour by this arrangement, the coins are exposed in the bath for a length of time sufficient to supply the silver that they lack. For slight deficiencies there is no defacement of the inscription."

BRUSHES.—The common way of fastening bristles and hairs and Tampico grass in brushes is with common pitch, which is kept hot at a convenient bench, and is kept fluid by the admixture of a little tallow. The workman grasps from a bunch or pile of bristles a few in his fingers, doubles them over at the middle, winds a bit of fine twine about the butt or bend, dips that end in the hot pitch, and presses the bunch into a hole in the wooden back of the brush to be. But a better process is wiring or twining, in either case the looped bristle being held by a wire or twine that passes through a small hole in the back of the larger hole that receives the bristles. But, as all these wires or strings are seen on the back of the brush, they must be concealed by a false back for nice work.

PRIZES are being offered by the Bremen Aluminium and Magnesium Manufactory for the two best lamps for burning magnesium. This offer is prompted by the discovery that magnesium can be produced by electrolysis at a price much less than that at which it has hitherto been purchasable. Magnesium as an illuminant has until now been used only for experimental work, where a very bright and actinic light has been required for a short period. The most common form of magnesium lamp is one in which the metal, in the form of ribbon, is delivered by clockwork at a regular speed to the mouth of a tube which forms the point of ignition.

IT is becoming difficult to point to any article which cannot be constructed of that useful material which we call paper. The ingenious Japanese have taught us how it can be applied to many of our domestic wants, including even clothing, and other manufactures which were hitherto believed to be inseparable from textile fabrics. But a Breslau manufacturer has turned it to a far more surprising purpose, in the erection of a factory chimney fifty feet in height. The blocks or bricks of which this curious structure is composed are made of compressed paper pulp, joined together with silicious cement.

GOLD SIZE.—Gold size is prepared by grinding calcined red ochre with the best and oldest drying-oil, and mixing with it a little oil of turpentine when used. When work is to be gilded, first give it a coat of parchment-size; then apply the above size where requisite, either in patterns or letters, and let it remain till, on touching it with a finger, it feels just sticky ; then apply the gold-leaf, and daub it on with a piece of cotton; in about an hour wash off the superfluous gold with sponge and water, and when dry, varnish it with copal varnish.

THE heat from an arc lamp of 100-candle power is from 57 to 158 heat units, that of the incandescent lamp of equal brilliancy from 290 to 536. The argand gas-burner is the next best light in point of coolness, but this is represented by 4,860 heat units, a colza oil lamp by 6,800, a flat wick petroleum lamp by 7,200, a paraffine candle by 9,200, and a tallow candle by 9,700. Light for light, therefore, the heat of an electric arc lamp, under the most favorable circumstances, is to the heat of tallow candles as 1 to 170.

A REMARKABLE statement was made recently before a scientific body in London—the statement given as on the authority of Mr. Veitch, the well-known authority on "Coniferæ"— that the cones of many of the species on the Pacific coast never open and permit the seed to escape unless opened by forest fire, when they fall out and replenish the burned waste. "They hang on the trees for many generations—even for thirty years."

THE *Annales Industrielles* gives an account of the making of cork bricks, now being employed for coating steam-boilers, ice-cellars, etc. The cork is winnowed from impurities, ground in a mill, kneaded up with a suitable cement, and pressed into bricks, then dried, first in the air, and afterward by artificial heat. The bricks are not hard, and not liable to decomposition; they keep out moisture, heat, cold and sound.

DISINFECTING SLEEPING-ROOMS.—A large portion of one's life is spent in the sleeping-apartment, and it is specially during disease that the body is most sensitive to all malarious germ influences. It is clear, then, that whatever makes and keeps the room sweet is a necessity. A German professor has been experimenting on the subject, and gives the benefit of his observations in a medical review. He says that he fumigated his apartment with corrosive sublimate, and destroyed the bugs that infested it. He thereupon experimented in the hospital, on destroying the infectious elements of contagious diseases with excellent effect. This is the plan which he adopted: From one and one-half to two ounces of corrosive sublimate are put out on a plate over a chafing-dish, and then the windows and doors of the room are closed. At the expiration of three or four hours the windows are opened and the apartment is thoroughly aired. The person entering the room should take the precaution to hold a sponge or a cloth over the mouth and nose in order not to inhale the vapor. The following day the windows are again closed, and some sulphur is burned, in order to neutralize any of the mercurial fumes which may still linger about the furniture and other articles. The room is to be again aired and cleaned, and will then be ready for occupancy. This seems to be a simple process, and the professor states that it acted like a charm in destroying all the germs of contagious diseases.

VEGETABLES.—By boiling vegetables in water, and then throwing away the liquor, we get rid of some of the potash which is needful for the effectual digestion of those vegetables. Mr. W. Mattieu Williams therefore advocates the addition of small quantities of bicarbonate of potash to such leguminous dishes as pease-pudding and lentil-soup, especially when we use dried vegetables in their preparation. He also suggests that ensilage may be advantageously applied to food intended for consumption by human beings, as well as to that designed for animals. Ensilage is a process of slow vegetable cookery—a digestion or maceration of fibrous vegetables in their own juices, until the fibre is loosened, rendered softer and more digestible, and partially converted into dextrine and sugar. And it is practically by ensilage that the hard Jersey pear, which is gathered when fully grown, becomes in a month or two luscious and sweet. The process in this case is materially hastened and helped by the action of the natural acid of the fruit. Mr. Williams is of opinion that by using ensilage we may advantageously extend the sources of our food supply.

TRACING-PAPER may be made by immersing best tissue-paper in a bath composed of turpentine and bleached beeswax. A piece of beeswax about an inch in diameter, dissolved in half a pint of turpentine, is said to give good results. The paper should dry two or three days before use.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHEN we say, "It's as broad as it is long," may we safely conclude that it is all square?

WHY did Marcus Curtius leap into the gulf at Rome? Because he thought it was a good opening for a young man.

"IF I had prematurely gray hair like yours I would color it." "Why?" "Because those whom the gods love dye young."

A FRENCH barber's signboard reads thus: "To-morrow the public will be shaved gratuitously." Of course it's always to-morrow.

HOOD gives this graphic picture of an irritable man: "He is like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with prickles."

A GENTLEMAN once, perceiving the common crier of Bristol unemployed, inquired the reason. "I can't cry to-day, sir, as my wife is just dead!"

"DEAR Laura, when we were courting you were very dear to me; but now you're my wife, and I'm paying your bills, you seem to get dearer and dearer!"

"WHAT are the last teeth that come?" asked a teacher of her class in physiology. "False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just woke up on the back seat.

"WOULD you take me for twenty?" said a young lady who looked much younger. "Bless you, my child," said an admiring bachelor, "I would take you for life."

A GIRL being asked why some of the students were so eager to learn to play the violin instead of the piano, replied: "Oh, that's so they may have a sure chance to draw a beau!"

"THERE are good and bad points about this coffee," said the boarder, in a judicial tone. "The good point is that there is no chicory in it; the bad, that there is no coffee in it."

"HOW DO we hear?" asked a scientist. That is easily told. Somebody tells a friend and tells him not to tell, and the friend of the teller tells a friend of ours, and he tells us; and so we hear.

NOT long ago an eminent special pleader was at the theatre, seeing the play of "Macbeth." In the scene where *Macbeth*, questioning the witches in the cavern, says, "What is't you do?" they answer, "A deed without a name." This phrase struck the ears of the special pleader much more forcibly than the most energetic passage of the play, and he immediately remarked to a friend, "Why, then, it's void."

WHY is a rosebud like a promissory note?—Because it matures by falling dew.

A PRACTICAL joker ought to be the best of auctioneers—judging by his success in selling his friends.

THIS life's contradictions are many. Salt water gives us fresh fish, and hot words produce a coolness.

MATRIMONIAL history is a narrative of many *words*, but the story of love may be told in a few *letters*.

IT has been suggested that one reason why the communications of spirits are so indistinct, is because they write on rapping paper.

DOBBS thinks that instead of giving credit to whom credit is due, the cash had better be paid. Dobbs should not be impertinent.

SACRED music is stationary, and it is furnished by the choir (quire); but piano music must be groceries, for we often get it by the pound.

IT is all right to toll a bell, but it makes a difference how you do it. A man once told a belle he would marry her, and it cost him $5,000 because he didn't.

HE was a bore, and he remarked to the editor: "I wish I could leave town." And the editor answered: "I wish you could;" and there the conversation ended.

"I AM afraid your dress will never please the men," said a gentleman to his fashionable daughter. "Why, papa," she replied, "I don't dress to please the men, but to worry other women!"

IN a literary circle, some one asked if a certain author, who had wantonly injured his literary reputation, was married. "He is only wedded to his fame," was the answer. "Then he makes a bad husband."

"CARLYLE, being asked the difference between a natural fool and an educated fool, replied: "Just about the difference between you and I, I suspect." The questioner was never able to determine which kind of fool he was.

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.—A wit, suffering from a severe attack of gout in both feet, was asked by a friend how he was getting on. "Very badly," he replied, lugubriously; "but I feel thankful I have only two legs."

"ALAS!" said a moralizing bachelor, within earshot of a witty young lady of the company, "this world is at best but a gloomy prison!" "Yes," sighed the merciless minx, "especially to the poor creatures doomed to solitary confinement!"

"YES, sir," said Brown: "if there is one thing more than another that I am proud of, it is this, that I always keep my word." "Very true," replied Smith; "but how can you help it, you know? Did you ever know anybody who would take it?"

WATTS'S NAMED.—A room in a London club was once a studio of Watts, the artist, and the walls are still covered with huge and prominent female figures. Lord Houghton is said to be responsible for the saying, "These are not Watts's hymns, but Watts's hers."

A YOUNG lady, recently returned from boarding-school, being asked at table if she would take some more cabbage, replied: "By no means, madam; gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimatum of culinary deglutition consistent with the code of Æsculapius."

ACCEPTING HIS APOLOGY.—I have never given you credit for knowing very much, madam," said a blunt old bachelor; "but——" "Sir," she interrupted, "do you wish to insult——?" "But," he continued, "I have always admired your grace and beauty." "I accept your apology," said the lady.

TWO YOUNG men, the other day, were heard commenting, *sotto voce*, upon a girl who was attracting favorable attention. "Yes; very pretty," said one, "but entirely spoilt by that terrible hat trimmed with giblets!" The head-covering thus alluded to was decorated with an arrangement of a bird's head, feathered neck and claws.

WHEN a village schoolmaster entered his temple of learning one morning, he read on the blackboard the touching legend: "Our teacher is a donkey." The pupils expected there would be a combined cyclone and earthquake; but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver" to the legend, and opened the school as usual.

REMARKABLE ACCIDENT—We cut the following from one of the New York dailies of January, 1886:

SNOW BLOCKADE IN SCOTLAND.

A terrific snow storm has prevailed throughout Scotland. A railway train, headed by three engines and two snow plows, is embedded in the snow in

THE PAPAL ENCYCLICAL.

A BRIGHT youth, undergoing examination for admission to one of the Government departments, found himself confronted with the question, "What is the distance from the earth to the sun?" Not having the exact number of miles with him, he wrote in reply, "I am unable to state accurately, but I don't believe the sun is near enough to interfere with the proper performance of my duties if I get this clerkship."

CHRYSANTHEMA.— FROM THE PRIZE PAINTING BY J. R. WEHLE, VIENNA.

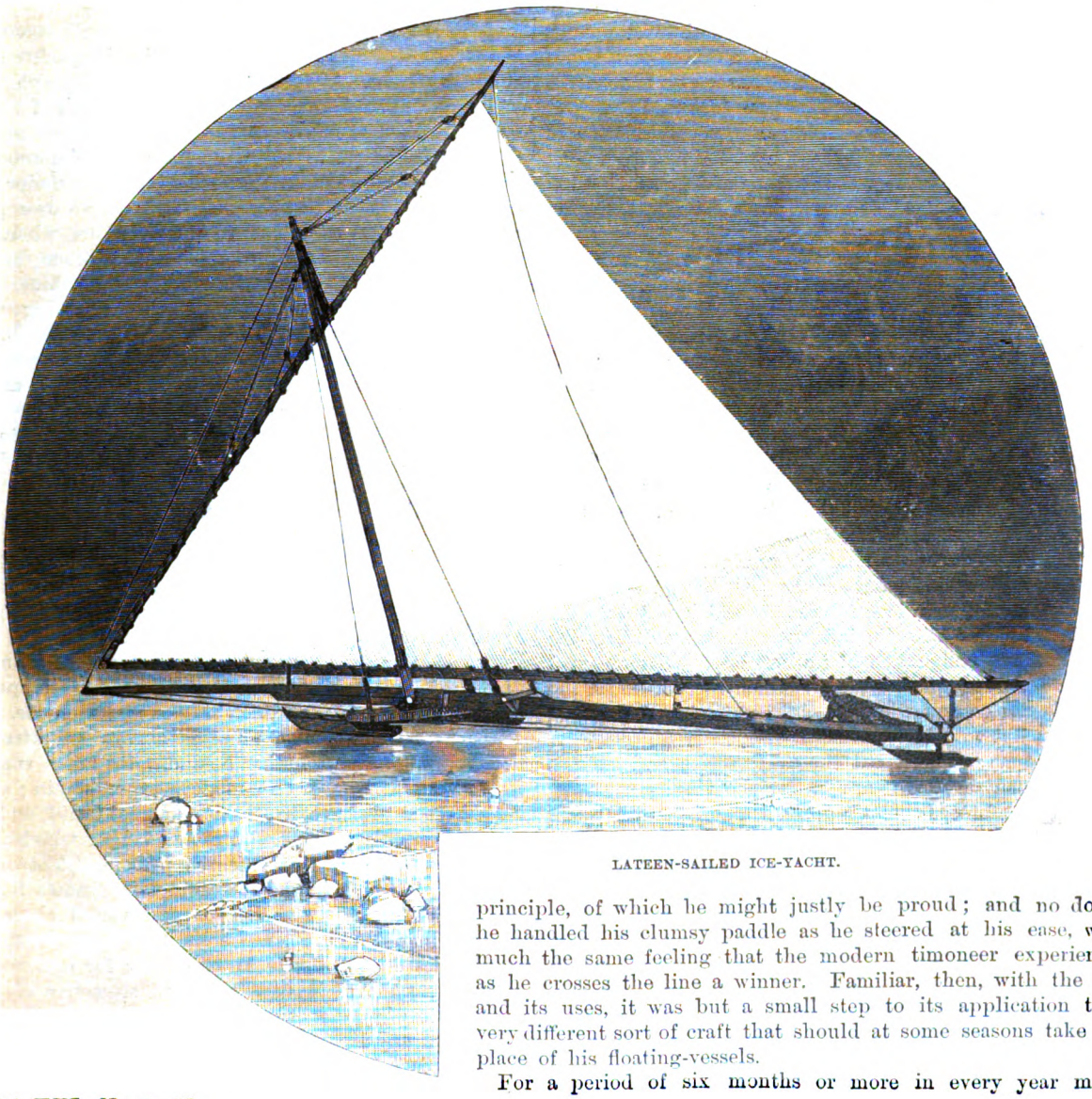
FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XXI.—No. 4. APRIL, 1886. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

ICE-YACHTS AND ICE-YACHTING.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

THE idea of utilizing the force of the wind for purposes of propulsion, first applied to the most primitive varieties of rafts and boats, marks an important step in the history of locomotion. Heretofore, man had been dependent on his own strength, aided by the paddle or pushing-pole, and after a spell of this laborious work we can imagine with what complacency the early navigator first hoisted his square sail of hide or matting for a run before the wind. Not only had he rid himself for the time of a weary task, but he had also discovered a new principle, of which he might justly be proud; and no doubt he handled his clumsy paddle as he steered at his ease, with much the same feeling that the modern timoneer experiences as he crosses the line a winner. Familiar, then, with the sail and its uses, it was but a small step to its application to a very different sort of craft that should at some seasons take the place of his floating-vessels.



LATEEN-SAILED ICE-YACHT.

For a period of six months or more in every year many

of the most important water-courses of the world, the rivers, bays and lakes of temperate climes, are completely closed both to commerce and pleasure. Locked fast under a crystal cover, the kindly element that carried freely the poor water-man's barge, the busy passenger-steamer and the swift pleasure-boat, has completely changed its nature, and instead of the willing servant of the Summer, has become a sullen giant, blocking the ways both of commerce and pleasure. Fruitless, however is the warfare of the ice-king when pitted against the skill and ingenuity of man, and in the end the latter is victor over inanimate nature. True, he is forced to abandon his boats that lie dismantled on the shore; but he has long since learned to tame the free and varying wind to his service, and in place of plowing at a slow rate through the water, to glide with tremendous velocity over its frozen surface.

The ice-boat is found in almost all parts of the world in which ice exists for part of a year, being employed in some cases for commercial purposes; but the principal use to which this curious craft is put is for racing and pleasure-sailing. In its crude form, a framework or platform mounted on skates and rigged with one or two sails, it is found in Northern Europe, in Asia, in Canada, and in that portion of the United States north of Mason and Dixon's line; but in parts of the latter countries only has the modern ice-yacht reached its full development. In Canada, in the Eastern and Western States, and, above all, in the vicinity of New York, it has emerged from its primitive character into a structure that in its way is a perfect example of engineering skill, a combination of strength and lightness that it is hard to improve upon; and in these places, also, the pastime of ice-yachting has come to be recognized as one of the most fascinating of Winter sports.

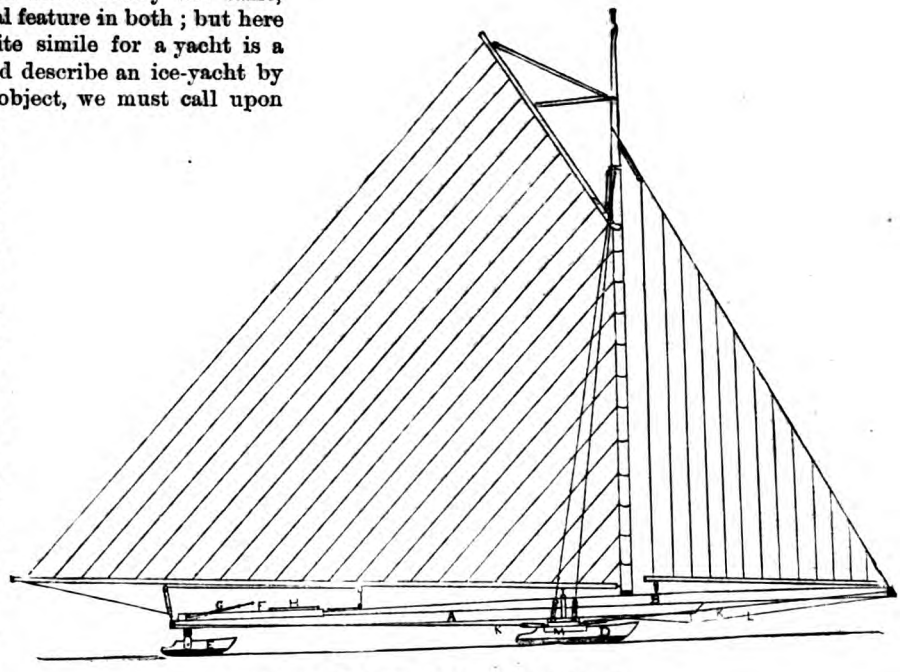
For those who would see it at its best there is one place above all others to visit: the Hudson River, for a distance of sixty to one hundred miles above New York, where the sport is more firmly established and systematized, and where boats and appliances have reached a higher state of perfection than in any other part of the world. Here are found not only the leading clubs of the country and the fastest boats, but here, in the birthplace and nursery of the sport, where it has grown and flourished for thirty years, nurtured by the icy west winds, are the men who have brought the arts of building and sailing to their present perfection. Sailing of any kind is always a most uncertain sport, dependent entirely on the caprices of the wind; but ordinary yachting is certainty itself compared with ice-yachting, in which not only the wind but other climatic influences conspire to test the patience and resignation of its devotees. Given a good breeze from any quarter the yachtman cares little for the rest, he can go somewhere and the water is always open to him; but with ice-yachting it is entirely different. A cold snap may smooth out the chilly waves and make a glorious course of many miles for the ringing runners, but before a breeze comes a dozen accidents may happen. A fall of snow may bury the glassy track, a storm of rain may soften the ice until it is unsafe, and when at last a cold northwest blast makes all solid again, and gives wind for the waiting sails, the slushy surface may be too rough and uneven for the boats. Time and patience are necessary to its full enjoyment; the yachtman must be on the spot, ready, after days of disappointment, to seize a few hours of such great and exhilarating pleasure as shall more than make amends. The low temperature of the Hudson Valley, its comparatively light snowfall, and the occasional thaws and rains, followed by cold weather, renewing the glassy surface, with the prevailing westerly winds that sweep across the river and give a good course for the boats, offer more favorable conditions than are found further south, where the ice lasts for a shorter time, or further north, where heavy snows and the absence of rain or thaws keep the ice buried. Besides this, along the entire east bank, for many miles above and below Poughkeepsie, the headquarters of the sport, are many large estates and handsome country places, whose owners have the leisure that is indispensable to a full enjoyment of ice-yacht sailing, and who have within the last thirty years done so much to develop the boats and the sport.

Here are found the leading ice-yacht clubs of the world, as well as the largest, fastest and finest-equipped yachts, whose records for speed stand second only on the list of human constructions to the rifle-bullet and the larger projectiles of modern ordnance. No other vehicles in the whole category possess the speed of the modern ice-yachts, except a few of the fastest express locomotives running under special conditions, and this speed it is which gives the great charm to this curious pastime. Great speed, of itself, is not the attraction of ordinary yachting. A rate of twelve or thirteen miles per hour is unusual in a sailing-yacht, the common limit of time for a race is seven hours for a course of forty miles, or an average of seven miles per hour, and even with steam this is very seldom doubled; but with the ice-yachts all is vastly different. We come into a new atmosphere, in which the chief charm lies in the attainment of a speed never dreamed of in vessels that float. Here are none of the charms of yachting as commonly understood, no quiet drifting over Summer seas, no lazy runs under kites and spinnakers, no glorious roll and tumble over green waves, no nights at anchor in snug harbors, where rattling halyards and creaking cables only give emphasis to the brightness and cheer of comfortable cabins. The "yachting," save the name, is another thing when coupled with its hard, cold prefix. The accompaniments that make a life afloat so delightful, that place yachting at the head of all sports, are missing entirely, and in their place one new element only steps in.

Speed, great and unlimited, a velocity hitherto unknown; to be shot through space at a rate that produces an entirely new sensation, thrilling, exhilarating, fascinating; setting the blood coursing and sharpening the senses to an unknown degree; this is ice-yachting. The paltry twenty knots of the steam-launch or the forty-mile jog of the locomotive, both contaminated by the connection with a bulky, noisy, smoky and greasy medium, are exchanged for a marvelous gliding through space on a frail and airy fabric scarcely more tangible than the carpet of the Arabian necromancers, and accompanied only by the sharp, melodious ring of metal on ice. Account for it as we may, there is always an attraction about rapid motion, whether behind a fast horse, running down a rapid river, or on a modern express train; speed itself brings pleasure to all but the most timid, and this pleasure is only intensified by the danger which is always in a greater or less degree present. This rapid motion it is which in the ice-yacht compensates for the absence of the more numerous and varied charms of yacht-sailing. And when the limit of seven hours for forty miles is cut down to one hour for a course of nearly the same distance a new and attractive element comes into play.

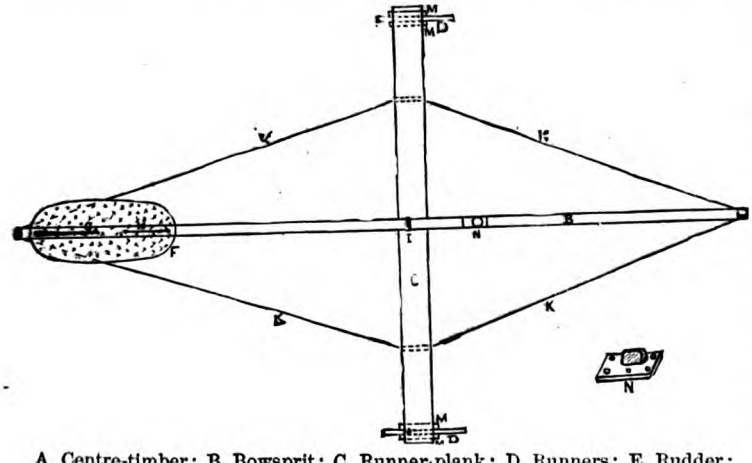
To form any idea of the shape and construction of an ice-yacht, it is first necessary to divest one's self of almost every idea associated ordinarily with the word "yacht."

True, the sails and rigging are substantially the same, and the tiller is a most essential feature in both; but here all analogy ends. The favorite simile for a yacht is a swan or duck, but if we would describe an ice-yacht by comparison with any natural object, we must call upon the insinuating musquito, or humble daddy-longlegs, as the nearest resemblance in outline to the stiff and angular construction of straight timbers and wires. The graceful curves, the beautifully rounded outlines, the glossy sides and shining bottom of the sailing-yacht, possess nothing in common with this curious framework of timbers and iron rods, whose sole beauty is from a purely mechanical point of view, as a most scientific example of engineering skill; and the only object in the entire range of naval architecture that bears any resemblance to it is that awkward and homely nondescript, the modern catamaran. The essential parts of an ice-boat consist of a rigidly built framework supported on three or more skates of large size; one, and sometimes two, of these skates being movable at will for steering, a mast with one or more sails, and a platform for the crew or cargo. These features are combined in various ways, according to the locality and the use to which the boat is put. In some places, where sailing is possible only for a short time each year, a temporary boat is fitted up with a triangle of boards or plank, the apex being aft. Under each corner is a runner of plank, shod with iron, shaped like a large skate; the one under the after corner being fitted on a pivot and controlled by a tiller. On this rough framework a mast and sail—usually pressed into service from some sailing-boat temporarily out of use—is fitted, and securely staid to the various angles of the frame, the mast being stepped in the centre of the transverse plank, forming the forward side of the structure. Such boats as this are common on the ponds and bays of the south shore of Long Island, and very good sport may be had with them, while their cost is purely nominal; and of this same shape were the first boats on the Hudson. In Holland and other parts of Northern Europe, ice-boats of crude and heavy build are sometimes used for commercial purposes, irrespective of speed; their principles of construction being similar.



NEW ICE-YACHT—"BOB SCOTT" MODEL.

The modern racing-craft, however, though evolved from such crude affairs, and possessing some of the leading features, are very different in detail. To obtain the requisite speed, lightness is very necessary, and great strength is also essential, as a failure of any part might prove a serious matter when sailing fast. With the rise of ice-yachting on the Hudson, the rough triangular frame was modified, taking a greatly improved form, which it retained until a very recent date, when a still different method of building was introduced, which promises to drive out the older style. This former boat retained the forward transverse-plank of the old triangle, a runner being fixed at each extremity, but the two side-planks were changed in both position and shape, the forward ends being swung in toward the centre of the transverse-piece; known in all ice-boats as the runner-plank. In shape they became, instead of flat boards, pieces set on edge, and about 1 inch wide and 3 or 4 inches deep, and were known as side-rails. The principal change, however, was in the addition of one, or, rather two, new members; one of these was a strong fore-and-aft piece, running from forward of the runner-plank on which it rested, aft to the rudder, the stock of which passed through a hole in its end. To this piece, known as the centre-timber, the side rails were united, they serving to force it to the runner-plank. On top of this centre-timber—in fact, a continuation of it—was the second member, a similar-shaped piece, the bowsprit; well secured with shrouds to the runner-plank. The mast is stepped directly over the centre of the runner-plank, on top of the centre-timber, being also braced



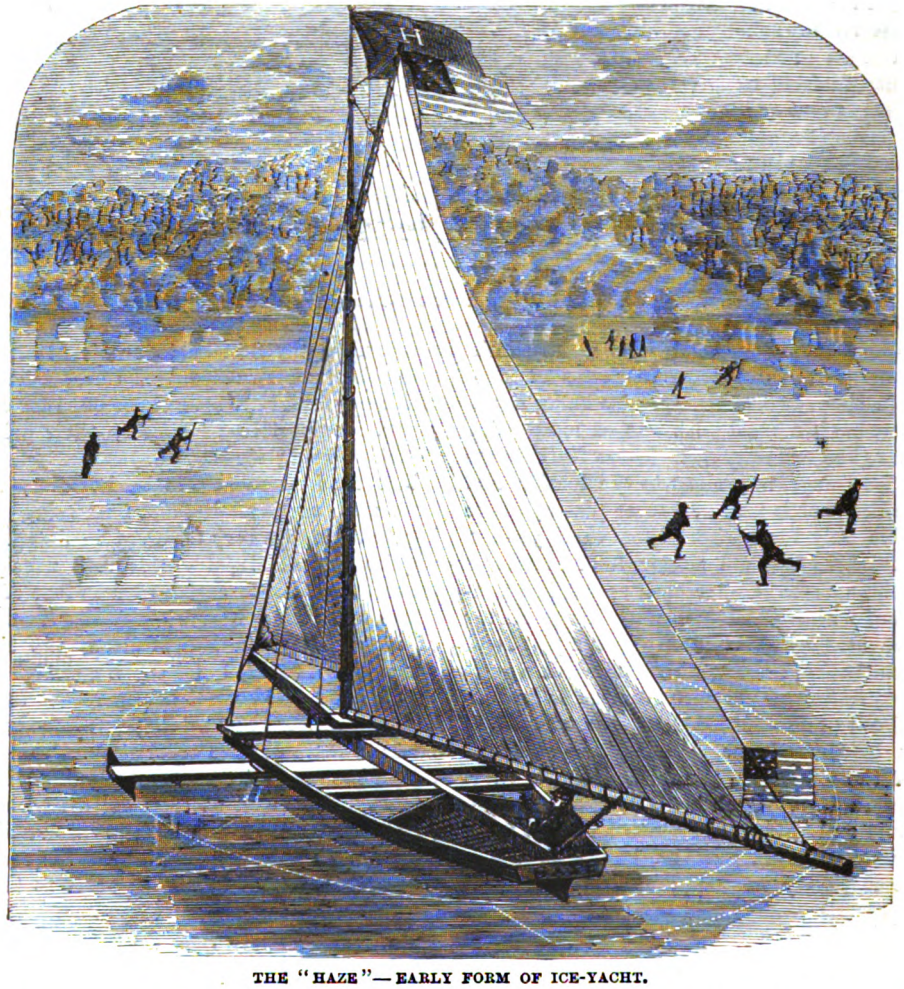
A, Centre-timber; B, Bowsprit; C, Runner-plank; D, Runners; E, Rudder; F, Car; G, Tiller; H, Handrail; I, Connecting-strap; K, Wire-stays; L, Bobstay; M, Runner-guides; N, Mast-step.

there by two pieces parallel to the runner-plank, and on top of the side-pieces. The car is formed by a platform of boards, laid under the side-rails and centre-timber at their after end.

This is the general construction of this class of boats, as shown in the cut of the *Haze*, and after this type all the older and more famous boats were built—the *Whiff*, *Icicle*, and many others. One rig, the sloop, is common to all, the mast being stepped directly over the runner-plank; the jib is large and the main boom of great length to preserve proper balance of sail.

These boats were very much faster than any that had preceded them, besides being much lighter and finer in finish. Many were of elaborate construction, of expensive woods in natural colors, with metal-work all nickel-plated.

For a long time this model held supreme sway on the Hudson, and it was copied in other places; but at length a rival has appeared that is rapidly driving out the old boats. The new style of craft is known, from the name of the first one, the *Robert Scott*, built a few years since at Athens, on the Hudson, as the *Bob Scott* model; and differs materially, both in hull and rig, from the old boats; the improvements being in the two important directions of lessened weight and flatter sails. The runner-plank is practically the same as in the old boats and the centre-timber is also retained, with the same form of runners and rudder; but the side-rails and platform have disappeared entirely. The place of the latter is taken by an oval car, about 7 feet long and 3 feet wide, built on top of the centre-timber, just forward of the rudder; while in place of the side-rails, two wire rope guys, set taut by turnbuckles, are substituted. Similar guys, from the bowsprit end to the runner-plank, lend support to the former and bind the frame well together; the whole framework being in the form of a timber cross, with its four ends connected by wire stays. The rig of this boat, too, differs greatly from the old. Instead of the mast being *over* the running-plank, it is moved ahead several feet. This gives a smaller jib, and also shortens the long main boom, making it possible to set the sails much flatter than with the old rig. The boats of the *Bob Scott* pattern are sometimes fitted with the lateen rig, described later on.



THE "HAZE"—EARLY FORM OF ICE-YACHT.

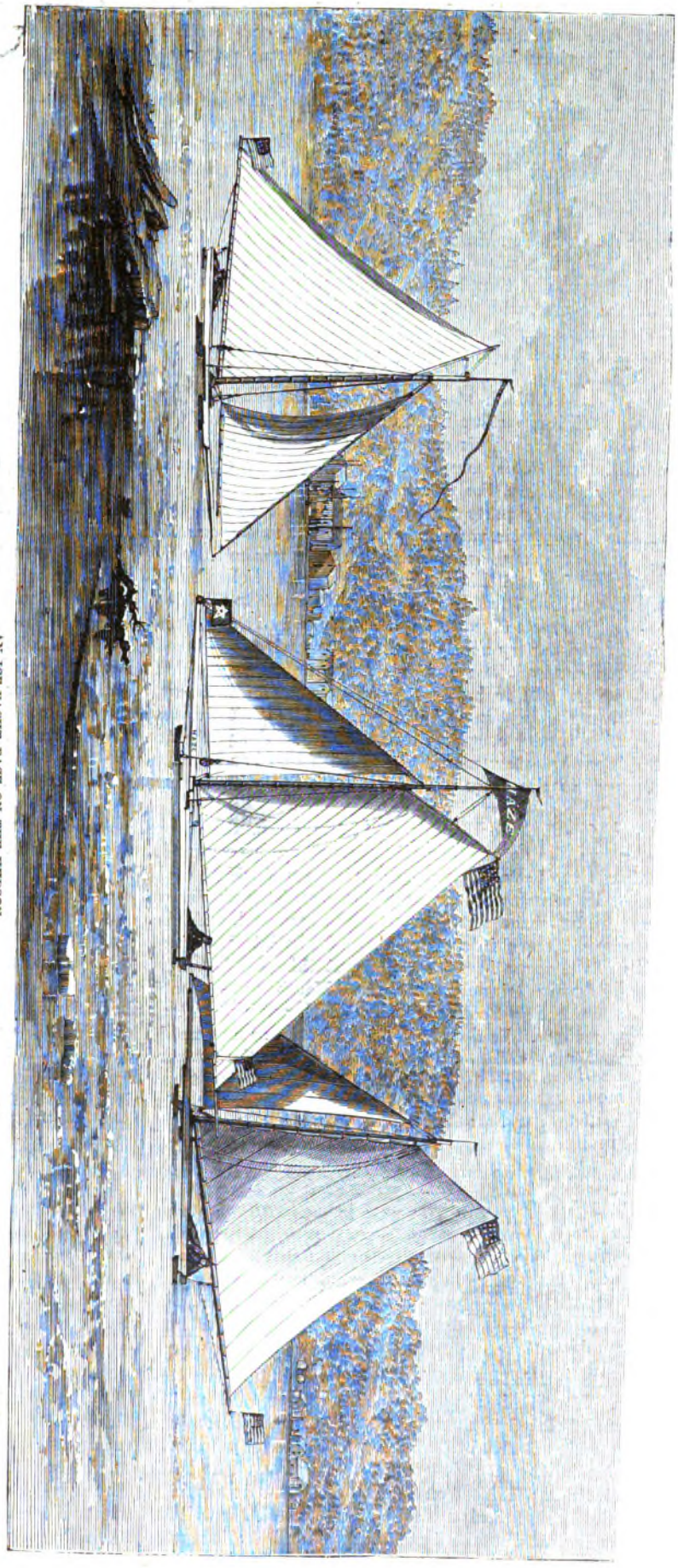
As the new boats are as yet confined to the Hudson and Shrewsbury, a detailed description of the construction may be of interest to ice-yacht sailors in other localities. The framework is built of some light but strong timber, butternut-wood being a favorite along the Hudson for runner-plank, centre-timber and bowsprit. The tree is sawn in such a manner that the planks take a natural curve, the heart side of each piece becoming convex after sawing, as is required for the runner-plank. Basswood is also frequently used for the latter, with white pine for centre-timber and bowsprit. The new *Icicle*, one of the finest boats on the Hudson, is built of butternut. The average size of the larger boats is about 35 feet from bowsprit end to rudder-stock; 20 to 25 feet spread of runners, and they carry about 650 square feet of canvas. The largest boat yet built is the new *Avalanche*, 51 feet long, 26 feet under plank, and carrying 845 square feet, the weight of the entire boat being about three thousand pounds.

The following dimensions are those of the famous *Bob Scott*, now named the *Great Scott;* the various parts are clearly shown on the plan. The runner-plank in this boat is 21 feet long, 16 inches wide, 3¾ inches thick at the middle, and 2½ inches at ends. The runner-planks are not straight, but arched, and have a curve of 4 to 5 inches in their entire length. At each end of this plank, on the lower side, are the two runner-guides which hold the runner. These are of oak, 5 inches deep, 2½ inches thick, and 2 feet long, and are securely bolted to the runner-plank; the space between them being a little greater than the thickness of the skate or runner. These are also of oak, 2½ inches thick and about 6 inches deep, the entire length being from 5 to 7 feet. The shoe or runner proper is of metal, triangular in cross section, the

lower edge being filed to an angle of 90 degrees. The runners of the Hudson River boats are all of cast-iron, while on the Shrewsbury steel is preferred. A very curious fact about the cast-iron runners is that, while at first they are quite soft, a few days' use gives them a polish and hardness that will defy a file. When new runners are put on, they are run for a short time to show the proper bearing surface, then filed as the wear indicates, and run again until they obtain their hardness and "water polish." Last season phosphor-bronze runners were tried, but were not a success. The metal shoe is secured to the wood by four tap-bolts through the latter, and screwing into the top of the metal. This completes the runner, which is hung between the two guides, a ⅝-inch inner bolt passing through all three, and allowing an adjustment on rough ice.

On top of the runner-plank, at its centre, rests the centre-timber, a piece 25 feet 6 inches long, 4¾ inches wide on top and bottom, and of varying depth, being 5 inches at the fore end, 7¼ at two-thirds of its length aft, and 5 inches at the after end. On top of this piece, and bolted to it with lag-screws from below, is the bowsprit, 28 feet in length, of the same width as the centre-timber; 5 inches deep at the fore end, 5½ inches at the mast, and from there tapering to 2 inches at the after end, where it abuts against the car. The distance from the fore end of the bowsprit to the mast is 13 feet, and to the centre of the runner-plank is 16 feet. Around the bowsprit and centre-timber passes a wide iron strap, the ends of which terminate in screw-bolts passing through the runner-plank and set up with nuts below, binding all tightly together.

The third runner is only two-thirds as large as the main ones, but of similar build, and is so mounted as to be turned in any direction, thus steering the boat. The rudder-stock is of round iron, 18 inches long and 1½ inches in diameter. The lower end is forged into a fork, which spans the rudder-skate, an iron pin passing through the two. In the extreme after end of the centre-timber is a hole, bushed with brass to take the rudder-stock, and the top of the latter is squared to take the iron tiller. In the old boats the tiller was short and straight, but now it is made from three to four feet long and curved upward so as to allow it to pass over the helmsman's body as he lies in the car. To give a little elasticity to the car a rubber spring 3 inches in



AN ICE-YACHT RACE ON THE HUDSON.

diameter and 2½ inches deep is placed on the rudder-stock, the centre-timber resting on it. A combination of steel springs has been tried for the same purpose, but was not as good as the rubber. This spring aft, with the long, curved runner-plank, eases the jar and concussion of rough ice greatly, and a springing-plank is used by Hudson River sailors; but on the Shrewsbury the arched centre-plank is braced so as to be as rigid as possible.

To secure the runner-plank and the fore and aft members in their relative positions, four stays of three-eighth inch iron wire rope are used, two running from the bowsprit-end to points on the runner-plank six feet from the centre, and the other two from the after end of the centre-timber to the same points. Each of these is provided with a turnbuckle by which it may be quickly tightened. The bowsprit-end is also stayed by a bob-stay of one-half-inch steel rod with turnbuckle set up over a straining post or martingale. Just forward of the rudder is an oak chock or guard to prevent any damage to the latter. This completes the hull proper, or, more correctly speaking, the running-gear.

The remaining parts are the accommodations and the rig, the former of a very limited sort. In racing or sailing, one or two men are sometimes carried on the runner-plank, but beyond this the only room is the helmsman's car, an oval box 7 feet long, 3 feet wide and 3 to 5 inches deep. This rests directly on the after end of the centre-timber, and is very neatly built of steamed oak covered with mahogany. The inside is cushioned and provided with a hand-rail to hold on to in going round corners, and when the boat in a playful mood disports itself as it is wont in sundry eccentric evolutions. In the port side of this car the steersman reclines, with one hand on the tiller, while the main and jib sheets are within easy reach.

The rig of these boats is of two varieties, the sloop and lateen, the former being the older and more common. Which is the better is a question as yet undecided, each having its advocates. A few yachts have been rigged as catboats, but have not proved very successful, and the rig has not come into general use. The latest boat of this rig is the new *Flying Cloud*, built this year for Commodore Irving Grinnell, of the New Hamburg Ice-yacht Club, of the Bob Scott model, but with one gaff sail of 620 square feet. In the sloop-rigged boats, as now used, the mast is stepped *forward* of instead of *over* the runner-plank, the distance in the boat in question being three feet. The mast-step is a flat plate of iron screwed to the bowsprit with a projecting piece about 1 inch thick, 3 inches long and 2½ inches high, which fits into a mortise in the foot of the mast. The latter is 28 feet long over all, 4¾ inches in diameter at the foot, where it is encircled by an iron band, and 4½ inches at the eyes of the rigging. The distance to the hounds is 20 feet 6 inches, and to the peak halyard block 24 feet. The mast is supported by two shrouds on each side, set up to dead-eyes in the runner-plank, and by a wire rope jib-stay to the bowsprit-end. The main beam is 30 feet long, 4 inches greatest diameter, and 3 inches diameter at the ends, while the gaff is 10 feet 9 inches long and 2½ inches diameter. The jib is rigged with a boom or club on the foot, and is laced to rings on the stay. The dimensions of the mainsail are, luff, 17 feet; foot, 28 feet; head, 10 feet; leech, 32 feet; clew to throat, 31 feet. The jib is 24 feet on luff, 11 feet on foot, and 19 feet on leech.

As the boats are always sailed with the sheets well in, flatness is a most essential quality in the sails. To secure it, powerful sheets and halyards are used, and the canvas must be very much heavier than in a sailing-yacht to stand the heavy strain, No. 4 duck being commonly used on the larger boats. The main sheet is rigged to give a powerful purchase along the length of the boom, and its lead may puzzle the sailor who is familiar only with water-borne craft, as it would be awkward to ease off the sheet when running before the wind with such an arrangement of blocks. This matters not at all, however, in ice-yachting, as will be explained further on. This apparent difficulty is present to a still greater extent in a lateen rig, as will be evident on inspection.

The origin of the application of the lateen, itself a very old form of sail, to ice-yachts, is not definitely settled, as there are several claimants for the honor; but in 1885 the rig first attracted general notice, being tried at the same time both on the Hudson and Shrewsbury. This sail, shown in the drawing of the *Avalanche*, is triangular in shape, with the foot laced to a boom, and the luff to a long yard, the two being united by a hinge joint at their fore ends. Instead of a single mast, as in almost all craft, the yard is hoisted on two masts or sheerlegs stepped on the runner-plank and inclining forward, being stayed from aft by shrouds from the backstays. A slight modification of this plan has a short plank bolted across the centre-timber forward of the runner-plank, on which the sheerlegs are stepped, the shrouds running down to the runner-plank. A forestay runs from the masthead (an iron double socket uniting both legs) to the bowsprit-end. The long yard is slung by two halyards, one below and one above the masthead, while directly below the latter the boom is attached by a universal joint to the bowsprit. Of course a sail slung in this manner would not answer for an ordinary boat, as the legs and shrouds would prevent it from swinging across the boat when before the wind, but this is no objection in the present case.

A ride by rail along the Hudson River in Winter will show series of ice-yachts of all sizes and varieties, some being only eight or ten feet long and built in the crudest manner by boys, and others ranging upward in size and finish past the many moderate-sized boats of plain finish built by amateurs, to the large and elegant craft such as described above, elegantly fitted and finished, with every requirement for perfect sailing. Most of the latter are built by Jacob Buckhout, of Poughkeepsie, himself a skillful sailor and devoted follower of the sport. A 35-ft. boat may be built for $300 to $400, but most of the crack racers cost from $600 to $800. In these boats the wood is selected of handsome grain and color, and is polished and varnished in all parts; the best of wire rigging, carefully fitted, is used; the ironwork is specially forged for each part, and is then polished, varnished, and covered with silver-bronze powder laid on the wet varnish, making a very handsome finish; or all is nickel-plated. The blocks are specially made for each boat by the builder, of various choice woods, while the sails are made with great care to insure a perfect fit by the best city makers. Handsome plush cushions ornament the car, and over the metal tiller and handrail is a neat serving of cord, the work of some old deep-water sailor who has drifted inland.

Different as these curious craft are in build from the orthodox floating-yacht, they differ no less in the mode of sailing, as the salt-water yachtsman who takes the tiller of an ice-boat for the first time is certain to realize quickly. The speed attained is much greater, but it necessitates a marked departure from the ordinary methods of sailing. In sailing squarely before the wind, it is evident that the sail can move no faster than the current of air which sur-

rounds it, otherwise it would meet a back pressure in front. An ice-yacht is found to attain its greatest velocity with wind abeam, or nearly so, and, when it is required to run to leeward, a very peculiar manœuvre is executed. The helm is put down and the yacht is sailed so close to the wind as to maintain her maximum velocity, regardless of the direction in which her true course lies. When the helmsman feels that her greatest momentum has been obtained, he heads the yacht for her destination, regardless now of the wind ; her recently acquired momentum carrying her onward at a constantly decreasing rate of speed. As soon as the yachtsman feels that the speed is about exhausted, he hauls up on the wind again, usually jibing and sailing on the other tack until sufficient impetus is obtained to head off again on his course. In this way a ten-mile run to leeward, in which a yacht would log but ten miles, may mean no less than fifteen miles to be covered by the ice-yacht. As the sail is thus close-hauled or nearly so, the sheets are never slacked more than a little, and the boom is never far from the centre-line of the boat.

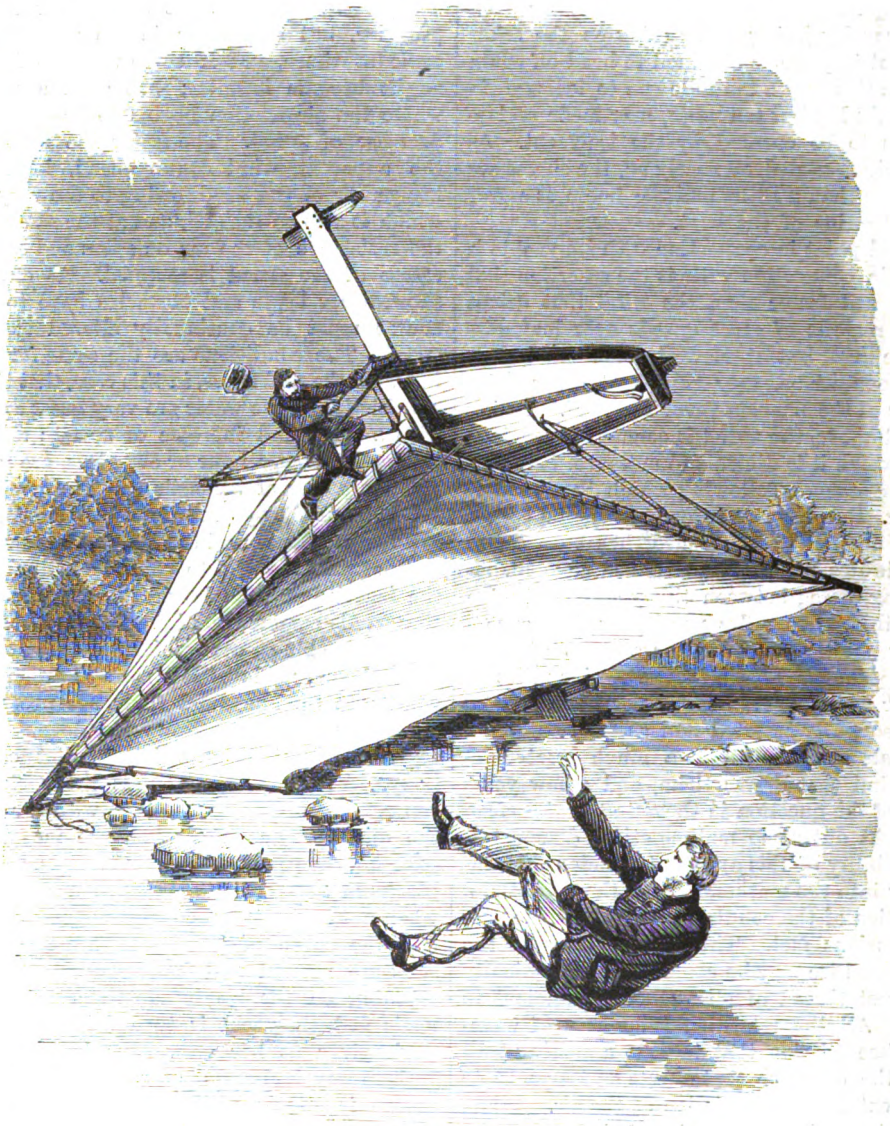
A much disputed point in connection with ice-yachts is their speed, and in connection with it the assertion that they do at times sail faster than the wind that drives them. Accurate records of great speeds over long distances cannot be had, but it is well established that, under favorable conditions, they have beaten for miles the express trains of the Hudson River Railroad. Owing to the facts stated above, the speed is constantly varying; a great velocity, which it is difficult to measure, being attained for short distances, following which the speed is very much slower. Races are on record in which a course of twenty miles, one-half to windward, has been sailed in fifty-seven minutes, the actual distance covered, allowing for tacking, being between thirty and thirty-five miles, or about thirty-five miles per hour ; this speed, of course, being greatly exceeded for a short distance during the race. The *Haze* has a record of nine miles in seven minutes, or seventy-seven miles per hour.

It has been frequently asserted and as frequently denied, that ice-boats at times attain a much greater velocity than the wind that drives them, and a few years ago a discussion of the question in the *Scientific American Supplement* brought out some mathematical demonstrations of the possibility of this apparent paradox. Without going deeply into the mathematics of the problem, a simple consideration of the conditions will show the possibility of this curious fact. The friction between the iron runner and good ice may be considered as nominally nothing, the merest thread of string being sufficient to tow an ice-boat. All the retarding influences of wave-making and surface friction that impede a floating hull are absent, and the only one that affects an ice-yacht to any appreciable extent is the friction of the air. When once the yacht is in motion and her inertia is overcome, a very small force is necessary to maintain the speed in the absence of any retarding force. The fastest point of sailing is with the wind abaft or before the beam. In the latter case, the sails are acted on by two forces, the actual wind blowing partly on the beam and the stationary volume of air against which she is moving straightforward, the resultant of these two or the effect of their combined forces on the sails being from a direction considerably forward of the true wind, as shown by the fly at the masthead. If the boat were at rest, this fly would show the true direction of the wind, and if the boat were simply moving ahead without wind, the fly would point aft, but in actual sailing it assumes a position intermediate between the two. Into this apparent wind, as it is called, the boat is now running, and the wind is exerting a very great pressure on the sail. Owing to the small angle between the wind and sail, a great part of the effect is lost, but sufficient remains, much more than enough to overcome the small air and ice friction. The boat then is under the action of a constant force, and so must move, if all friction be disregarded, at a continually increasing speed. We know that a body in space acted on by the force of gravity will fall twice as far in the second interval of its descent as in the first, and will constantly gain with succeeding intervals, and the same law applies to the ice-yacht acted upon by the wind. The velocity increases not only under this steady wind pressure, but still more in the puffs and gusts which come at times, and if there were no friction at all, it might become infinite ; but soon a point is reached where the air friction begins to be appreciably felt in a decrease of speed. The faster the boat sails the more the apparent wind draws ahead, lessening the driving power of the wind, owing to the very acute angle at which it acts on the sail, and at the same time increasing the resistance of the air on spars and hull, until the increase of the speed is stopped. As cracks, rough ice, snow, other boats and obstacles have to be avoided, the course must be continually altered at the expense of speed. The conditions are the same for a floating-boat, but with the difference, in this case, that the wave-making and friction of the water are very great and grow rapidly with a very small increase of speed ; and at a speed of twelve knots per hour or even less, are greater than the driving power of the sails can overcome.

Of course the sport must always be followed at pretty low temperatures, and the ice-yachtman must guard carefully against the cold to which he is doubly exposed from the inactive position he must occupy, and from the cutting winds opposed to him. His feet are incased in long woolen stockings, over which he draws a pair of lumberman's boots, made of felt nearly half an inch thick, and coming to the knee, and these are protected below by a stout pair of arctics. Fur vests, dogskin jackets and jerseys, surmounted by a heavy pilot coat, protect the body. A fur collar surrounds the neck, and a sealskin cap coming down over the ears, with fur gloves, complete the outfit. Thus appareled, the ice-yacht is cast off from her moorings, or, in other words, the small stools or blocks of wood which are placed under the runner-plank when not in use to keep the runners off the ice and to retain the curve of the plank, are removed. Then the sails are hoisted and halyards belayed, the yachtman standing on the ice beside the craft. The sheets are made fast, the yacht is turned in the right direction, a push given as her crew runs beside her, and as she gathers way he leaps aboard and seizes the tiller. If the breeze is strong, plates of lead are strapped down on each runner, or a man is carried instead as live ballast. If it becomes necessary to reef, the yacht is luffed up, her crew get out and walk around her, lowering the sails and running a lacing line through grommets in place of the ordinary reef points. Once fairly under way the sport commences. The yacht pursues her devious way, darting back and forth, here and there, like the flight of Summer insects. Now running smoothly ahead at a rapid rate, now losing in speed with a change in her course, and again, under a lively puff, throwing the weather-runner high in the air, and apparently bent only on ridding herself of the crouching figure clinging to the hand-rail. In this she is sometimes successful, as last Winter, in a run down the river, where one of the largest yachts, leaping under a sudden squall, threw her owner

and sole occupant out of the car. Relieved of his weight, she went careening on, holding one tack for a long time and then jibing and continuing on the other as though a ghostly helmsman directed her. After a mile of this work, and after threatening to hurl herself into a railway embankment, she struck a windrow of snow, quickly luffed up, and waited for her disgusted owner to come up on foot and take his place again.

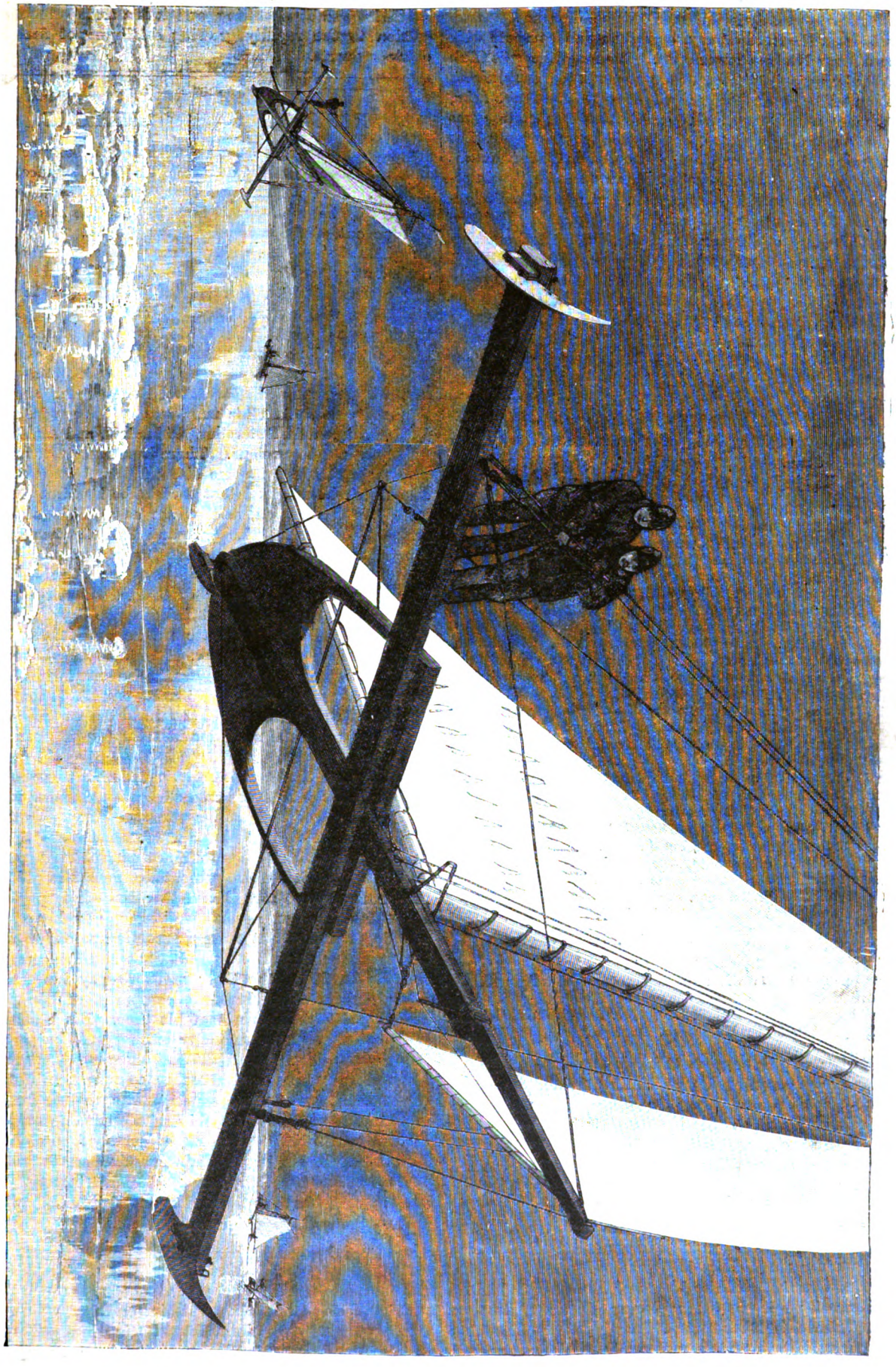
Of excitement and exhilaration there is plenty, and of danger also. In racing or sailing, where a number of boats are in company, the greatest care and vigilance are necessary to prevent a collision with a meeting or overtaking boat, and the rules of the road which govern other vessels are enforced still more closely. Starboard tack not only has the right of way, but must hold its course under all circumstances. Besides collisions, there are capsizes, in which the yacht is turned bodily over on the ice, her crew generally coming off with nothing worse than a tumble. One of the greatest dangers is from the cracks in the ice, which are sometimes unseen in time, or from weak ice, which breaks under the boat and throws her occupant into the icy water, with a chance of being carried under by the current. If not too wide the cracks are sometimes jumped, but a failure in this attempt is apt to prove a serious matter. When it is desired to stop the yacht, she is run off before the wind to lessen her headway and then luffed up sharply. If she is to be left for a short time, the rudder is turned square across the boat; but if it is desired to anchor her, the runners are blocked up off the ice in such a way as to retain the curve of the runner-plank, two blocks being placed near the centre of the latter and one near the rudder.



AN ACCIDENT.

The two leading ice-yacht clubs of America are the Poughkeepsie and the Hudson River, the former one of the oldest clubs, while the latter dates back only to 1885. With them, also, is the New Hamburg Club and the Shrewsbury, the latter sailing on the river of that name in New Jersey. The three Hudson clubs number some famous boats in their fleets: the *Great Scott*, with 600 feet of sail; the *Avalanche*, 841; *Flying Cloud*, 610; *Jack Frost*, 744; *Reindeer*, 731; *Zero*, 750; *Northern Light*, 680; *Blizzard*, 634, and the old *Haze*, long famous as a fast boat. Smaller clubs exist at Carthage, Jew's Creek, and other points on the Hudson. The Shrewsbury River Club was organized in December, 1882, prior to which ice-yachting had been popular for twenty years on the upper and lower Shrewsbury. The earlier boats were crude affairs, mere boxes on four runners. The first three-runner boat on the North Shrewsbury was the *War Eagle*, built about 1870; and the *Phantom*, also with three runners, appeared on the South Shrewsbury about the same time. These earlier boats were modeled after the Hudson River craft. Racing has become popular, and some spirited contests are now held for the Shrewsbury Champion Pennant. The largest and fastest boat of the club is the *Scud*, a lateen-rigged boat of the Bob Scott model, 35 feet long, 25 feet runner-plank; mast, 28 feet; sail, 52 feet on boom, 36 feet on yard; and 40 feet 6 inches on leech, with 720 feet area.

The great prize that all ice-yachtsmen covet is the Challenge Pennant of America, a handsome silk pennant, 30 feet long. This flag was first raced for on November, 6th, 1881, eleven yachts of the Poughkeepsie and New Hamburg Clubs competing; the *Phantom*, of the latter club, winning in fifty-seven minutes over a twenty-mile course. In 1883 a second race of twenty miles was sailed at New Hamburg; *Avalanche*, of the Poughkeepsie,



IN A STIFF BREEZE.

winning in fifty-seven minutes. In 1884 the interest in this contest was greatly heightened by the presence of four boats from the Shrewsbury, brought up to compete with the famous Hudson River craft. The Poughkeepsie Club entered *Haze*, *Avalanche*, *Jack Frost*, *Æolus*, *Icicle*, *Jessie B.*, and *Northern Light;* and the Shrewsbury Club, *Idler*, *Dreadnaught*, *Tempest*, and *Uncle Bob*. The course was twenty miles, the *Haze* winning it in one hour, five minutes and thirty seconds, while the second boat was the *Dreadnaught*, one hour, six minutes and fifty-six seconds. Again, in 1885, the flag was raced for, the Poughkeepsie Club entering *Haze*, *Icicle*, *Avalanche*, *Northern Light*, *Jack Frost*, *Jessie B.*, and *Gracie;* while from New Hamburg came *Zero*, *Zephyr*, *Phantom*, *Whistler*, *Whiff*, *Mischief*, and *Quickstep*. Again the course was twenty miles. *Zero* met with a mishap, striking a boy who was in the way, and some of the other boats went to her assistance. *Haze* won again, but a protest was made by the second boat, *Jack Frost*, which claimed a foul, as did some of the visiting boats. This protest was disallowed by the Regatta Committee, which ruling caused the withdrawal of several members who were dissatisfied with the decision, and who at once organized the Hudson River Ice-yacht Club.

The following are the conditions under which the Challenge Pennant is raced for:

"I. The flag is always to be considered as a challenge flag, and is never to become the individual property of any club winning it.

"II. The club holding the flag is liable to be challenged during its ice-yachting season by any organized club in this country or Europe, the challenge to be in the name of the club, and sent through its Secretary, in writing, to the Secretary of the club so challenged, and such challenge or challenges must be accepted and sailed in the order in which they are received. The club receiving the challenge must immediately appoint a committee of three for the race, who shall appoint the day, start the boats, take their time, settle all questions connected with the race, and proclaim the winner; and from the decision of this committee there shall be no appeal. The club challenging need not enter more than one boat. The club holding the flag may oppose with one or more boats, at its option.

"III. Any challenge for any other purpose that may exist unsettled between the club challenging and the club challenged must be sailed before the race for the flag can be sailed between them.

"IV. All races for the flag shall be sailed over the annual regatta course of the club challenged; but if the ice on such course be in no proper condition for sailing, the race shall be sailed over the nearest neutral course, said course to be selected by the committee appointed for the race.

"V. No club can challenge the club holding the flag more than once during one ice-yachting season.

"VI. All races for the flag shall be sailed according to the rules and regulations of the club holding it.

"VII. The flag is a silk pennant, thirty feet long, with the words 'Ice-yacht Challenge Pennant of America,' in gold letters on a blue ground, and it shall always be known and sailed for as the Ice-yacht Challenge Pennant of America."

Another valued prize is the Poughkeepsie Challenge Pennant, presented by George W. Kidd in 1872, and since won by *Icicle*, *Snowbird of Staatsburg*, and *Æolus*, the latter having had it since 1883. The season, which begins on December 1st, and ends on April 1st, has this year been a rather disappointing one, but little sailing being possible up to the middle of February. The new boats and rigs have excited a great deal of interest among the advocates of the various styles, and many vexed questions still remain to be settled. While racing has thus far reached its highest development with the boats and in the localities described, much of it is done on a smaller scale in other places; on Lake Erie, on Lake Ontario, in other parts of Canada, on the Kennebec and other Eastern waters, and on the Delaware. Each year the sport is becoming more popular and the boats are being improved. In its accompaniments it is manly, healthful and invigorating, and it is a most valuable accession to the rapidly growing catalogue of American outdoor sports.

ECONOMY ON THE THRONE.

CHARLEMAGNE was economical without being stingy. Louis XI. was greedy of his people's substance, and miserly. Louis XII. was near, and as he only had daughters, he took great care to increase his private fortune out of the revenues of the Crown. One of his daughters became the wife of Francis I., and she quickly dashed away her share of her father's savings. Henry IV. was economical because a patriot, and afraid of the austere Sully, who was the keeper of his conscience. Louis Philippe was mean, in the sense Americans attach to the word, and had no perception of any kind of grandeur. He cut down ruthlessly—to make money of them—trees in his parks, which had weathered the storms of many hundred years. And his meanness was the ruin of his dynasty. From St. Petersburg to Madrid, and London to Athens, thrift now reigns. There is scarcely a sovereign who feels that the income allowed him by the nation over which he reigns is not for him or her, but for the dignity of the Crown, and to act as a head-waiter on national industry. The Czar and Czarina themselves, colossal as their private fortune is, are intent on making it much greater. Stinginess is traditional in the House of Hohenzollern; but their Civil List allowances have been never great, and they shrink from no duty, however hard or irksome. They have public spirit in a high degree, and command respect. The late King of Sweden bequeathed his only daughter the largest fortune that was ever known of in Scandinavia, and it would have been counted a great one all the world over. His father was Bernadotte, the son of a Béarnais lawyer, of small provincial practice.

In Belgium the Royal family is also a plutocratic one. Although Leopold I. was fleeced by fair harpies in his old age, he left each of his three children about five million dollars. Yet M. Etienne Arago remembers when he had to go in debt for some French embroidered muslin, which he bought to make presents to the sisters of his (in 1816) master, the Czar. Empress Elizabeth is prodigal, and thinks she can never spend enough on her stables and dog-kennels; but the Emperor is anxious to swell his investments and the Crown Prince and Princess pare cheese. In Italy, the King saves to pay his father's debts, and nobody, therefore, complains of his thrift. Ludwig of Bavaria is not of his time. His brother of Wurtemburg is not personally extravagant, but is profuse through favorites. At Lisbon, the King-dowager has amassed so much as to be able to spend millions of francs on his country house near Cintra, and in furnishing it and the palace where he and his amiable wife live in Winter. Maria Pia, being passionately fond of dress, Dom Luis pinches in the stables and wherever else he can. He, however, only saves out of his income. The late King Alphonso of Spain left his family ten million dollars, the savings of his short reign.

A LATE celebrated judge, who stooped very much when walking, had a stone thrown at him one day, which fortunately passed over him without hitting him. Turning to his friend, he remarked, "Had I been an upright judge, that might have caused my death."

INCOGNITA.

THE evening boat from Dover had brought its usual load of passengers, and disgorged them at the Calais pier. The night was fine, clear and still, and the passengers loitered in little groups about the Paris train.

A young man, evidently traveling alone, stood by the open door of his *coupé*. He looked discontented and preoccupied, rather savagely puffing away at a large cigar, and glancing every now and then with increasing attention at a lady who walked slowly up and down the platform in close conversation with two foreigners.

It appeared they were leaving immediately in a train bound Vienna-ward. The moment came when they must say good-by to her, for she was going to Paris. She got up into a compartment they had reserved for her, and it happened to be the next one to that of the young Englishman. He could hear that they were talking French.

"Good-by. Take great care of yourself, and be sure to go to bed and rest the moment you descend at the hotel."

She put her head out of the window and nodded gayly.

"I can take care of myself," she cried. "Good-by."

In another moment they were gone.

It was a very quiet night, and there were but few passengers. The sound of the water lapping against the piers became monotonous. The girl continued leaning out of window; looking around her curiously, she turned up her vail, and the young man beneath her noticed how attractive she was. It was a fine, delicate face, full of strong individuality, more interesting than beautiful. He sauntered carelessly near her, and throwing away his cigar, remarked that it was a fine night.

"Yes," she answered, readily.

"I have a great mind to come in your carriage," he ventured, boldly.

"Do," she replied, tranquilly. "It is so dull traveling alone; I cannot bear it."

"After that the deluge," thought the young man, as he briskly climbed the steep steps, and seated himself opposite his fair incognita.

In another moment they were off.

"You are going to Paris," he asked.

"Yes."

"Are you going to stay there long?"

"I do not know."

"I wish I were going to stay there any time," he continued; "but I am only over on business, and must return by the night train."

"That is quick work," said she, smiling. "I should think you would scarcely realize you had been there."

"Ah," he cried, conversationally, "the fact is, I have to come over to see my brother, who is in the Embassy. I am in a bit of a scrape. I lost a lot of money last night at cards, and I daren't approach the governor. He has been very good to me already. My brother—he's the heir—is a first-rate fellow, and he can pull me through if he likes; and I am sure he will when I tell him all about it; and so I am over to-night to see him, so that I can be back to settle on Monday."

He chattered on inconsequently, and the girl who sat opposite him listened and smiled, and the longer she listened the deeper grew her mysterious smile.

"My name," he said, "is Gerard Gordon; I wonder what yours is?"

"Never mind mine," she said.

"But I do mind yours. I've told you mine. Won't you tell me yours?"

"Why should I?"

"Because I want so much to know. But tell me first where you are going, and where you live?"

The young fellow spoke earnestly, and leaned forward to emphasize his interest. But the girl looked him from head to foot with slow, comprehensive scrutiny, as if she paused to see what manner of man he was.

"I am nobody," she said, laughing; I come from nowhere, and I am going nobody knows where."

She lay back against the cushions, and looked half defiant, half pitiful. She appeared to be very young, and yet her manner was curiously assured, and her air was the air of an older woman. There was about her, too, a dignity that immensely enhanced her already significant beauty.

"But won't you, at all events, allow me to know where you are going to stay in Paris? I might come and see you, mightn't I?"

"You will not have time. You have far too much to do in the few hours you will be there. Besides, why should you come to see me? I don't know you."

"And I don't know you; but I want to know you. Do tell me where you will stay? I could come back after I have settled up in England. I would come back at once if I thought I could see you——"

"There is no good your coming back," she said, gravely; "you would not find me."

"But I will!" the young man cried, defiantly; "why should I not?"

"I don't belong to myself," she answered; "and even if I did, why should I see you? We are of the merest acquaintance."

"But do tell me something about yourself," he said, desperately. "Will you be coming back to England soon? Do you live in London? Shall I ever see you again?"

She leaned suddenly forward, and put both her hands in his. She smiled up in his eager, puzzled, handsome face.

"Leave me alone!" she said, softly. "Leave me alone. It is no good. You will never see me again."

"But I will, I will! Do tell me your name. Be kind to me! I will remember you always."

"It is better you should never remember me at all," she answered. "What is there to remember? I like your face, and you seem honest. But you are very young, and there are some things which are utterly impossible."

The hours seemed to have flown. They both looked up in surprise to find the train puffing laboriously into the Paris station, and Gerard realized painfully that his adventure was over.

He put his fair incognita into a carriage, heard her give the address of the Hotel Splendide, and then begged most earnestly to be allowed to write to her.

She hesitated for a moment, then said:

"Very well. Address me as Miss Smith. It is not my name, but it will do as well as another."

And with that she disappeared.

After negotiating his business satisfactorily with his brother, Gerard Gordon flew to the hotel and asked for Miss Smith. He was told she was out. He returned again and again, and finally in despair he had to return to London.

As soon as he arrived he wrote to her—a long letter, begging her to trust him, and imploring to be allowed to return to Paris and see her. "I will await your answer honestly," he said; "but if I do not hear in two days, I shall come."

Two days passed, and no answer. Opposition fired the young man's eager fancy, and off he dashed in wild pursuit. At the hotel at Paris he heard she had left for Vienna. He was not to be baffled, and went on obstinately. The more she eluded him, the more determined he was to find his mysterious *incognita*. He traveled on from place to place, here and there finding a clew. The girl was alone, and conspicuous by her youth and beauty, and she was not hard to trace.

At last, one morning, he arrived at St. Petersburg. The first thing he did was to send a description of the lady to the police, and immediately he found himself visited by several officers of the Imperial Court.

"You are looking for the lady answering this description ?" they inquired.

"Yes," he said, eagerly. "Can you tell me where she is ?"

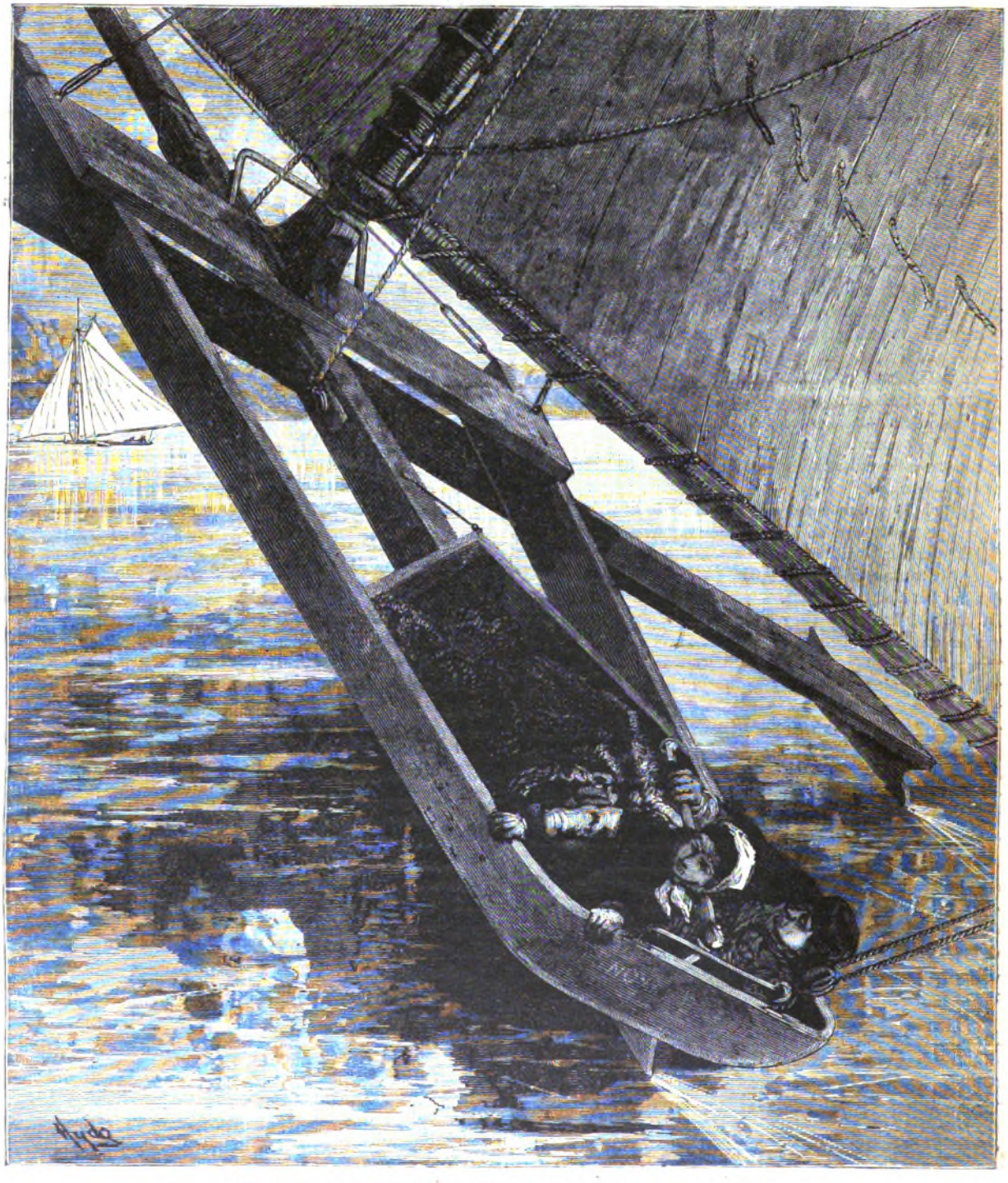
There was a moment's silence, and then one of them stood forward, gravely, and said :

"She is at this moment condemned to death for the attempted assassination of the Czar."

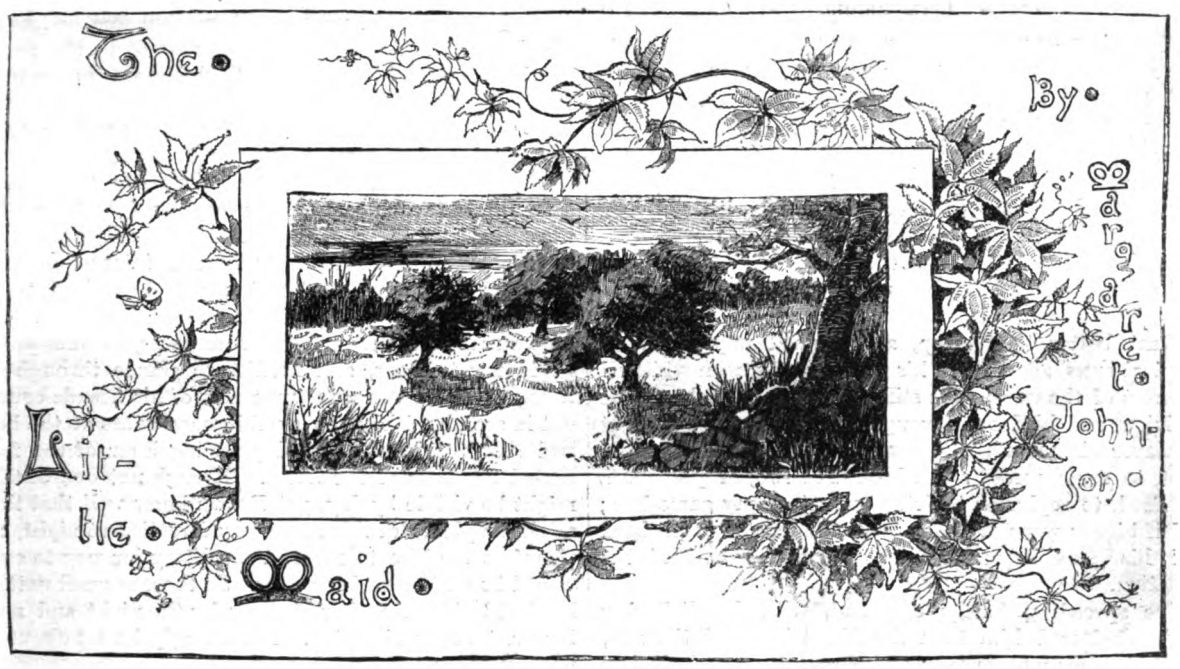
"It is impossible ! In God's name, who is she, then ?"

Gerard Gordon, upon hearing these words, sprang to his feet, with a cry of horror.

"She is an infamous spy and an assassin, and the head of a bloodthirsty and treasonable secret society."



ICE-YACHTS AND ICE-YACHTING.— AN EXCITING MOMENT.—SEE PAGE 385.



Across the level meadows I was straying;
The day was nearly done;
Upon the breeze, among the blossoms playing,
The roses shed their petals, one by one.
I saw, beside the wall, a little maiden
Stand smiling in the sun.

The bees flew home across the purple clover,
By dewy winds caressed;
I heard the children's voices, ringing over
The fields of blossom by the burning West.
With folded hands, beside the wall she lingered,
Nor played among the rest.

"Now wherefore stand you here, my little maiden?"
I asked, in friendly wise.
"The other children with their flowers are laden,
Go you not with them?" From her grave, sweet eyes,
One glance she turned of wonder, and beyond me
Gazed at the glowing skies.

So fair, so bright, with more than childish seeing,
The countenance she wore,
That something of her innocent young being
I would have learned, and questioned her once more,
Then lifted she a little, hushing finger,
And, smiling as before—

"Hark! hear you not the sleepy thrushes singing?"
Below her breath she said.
"And hear you not the big brown bees a-winging
Their noisy way across the fields to bed?
And hear you not the rustling elm-trees whisper
Their secrets overhead?"

"Surely?" said I. "But now the rest are playing
On yonder pleasant lea.
Are you not lonely here, my child, delaying?"
She shook her pretty head. "Oh, do you see
How bright the little clouds are in the sunset!
How still and bright?" said she.

"I see the sun behind the mountains setting;
The twilight has begun.
Is there," said I, "no task you are forgetting,
That should be finished ere the day is done,
While with these pretty, idle fingers folded,
You linger, little one?"

"To-morrow"—still her happy eyes went dreaming
Across the field of light,
Bathed softly in the mellow sunset's gleaming—
"To-morrow, ere the dark has taken flight,
Then will I work. It is enough," she murmured,
"Only to live to-night!"

Then much I wondered at the child's persistence,
And said, half jesting, "So,
You fain would lead a butterfly's existence,
For ever basking in the Summer's glow!"
Again she shook her pretty head in wonder—
"Nay, sir, they do not know—

"The foolish things about the meadow flying—
They cannot know—not they—
How beautiful it is!" And thus replying,
Naught more the little maid would have to say,
But smiling straight into the yellow sunset,
Left me to go my way.

* * * * * * *

Homeward I walk across the lonely meadows—
The evening has begun.
But often when the way is dark with shadows,
A light breaks softly through the gathering dun;
I see, beside a wall, a little maiden
Stand smiling in the sun!

HOW BROWN AWOKE AT THE RIGHT MOMENT.

They had all been a week in the jungle without catching a glimpse of a "fur-jacket," and, but for the novelty and the high festival for which the occasion formed an excuse, they were beginning to get rather disgusted with their expedition. They thought sadly of what Smith and his party would be saying when they, the Smith party, returned triumphant to their bungalows with, perhaps, three or four tiger-skins, not to speak of other game, while here they had only accounted for a sambur deer and a few wretched antelopes.

While matters were at this stage, Brown, who loved adventure better than sleep, and seemed impervious to tropical suns, shouldered his gun one afternoon while all the rest of the camp were still steeped in after-breakfast oblivion, and hied out through the jungle for a shot at whatever chance might throw in his way. He hoped, at least, to come across a jungle-fowl or two, or perhaps a pea-fowl, to replenish their somewhat empty game-bag; and if bigger game did offer—why, he trusted to his luck and his good breech-loader to make the best of the situation.

The spreading foliage overhead, with its flickering shade, sheltered him from the direct blaze of the sun, which it largely absorbed; and through the cool shadow below he wound over a thick carpet of dead leaves, between clumps of interlacing creepers and trailers, long, thorny canes with terrible hook-shaped prickles and dense masses of leafage; and between the huge trunks of sâl, ceesoo, toon, and other trees, which here, for hundreds of miles east and west, initialed the slopes of the mighty Himalayas. Not a breath of air stirred, enough even to agitate the smoke of his cheroot as it curled straight upward; nor did a sound break the intense stillness of the forest depths. Here it seemed as if the foot of man had never intruded to disturb Nature's primeval garb, or ever essayed the task of cutting down and transferring to the distant haunts of men these huge trunks. All seemed in its wild and natural luxuriance as from time immemorial. Every now and again rare creepers, all ablaze with flowers that had wound themselves in thick leafy masses round the trunks of trees arrested Brown's attention, or parasite orchids of brilliant hues that embedded their roots in them. Brown was a keen admirer of Nature, and alone as he was, communing with her, he felt the quiet, deep spirit of forest life stealing over him—that strange, indescribable feeling which Cooper and Mayne Reid have so well described as wedding the great prairie hunters of the West to their woodland life. Now and again a rustle among the branches caused Brown to look up, and a brilliant jungle-fowl in all his glorious plumage flashed across the sunlight, but too quick for him to take aim. Still, by gauging their flight through the supervening foliage he managed by-and-by to drop one or two. Nothing of a larger kind offered, however, and he was bethinking himself of returning to camp, from which he must now have strolled a considerable distance, when a slight rustle among the undergrowth suddenly arrested his attention. It was nothing but an antelope that trotted out and cantered slowly away as if quite unused as yet to that novel creature, man, that had invaded its solitude. A ruthless bullet, however, soon undeceived and rolled it over, but for a moment only, for up it started again and limped away at a feeble, labored pace. Brown gave chase, thinking it would drop, but still it kept its distance, till, managing to reload as he ran, a charge of No. 2 brought it down.

He had now got his antelope, but what was his consternation on looking round to find that not only was the sun by this time very low down, but that he had lost his bearings! Another half-hour or so in the tropics would bring total darkness, and here he was in the midst of the jungle, he knew not whither or how far from camp. He only hoped he was not too far for the reports of his friends' barrels to reach him and direct him toward them, or *vice versâ*. Without such a guide, the more he attempted to reach camp, the more he might be wandering away from it. Acting on this idea, he fired off shot after shot, listening intently in the intervals for the wished-for response, but not a sound replied to his signals. Things were beginning to look serious. The dusk was already deepening into darkness, the musquitoes beginning to buzz, and fireflies to glance through the foliage. There was no chance now of his friends coming out in search of him, on a wild-goose chase at the best, and that, too, in the lawful prowling hour of the four-footed denizens of the forest. Though not one of them might be visible by day, yet Brown knew well that there might be plenty of them in every direction at night, and therefore for him to attempt a solitary journey to camp would be still more dangerous. So there seemed nothing left but to bivouac where he was for the night and make the most of the situation. Accordingly he set about his preparations without delay.

First, he looked about for a tree that would afford a safe and comfortable perch. This he soon found in one where several large arms branched off from the main trunk at an elevation of about fifteen feet from the ground, and which promised a comfortable roost at the fork or point of juncture. Before ascending, however, he was resolved not to leave his bird and antelope behind as a tasty morsel to any stray tiger or leopard that came prowling about, so he tied one cord to the birds and another to the antelope, and the other end of each to his button-hole, and thus accoutred, began to ascend the tree. This he managed slowly and with some difficulty, owing to the darkness and smoothness of the trunk, and to his attention being every now and then distracted by imaginary rustling below; but with the help of his hunting-knife and sundry excrescences on the bark, at length he stood upon the branches with a triumphant feeling of being, in a manner, secure and housed for the night. He only hoped some gliding boa might not come upon him unawares and entwine him in its gentle embrace! But beyond that it would puzzle, thought he, even the feline powers of the leopard to reach him in his aerial bedchamber. He now pulled up his birds, and hitching the other cord over a branch of the tree, he soon had his antelope also landed beside him. Nothing remained now but to load and put within easy reach his double-barreled friend, and to attach himself to the tree as a necessary precaution against sleep. Having done all this, he lit his cheroot. Soon the red glow and the soothing fumes helped to dissipate the last trace of vexation at his position, and to throw him into dreamy philosophizings which seemed the precursor of sleep.

The forest sounds which night had awakened far and near now fell upon his ear, as if the authors were abundant all around, despite their quietude by day. He recognized the deep-throated roar of the king of the forest, the shallower half-snarl, half-howl of the leopard, and the bark of the wolf. An interlude occasionally broke in upon these in the trumpeting of an elephant or the grunt of a rhinoceros—these huge and harmless animals gradually becoming extinct through the wanton assaults of men. At times some of the roarings came very near

indeed, and more than once Brown thought he could detect a cat-like movement over the leafy carpet below, but this gave him little concern. Gradually the sounds grew fainter and fainter, and further off, till they ceased altogether. Brown was asleep.

How long he had slept he knew not, when a strange, undefinable impression of something wrong caused him suddenly to open his eyes and stare straight before him. There, shining through the foliage and seemingly close to him, appeared two stars of intense brilliancy and richness, the only gleams amid the pitchy darkness. He could not remove his eyes from them, but kept staring as if magnetized. Presently he thought there was a slight swaying or slow movement of the stars, and scarcely feeling as if he were yet awake, and with the impression of being under some strange fascination, he tried to rouse himself, never moving, however, nor yet once lifting his eyes off those glittering lights. Gradually, as reflection grew clearer, the truth dawned upon him with almost overwhelming force! There was no doubt he was under the blaze of a hungry tiger's eyes, the owner of which was apparently gauging his bearings before proceeding to business. The discovery almost petrified him for a moment; but only for a moment, and then all his coolness returned with redoubled force. Everything depended on his self-possession. His only chance of life, he felt, lay in making himself master of the situation, and this he was resolved to be. Without moving a muscle, without flinching or faltering, steadily he returned the fierce glare that was fixed upon him. In this stare was concentrated the power of the human mind over the brute. He felt this power and knew its efficacy from the experience of many previous occasions. Seconds and minutes passed, and still the two continued thus motionless, staring at each other. As each minute passed, Brown felt more and more that this monster that could have torn him to pieces with ease was yet powerless to touch him so long as he kept him under the check of his eye. The least wavering on his part he knew would at once be detected by his terrible *vis-à-vis*, and signal his fate. The idea of seizing his gun had never entered his mind. Before he could half reach for it the animal would have been upon him. By-and-by, as Brown's eyes got accustomed to the darkness, he could discern, crouched on the very branch on which he lay, the outline of the tiger dimly visible only some three yards off. The time that now passed was intensified into a length that seemed interminable to Brown; but still there was no movement of the enemy. At length the glaring eyeballs, he thought, drew nearer to each other, then one gradually was lost to sight, and soon after the other. Then a stealthy, cat-like movement and heaving of the strong branch as of some animal retreating along it, till presently a soft plunge and rebound of the branch indicated its having quitted its position. It was not the sound of a leap to the ground, however, but rather of springing from one branch to another, and Brown did not yet feel quite secure, though at the same time thoroughly mystified to account for the movements of his enemy. Not less puzzled was he to understand how the animal could possibly have reached him in a place that seemed inaccessible to a tiger, and where he had thought himself perfectly secure.

Presently he heard a dull thud, announcing that the brute had reached the ground, and Brown at length drew a long breath of relief. He felt that his foe was fairly gone, routed from the field; and this without a single active effort on his part! The tension of those last few minutes left a strain from which it took Brown some time to recover; then his first action, needless to say, was to get in hand his "trusty friend," to be better prepared against any fresh emergency.

Insecure though his quarters were now proved to be, he had no alternative but to continue there for the rest of the night. To descend and attempt to search for others would be the more hazardous of the two, with such neighbors, and besides an almost impossible task in darkness. He resolved, therefore, to keep awake for the rest of the night and a cat's lookout for contingencies. The blood-track of the antelope had, no doubt, he thought, led to his being discovered, though possibly it was more in quest of the antelope than of himself that the tiger had scaled the tree. How he had done so still remained a puzzle. Brown did not close an eye again that night, which seemed interminable, and took him half a dozen more Havanas without getting him through it, but happily he had no more deadly visitants than the musquitoes. At length a pale purple glow through the foliage indicated approaching day, and soon thereafter Brown descended from his perch, with stiffened limbs but with a keen appetite for "chota hazri" (early breakfast) despite his night's experiences. He now found out what had so puzzled him about the tiger's ascent—namely, that the branch on which he was resting almost touched midway another huge semi-broken branch of a neighboring tree that was bent down to the ground, and thus afforded easy access to the animal.

Shouldering now his antelope and birds, Brown lost no time in making tracks for camp as best he could guess. He kept firing off shot at intervals to apprise his friends of his whereabouts, and at length a faint answering report reached his ears, sufficient to guide him on in the right direction and relieve his mind of all anxiety. Soon thereafter he was hailed by his friends amid a perfect shower of ejaculations; all the answer they got was a wail of hunger and a cry for "chota hazri," after which Brown promised to relate his adventures faithfully and truly. Over a cup of steaming "mocha," hot toast, cold fowl, and eggs, Brown recounted his experiences of the night and the hair-breadth chance on which his life had hung of *waking at the right moment*. How he had done so he could only regard as providential. Two days later the skin of his tiger visitant adorned the front of the camp, spread out in the sun to dry. The antelope that had attracted the brute to Brown's roost served as a bait to lure him a second time to the tree, where he now fell a victim to the rifles of Brown and his friends who were ensconced above; and where Brown had the pleasure of passing a second night in his old quarters, though now in the cheerful company of his friends, and after they had secured themselves against any further dangerous access by the branch.

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

The writer remembers hearing of a gentleman who, not wishing to pay the legal and recognized fee for a consultation with his lawyer, devised an expedient whereby he expected to gain the information he required without the usual cost. He according invited the man "learned in the law" to dine at his house on a particular evening, as a friend and an old acquaintance. The lawyer gladly accepted the invitation, and attended at the house of his friend and client prompt to the minute. The conversation for some time was very general and agreeable, and by-and-by the shrewd client, by hinting and suggesting, at last drew the lawyer out into a learned and explicit

dissertation upon the subject the host wished to be informed upon. The client was pleased, satisfied and smiling, chuckled in his sleeve, thinking how nicely he had wormed out the advice desired and pumped his lawyer, free of cost!

The feast over, the lawyer departed, equally pleased, and both being satisfied, all went as merry as a marriage-bell. But a few days afterward, the client received a letter from his lawyer informing him that the charge for professional consultation and advice was thirteen shillings and fourpence, and would he "kindly attend to the payment of same at his earliest convenience, and oblige." The client was wild—caught in his own trap. But being determined to outwit the lawyer and gain his own ends, he forwarded to the latter a bill for "dinner, wines and accessories supplied" on the 16th inst., amounting to thirteen shillings and fourpence, saying that if he would settle the inclosed bill, he should only be too pleased and happy to settle the lawyer's little bill. The lawyer retorted by threatening to commence an action against mine host for selling wines without a license, unless his, the lawyer's bill was immediately paid. Do I need to say that the lawyer was victorious?

When I was a boy, I heard of a lawyer who was called up in the middle of a cold Winter's night to draw out the will of an old farmer who lived some three miles away, and was dying. The messenger had brought a cart to convey the lawyer to the farm; and the latter in due time arrived at his destination. When he entered the house, he was immediately ushered into the sick-room, and he then requested to be supplied with pen, ink and paper. There was none in the house! The lawyer had not brought any himself, and what was he to do? Any lead-pencil? he inquired. No; they had none. The farmer was sinking fast, though quite conscious. At last, the legal gentleman saw chalked up on the back of the bedroom-door column upon column of figures in chalk. These were milk "scores" or "shots." He immediately asked for a piece of chalk, and kneeling on the floor, he wrote out concisely upon the smooth hearthstone the last will and testament of the dying man! The farmer subsequently died. The hearthstone will was sent to the principal registry in London with special affidavits, and was duly proved, the will being deposited in the archives of the registry. I may mention that the law does not state upon what substance or with what instrument a will must be written.

THE LITTLE MAID.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 397.

It is stated that a lawyer was some time ago cross-examining a witness in a local court, when he asked: "Now, then, Patrick, listen to me. Did the defendant in this case strike the plaintiff with malice?" "No, sir, sure," replied Pat, gravely; "he struck him wid the poker, bedad." Again he inquired of the same witness: "Did the plaintiff stand on the defensive during the affray?" "Divil a diffinsive, yer honor; he stood on the table, bedad."

HOBSON'S CHOICE.—Tobias Hobson was the first man in England that let out hackney horses. When a man came for a horse he was led to the stables, where there was a great choice, but was obliged to take the horse which stood next to the stable-door; so that every customer was served according to his chance; from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your selection was forced upon you, to say Hobson's choice.

THE EMBALMED HEAD.—"AT THE WINDOW SAT A MAN. IT WAS THE ATTITUDE OF A MAN IN DEEP THOUGHT; BUT HE HAD NO HEAD. THE CHILD WAS DREADFULLY FRIGHTENED, AND SCUTTLED QUICKLY AWAY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

A FACE IN THE STREETS.

THROUGH the dreary streets and the gaslight glare,
With a round young face and a wealth of hair,
And eyes that look on, sadly,
Well-darned gloves, and an oft-worn dress;
Tremulous lips that show her distress,
And a jacket that fits her badly.

Far, far away, in the blossoming lanes,
Where the cottages slope with diamond panes,
And the sweet Spring flowers are blowing,
There was she born, 'mid the freshening sigh
Of the river breeze as it faltered by,
And the rush of the mill-wheel flowing.

Here she is toiling for daily bread,
Drenching her task with the tears she's shed,
As she thinks of the pink apple-flowers
That, blown by the wind down the dancing stream,
Swim daintily on in a sunlit dream,
Or drench'd with September showers.

Ah! it is hard in this work-a-day world,
When the banner of Vice is high unfurl'd,
And Virtue is down in the mire.
Better be dead, where the green grasses wave,
With a whisper'd sigh o'er a restful grave,
Than forget it all and—be higher.

THE EMBALMED HEAD.

BY WALTER EDGAR MCCANN.

THE house was an isolated one, situated quite outside the village, and surrounded by a brick wall. It had a gloomy and old-fashioned look. Ivy ran all over its walls, and there were quaint gables and many chimneys, and although its garden was full of rare fruit-trees and many pretty flowers, as could be seen through the gate from the roadside, it was seldom, until the secretary came, that any one walked there.

The secretary, Silas Hand, was a thin, dry man, dressed always in black, a little seedy, and the very character for a mysterious and secluded person like his employer. Mr. Hand talked but seldom. His thoughts, outside the employment for which he was engaged, were absorbed in a book he was writing on the subject of insects. It was an interminable volume he had begun twenty years before, and he had laid out future work that would occupy twice an ordinary lifetime. Silas Hand, however, intended to live on indefinitely.

The secretary was the first person who penetrated the household at the Red Cottage, as the place was called. He had come in answer to an advertisement. He was intelligent, discreet and reserved, which were the qualities Monsieur Remollot most desired.

M. Remollot himself was tall, burly and still handsome, although he was now getting on to sixty. His hair was rapidly growing gray, and he had a dark, smooth face and a pair of large, sunken eyes. There was something cruel and sensual about his large mouth, with its thin, sarcastic lips, and his broad forehead was deeply lined and always contracted with what appeared to be an ever-present anxiety.

The only domestic was a short, crooked old woman, very deaf and very ill-tempered. She wore a high French cap and big, clattering shoes, and was very seldom seen above-stairs, except when she was on her way to or from her bed.

The most interesting figure at the Red Cottage was the housekeeper, Madame Celeste Lemonnier, a very handsome woman, slim and elegant, dressed for ever in rustling silks, and her beautiful hair always arranged as if she expected company or intended to go out somewhere, although she never ventured beyond the garden. She was a haughty, ill-tempered person, very impetuous and impatient. Monsieur Remollot was very fond of her, but she was afraid of him. There was a cold cruelty in his manner that would have frightened almost any one. When in one of his sulky fits, sinister, peevish, ironical, his icy sarcasms curling from his sneering lips, he appeared formidable. Ordinarily, he was agreeable enough.

Mr. Hand's most valuable quality, as Monsieur Remollot sometimes said, was his lack of curiosity, and yet he succeeded in learning a great deal. Monsieur Remollot had been a judge in France, and had left that country rather suddenly. He was an admirable lawyer, and the book he dictated to his assistant was a work upon jurisprudence.

The former history of the handsome and insolent Celeste did not appear till later.

The little establishment proved shortly to be a curious one. At first, Remollot and the lady seemed under some restraint in the presence of the newcomer. They all dined together, and the conversation was conducted in French. There was the most absolute propriety.

Later, this awkwardness wore off. The judge and the housekeeper grew more lively at dinner, and both drank a surprising quantity of wine. The secretary was pressed to share in this conviviality, and now sometimes left the table a little bewildered. He had not a very strong head, and was unaccustomed to indulgence. Frequently he was obliged to take refuge in the garden for a walk and fresh air. He saw the others, who could consume prodigious potations of the champagne without ill effects, laughing as he disappeared, unsteady in his gait.

Sometimes, also, Monsieur Remollot drank brandy in the morning, and insisted upon his unhappy secretary joining him in the libation. The sober and steady amanuensis began to find himself a good deal confused about many things that went on about him. His dreams at night were full of grotesque and terrifying images, the creations of a brain unaccustomed to so much alcohol. There were the other inevitable consequences—on rising, headache and languor. His health grew seriously disordered, and he began to cast about for some decent excuse to escape. But the truth is, he had grown afraid of the judge, who in his silent rages was dark and terrible.

Mr. Hand, utterly miserable, although he was so well paid and had very little to do, often walked down to the gate and stood there, with a fevered brow and aching head, looking out and longing to be off. There was something disreputable, and to a certain degree uncanny, about the Red Cottage and its inmates. The secretary knew by this time, although he could not tell exactly how, that Monsieur Remollot and his handsome housekeeper both had a past which was not altogether a creditable one. They had their own reasons for keeping secluded.

There was no break in this quiet life until one day Madame Lemonnier's little girl arrived from France. It was a very pretty child, with large, steady brown eyes. The housekeeper greeted her rapturously. Sometimes she sat watching her at play, absorbed in her own thoughts, dark and perhaps not altogether happy. Once the child suddenly came over to her mother's knee and asked where was her papa.

Madame Lemonnier bade her be quiet, and then kissed her abruptly, and presently got up and left the room, agitated.

Some strange things were noted by the melancholy secretary. No one entered Monsieur Remollot's bedroom

but himself, and he never left it without carefully locking the door. For hours he was accustomed to sit within quite alone. Every night before he retired he was in the habit of making a circuit of the garden to see that the gates and windows were all securely fastened.

Mr. Hand was finding existence so insupportable that he began to plan a method of summary flight, when, unexpectedly, a terrifying incident occurred. He was passing along the corridor by the judge's bedroom, when he heard voices within. The secretary could not make out the words, but there was evidently a high quarrel going on. Some one was reproaching and threatening him, and he answered with defiant and cynical gibes. Mr. Hand listened in surprise. His head was greatly confused from an unwilling indulgence with his employer the night before; but, although he could not make out the language of what was in progress, there was unmistakably a bitter altercation under way.

Before Mr. Hand could escape, the door opened and Monsieur Remollot appeared. His face was flushed and his bearing unsteady. The amanuensis would have liked to sink through the floor from fright and shame, for he was exceedingly timid and nervous, at thus being caught eavesdropping, but to his further amazement, the judge smiled jovially and invited him in.

"You never saw the interior of my private apartment, Mr. Hand," said the tall and burly Frenchman, speaking a little thickly.

So Mr. Hand entered and looked round. There was nothing particularly noteworthy in the furniture—a bed, a few chairs, a desk, a bookcase and some indifferent pictures—but near the window there was a little stand on which was placed a circular box of polished brass, and it was closed and secured with a padlock.

Two revolvers lay on a chair by Monsieur Remollot's bed.

Monsieur Remollot walked over to the box, unlocked it and removed the lid. His secretary, who had followed him, looked in and saw on a sort of plate a shocking object—a human head which had been cut off sharply at the neck.

The crown was a little bald. The skin was dark and livid, but the features were preserved perfectly. The eyes were partly open, which gave them a curious downcast, stealthy, listening expression. The face was lean, demure and sinister—the expression that of a quiet, hypocritical rogue plotting mischief.

"This head," said the judge, "is, as you see, embalmed. It is that of a fellow who was tried before me and found guilty of murder and guillotined. It was an extraordinary case. After the head rolled off into the basket and the executioner was done with it, I succeeded in getting possession of it and had it preserved in the manner you perceive."

"But," said the trembling secretary, faint and sick, "why do you keep it locked up in this great, strong box?"

"Well," replied Monsieur Remollot, quietly; "it is always endeavoring to escape. Besides, I would not be surprised if the body were to come in search of it. The fellow is constantly threatening me. You may have heard him sometimes. He was very violent this morning."

Mr. Hand looked at his employer with a fresh and more dreadful curiosity. Monsieur Remollot was watching the dead face with a listless interest, as the beast-tamer in a menagerie observes some dangerous animal he has secured and made safe, without having conquered. The Frenchman certainly had nothing about him of insanity, but the effects of continuous indulgence in alcohol are, as Mr. Hand imagined he was beginning to know from his own experience, very curious.

When they had stood thus for some time, Monsieur Remollot locked up the head again in its brass cage, and said that he would now go down to the study and dictate a little upon his book.

The effect of this incident upon timid Mr. Hand, whose nerves were already in such a sad state, was terrible. He could scarcely sleep at night, and even in the day the atmosphere of the house seemed suffocating. He grew into the habit of spending all his leisure in the garden, and of busying himself with the flowers he had planted.

But one day he was alone in Monsieur Remollot's study waiting for that gentleman, when he began looking over the books on the shelves, most of which were in the French language. Behind some large volumes he lighted upon a small bundle of old newspapers.

From these Mr. Hand now learned the story of Monsieur Remollot's life. The journals were very severe. They were not more than a year old. The first began by stating that Monsieur Remollot, formerly of the High Court of Justice at R——, was now, it had been ascertained, residing in the United States, where he had gone immediately after his strange disappearance from France. Madame Celeste Lemonnier was known to be living with him in charge of his household.

This recalled a great scandal, which was detailed in the second newspaper, dated a few days afterward. The readers would recollect that Monsieur Lemonnier and his wife had kept a lodging-house or small hotel at R——, and that one morning a stranger had been found dead there. Monsieur Lemonnier, who was known to be jealous of his wife, was arrested for the murder of this person. The opinion was that it was really a case of suicide. However, the trial came on, and was held before Monsieur Remollot. The accused declared that he was certain of being convicted, and the proceedings, it was observed, were of a remarkable character. The judge was against the prisoner in everything. He excluded evidence, and frightened witnesses. He was sharp and sarcastic with the lawyers for the defense, and, in his charge, intimidated the jury. At length there followed a verdict of guilty, and when the unlucky Lemonnier was asked if he had anything to say, he broke out with great violence and created a scene. He was a slight, dark man, with a lean, penitential face like those we see in the pictures of the Puritans. In a nervous, hysterical and choking way he went on to say that he had been, indeed, jealous of his handsome wife, and with very good reason. She had been engaged in a guilty friendship with the judge on the bench, and this trial was but a conspiracy to get rid of himself, the husband. Every person of common sense could see that the dead man had committed suicide, and that all the evidence to the contrary brought out in the trial was distorted. As the lodginghouse-keeper spoke he grew insolent and excited, and extended his forefinger in the direction of the judge and denounced him; and finally, when the officers were ordered to seize him, and did so, he became so agitated that he fell in a fit and frothed at the mouth.

The sentence of death was passed. When Lemonnier was led away, he turned, and, looking at the judge, said, in a firm voice, "I go, but I will come again!" Shortly afterward he was guillotined.

This created a great scandal. The judge was already feared and hated. There were stories that his habits were dissolute. Besides, every one had secretly liked Lemonnier, and had felt that he was unjustly executed.

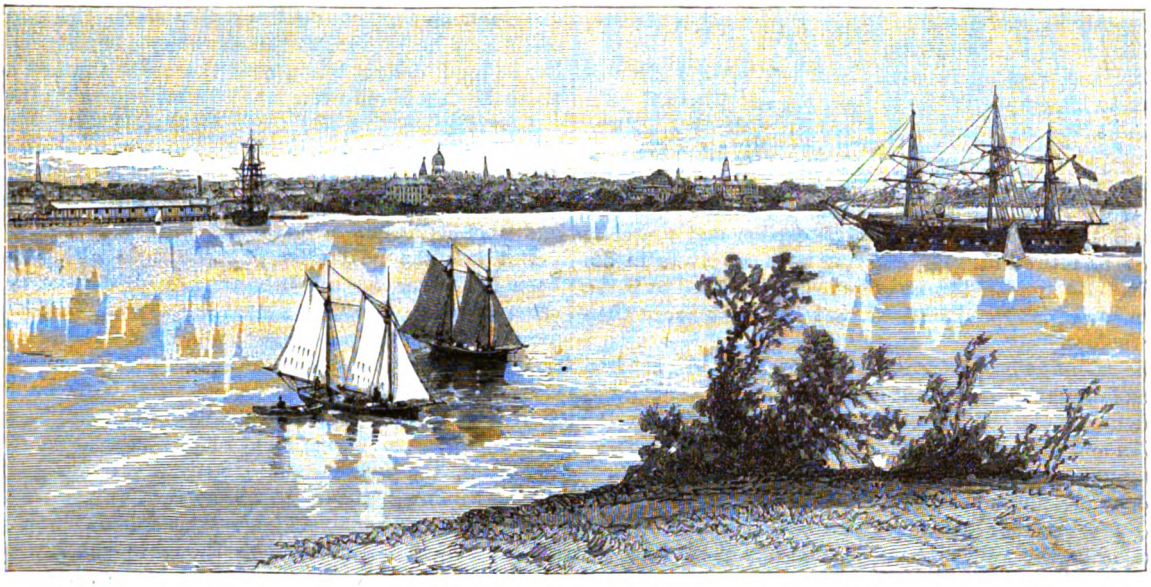
Such was the story the papers revived. "It will be remembered," said one of these journals, "that Monsieur Remollot, some months after the trial, resigned his position and left the city. About the same period Madame Lemonnier also disappeared. We have learned a strange circumstance since. Immediately after the execution of Lemonnier, Monsieur Remollot bribed one of the officials of the prison and obtained the criminal's head, which was sent to Paris and embalmed. Monsieur Remollot is declared to have been frightened by Lemonnier's threat in the court-room, that he would come back from the grave. But we have our doubts about this, as Monsieur Remollot is not of the material, we believe, to be frightened at anything. At any rate, we learn, upon indisputable authority, that he and the pretty widow are residing together in America."

Mr. Hand read this painful story with a swimming brain. He understood now the sort of people to whom he had engaged himself, and he sank into a chair and held his hand to his bewildered head and tried to think once more if there could be no way of releasing himself.

The melancholy secretary—a shy man, a student, a man who knew little of the wickedness of the world—was horrified at this revolting disclosure. At the thought of the disreputable life into which he had been led—the continual drinking, the late hours and the disorder—and of the association with such iniquitous characters as this perjured and murderous pair who occupied the Red Cottage, Mr. Hand wept.

Now, he began to have some dismal visions and fancies. He dreamed several nights that the guillotined head of the martyred Lemonnier was in his room, and hopping

THE "WESTERN SHORE" OF MARYLAND.—A VIEW ON THE CHESAPEAKE.—SEE PAGE 407.



THE "WESTERN SHORE" OF MARYLAND.—ANNAPOLIS FROM HUNTER'S POINT, SHOWING THE ISLE OF KENT.—SEE PAGE 407.

about the floor. It was muttering to itself, turning from one side to another, as if looking for something, and it said, continually, "I will strangle him yet!"

One day, about noon, Mr. Hand was ascending the back stairs, which were but dimly lighted, and he fancied he perceived something coming down to meet him—an object jumping lightly from one step to another—and, as he looked more closely, the secretary was almost sure it was the embalmed head. But, as he was about to turn and retreat, he perceived that he had been deceived—it was only a little black kitten.

On another occasion, Mr. Hand was in the cellar searching for certain bottles of wine for which, to his humiliation, he had been sent—he was so afraid now of Monsieur Remollot, who was always tipsy and ferocious, that he would do anything—and as the gentle and distressed scholar happened to look up, he saw a dark, livid face peering at him through the cellar-window. He recognized the long, canting, lugubrious countenance of the dead lodging-house keeper, that horrible guillotined head, once more. But, as it turned out, the whole was fancy again, or, at least, must have been so, for when Mr. Hand, drawn by a dreadful fascination, went to the window, he could make out nothing more dreadful than a bundle of old rags which the wind had blown there.

But now his experience took a new and startling turn. One evening, shortly after sunset, he was smoking his pipe in the garden, near the gate, when, looking through the wicket, he saw a man, dressed in seedy black; a lank, thin figure, standing on the other side of the road, directly opposite, as if waiting for some one. The man's head was muffled up in a coat, as if it were raining, although the weather was fine, so that nothing could be seen of him above his shoulders.

Early next morning this same rather sensitive stranger was seen there again. Mr. Hand spoke to him, asking him what he wanted, when he immediately moved off. But a couple of hours afterward the secretary made him out in the same spot once more. He was still muffled up above the neck, his arms holding his coat over him like

ANNAPOLIS FROM HORN POINT—THE BATTLEFIELD OF 1665.

an umbrella, although there was not a cloud in the sky. Apparently it was some lunatic, or possibly a robber, awaiting a chance to slip in.

Mr. Hand went immediately and related the circumstance to his employer. Monsieur Remollot turned pale as death, and for a moment trembled violently. It was undoubtedly a prowling thief, he said, who intended mischief, and he charged the secretary to see that the gate was never for an instant left open. At night, Monsieur Remollot now began to inspect the garden and premises before he retired himself, carrying both revolvers in his hands. He appeared to be extremely frightened over the alarm, and Mr. Hand noticed that he drank more than ever before.

The ex-judge had evidently related what had occurred to the housekeeper, for that handsome lady was also agitated and alert. She quite gave up her visits to the garden and her pet flowers for several mornings, but presently, the stranger being seen no more, she resumed. But one day she was watering her roses, when, glancing up, she beheld the lank, dark man with the muffled head standing on the wall. He had climbed up there from the outside, and seemed to be preparing to descend. Madame Lemonnier screamed, and the instruder instantly sprang over on the other side and disappeared.

Monsieur Remollot now took very determined measures. He sent word to the police of the neighboring town that some miscreant was prowling about his premises intent upon robbery, and perhaps murder, and offered to pay for special protection. So an officer came and took up his quarters in the garden, and slept in a little outhouse which was fitted up as a temporary bivouac for his accommodation. And for about a week this arrangement proved thoroughly effective, and the persistent stranger seemed to have been permanently frightened off.

The watchman must have grown careless, for one afternoon, while Monsieur Remollot was in the garden, walking with his hands behind him, he raised his eyes and saw, in a thick clump of rose-bushes, the dark man secreted. The figure lowered one of its arms from the coat held over its head, and shook his fist at him, and seemed about to advance. Monsieur Remollot instantly called for help, and the intruder once more retreated. He ran in the direction of the stables.

It proved that by some one's carelessness the gate had been left open, and thus the strange man, who had been so long awaiting his opportunity, had at last succeeded in getting in. Monsieur Remollot was frightfully angry. He scolded and swore and sent Mr. Hand immediately to the chief of the town police. That functionary discharged the negligent sentinel and replaced him with two others. A search of the garden was immediately undertaken, and not a nook that could be thought of left unexplored. No person could be found; but the members of the household all had an uneasy feeling that the persistent intruder, having at length succeeded in effecting an entrance, was now hidden about the premises somewhere, and would remain until he had accomplished his mission, whatever it might be.

Madame Lemonnier was intensely agitated. To her Monsieur Remollot had evidently communicated his secret fears. The beautiful housekeeper wandered about in a restless and alarmed way, holding her little girl by the hand, and often embracing the child, with a look of remorse and fear on her handsome face.

Monsieur Remollot was plainly more terrified than he had ever been, for he took the sudden resolution of shutting himself in his room. No one was allowed to enter except the housekeeper, who brought him his meals. Although alone, Mr. Hand, passing along the corridor, sometimes heard him, to the secretary's horror, conversing in loud, defiant tones, as if there was another person present. Mr. Hand even fancied that he could make out a second voice, but the truth is, that the mind of the bewildered scholar was in such a great state of confusion from so much excitement that he could scarcely be sure, among all that went on around him, as to what was real and what delusion.

But late the next afternoon the little girl, who had been left alone for a few hours to take care of herself, came to her mother with a startling story. It was about sunset. The child said that she had been playing on the stairs, and had gone up to the attic. She had opened the door of the front room and peeped in. The chamber was full of the bright and melancholy light of expiring day, everything could be made out readily—the old and dusty furniture, the four-post bedstead, the dingy pictures. At the window, with his legs crossed, sat a man, with his black coat in his lap and his arms folded. It was the attitude of a person in deep thought; but he had no head. The child was dreadfully frightened, and scuttled away quickly.

The little girl related this incident to her mother in the presence of Mr. Hand, and taking a light, for it was now dark, they all three went up. But the whole must have been the child's fancy, for there was nothing at all visible except the chair, which was in its usual place by the window; but plainly no one had recently occupied it, for the back was covered with dust.

It must have been about two o'clock that night when Mr. Hand was awakened by a loud screaming and running. He slipped on his clothes and hurried into the passage. Madame Lemonnier and the deaf cook were at Monsieur Remollot's door trying to get in. Dreadful groans were heard inside. The housekeeper related, hysterically, and wringing her jeweled hands, that a struggle had just ceased, and that Monsieur Remollot had been shrieking for protection from some person who was trying to murder him.

It was impossible to get the door opened, and Mr. Hand ran down-stairs to the garden and alarmed the watchman, and then to the cellar and procured the ax. He returned, and Monsieur Remollot's door was shattered, and all entered his room.

The Frenchman was lying on the floor, dead. The furniture was overturned and everything in confusion. A window was raised as if some one had just escaped from it. The brass cage, which had contained the embalmed head, had tumbled to the floor, and was lying open and empty.

The face of Monsieur Remollot was staring and purple, and he looked as if he had been strangled, but the surgeon, who arrived shortly, after an examination, said that he had died of apoplexy. He had thrown the window up to obtain air.

The shock of all this was so terrible that Mr. Hand was taken ill. He had a long and dangerous attack of brain fever. When he returned to his senses, Monsieur Remollot had been buried, and Madame Lemonnier and her little girl had disappeared.

When he was quite well, Mr. Hand related the whole story of his experience at the Red Cottage to his doctor, who listened, amused.

"The affair, as you tell it," said the physician, "has a supernatural aspect, undoubtedly, and to you it looks as if the murdered Lemonnier had come back from the grave after his head and had strangled his wronger. But

you must remember, Mr. Hand, that your nervous system, from the unaccustomed alcohol and the late hours and the forbidding surroundings of your situation, had grown very much disordered. As for Monsieur Remollot, he was suffering from delirium tremens, and on the night of his death he evidently went out somewhere and buried the embalmed head. On his return he had a fit and so died. The circumstances look strange, certainly, if we seek to find something strange in them; but if we study them from the standpoint of common sense, they are explainable and prosaic enough."

Nevertheless, Mr. Hand still holds to his own theory.

THE "WESTERN SHORE" OF MARYLAND.

By F. B. Mayer.

From the Patapsco to the Potomac extends a region comparatively unknown to the traveler or to our citizens, and yet replete with beauty, fertility and historic interest. A glance at the map would imply that both shores of the Chesapeake presented a similar topography; but beyond the fact of the innumerable indentations which this great bay makes in the land of either shore, such is not the case. While the greater portion of the peninsula included between the Atlantic and the Chesapeake rises but a few feet above the level of the ocean, the western shore of the bay is marked by an ascent more or less abrupt, and the waves are repelled by bluffs which often attain an elevation of 150 feet above tide. The narrowest part of the bay, which is between Annapolis and the "Isle of Kent," is seven miles across, and this noble sheet of water expands to over twenty miles within the boundaries of Maryland. It is easy to imagine the extent of view commanded by the many elevations which overlook the Chesapeake from the west, which, combined with a bold and undulating foreground dressed with a vigorous foliage, gives a landscape of exceptional charm.

We have mentioned Kent Island, or, as in early records, called the "Isle of Kent." It limits the view we present from Hunter's Point, a bluff overlooking Annapolis, and at the junction of the Severn River with Annapolis Roads. Before Leonard Calvert landed with the colonists of 1634 at St. Maries, on the Potomac, a trading-house had been built there by Claiborne, and it therefore may claim precedence as the first settlement by Englishmen in Maryland. Our view commands another historic spot. What is now called Horn Point, an annex of Annapolis, was in 1655 the scene of a bitter battle between the Cavaliers of St. Maries and the Puritans of Providence, as they called their town. It appears that the troubles of England were transplanted to her colonies, and the cry of "Down! for ever down with the mitre and the crown!" was echoed from the Western Shore, and hate and prejudice overthrew for the time the generous government of the Calverts.

Driven from Virginia, where they had made themselves obnoxious to the Government, these Puritans had accepted the hospitality of Maryland, and while they claimed the *rights* of her citizens, refused to perform the *duties* they involved, and set about to overthrow the authority which had given them shelter, lands and protection. To the cry of "Hey for St. Maries!" from the Cavaliers, the Roundheads opposed, "In the name of God, fall on!" and with the assistance of an armed "ship of great burden," the *Golden Lyon*, the men at St. Maries were defeated and made prisoners. "In the name of God," and disregarding the rights of war or the "quality of mercy," they proceeded in cold blood to shoot their prisoners, and had already murdered several when the supplication of their wives and the refusal of some of their soldiers to act so cowardly a part saved the remnant. For a time the "Land of the Sanctuary" was a prey to fanatical anarchy, until the restoration of the Stuarts restored the authority of the Lord Proprietary. There are letters of this time, written to friends at "home" in Old England, of touching interest, as coming from women of the colony, and introducing us to the trials of many gentlefolk in the face of offensive vulgarity and injustice. Incidentally, the Puritans are said "not to be contented with freedome for themselves of conscience, person and estate (all of which are establisht to them by law there, and enjoyed by them in as ample manner as ever any people did in any place in the world), *unless they may have the liberty to debarr others from the like freedome*, and that they may domineere and doe what they please."

The domes and spires of Annapolis, rising above the trees which almost conceal the city, might be thought sufficiently numerous to point heavenward a much larger population, and to realize the dream of its founders as the commercial as well as political capital of the State. About forty years after the battle of Horn Point, the Government came here from St. Maries on the Potomac, an equally beautiful site, but with the growth of the colony found to be too remote from the increasing population which followed the great bay toward its head.

The great fire in London, which came after the plague of 1665, offered to the genius of Wren an opportunity to rebuild that city on a plan which was to unite beauty, grandeur and convenience; but the brains of the London tradesmen were too narrow to grasp his idea, or to foresee the great advantages, and so, with penny-wise but pound-foolish policy, they rebuilt the narrow lanes and alleys of the "city," and rejected the work of the great artist's generous heart. It seems not improbable, however, that the gentlemen of His Majesty's Government and the representatives of my Lord Baltimore had seen in London Sir Christopher's design, and, in an humble way, tried to imitate it when they laid off the "City of Anne" as the seat of Government of this Province of Maryland. It was intended that, radiating from the "Stadt House" or State House, as a central sun of wisdom, it may be, the streets extended to the water, for the city is nearly an island. Other circles and squares were formed, and in their irregular intersection gave a picturesque variety which relieved the eye of the endless and tiresome monotony of our American checker-board system. To recall "home" or old England, seems never to have been lost sight of by the colonists, and thus there were "Bloomsbury Square," "Conduit," "Fleet" and "Cornhill" Streets, and we still have the "Duke of Gloucester," "Hanover," "King George" and "Prince George" to recall loyalty; while a trace of the Puritan remains in "Tabernacle" Street. The radiating plan, with the water-view as a terminus of each street, was well conceived, and the general idea showed that a mind of intelligence and taste had suggested it. The design of the State House, attributed to Wren or to one of his able pupils, seems to tally with our guess.

After two hundred years the plans of Wren are being in a measure adopted in London. The first Napoleon,

and lately Baron Hausseman, have built a new Paris on the radiating plan, and L'Enfant and Ellicott developed the idea now being magnificently realized in our national capital; but it was the little city on the Chesapeake which, in point of time, led the van.

Pictures of the past are not linked with many of our cities, but Annapolis, like Boston, Newport and St. Augustine, suggests that another life than that of to-day once existed among us. In the halcyon days of the colonies, when tobacco returned a handsome profit, fashion, wit and learning found a centre here. The wealthy planters built substantial and embellished mansions framed in verdure, and with grounds terraced to the water, where their barges and boats, manned by liveried servants, were ready for ceremonial visits or exciting sport; for the bay teemed with fish and fowl, and the English love of sport was an innate inheritance. The presence of official authority, the sharp definition of rank, and the existence of negro slavery, gave an aristocratic tone to society, and class distinction was as tyrannical and exact as in England, but the enjoyments of existence united all in a common aim—

READING THE "MARYLAND GAZETTE" AT THE WASHINGTON WINDOW, ANNAPOLIS.

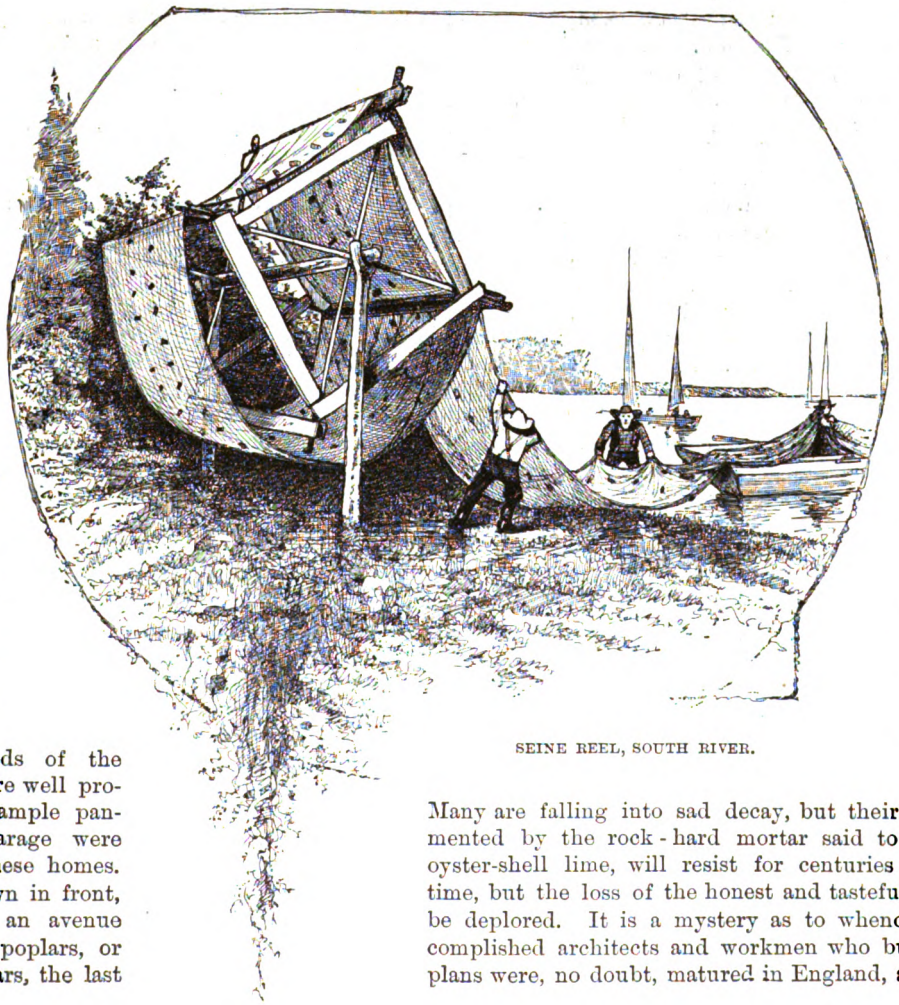
"Calvert and Charity, Courage and Courtesy,
Mirth-loving Maryland! Land of the Sanctuary!"

In those days pleasure was not taken as a prescription, and the enjoyment of a social glass needed no apology as an offense against temperance. Stores of good liquors were in every cellar, and when unabused left no repentant pangs; nor was the dissipation of the drug-store considered a substitute for the tavern-bar. The King's health and your friend's was drunk unreservedly, and His Majesty's birthday, the Lord Proprietary's and St. Tammany's or Mayday were right royally celebrated. Not one, but many May-poles lined the streets, and gardens were stripped to deck them. Youths in Indian guise danced the war-dance in the honor of the only American saint, and collected alms for the poor. At the "Tuesday Club" were gathered the wits and classical scholars, who mixed their punch with Latin quotations, and conducted themselves with a mock state and ceremony, all of which was duly recorded and illustrated. We see so early the germ of the illustrating era we now enjoy. Our architects, after a century of experiment, have concluded that our colonial builders have already solved the problem of a style suitable to our climate and habits, and the mansions of Maryland, though too spacious, perhaps, for our modern life, yet present, in point of taste, honesty and solidity, the best examples of the so-called Queen Anne style. Properly speaking they belong to the time of the Georges of England, and have far more dignity and symmetry than the "carpenter's classic" of Queen Anne.

In tidewater Maryland and Virginia they were almost always of brick and very solid, the foundation walls often three to four feet in thickness, and above offering ample room for window-seats. It would appear strange that in a region abounding in the best of brick-clays that these buildings are reputed to be of English brick; but easily explained by the fact that ballast was needed for ships which brought light but valuable cargoes but returned laden with tobacco hogsheads. These houses vary little in their general plan; a large main building with wings united to the central house by lower corridors or halls. The main house seldom presented any porch or veranda as an entrance, but, true to English habit, imitated the style of old England, where the climate scarcely demands

THE JENNINGS HOUSE.

what, with us, has become a characteristic necessity in our architecture. A spacious hall and very easy stairways occupied the centre, and one room of extraordinary size, adapted to entertainment, was always present; the store-rooms, kitchen and servants'-room filled one wing, and the other generally embraced a library, or office, and a conservatory. The needs of the housekeeper were well provided for, and ample pantries and cellarage were found in all these homes. There was a lawn in front, approached by an avenue of elms, tulip poplars, or Lombardy poplars, the last a conspicuous landmark to indicate a planter's home. A terraced garden was at the back of the house, and, as in the case of Belle Air, in Prince George's Co., a park for deer surrounded the whole homestead.



SEINE REEL, SOUTH RIVER.

The Western Shore is dotted over with these old mansions, which we will describe as we conduct the reader through this beautiful country. Many are falling into sad decay, but their solid walls, cemented by the rock-hard mortar said to be made from oyster-shell lime, will resist for centuries the attacks of time, but the loss of the honest and tasteful carpentry is to be deplored. It is a mystery as to whence came the accomplished architects and workmen who built them. The plans were, no doubt, matured in England, and much of the

carved work, no doubt, sent over thence. To return to Annapolis: we find carvings of mantels and cornices which recall Hampton Court and Grindling Gibbons, and there are quaint exterior cornices done in lead in the Italian style. These were town-houses, and some ten or twelve yet remain, many of their companions having fallen a prey to fire, the destroyer of most of our old homes in rural districts. It would be well for our young architects to secure memoranda of the details of these classic remains.

From the period of the "Old French War," down to our day, the name of Annapolis recurs as associated with the military and naval movements, and during the Revolution as the centre of active and energetic measures in the cause of Independence. Here, in 1755, General Braddock, Commodore Keppell and the Governors of Pennsylvania, Virginia, New York and Massachusetts were the guests of the Governor of Maryland and formed a Council of War previous to the disastrous campaign against Fort Du Quesne; the burning of the *Peggy Stewart* with her cargo of tea in open day, and the refusal to permit the landing of any of the hated stamped paper; the meeting here of De Kalb, Lafayette and Washington, and the crowning act of patriotism when the latter resigned his military power to assume the position of a simple citizen, are but a few of the many incidents of great historic import which belong to the local history of the town.

As the birthplace or residence of many distinguished men, Annapolis is notedly rich—Charles Carroll, Samuel Chase, the father of American art; Charles Wilson Peale, the Pinkneys, great as lawyers, statesmen and divines; Dr. Godman, the naturalist; Reverdy Johnson, Attorney-general and Minister to England, and that inimitable actor, Stuart Robson, are among the many we could name. True to his native shore, Reverdy Johnson, it is said, while Minister to England, greatly smoothed the difficulties of diplomacy by judicious presents of Maryland terrapins, and the gastronomic instincts of the State find an honorable recognition on the very doors of the Governor's mansion, where the crab, the terrapin and the canvas-back are conspicuously carved in convenient proximity to the corn and tobacco. The injunctions of the State mottoes to "Increase and Multiply," and live by "Manly deeds and womanly words," are eminently descriptive of the Marylander. Hospitality and good cheer, courage and courtesy, have always characterized this people, and in the annals of the nation their distinction as lawyers and naval commanders has been peculiarly marked. More Marylanders have sat as Judges of the Supreme Court, or held the place of Attorney-general, than any other State, and her sailors have carried the "Star Spangled Banner" into every sea with victory.

Between Kent Island and Annapolis lies "Annapolis Roads," a magnificent land-locked expansion of the bay, into which empty the picturesque creeks which render the city almost an island. The Severn may be regarded rather as a branch of the bay. It bounds the city on the side of the Naval Academy, and extends for nine miles from its mouth with an average width of half a mile, and a depth of from 19 to 41 feet. Six miles above the city it becomes a lake or inland bay of three miles diameter, of an irregularly circular form, hence called "Round Bay," or "Eagle-nest" Bay. The Island of St. Helena is toward the southern end; opposite, the north bank rises to an elevation of 155 feet in a conical elevation unaccountably called "Mount Misery"; though why so beautiful a spot should be associated with misfortune no one can tell. From its top, where a signal station and camp were placed during the Civil War, a wide view is presented of the rolling country around, dotted with similar eminences and the uplands sloping to the sandy beaches of the quiet bay.

The scenery of the Severn has been compared to the Hudson in miniature, but it more resembles its English namesake; holding the same relation to Annapolis that the other does to the port of Bristol. A succession of headlands and reaches of pointed lowland present a delightful variety of profiles and constantly shifting planes of distance as the steamer follows the meandering channel. Above Round Bay the river narrows, though, if anything, with an increase of picturesque interest, and the voyage terminates at the three islands which are opposite "Indian Landing." These waters and shores attract the sportsman by their wealth of fish and game, and the hills around produce abundance of fruit and vegetables, and are admirably adapted to the vine. The finest sand for glass-making is found here, and the whole soil is impregnated with iron which, in the form of layers of ore, crops out here and there from the red banks.

In regard to type of scenery and the mingled beauty of hillside and wide water, the Severn may serve as a description of most of the rivers, creeks and small bays of this portion of the western shore. Cartis' Bay near Baltimore, the Magothy River or Bay, which at its head nearly approaches Mount Misery; South River, Rhode River and West River, all present the same characteristics, but distinctly varied. South River, the next important inlet south of Annapolis Roads, is a grand sheet of water, wider than the Severn, and piercing a lovely land suggesting agricultural prosperity and happy homesteads. Rhode River is a small bay dotted with islands, and the view from an eminence overlooking it, where we find one of the old colonial homes, is entrancingly beautiful, especially toward sunset or after, when, with the reflected light from the west, every tone of color acquires its richest value, and the sky above receives the warmth and glory of the setting sun, repeated as in a mirror by the broad Chesapeake, and the islands beneath defined in an inverted reflection of their forms.* The old house is the "Java," the home of the Contees, and so named as a reminder of the part its owner bore as a naval commander in the famous action of the *Constitution* and *Java* in the War of 1812. The house, built in colonial days, is hipped-roofed, wainscoted, and has the usual wings for offices and the more remote quarters for the servants or field hands. From the lawn the view we describe is a constant delight to the eye. It is now the property of I. V. Lemoine, Esq., of Chicago, who finds in its quiet and beauty an antidote to the reckless vigor of the Western metropolis.

The mention of "West River" to the Marylanders is to recall fertile fields, rich woods, a rolling upland, and a society distinguished for its refinement, hospitality and antecedents. The Catholic origin of Maryland has led many to forget the important part which the Society of Friends played in her early history, and that both on the Eastern and Western Shores the disciples of George Fox exceeded in numbers those of any settlement of Quakers prior to the arrival of William Penn in Pennsylvania.

As early as 1657 they appeared in the colony, and from 1672 until 1785 the Yearly Meeting of West River alternated with that of Third Haven (or Tredavon), on the Eastern Shore, preceding by ten years the arrival of

* The artist remarks the peculiar tone of the atmosphere on the Chesapeake as recalling the Adriatic in its Venetian harmony and softness.

Penn's colony on the Delaware. George Fox, the founder and apostle of the Quakers, attended these meetings, and later, in 1700, we have an account of a visit from William Penn in company with Lord and Lady Baltimore to the Tredavon Yearly Meeting, "to which meeting for worship came William Penn, Lord and Lady Baltimore with their retinue; but it was late when they came, and the strength and glory of the heavenly power of the Lord was going off from the meeting; so the lady was much disappointed, as I understand from William Penn; for she told him she did not want to hear him and such as he, for he was a scholar and a wise man, and she did not question but he could preach; but she wanted to hear some of our mechanics preach, as husbandmen, shoemakers, and such like rustics, for she thought they could not preach to any purpose. William Penn told her 'some of these were rather the best preachers we had among us.'" Penn also visited the West River meeting.

Maryland owes much to her Quaker citizens. From this neighborhood came the Johns and Hopkins families, the united names now known the world over through the munificent endowment of the University and Hospital bearing the name of Johns Hopkins. The "father and projector" of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the first great road conceived and begun in this country, was Philip E. Thomas, a Friend. He was the friend of the Indian, and Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, has said that "there are two names that would not be forgotten while a Red Man lives, and those are William Penn and Philip E. Thomas." The Ellicots, who laid the basis of manufactures in Maryland, and are noted as scientists and engineers; Elisha Tyson, whose heroic soul in a massive frame championed the cause of Emancipation; Thomas McKim, Moses Sheppard and Thomas Wilson, whose beneficent endowments to Baltimore and humanity are a credit to our race, were all "Friends." No meeting is now held at West River, but the graves of the departed are cared for and neatly inclosed. Their descendants have "relaxed the severity of the discipline" and peculiarity of dress, and have been absorbed into other sects, but the thrift and integrity of their ancestry may be traced in the agricultural prosperity of West River.

South from West River there are no inlets of any note before reaching the mouth of the Patuxent, where we find the spacious harbor of Drumpoint, with the exception of Fair Haven, formed by a wide inward sweep of the shore and scarcely to be regarded as a harbor, though beautiful in the extent of its sweeping lines and gently rising shores, presenting glimpses of boldly undulating forms in the distance. It is a favorite resort of "excursionists" from Baltimore, and second only to "Bay Ridge," the south point of the Annapolis Roads, as a Summer resort on the Chesapeake. Drumpoint has a harbor where the *Great Eastern* could have been moored to the shore, so deep is the water and so roomy the roadstead.

It is this fact of deep water and the numerous inlets from the Chesapeake which explains many of the peculiarities of Maryland life and history—the destiny of states and individuals are thus often determined by physical conditions, and Geography becomes the key to the enigmas of History.

The first settlers of Maryland seated upon the bays, inlets and creeks suffered no interruption to social intercourse as in the other colonies, where trackless forests divided the settlements and the neighbor. Every homestead was on or near the water, and the swift-moving canoe or pinnace was always ready for sport or transport to a neighboring plantation. Hence the social character of the people developed itself and remained a marked trait, even when population was forced into the interior. Roads were not a necessity where the water everywhere afforded easy communication. Neither was there any need for the development of large towns. The ship from London could sail direct to the planter's door, and the goods she brought could be distributed among the neighbors, hence every plantation became a port of entry. For this reason the want of a commercial centre was not felt for a century after the settlement of the province, and Baltimore dates its existence only from 1729. The tardy development of railroads on the Western Shore of the bay is greatly due to the easy access of the steamboat to every portion of this country, but the eager life of our day will not long rest content with this delightful but comparatively slow way of travel. In fact, throughout Southern Maryland no *public* roads existed until very recently. The planter on horseback—for they were a race of Centaurs—or the family coach, or the doctor's gig, passed from one plantation to another through innumerable gates, and a small negro or a footman, awakened mechanically from his doze as he dropped from behind the carriage to throw a-wide the rickety barriers. It consumed a deal of *time*, but as that commodity was not so highly prized as in our train-catching days, and as young darkies were only too plentiful, it seemed a mercy to employ them. By legal enactment the gates are now rapidly disappearing, and the unattended traveler can at least make his way unobstructed by their perpetual annoyance. Divided into large estates, and the soil exhausted in the almost exclusive cultivation of tobacco—economy in the use of land being no object where, when one field was exhausted, a forest was cleared for another—it is not surprising that this naturally fertile region has suffered deterioration. The reckless destruction of timber has also allowed many fertile farms to be washed into the rivers, but the noble forest trees and still extensive woods attest the strength of natural vigor. The lack of labor, owing to the dispersal of the African population, the absence of good roads, and, until recently, the exclusive water communications, has retarded the adaptation of this country to the changed conditions incident to a free-soil; but no more inviting region presents itself to the emigrant, and with the division of the estates into small farms and their occupation by skilled labor, the day is not distant when prosperity will again appear.

Turning from the bay shore, which we may imagine the reader to have surveyed and enjoyed from the deck of one of the large steamers which daily ply between Baltimore and the points we have described, we may turn inland and briefly notice the material resources of the country extending from the Patapsco to the Patuxent Rivers. The tract embraces the Counties of Calvert and Anne Arundel, the latter named as a graceful tribute to the virtues of the good wife of Cecilius Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore and first Proprietary of Maryland. On a medal struck in wedded honor to the pair she is styled "pulcherrima et optima conjux," the most beautiful and best of wives.

No fulsome compliment, we infer, to the daughter of a house noted for its noble qualities and brave deeds. Maryland should not lack guardian angels when so many noble ladies have been gallantly remembered as her friends: Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., and daughter of the chivalrous Henry of Navarre, who gave a name to the State, Anne, Queen of England, Anne Arundel, Lord Arundel's daughter, and Caroline, Queen of George II.—after each a county is called.

The northern portion of Anne Arundel is almost

BELLE AIR, ONE OF THE OLD MARYLAND MANSIONS.

entirely cultivated in "truck gardens," and sends to the markets of Baltimore the earliest and best vegetables and fruits. Protected as this region is by the high lands to the north of Baltimore, these products mature very early in the Spring. South of Annapolis an excellent soil and rolling country produce in abundance tobacco, corn and wheat, potatoes and all the fruits. Wool and dairy products are also important. Oysters and fish and wild fowl are the well-known riches of the Chesapeake waters. Oaks, chestnuts and pines are the principal forests. Iron ore and valuable clays abound.

Of Calvert County the surface is undulating, and drains from a central elevation toward the Chesapeake and Patuxent. The soil is a soft, fine mold, adapted to the growth of corn, wheat and tobacco. Marl, tripoli and extensive silica deposits are mined. To the naturalist this country is full of interest, as in some areas it reproduces flora and insects peculiar to far more southern latitudes. Its mineral wealth is scarcely explored, but presents indications of valuable deposits.

VIEW OF FAIR HAVEN.

In historical incident to be gathered from the masses of old homesteads there might be revived the life of a past age peculiarly rich in domestic joy; for it was not from the towns of Maryland, but from the country homes where the rural life of old England was reproduced, that her prominent men and women emanated. Not one of the old mansions of Maryland but, could it tell its tale, would furnish a volume of romance. Such places are Tulip Hill and Cedar Park, Belle Air and Belle Voir, Whitehall and Goodwood, Mount Pleasant, Rose Mount, Pleasant Prospect, Heart's Delight, Brookgrove, and a score of others; their very names provoking a curious interest, and suggesting happy scenes.

The "South River Club," one of the earliest, if not the first, association of the kind in the country, still holds its annual festival; and a sketch of its history would bring before the reader a vivid picture of the convivial habits and dining-room manners of cultivated gentlemen for more than a century, with the variations caused by time and political changes.

THE LEHMAN HERMIT.

AUSTIN SHELDON, the noted "Lehman Hermit," lived for many years about sixteen miles southeast of Lehman Township, Pike County, Pa. Strange stories were from time to time told in regard to him, and the cause of his adopting his solitary ways.

He was born at Sunny Creek, near Bradford, Conn., in 1806, and lived there until he was twenty-one. He received a good education and learned the trade of a blacksmith, at which he made considerable money. He fell desperately in love with a young lady of his acquaintance, to whom he was subsequently engaged to be married. Her parents interfered, and broke off the match by sending the young lady away to a distant boarding-school. Sheldon gave up his trade, which was then prospering rapidly, and started out on foot to find his intended bride; but, after spending all his money, he returned home almost heart-broken. He subsequently married a lady named Julia Ann Tuttle, who, a short time after their marriage, became insane. Securing for her a good course of medical treatment, Sheldon started out

THE LEHMAN HERMIT.—"HE HAD A LARGE, TAME RAT, WHICH WOULD COME WHEN SHELDON CALLED IT."

on foot for Pike County, Pa., where he intended purchasing a farm and raising sheep.

He walked the entire distance to Milford, the county seat of Pike County, Pa., and while there fell into the hands of "wild-land swindlers," who fleeced him out of all his means, and deeded him a tract of wild timber-land in Lehman Township. When Sheldon saw the farm he had bought, his astonishment may be imagined. A heavy storm came up suddenly, and Sheldon took refuge in a large cave he had discovered in the rocks. In this cave he resided for years, having devoted the whole of his time to the study of the Bible. The old hermit could quote chapter after chapter with wonderful accuracy, and he knew the entire "Book of Proverbs" by heart.

Sheldon's cave was quite large and very comfortable. Blocks of wood were used for chairs, his cooking was done over an old-fashioned fireplace made of hewn stone, and he had no companions whatever. He had a large, tame rat, which would come when Sheldon called it; but it died, and then the old hermit had neither chick nor child to keep him company. Sheldon slept

"AS HE WAS ABOUT TO SIT DOWN IN HIS ROCKING-CHAIR, HE SAW SOMETHING GLISTENING ON THE SEAT. A CLOSE EXAMINATION PROVED THE OBJECT TO BE A RATTLESNAKE."

in an old rocking-chair, and assured a visitor that he had not slept in a bed in nearly fifty years. The hermit had many wonderful escapes from death during his last twenty years. In 1867, when the snow in the woods near his cave was about six feet deep, the old man became fast in the drift, and would have perished had not a farmer who happened to pass by heard his cry of distress. In 1876 the forest fires surrounded Sheldon's cave, and had it not been for the depth of his habitation, he would have been roasted alive. On another occasion, as he was about to sit down in his rocking-chair, he saw something glistening on the seat. A close examination proved the object to be a rattlesnake nearly five feet in length, which the old man speedily dispatched. Some years after Mr. Sheldon had a hand-to-hand encounter with a wild-cat in his cave. The animal had taken possession of the premises while the old man was away, and when Sheldon returned, the brute sprang upon him,

"SHELDON DREW A LARGE KNIFE, AND, AFTER A DESPERATE STRUGGLE, LASTING OVER HALF AN HOUR, THE ANIMAL WAS KILLED."

wounding him in the shoulder. Sheldon drew a large knife, and, after a desperate struggle, lasting over half an hour, the animal was killed. Sheldon always retained the marks of that cat's claws.

So dead was he to the world, that he did not know who was the present President of the United States; that he never heard of the late Civil War, nor of General Grant or Abraham Lincoln. Sheldon never saw a railroad or a telegraph-wire, and had never, since he first came to Pike County, been over twenty miles from his cave. Mr. Sheldon had relatives in Bradford, Conn., and finally accepted an invitation to go there and live a while.

The hermit's appearance was very peculiar. His hair fell far down below his shoulders, and his beard reached to his knees.

THE PEARL.

A LITTLE particle of rain,
That from a passing cloud descended,
Was heard thus idly to complain,
"My brief existence now is ended"!
Outcast alike from earth and sky,
Useless to live, unknown to die.

It chanced to fall into the sea,
And there an open shell received it;
In after years how rich was he
Who from his prison-house relieved it!
That drop of rain had formed a gem
Fit for a monarch's diadem!

SAVED BY THE TELEGRAPH.

BY C. L. HILDRETH.

BEFORE a broad, baize-covered table, in an elegantly furnished library, a young lady was busily engaged with a small object, consisting of a number of brass knobs and springs, which appeared to interest her greatly.

She was in the first flush of lovely womanhood, with a full, graceful figure, warm, light-brown hair and soft hazel eyes glowing with excitement and interest. She appeared to have varying success in her employment, for at times she would smile and clap her hands joyfully, and again purse up her red lips in a pout, and contract her delicate brows with a frown.

An appreciative observer would never have troubled himself to inquire what she was doing; he would have been amply satisfied with the pretty picture she made, in the pale silk robe with its profusion of ribbons, with her bright head bowed over the table. The young man, who at that moment appeared at the open door, certainly seemed to take that view of it. He paused and looked at her with eyes whose expression could not be mistaken.

Presently she raised her head, and, detecting him, arose with a blush, and extended her hand to him as he came toward her.

"You have discovered my secret, Mr. Fielding," she said, laughing. "I meant to surprise you all with the extent of my knowledge."

"And what are you doing?" he asked, releasing her hand with evident reluctance.

"Learning telegraphy," she replied. "You know that on the days when papa does not go down to the bank he uses this instrument, which connects with the office, to telegraph business messages to Mr. Reynaud, his partner. His sight is failing, and I mean to offer my services as operator as soon as I am capable."

"A good operator should take a message simply by the sound of the instrument," responded Fielding, looking at her with a gaze before which her own fell in confusion. "Let us see how far you have advanced."

"She seated herself by the table with pencil and paper, and gayly prepared to take off the mock message as he tapped it out upon the key.

"Click—click! click—click—click!"

"Augusta," she read, with an air of surprise; "why, that is my name."

"Listen," he replied, gravely, "I have not finished."

"Click—click! click—click—click! click—click!" went the instrument.

"Augusta—darling—I—love—you," she read, in a low voice, and with burning cheeks. "Why, Mr. Fielding! I did not expect——"

"That I would choose so clumsy a means of declaring my love as a telegraph-key," he interrupted, taking her two hands in his. "But it did not even need that; for you must have seen in my every word and look these past six months, that I love you with my whole heart. Tell me, have I hoped in vain; Augusta, do you love me?"

She averted her face from him a moment, and made one last struggle for composure; then yielded herself to him wholly and was folded in his arms.

As they stood so, bewildered with their sudden happiness, a step resounded along the hall, and a tall, dark figure appeared in the doorway. It was that of a man of forty years, powerfully built, with a dead black beard and hair, which gave his colorless features a hue of unnatural whiteness. The face was one to inspire dread rather than respect, distrust rather than friendship; a hard, stern face, whose very smile was cruel, yet whose cold impassibility never changed. It was only in his large, velvet-black eyes that the passions of the man's nature betrayed themselves.

He paused at the door and looked from one to the other of the flushed and embarrassed faces, with a swift, inquiring glance.

"Mr. Reynaud!" exclaimed both of the lovers together.

"Himself," returned the newcomer, in a deep, quiet voice. "I was looking for your father, Miss Augusta, and expected to find him here. I hope I have not intruded at an improper moment."

There was something in his tone—something too subtle for description, that struck upon Fielding's ear like an indefinable menace.

Though far from a coward, the young man was seized with an almost superstitious fear of this person, whom he had hitherto merely disliked. With an involuntary desire to conciliate him, he turned, and said, frankly:

"As an intimate friend of the family, Mr. Reynaud, I may as well impart to you what will soon be known to every one. Miss Ashley has accepted me as her future husband."

Reynaud remained silent and motionless for a moment; but Fielding saw his hands clinch themselves until the nails were buried in the palms, while his eyes glowed like two coals of living fire.

"Accepted!" he repeated, after a while, in a low, smothered voice. "She loves you? Why, of course," he added, with a laugh, "the most natural thing in the world. I congratulate you, my young friend."

He offered his hand, which the other took, but dropped immediately with an irrepressible shudder. It was as cold and clammy as that of a corpse. With that Reynaud excused himself and departed. Fielding, who watched him as he went, saw him stagger once or twice as he walked, like a man dazed by a heavy blow.

When he had gone, the two lovers remained silent and disquieted, as if some unforeseen disaster had broken in upon their new-found happiness.

"What enmity has that man against me?" asked Fielding, after a while. "When I told him that we were engaged, I could have sworn there was murder in his heart."

"I can guess," answered the young lady, turning pale, "though I am almost afraid to confess the truth. He is your rival."

"My rival!" echoed the young man; "he has proposed to you, then?"

"Yes," she replied, with a shudder, "he asked me to be his wife, and, oh, Heaven! I shall never forget the scene that followed." She covered her face with her hand and shrank nearer to the side of her lover. "When I refused him," she continued, "he did not take it as another man would have done. He clinched his teeth and muttered a curse that made my blood run cold. Then he threw himself on his knees and covered my hand with kisses. 'Think again,' he said. 'No man has ever loved you, or ever will love you, as I do. If you cast me off I shall become utterly lost. The little good there is in me, which your love would magnify and develop, will be transformed to utter and irreclaimable evil.' When I assured him that I did not and could never love him, he arose and looked at me with a gaze that I yet remember, and said, in a slow, icy voice, "Love and hate, in a nature like mine, are forces as potent and uncontrollable as tempests. You hav refused the one, beware of the other.' Then he made me a polite bow and went away. From that day to this he has never reverted to the subject again."

"Well," said the young man, laughing, "I fancy he is not as bad as he would make himself out to be, though he does look enough like the devil to be his Satanic majesty in person."

"Don't make a jest of it, Rupert," replied the young girl, seriously. "I believe him to be capable of anything. Promise me never to trust yourself alone with him."

"I don't think he would devour me outright, but I promise all the same. He is not agreeable company."

Whatever designs Reynaud may have meditated against the happiness of the lovers, they were not immediately apparent, at all events. When he met either of them his manner was scrupulously polite, and even kind.

To all appearances, he had taken a strong liking for Rupert Fielding.

He cultivated his society after a fashion that was astonishing in so exclusive a person, even going out of his way to do his young friend an occasional service.

The effect of his amenities was to banish the last traces of distrust from the young man's mind, though even yet there were moments when he looked at his companion's dark, smiling face with a fleeting uneasiness which he could not account for.

Late one afternoon he received a hurried note from Reynaud, which ran as follows:

"My Dear Fellow—I have something important to say to you. Come at once to the bank, where we shall be alone together and can converse at our discretion. Do not show this to any one, nor mention where you are going. Make haste. I promise that what I have to impart will interest you.

"Yours, etc., Jerome Reynaud."

Alone together! For an instant his previous promise to Augusta returned to his mind, and he was half inclined to fulfill it.

But the message was evidently important, and, as he did not share Augusta's prejudices, he resolved to go.

Reynaud himself admitted him into the building with a degree of caution that impressed him with wonder, and led him into an inner room in silence.

A single gas-jet was burning, and by its glimmer Fielding saw that he was in the private office of the firm, into which the vault chamber—a steel-lined, air-tight apartment, ten feet square—opened.

The heavy door, with its complex locks and combination, stood ajar.

Upon a table near at hand was a small telegraphic instrument similar to that in Mr. Ashley's library, which kept up the slight ticking common to such machines.

Turning from his survey, he saw that Reynaud had locked the only door leading into the room and put the key in his pocket. He saw, too, that a singular alteration had taken place in his companion's features.

His face, usually so pale, had become almost livid, and his eyes glittered in the semi-darkness like those of a wild animal.

"You told no one that you were coming here?" were his first words.

"No one," was the reply.

"And showed no one my note?"

"No. Here it is."

Reynaud took the paper from the young man's hand, and, lighting it at the gas, watched it consume in silence.

"Now, said he, facing his astonished companion and speaking in a low, concentrated tone, "answer the questions I am going to put to you, and beware of what you say, for your life depends upon your answers. Rupert Fielding, are you afraid to die?"

"To die!" repeated Fielding, with growing amazement. "Of course a man of my age cannot be expected to look upon death with complacency."

"Which, then, would you rather relinquish," continued Reynaud, in the same low voice; "the woman you love, or your life?"

A thrill of swift and terrible revelation darted through the young man's mind. Now, indeed, he regretted that he had not kept his promise to Augusta.

"I understand you," he replied, raising his head, defiantly; "and I answer, of the two I prefer to lose my life."

"Reflect," said the other, sternly. "You have but two alternatives—either to leave this place to-night, and without communicating your destination to any one, either now or hereafter, or ——"

"What?"

"Die here and now," was the hollow response.

"You are mad," exclaimed Fielding, with a feeling of terror at his heart.

"Yes," replied the other, gloomily; "mad with love and despair. Man! do you imagine that I will tamely stand by and see you possess the woman for whom I would give not only my life, but my soul? I, who have loved her as if she were my God; worshiped the ground she blesses with her feet; devoured her with my eyes; hung on her words as if they were sounds from heaven? Shall I, who would turn every drop of my blood into living, burning torture for one of the smiles she wastes on you—shall I yield her to you, and drag out the miserable remnant of my days a wretch more unhappy than the damned?"

"Reynaud," said Fielding, appealingly, "be reasonable. I have done you no wrong. She does not love you."

"When you are out of the way she will forget you, dead or absent. It is the habit of women. Then I will labor, strive, crawl on my knees to her, adore her, until at last she *must* yield." Fielding uttered a groan.

"If I fail in the end," continued Reynaud, with a contraction of his features—"if I fail, why I shall have the gloomy satisfaction of knowing that no other has won her."

"You shall not destroy me like a dumb animal!" cried Fielding, rushing to the door and shaking it. "Help! help!"

"Had you twice the voice you could not be heard," said Reynaud, watching his futile efforts with a mocking smile; "had you twice the strength you could not open that door, or resist me when the hour comes."

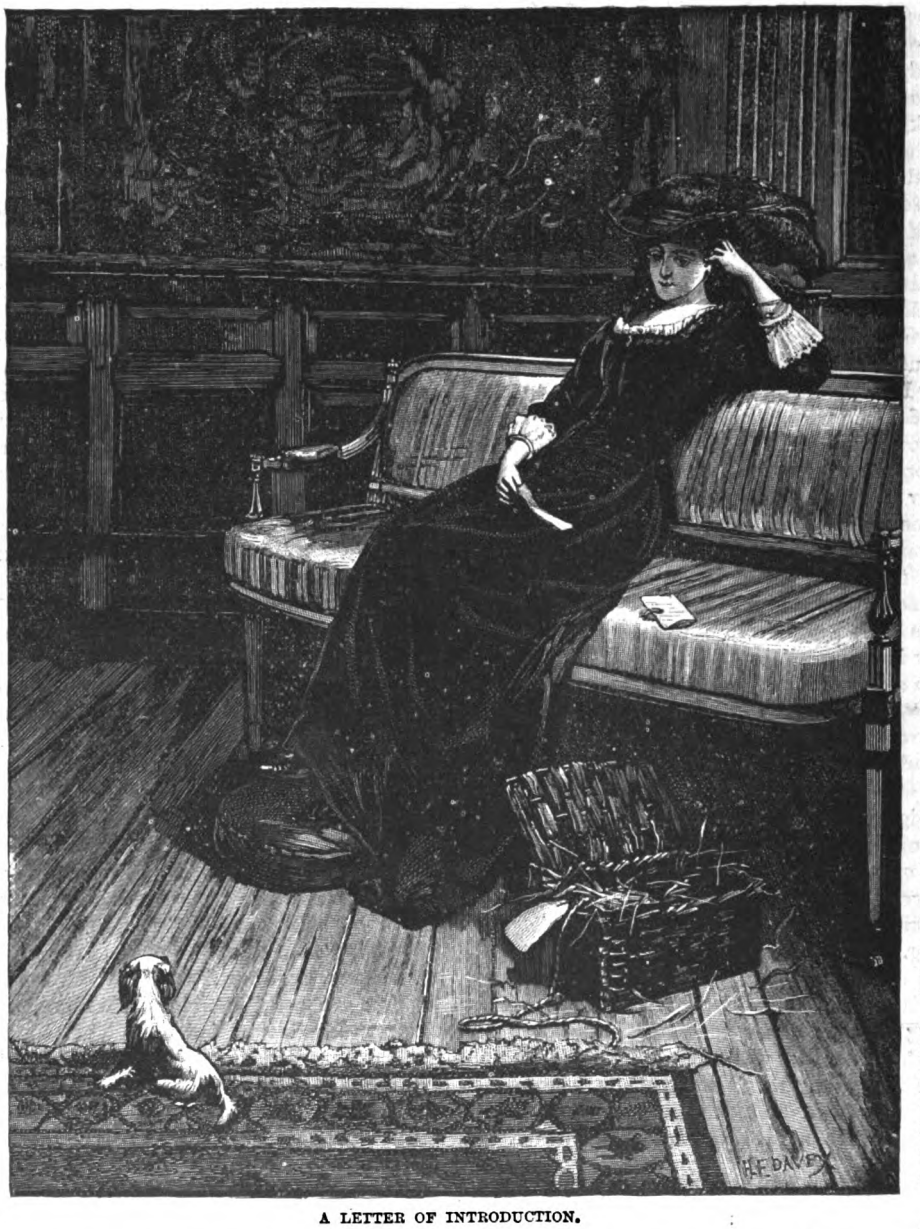
"Your crime will be discovered and punished," replied Fielding, returning and confronting him.

"You are wrong," returned the other, calmly. "I shall not destroy you by any of the vulgar methods. Look at that safe. The walls are ten inches thick and air-tight. Inclosed in that vault you will live but an hour. I shall put you in there, close the safe with the ordinary combination, which is now set, and leave you there. To-morrow morning you will be found—dead! How you came there will always remain a mystery. You are not known to have come here. I am supposed to be twenty miles away, as I shall be as soon as I have completed my work. What do you think of it? Shall you escape, or shall I be detected?"

The devilish ingenuity of his plan struck poor Fielding with overwhelming force.

He measured the powerful frame of the man before him, and saw that he would be as a child in his hands.

He saw that the safe would surely do its deadly work. There was no aid to be looked for—no mercy to expect. He was lost!



A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

"Well," said Reynaud, divining his thoughts, "are you ready to accept the other alternative?"

"No!" replied Fielding, firmly. "Murder me if you will!"

"I give you five minutes to reflect," responded Reynaud, sitting down near him and eying him curiously.

There was a dead silence in the room for a moment; then the telegraphic instrument, disturbed by some exterior current, began to click sharply.

A sudden inspiration—a faint ray of hope—shot into Fielding's heart. He knew that the wire communicated with the Ashley mansion. If he could convey his peril by means of it to any one there, he might yet be saved.

It was a very slender thread upon which to hang the chances of life and death. But, alas! it was his sole hope.

The key of the instrument was immediately behind him and within reach of his hand. With the perspiration streaming from his forehead, he slid the spring which completed the circuit. At this moment Reynaud, who had been studying his watch, looked up.

"Just three minutes more," he said, in a suppressed voice, again affixing his eyes on his watch.

Once more the young man's fingers sought the key, and he tapped out the following message:

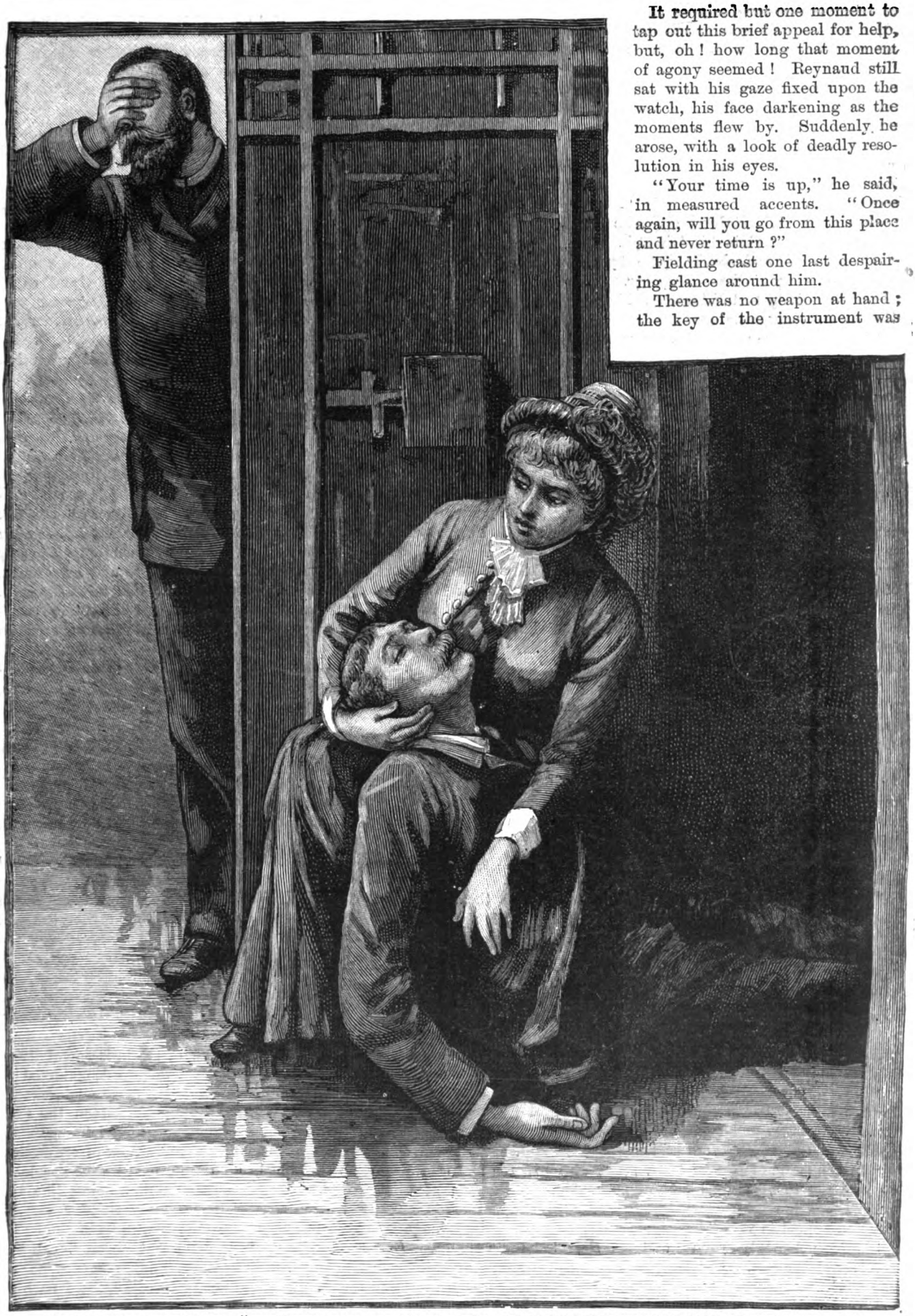
"- - - - - — - - - -

It required but one moment to tap out this brief appeal for help, but, oh! how long that moment of agony seemed! Reynaud still sat with his gaze fixed upon the watch, his face darkening as the moments flew by. Suddenly he arose, with a look of deadly resolution in his eyes.

"Your time is up," he said, in measured accents. "Once again, will you go from this place and never return?"

Fielding cast one last despairing glance around him.

There was no weapon at hand; the key of the instrument was



SAVED BY THE TELEGRAPH.—"THE YOUNG GIRL SPRANG PAST HIM, AND DREW THE INSENSIBLE FORM OF HER LOVER FROM THE VAULT. 'HE IS DEAD!' SHE CRIED, TAKING HIS HEAD UPON HER BREAST."—SEE PAGE 414.

silent; his message had not been heard. He was indeed lost. Looking in the face of his relentless enemy, he replied firmly, though faintly:

"I refuse; do your worst."

Then followed a brief though terrible struggle. Reynaud cast himself upon the slight frame of the young man and seized him bodily in his arms. There was a sound of stamping feet, panting of laboring chests and cracking of strained muscles, and all was over. Fielding was hurled into the vault, the door clashed together and the bolts were shot. Then, with an evil smile, Reynaud took a chair and sat down opposite the living grave of his enemy to exult in his triumph.

A half-hour had slowly gone by when there was a violent rapping at the outer door.

He started up and listened, evidently with no intention of answering the summons.

The blows were repeated, accompanied by a voice that caused him to tremble in every limb. It was Augusta's.

"Let me in!" she cried. "Rupert! Rupert! Mr. Reynaud! For the love of Heaven! let me come in!"

Then he went to the door and opened it. Attired in an evening-dress, bonnetless, and without shawl or wrap, Augusta rushed into the room.

"Rupert!" she exclaimed, breathlessly, seizing Reynaud by the arm. "What have you done with him?"

"Why, my dear young lady," he replied, with well-acted astonishment, "what should I do with him? You see he is not here."

"Yes," she cried, passionately, striking the heavy door of the safe with her hand. "You have locked him in here, and he is dying!"

"Hush!" he said, with a face which would have terrified her had she not been past all fear for herself. "What leads you to charge me with such a crime?"

"Read that!" she answered, handing him a slip of paper on which was transcribed the message Fielding had sent. "That came over the wire from this room. I was in the library and heard it. Now, release him instantly, or I will cry out your crime in the streets," she added.

"Has any one but yourself heard that message, or have you told any one of it?" he asked, in a hoarse voice.

"No," she replied.

He passed his hand into the breast of his coat, and when he withdrew it she saw the shining barrel of a revolver.

For an instant she shrank back at the sight of it, then faced him again firmly.

"Kill me if you will!" she said. "If Rupert dies, I wish to die, too."

He threw the weapon upon the floor, with a groan.

"No, no!" he muttered. "Not for life itself could I harm a hair of your head!"

"Unlock the safe," she said, clasping her hands appealingly. "Be as merciful to him as you have been to me, Reynaud."

"Never!" he replied, his face hardening again. "*You* I spare because I love you, even at the risk of my life; but *he*—he must and shall die!"

She fell upon her knees and seized his hand.

"In the name of Heaven!—by all you hold sacred! I conjure you to give me his life!" she cried.

He shook his head.

"You appeal in vain," he said, sternly.

She looked wildly around, and her eyes fell upon the revolver at her feet. A strange smile crossed her lips as she saw it.

With a swift movement she seized it, sprang backward, and placed the muzzle against her own heart.

He uttered a gasping cry and moved toward her.

"Not another step, or I fire!" she exclaimed, firmly.

"Hear me!" he began, beseechingly.

"I will hear nothing," she returned. "If in one minute you do not open that door, I will kill myself!"

"Augusta, for Heaven's sake!"

"Open the door, or my blood be on your head!"

He looked at her, and saw in her ghastly face and blazing eyes the unalterable determination of the woman made desperate by love. He hesitated, passed his hand across his eyes; then, with a staggering gait, went to the safe.

"For her sake!" he kept repeating, in a low, broken voice—"for her sake!"

In a moment more the door swung open, and, as he stepped back mechanically, the young girl sprang past him and drew the insensible body of her lover from the vault.

"He is dead!" she cried, taking his head upon her breast.

"No," replied Reynaud, quietly; "have no fear. He will recover."

In the fullness of her joy, she offered her hand to him. The unfortunate man bowed over it, and she felt a scalding tear drop upon her fingers.

"May the God whom I have offended bless and preserve you!" he said, in a hollow voice. "I do not ask your pardon. I have not deserved it, nor in another hour shall I have need of it. If, hereafter, when you are happy with the man you love, you think of me and my crimes, do not forget that all I have done was in the despair of hopeless love. And remember that, if I would have sacrificed another for my love, I do not hesitate to sacrifice myself. Farewell!"

In the joy of her lover's escape, Augusta scarcely comprehended his words; but when, on the following day, she learned that Reynaud had been found dead—by his own hand—their full import dawned upon her.

"Rupert," she said, with tears in her eyes, to her lover, who sat beside her, "he committed a great crime, but has he not fully expiated it?"

"Yes," replied Rupert, solemnly; "for his exceeding great love, let all his sins be forgiven. I, who love you as well, though perhaps not so wildly, as he did, can understand and pardon the desperation of one who loved you in vain. With *him* all my accounts are even; but with *you*, darling, how shall I ever pay the debt I owe? First the gift of love to glorify my life, and then the gift of life to be blessed in that love!"

ROMANCE OF A COURT.

By Lily Higgin.

The death of the young King of Spain is one of those mysterious dispensations of what we are accustomed to call Providence, which throw out all the calculations and theories which one is apt to make, based on the ultimate triumph of good—a doctrine which is so satisfactory to us all when we are in the mere ruck of struggling humanity, and are apt to be discouraged by the spectacle of what we considered wickedness flourishing like the green bay tree, with which our early Sunday lessons have made us familiar. "Right triumphs in the end," we assure ourselves, and persistent effort is always crowned with success. When, some day, comes a sudden blow like this, which could not be foreseen, and for which no one can be blamed, and we rub our eyes and wonder if it is all a mistake, and the devil rules the world, or if

it is only another example of our mental shortsightedness, and all things do work together for good after all.

Of all European nations, perhaps, the Spaniards are the most curious examples of being thoroughly Republican by nature, and monarchical or even autocratic by choice.

The proverb "Bago el Rey, ninguno," is in every one's mouth, and freely translated it means, "After the King," I am as good as any other man. Herein lies all the mystery of this double nature of the Spaniard—"after the King." But they cling to a visible head and love a permanent one; they have no liking nor respect for the idea of one of themselves being elevated above others. If their King or Queen does not please them, they are shown the door with a certain amount of politeness. Witness the departure of Queen Isabella, and of King Amadeo—whose wife, by-the-way, is held as a saint, and pretty well worshiped by the poor of Madrid, to whose service she devoted herself.

The Spaniard, no matter of what rank, has no sycophancy, no snobbishness, about him. He is fully assured that "rank is but the guinea's stamp, the man's the gold for a' that." With all his pride of blue blood, the very servant treats his master with a familiarity that makes English people stare. The driver of the mail-coach will take his place beside the grandest lady in the land at the table of the fonda, where they stop to change horses; and the manners of the lower classes are as free from *géne* in the presence of their social betters as our own are full of it. With that curious phase of English life, the parvenu, who is always torturing himself with the doubt whether he is behaving as one of the aristocracy would do, he has nothing in common. The customs of the country may not always be refined, but they are for the most part dictated by the courtesy which owns no superior, "Bago el Rey." But they love to surround their King or Queen with gorgeous pomp; it seems to be the idea of kingship which they delight to honor. They like the monarchical form of government, and they remain republican in heart and manner, infinitely more so, in fact, than nations which, having the form, and pretending to despise rank, are eager to manufacture titles of some sort or another for themselves, and who are led by the nose by the mere scent of a foreign title.

The story of the Spanish monarchy has been a strange romance for many a year. The echoes of the intrigues of Louis Philippe in the Spanish marriages of the past generations come to us across the years, and old people still speak with hot anger of the bartering of the young Queen to further the aims of ambitious Egalité—the wretched sacrifice of a woman, who must have had in her much that was lovable, in a loathsome farce of a marriage that was her ruin. Spite of all that has come and gone, spite of the shame with which honest Spaniards spoke of their Queen, she was as much sinned against as sinning—and Spaniards, once they had freed themselves from her government, have forgiven much for her love for her country. And it is the brightest point in the character of the young King, who lived without reproach himself—who died so early, yet having accomplished much for Spain—that he always treated his mother with respect, and displayed the affection which he felt for her. Exiled with the rest of the family after the successful revolution, by which the scandalous court of Isabella II. was broken up in 1857, Alfonsito, as the Spaniards love to call him, was educated in Vienna and in England, and while at Sandhurst endeared himself to all who came in contact with him. He had everything against him, this poor boy, who as a child had been accustomed to be looked upon with the contemptuous pity with which all the Queen's children were regarded, while surrounded with all the outward, almost barbaric pomp of an old-fashioned court—worse than fatherless, and with a mother whom none defended, and with whom few remained on friendly terms. In the wholesome atmosphere of English schoolboy life, he developed a heroism which gained for him universal respect when fate called him once more to the front.

Strange revolution that which unseated his mother, when the ragged people formed themselves into guards of the national property, and patrolled the palace to see that nothing was touched. Over the name "Calle de la Reina" was nailed a sheet of paper with the name "Calle de la Libertad" written on it, and, thanks to the happy climate, for many a day that paper served to show the new name of the street. It was an inspiration of some office-boys; but in the same quiet way the whole thing was changed. They had had enough of a monarchy which made them blush. There was no fighting, no riots, no bloodshed—it was all done with the same quiet determination, and the same self-respect.

Then came the episode of a Republic, with poor Prim at its head. It was a relief from misrule and corruption, but the nation never took to it as a whole, and, with his base assassination—the instigators of which are perfectly well known in Spain—there was little more talk of a Republic.

Then came Amadeo, a man who offended the people by his simplicity, and what they considered his unkingliness, while they admired his pluck. But Spaniards would never brook a foreign king, even one of their own choosing, and so he, too, went his way, leaving a kindly enough remembrance of himself, and his wife the reputation of a saint. In the short period of her reign in Madrid she won for herself the love of all the poor, and she left behind her many a substantial memento of the permanent good of the workingwomen, to whose benefit she devoted herself and her income.

There was but little dissension on the matter when the young Alfonso was called by the will of the people, in 1875, to occupy the throne from which his mother had been removed so firmly, but so quietly. The great fear was that she might interfere, and precautions were at first taken to prevent her ever returning to Spain; but time showed that these fears were needless—either she was too wise or the King was too firm to allow of it. Yet latterly the restrictions were removed, and Isabella was with her son when he died.

From the time of his accession he showed a singular, quiet wisdom and strength of will. Young as he was, and anxious as he showed himself to respect the Constitution and to hold the balance between contending parties, caring above all things for the good of his beloved country, when it came to a question of what he considered right and wrong, a matter of personal honor or duty, he was deaf to all appeals to self-interest. And he was so simply honest and straightforward, that the people, one and all, honored the Hidalgo in him and gave way. Those who ruled Spain best, and appreciated the detestation in which the Duc de Montpensier is held by all classes, saw nothing but misfortune in the announcement that Alfonso had promised to marry Mercedes, the cousin to whom he had been attached from boyhood. Many thought that he risked his throne, and all his admirers were strongly opposed to what they considered a suicidal step. But he was firm. He had given his word—a King's word could not be broken. He loved his cousin, and nothing shook him. The short life of happiness, and the pathetic picture of the widowed

and desolate young King standing at the window of his palace watching the sad procession which was bearing the body of his girl wife to her resting-place in the melancholy Escurial, is all.

Then came the second marriage, made in deference to the wishes of his people while his heart was in the grave with his first and only love. Many a one pitied the young Austrian bride, for there was no secret about the King's feelings. Now that death has taken him, there is no sincerer mourner than his second wife, to whom he had endeared himself, as he did to all with whom he was brought in contact. In every episode of his short reign he has shown respect for his people, self-control, firmness and rare courage, coupled with a self-sacrificing sympathy with the dangers and sorrows of his people, which has made him one of themselves and has caused them to mourn with the young Queen as for a personal loss.

His courage in the suppression of the Carlist war, his dignified and self-respecting conduct under the stupid insults of a French mob, his ready sympathy in the misfortunes of his people, his personal visits to them—nay, his stealing a march on his Ministers and slipping off to the plague-stricken Aranjuez to comfort and infuse courage into his people—his wise treatment of the Caroline Islands muddle, are all within our immediate recollection. Rarely has a braver young soul stood up in single conflict with adverse circumstances and lived a nobler and more useful life. And if in the misfortune that has overtaken Spain, the people, sinking party quarrels, rally round the young widow and strengthen her hands, it will be from the true admiration which exists in all alike for Alfonso's character, and a sincere wish to carry out his wishes for the permanent good of his country.

ALFONSO XII. AT THE MILITARY SCHOOL.

There was a strange contrast between the court life of the King who has just been laid beside Mercedes the beloved in the sombre vaults at the Escurial and that of his childhood.

The Queen—whom the late Pope thought a fit person to whom to send the Golden Rose of Virtue—was already a fugitive from her country when the present reached Madrid. She had been at all times a stickler for the outward pomp which, up to that time, had been a *sine qua non* of Spanish court life. Never was she seen in public except attended by numerous outriders, a glittering guard of cavalry, in a carriage drawn by six horses gayly caparisoned, and with a "carriage of respect" behind, with six horses, and behind that, again, several carriages full of attendants. On gala days, when a state visit to the Church of Atocha was *de rigueur*, there were eight or more horses with ostrich plumes on their heads, gorgeously embroidered drapings, and led by grooms glittering in golden garb. The coach of respect was in equal state of glory, the fiction being that it was ready in case of any accident to the Queen's carriage.

The little Prince of Asturias had like state all to himself, and a *coche de respeto* behind, while all the *infantes* and *infantas* and the household appeared in gilt carriages drawn by four horses beplumed and caparisoned in gorgeous gold embroideries.

Through the silent, jeering crowd the procession passed, the Queen smiling and bowing, and the contemptible little figure known as "Paquéto" seated by her side, half hidden by her portly figure, diligently raising his plumed hat—a target for wit which was always contemptuous and often ribald.

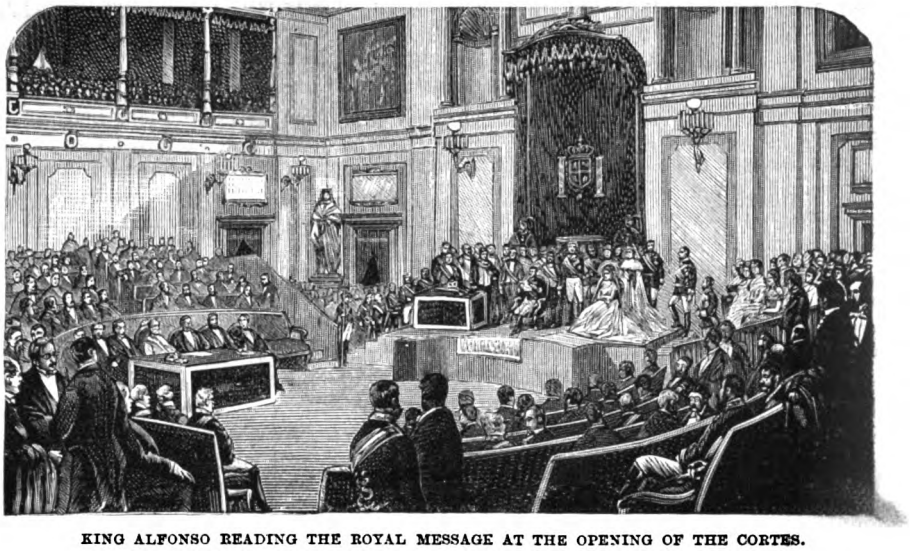
A sorry spectacle it was, and one which educated Spaniards loathed.

In those days, when the little Prince of Asturias drove out, it was always with a guard of cavalry, six horses to his own carriage, and six more to his carriage of respect; yet another to carry the royal perambulator, and almost the same amount of state over the rest of the royal Infantas — minus the guard only. Each time a royal carriage—even if it only carried the perambulator—with its gaudy liveries, passed a barracks, of which Madrid is full, the bugle sounded and the guard turned out to salute.

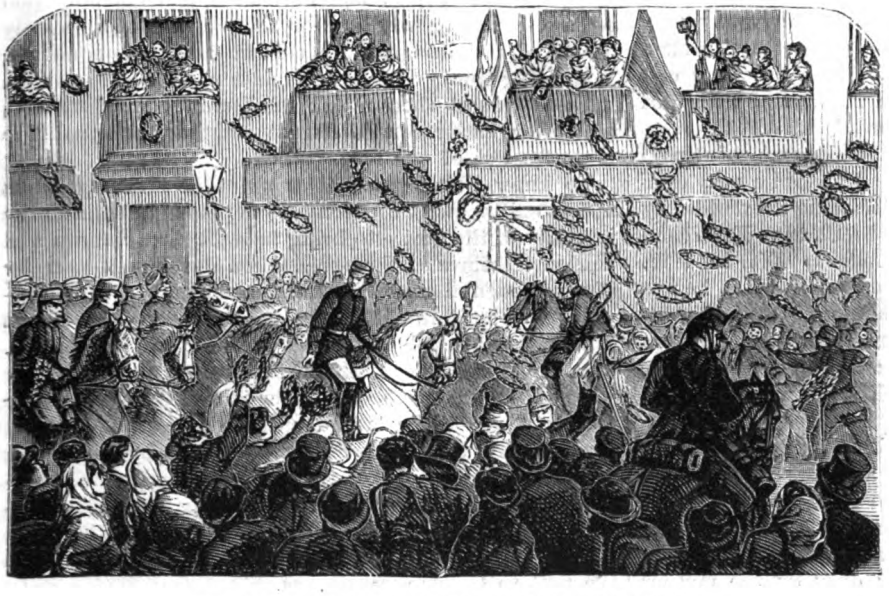
Amadeo broke through all that. Following the custom of his father's court, he drove about Madrid in his mail phaeton without any attendants, and it was said that the people did not like it, and felt contempt for him in consequence.

Liberalism in his day went a little too fast, but Amadeo did his best, and was respected accordingly by a people who chafed under the idea of a foreign ruler, however good.

In 1875, when Alfonso XII., a mere boy, was proclaimed King, he came at once to Madrid, and took up his abode in the palace—which all visitors to Madrid know so well—perched on its rocky cliff, with wide outlook away across the Manzanares, the Casa de Campo, and the Pardo to the Guadarramas, which, with their peaks snow-capped for nine months in the year, form a splendid background to the wide expanse of forest; his sister, the Infanta Isabel, his sole companion, another victim of an unhappy marriage. The simplicity inaugurated by Amadeo was followed up, and, while preserving the real dignity of the throne, Alfonso did away once for all with the barbarous pomp of the old court—with the cavalry guards, the useless horses, as well as the everlasting farce of military salutes at every turn. He drove about among his people just as the English and Italian royalties do; and his court life has always been an example of a quiet, domestic home.



KING ALFONSO READING THE ROYAL MESSAGE AT THE OPENING OF THE CORTES.



TRIUMPHAL RECEPTION OF KING ALFONSO IN MADRID.

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN THE CHURCH OF THE ATOCHA, MADRID.

No greater evidence could have been given of the ascendency which the young King quickly gained over his people than the possibility of his placing a daughter of the hated Montpensier on the throne as Queen Consort, and the sympathy which he met with when death snatched her from him. It spoke well for the young princess herself, also, that she had overcome their prejudices and gained their affection.

Alfonso has always given a home to his sisters, to whom he was devotedly attached, and latterly no objection has been made to the visits of the Queen Mother. The greater part of the year was spent in Madrid, with visits to the Palace in the Pardo, within a drive of the capital; but in the hot weather the court removed to La Granja, that fairyland of beauty, where the King and Queen gave themselves up to mere country enjoyments, and relaxed even the little state that still surrounded the Court in Madrid.

The Escurial is too full of sad and gloomy memories for a royal residence, although the Casa del Principe was built with the intention of being used in that way. Standing alone, like a silent Sphinx, amid the strange volcanic mountains, with its great gates never opened except to admit a dead King or Queen, this stately pile, which has come to be regarded only as a gigantic mausoleum, is perhaps more impressive than anything else in Spain. Here lie the bodies of Alfonso and his girl wife, "far from the madding crowd."

Of the character of the Queen Regent of Spain nothing but what is good is said. She had a very difficult part to play, and so far she has done it exceedingly well. A daughter of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand of Austria, she was married to Alfonso XII. in 1879. She was with him on one of the occasions when he was shot at by assassins, and showed both coolness and courage. She has had the good fortune to gain the affection of her husband and his family, and to turn what was originally a marriage of mere political expedience into one of real affection.

The pathetic picture of the little Princess of Asturias and her baby sister, summoned in all haste from Madrid to their dying father, to arrive too late, only to see him "asleep and covered with flowers"; of the widowed mother, tempted by despair at her loss to take refuge in a convent, but braced to face her duty by the mother and sisters of the dead King; her solemn oath, taken with lips still quivering with anguish, to respect the Constitution, and to do her best for the Queen, an infant of five years—or, it may be, a King still unborn—all these read like the inventions of some writer of romance rather than the records of a Court of Spain, as we are accustomed to think of it.

It is no wonder that the chivalric nature of the Spaniard led Señor Canovas del Castillo and his colleagues to place their resignations in the hands of the Regent, with the patriotic feeling that it was better for the nation at large, and for the discomfiture of their common enemies, that the more popular party should hold the reins of government; sure of the support of the conservatives in all that affected the wellbeing of the dynasty.

The future of Spain is dark enough; but there is everything to hope from the heroism of the young Regent—who has not for a moment allowed her private sorrows to keep her from her duty—the true patriotism of her statesmen, and the preponderating influence of the manly qualities of the late King.

What Spain has to fear is not Don Carlos nor the revolutionists, but the intrigues of Montpensier, and the weakness of Sagasta.

MINING FEVERS.

SELLING AND SALTING MINES.

By A. S. Fuller.

Money may be the "root of all evil," but it is likewise the basis and foundation of all civilized governments—their arts and industries. It is the motive power that moves civilized as well as barbarous nations to perform noble as well as many unrighteous deeds. It has been denounced and condemned by would-be sages and philosophers in all ages of which we have any record, and yet loved, cherished and sought by all; and, while some persons may be willing to sacrifice more than others to obtain money, none refuse the pleasures and comforts that it will bring in the markets of the world.

The more advanced the people, the more important does money become; in fact, a circulating medium of an intrinsic value is the very essence of civilization. Money should not be confounded with capital, for, while the former may be and generally is, capital, the latter is often a long way from being money, as many thousands learn to their sorrow every day in the year. While there are many different things that have been and are still used as a circulating medium or money, the most widely approved and acceptable is coin of the precious metals. This being true, we need not wonder at th eagerness with which men seek these metals in all climes and countries, and often under conditions that might well appall the more fearless of our race.

To know where gold, silver or other of the precious metals exists, awakens a longing to possess them, and the intensity of the desire to bring to light the unknown and hidden treasures of the earth often develops a peculiar aberrant mental growth in some men's minds, which appear to be capable of throwing off contagious germs that find lodgment and nutriment in other persons' brains, even if differently constituted from those in which they were originally developed. A few years ago this sporadic malady frequently attacked entire communities, or, at least, a majority of all who were exposed by contact or association with affected persons possessing sufficient vitality to scatter the spores freely among their acquaintance. The so-called mining fever spared neither sex, and the aged and supposed to be worldly-wise were often the first to become its victims.

There is but one antidote for these poisonous germs, and that is experience; and, no matter whether the patient has been made rich, or financially ruined, by an attack, personal experience always modifies the symptoms, even if it does not render every spore in the mental faculties permanently inert.

It certainly would be rather too much to expect that every trace of the mining fever should be eliminated from the system of a person who has once had it in its virulent form, because, like smallpox, it is very likely to leave indelible impressions; but as the former is wholly a mental disease, the scars are always to be found on those organs which control a person's actions.

We are assured by the now world-renowned French scientist, M. Pasteur, that the virus of hydrophobia, after passing through the blood of twenty or thirty rabbits, killing all in its progress, becomes so attenuated or weakened that it may be safely introduced into the human system, causing only a slight illness; but at the same time it is sufficiently potent to be effective in rendering a patient insusceptible to this terrible malady in its original, virulent form. It is quite possible, and very probable, that the germs of this mining fever have likewise become so attenuated in their progress through many score

victims that they have lost some of their most active properties, hence the apparent abatement of this malady in the past few years. But, like the crushed rose of which a poet once sung, there is "a lingering fragrance," and some little of the substance, still clinging to those who have had the fever, and it is not at all difficult to detect the scars on their mental faculties—even to measure their size and depth; and this, too, by such simple tests as that of exhibiting almost any kind of metal-bearing rock in their presence. The old and badly scarred veteran will usually glance at the specimen, shrug his shoulders, turn on his heel, and mutter something that sounds like "I've been there myself," or "None for me, if you please."

The man who may have once made a good hit and a half-dozen bad ones, will look at the rock more carefully, and, perhaps, make some inquiries in regard to the location and width of the vein from which the specimen is supposed to have been taken; then, with the parting remark, "I may see you again," he walks away; but within ten minutes he has firmly resolved not to invest a dollar in the mine, even if assured that the vein is one of solid gold or silver.

But the inexperienced and unvaccinated linger about, and look longingly upon the precious specimen of rock, until they have caught the mining fever, after which there is no hope for them until their funds run low, or they have paid for their education by dearly bought experience.

There must certainly be some good reason for the widespread aversion at the present time to engaging in mining schemes, and the cause of this distrust is not due to a lack of faith in the mineral resources of our country, for the continued yield of the precious metals proves conclusively that valuable mines do exist and in large numbers; but there has been so much swindling in the sale of mines and mining shares, that the great majority of our people have lost confidence in the men engaged in this great industry. At first, capitalists in all of our larger cities and villages were so eager to own or hold shares in mining corporations operating in the Rocky Mountain regions, that they were easily duped by almost any adventurer who would lay claim to having discovered a deposit of gold or silver-bearing rock, or even auriferous sand, in some unknown cañon or valley. Before there were any railroads across the great plains, it required weeks, and even months, to verify or disprove the statements made by parties visiting our Eastern States for the purpose of selling mines and mining claims, or for procuring aid for their development. But capitalists who had caught the mining fever were so anxious to invest their spare cash in such enterprises that they could not brook the delay that would be necessary if a careful investigation into the value of the property was made before the sale was consummated; consequently, mines and mining claims were bought and sold upon the most flimsy and untrustworthy representations in regard to their value.

Looking back upon the mining craze, as it existed a quarter of a century ago, it seems almost incredible that a total stranger, of whom no one knew anything or from whence he came, could go among our business men and in a few hours or days be able to "scoop in" tens of thousands of dollars by merely distributing a few pounds of rich silver or gold bearing rock, and pretending to own, or having found, a deposit of the same somewhere "out West." In one instance which I now call to mind, an uncouth-looking individual, who claimed to be a "prospector," appeared in Wall Street with his gripsack well filled with very rich specimens of silver ore, taken, as he asserted, from a lead discovered by himself in Utah, and in a little valley known only by himself. He quite accidentally dropped into the office of a well-known stock-operator in that noted street, and made his business known, which, as he asserted, was simply to raise sufficient money to develop his mine, and purchase a few thousand dollars' worth of machinery.

He was very particular to state that he had no desire to sell his mine, or even to handle any of the money required for development, or the purchase of machinery, for, having so much confidence in his "find," he was willing to trust to the output of the precious metals for his share. Samples of the ore exhibited by this innocent stranger were privately tested by the best known assayers in New York, and all reported their exceeding richness and value. Well, the result was that our mine-prospector very reluctantly permitted his new-found friend to organize a mining company, with a capital of $1,000,000. Then the pressure and demand for stock became so great, that the stranger was almost forced to accept of $250,000 in cash for shares; and, to avoid further inconvenience of this kind, he proposed again to visit the scenes of his previous labors in Utah, and has never been seen or heard of since by his victims. Neither has the beautiful valley, so minutely described by him, ever been discovered.

A few such sales were sufficient to awaken a suspicion among capitalists that there was something wrong in the mining camps "out West," and it was also soon learned that very rich ores of all kinds could be purchased, and that it did not require any great amount of capital to fill a gripsack with the choicest specimens. If a half-ton or more of rich ore was needed to make a well-laid scheme a success, it could be obtained at the mines or reduction-works. A little experience in purchasing mines upon mere hearsay evidence in regard to value made capitalists distrustful of strangers, so a more conservative policy was adopted, and the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad and the advance of other lines toward the mountains afforded better facilities for visiting the mines than had previously existed. But the more experience and practice, the greater is the skill developed and brought to bear upon any industry, and mining is no exception to the rule; for, no sooner had one class or kind of swindling schemes been worked for all they were worth, than another was invented. Purchasing mines by sample has pretty generally gone out of use, except among the unsophisticated and inexperienced, and at the present time no would-be purchaser of mining property fails to demand a thorough investigation in advance, and this calls for the services of a class of men known as experts. It must not, however, be supposed that all the experts are to be found in the employ of prospective investors. Far from it; for those who have mines to sell can usually afford to pay for the highest order of talent of this kind, and if the "stake" is large, they will pay fees in proportion. It is quite often the case that the old mining prospector is equal to the occasion, even if his manners are not so refined as those of his opponent, who may be a graduate of the "School of Mines."

To recount all or any considerable proportion of the "tricks of the trade" practiced in mining operations would fill many volumes, and while most of them are still "played" whenever there is a chance, the opportunities for doing so are becoming less frequent than formerly; besides, the victims, like those of the "bunco steerers" in our cities, are usually very loath to make their grievances known. It may be well, however, to

ROMANCE OF A COURT.—KING ALFONSO PERSONALLY INVESTIGATING THE FLOODED DISTRICTS.—SEE PAGE 418.

occasionally recall some of the questionable operations of dealers in mines and mining property, if for no other reason than to place the uninitiated on their guard.

One of the oldest tricks, and probably one most frequently played, is the "salting," as it is termed, of placer mines. The game is played in various ways, but the most common one is for the party who desires to sell the placer to purchase a quantity of dust, or clean genuine placer gold, and sow this over the ground during rainy weather, in order to insure the sinking of the gold a short distance into the soil. But if the weather is not favorable for this operation, the gold may be shot into the ground with a gun.

The shotgun process is the usual one practiced in salting the steep or perpendicular banks of streams favorably situated for either sluice or hydraulic mining. In using the shotgun with quarter or half ounce charges of gold it is not best to fire point-blank into the face of the bank, but at an angle, or what would be termed a raking fire, either up or down stream, and in this way scatter the gold over a larger surface than otherwise. A few ounces of fine gold, with an occasional nugget, distributed in this way, will "salt" many a rod of ground, and a prospector handy with the pan will seldom fail to bring to light a fine streak of "colors" with every pan of dirt from the salted claim.

It frequently happens that a genuine placer gives out or runs so lean that it is no longer profitable, and in such cases it is not at all difficult to "charge up" or increase the quantity of gold in the unworked ground with some taken from the worked, if such recharging is found necessary to effect a sale and cheat the purchaser.

Men who set out to swindle a purchaser are not likely to hesitate at ordinary obstacles, and it is not a very long while ago that certain parties, who must be nameless,

KING ALFONSO VISITING THE SUFFERERS FROM THE CHOLERA.

used $10,000 worth of placer gold in salting about two acres of the banks of a small stream in ———, and the job was so well done that they sold the property for $150,000 cash, and then departed for fields and pastures new. It was a bold operation, but paid those who concocted the scheme a very handsome profit on their investment. These salting processes have not only been quite extensively practiced in all countries where there are placer mines, but occasionally in the diamond fields. The salting of quite an extensive area in Arizona a few years ago, with inferior stones purchased in Europe for the purpose, must still be remembered by the reading public.

Many an innocent expert who has been sent out to examine some supposed-to-be-rich placer diggings has had the sand salted before his face, and while perhaps closely examining a specimen of the ground. It is quite usual for strangers, on going into a camp to examine a mine, to look up some good, honest old soul to assist him in carrying his blankets and camping outfit, and if a placer is to be examined this same good fellow goes along as assistant, and as he usually is very handy in using the prospecting-pan, he will in most cases handle all the samples tested. Now these good old fellows about the camp are usually the "stool-pigeons" employed by the party having the property for sale, and a little gold dust in the vest-pocket often comes in very handy when sampling the placer for a stranger. As a rule these camp-loungers chew tobacco, and it is not at all difficult to take a pinch of gold from the pocket with the fine cut or plug, and as the washing of the various samples of sand or dirt is in progress, a little tobacco-juice is very likely to drop into the pan, and with it a few grains of gold. This is an old trick, but it has been played many times, and often with astonishing results.

ALFONSO XII., KING OF SPAIN.

But when it comes to following veins of gold and silver ores, such simple salting processes are seldom available, and finer expert work must be employed if there is to be any cheating in the transaction. Tunnels, shafts and drifts, however, have been successfully "salted" with rich ores from other deposits, and the deception not discovered until too late to insure purchasers against loss.

Every exposure of this kind naturally increases the vigilance of those desiring to purchase such property, and in all future negotiations they will endeavor to employ none but the most trustworthy and experienced mining experts; but no sooner has one system of "salting" become widely known than another is invented, and the new tricks are generally an improvement on the old ones. For instance, a certain gentleman in New York who had purchased a silver mine because various assays of picked specimens showed high grade ore, determined not to be fooled again in this way, but still felt inclined to make one more venture in the same field. This inclination becoming known, it was not long before a very promising silver lead was offered at what seemed to be a very moderate price, provided the property was as represented. An expert in whom he had the utmost confidence was engaged to examine the mine, and instructed to trust no one in any operation connected with his examination, not even in taking ore from the vein. In due time the expert arrived on the ground, and some nice ore was shown on the dump at the mouth of a tunnel that had been run some 200 feet into the side of a mountain, the vein having been recently reached at the distance named from the surface. All this was certainly very encouraging, but ore on the dump might be different from that remaining in the vein, and our expert said he must blast out his own samples, of course not an unreasonable request, so no objections were offered.

Next morning he proceeded to business, securing the aid of one of the miners familiar with such operations as blasting. A small hole was drilled in the face or breast of the workings, for it was plain that the vein had been struck at this point. After charging the hole and firing the fuse, the expert and his assistant retired to the open air, and the explosion soon followed. Waiting a few minutes for the smoke to settle or disperse, they again entered the tunnel, gathering up the ore thrown out, or as much of it as was wanted for testing. The ore was then put into bags and taken away to be examined by the expert at his leisure. It is perhaps needless to say that his report was favorable, and the mine sold at a good round price; but the ore he carried away with him for testing, although of a similar character and color, did not come from the vein which had been so carefully examined and worked upon by the said expert. Days before he arrived in camp a commodious pit had been sunk in the bottom of the tunnel, and close up to the face of the workings. This pit was large enough to hold a man and several hundred pounds of excellent ore of the same grade as that seen on the dump. This pit was nicely covered with plank timber and dirt. Just before our

expert entered the tunnel in the morning a man with matches, lamp and a big fan was carefully concealed in the pit, and as soon as the blast was exploded he crawled out, and with a few sweeps of his fan he was enabled to see how to work. The poorer ore was thrown down into the pit, the good thrown out, and the man safely crawled into his hiding-place long before our expert and his assistant again appeared on the scene of their labors.

In another instance, several tons of ore from a mine were to be sent to reduction-works for testing, the party negotiating for the property agreeing to pay a certain price for it provided the ore yielded a specified number of ounces of silver per ton by the ordinary processes of working it. The agent or expert of the prospective purchasers superintended the mining of the ore and loading it on the wagons, but did not accompany each load to its destination; and, to use a slang phrase, "that's where he got left," for the freighters, when well away from the camp, drove into the brush, threw off their loads and filled up again with a higher grade ore, which had been placed in a convenient spot for this very purpose.

Although millions of dollars have been squandered in the purchase of "salted mines," it is a mere drop in the bucket compared with the amount lost in the purchase of shares of overstocked mines, good and bad, so deftly manipulated by the mining sharks of the country. Still the old adage, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last," is unheeded.

THE EAGLE AND ITS PREY.

In hunting for their prey, the eagle and his mate mutually assist each other. It may here be mentioned that the eagles are all monogamous, keeping themselves to a single mate, and living together in perfect harmony through their lives. Should, however, one of them die or be killed, the survivor is not long left in a state of widowhood, but vanishes from the spot for a few days, and then returns with a new mate. As the rabbits and hares are generally under cover during the day, the eagle is forced to drive them from their place of concealment, and manages the matter in a very clever and sportsmanlike manner. One of the eagles conceals itself near the cover which is to be beaten, and its companion then dashes among the bushes, screaming and making such a disturbance, that the terrified inmates rush out in hopes of escape, and are immediately pounced upon by the watchful confederate.

The prey is immediately taken to the nest, and distributed to the young, if there should be any eaglets in the lofty cradle. It is a rather remarkable fact that, whereas the vultures feed their young by disgorging the food which they have taken into their crops, the eagles carry the prey to their nests, and there tear it to pieces, and feed the eaglets with the morsels.

When in pursuit of its prey it is a most audacious bird, having been seen to carry off a hare from before the noses of the hounds. It is a keen fisherman, catching and securing salmon and various sea-fish with singular skill. Sometimes it has met with more than its match, and has seized upon a fish that was too heavy for its powers, thus falling a victim to its sporting propensities.

Mr. Lloyd mentions several instances where eagles have been drowned by pouncing upon large pike, which carried their assailants under water and fairly drowned them. In more than one instance the feet of an eagle have been seen firmly clinched in the pike's back, the body of the bird having decayed and fallen away. It is a terrible fighter when wounded or attacked.

A writer mentions a tame eagle which displayed great fondness for the flesh of cats, a taste which seems inherent in the eagle nature, and to have been noticed in every specimen of tame eagles. In every case, as soon as an ill-fated cat came within reach, the eagle would pounce upon it, seize it in his talons, and with one gripe destroy its life so effectually that the poor animal never had time even to cry out. The bird indulged this cat-eating taste to such an extent that he caused sad havoc among the feline tribe, and was forced at last to go into exile.

SIGN LANGUAGE OF THE CENTRAL AMERICAN INDIANS.

By Fred. C. Valentine, M.D.

A short time after my arrival in Guatemala a ludicrous incident directed my attention to the fact that the peculiar gestures of the Indians of the country have other purposes than the mere accentuation of expressed language. I was leaving the door of the "Gran Hotel," when I heard a clapping of hands behind me. Upon turning, I saw an Indian running after me with as much anxiety expressed upon his countenance as the characteristic stupidity of his race would permit, and while he ran he threw his entire arm forward as if to indicate that some danger was hanging over me. I accelerated my steps and he his motions. I turned a corner and ran. He still pursued me, repeating the warning gesture at each bound. We increased our velocity, and the distance between us had grown to nearly a block when, suddenly, it occurred to me that a North American who has not yet become debilitated by residence in the tropics was certainly a match for half-a-dozen of the weak denizens of the country, and that such rapid transit was scarcely compatible with the conduct of a dignified physician.

I stopped to fasten my glove. Poor Lo reached me, and in a voice suppressed by emotion or shortness of breath, drawled out in the manner peculiar to his race: "Says Don Eucaristo, how are you and how did you arise, and he hopes that you are well, and that you arose well, and that your lady is well and arose well, and he begs your pardon for molesting you, and that he hopes that you will forgive the trouble he is giving you, but that his lady is very ill and asks you please to come to his house very quickly."

With as much coolness as I could muster, I said that I was just on my way to Don Eucaristo Peña's house. The Indian told me that I had mistaken the direction, the way was exactly opposite to the one I had taken, and that he had beckoned to me to stop, but that I had evidently not noticed his sign.

This was my first lesson in the silent eloquence of this country, where everything is reversed. As in other lands violently throwing forward the arm conveys the idea that a rapid separation from the beckoner is the safest course to pursue; here it means that an approach is urgently desired.

This incident led me to pay more attention than perhaps I should otherwise have done to what, at first, appeared to be meaningless gesticulation; and though I have been unable in many cases to trace the origin and connection of these signs with their meaning, I have found them markedly useful in my contact with a people who amplify the Spanish proverb, "It is better to sit than to stand, better to lie than sit," by "It is easier to gesticulate than talk."

Why should the index and middle finger extended, as shown in the margin, mean a horse? I cannot explain

A HORSE.

it except practically. I clap my hands, my hostler presents himself; I stretch out my hand as described, and he will know I want one of my horses, but which one is not clear to him until I raise my hand to about the level of my shoulder and rapidly make a few up-and-down motions therewith. He then knows I want my large trotting-horse; the adjective *large* or *tall* being indicated by the elevation of the hand in the "horse-sign," in contradistinction to making the gesture low down, which would mean *small*. Now, if I wished my large horse, which travels in the peculiar pace of these countries, I would elevate my hand as before, but instead of jogging it, gently wave it from side to side.

A foreigner to whom I had taught this sign tried it, but instead of pointing his thumb to the horizon, he extended his hand, having folded his fourth and fifth fingers upon the palm which he held downward. His servant stared at him and said, "But, Señor, we have no dog." Upon being told that a horse was wanted, he explained to his master that he had made him the dog-sign.

A DOG.

I must leave it to the reader's imagination to judge whether the positions of the hand, as just indicated, can by any except empirical means be caused to call to mind the horse or the dog. The connection is more evident between the adjectives of size and the elevation or depression of the hand, as is also that between the chopping or jogging up-and-down motion of the hand and trotting, and the wave-like, side-to-side movement is a fair portrayal of the *paso* so much liked in the native horse.

The trotting-sign, being made rapidly, has a wider application than above stated. A person is requested to do a thing quickly by extending the hand in any shape or position and rapidly jogging it up and down.

The reader now knowing how to express size, and wishing to convey that the writer is a great child for devoting so much attention to matters of apparently such slight importance, will extend his or her hand and curve the fingers as if laying it on a little one's head. Let the elevation of the hand be about six feet, so as to show that the "child-sign," as in the margin, is meant ironically. If the author should have the honor of meeting the reader, and the latter, after finishing this article, persists in the verdict of puerility on the part of the writer, let him close all except the index finger, the curved back of which he will present to the author's mouth—"*á ver si muerde*"—to see whether it will bite; *i. e.*, whether it (the presumed child) has passed the period of dentition.

A CHILD.

CAN YOU BITE?

Plants of any kind have their signs for size. An explanation of the height of anything in the vegetable kingdom is made by holding the palm upward, the back of the hand elevated or depressed to the appropriate level. The thumb, index and middle fingers are slightly extended, and the third and fourth are curved toward the palm. I have often asked Indians about the condition of their sugar-canes, coffee-trees or maize, and have always received an answer by the same sign; no matter whether they were disappointed by the diminutive backwardness of the growth of their plants, or elated because of their extraordinary advancement, their faces never expressed sadness or joy. Indeed, the race seems to be bereft of emotions. Even in those people whose appearance indicates that the Indian blood is but slightly mixed with that of other races, stolidity is characteristic. Their laugh is rare and mechanical, and their expression of mental suffering is at best dramatic and hysterical, conveying the idea of being unreal. Their eloquence is mute, and, even in the best class, the few who are accustomed to public speaking do not disdain to use the signs of their lower and ignorant brethren.

HEIGHT OF PLANTS.

A REQUEST.

The sign shown in the margin, made by crossing the thumb over the index finger and extending the other three, is, presumably, of comparatively recent origin. It is the sign of the cross, which is made to implore divine protection, and is made in the same sense as amulets are worn to protect against witches, demons, poisonous reptiles and ferocious beasts. I know a number of people whose fingers of both hands are habitually in this position when at rest.

SIGN OF THE CROSS.

Thanks for a present are expressed by grasping the article received, and rapidly moving it once toward the giver, as if it were a partial effort to return the gift, or by crossing the arms on the

chest, the tips of the fingers resting near the shoulders and the body slightly bowed forward—a sort of salaam.

The ordinary greeting is somewhat similar to the previous sign. To wish a good-day, the Indian crosses his arms on his chest, at the region of the lower ribs, and inclines the body slightly toward the person saluted. Some amplify this sign by slightly projecting either of the legs backward.

Precision, exactitude, and all of their attributes, are foreign to this peculiar people. They cannot give a definite answ r to the simplest question, but content themselves and each other with what to the foreigner is

THANKS.

most distressing vagueness. This is particularly shown by the sign they use for indicating an article, a person or a direction. If asked the road to a certain place—if asked to point out anything—they silently project their lips, and, slightly elevating their heads, maintain them in that position until the inquirer has, after several failures, selected the road, article, or person indicated, and then becomes aware that he has guessed correctly by our aboriginal retracting his lips and dropping his head to its original position. Ludicrous and even serious errors are frequently the result of this sign, but to a people so essentially conservative, experience is no teacher. Of the estimated 5,000,000 inhabitants of Central America, over 3,500,000 are Indians, whose customs,

INDICATING AN OBJECT.

clothing, food and language have not changed a particle during the last three centuries, which have been so fraught with disaster for them ; and, notwithstanding

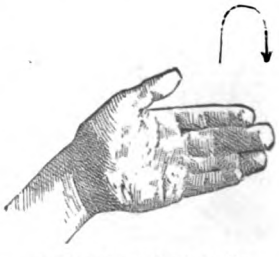
GOOD-DAY.

that the most intelligent among them foresee an utter annihilation of their race as a consequence of their strict conservatism, they view their national and individual death with that stolidity which is their main characteristic. Those who claim that three hundred years ago the Spaniards, who conquered the country, found a high state of civilization, are content to blame them for the suppression of the positive character of the aboriginals.

Negation or doubt is expressed by elevating the index finger and moving it slowly before the face, the rapidity of the motion being in proportion to the degree of emphasis with which the negation is intended to be conveyed. For "Yes" there is no sign.

NEGATION.

A sign which, in a measure, carries with it an evidence of its meaning, is made by projecting the hand vertically and describing a segment of an arc with it, so that the conclusion of the motion has the internal margin pointing downward. This means : "I, he, she, it, we or they will return shortly." A companion sign to this means "wait," and it is made by the extended palm elevated to about the level of the ear



WILL RETURN SHORTLY.

and pressed slightly against vacancy, similar to the manner in which an Anglo-Saxon schoolboy will admonish another to "vamoose."

If the "Good-by" sign of the Central American Indians were a complete key to peculiarities, it might be perhaps accepted as an indication that they are intellectually still in their infancy, for their mode of leave-taking is much like the Caucasian baby's "Tata" as it

GOOD-BY.

lifts its little hand, and, half flexing its fingers, twirls them before its face. This sign is used by all classes of people here, but as in colloquial Spanish the word "Adios" is both "Hello" and "So-long," it is used also as a greeting. With the aborigines, however, this twirling of the fingers has maintained its original sole meaning of farewell.

EATING.

When an Indian wishes to express his desire for food, or endeavors to convey the idea that some person or animal is eating, he erects his thumb, extends his joined fingers at a right angle to the palm, and while they point to his mouth he moves them up and down. In an extended sense this is his sign by which he invites you to partake of his ever frugal board, and woe to him who for the first time endeavors to appease nature's cravings with the *tortilla* and *frijoles* of these countries.

DRINKING.

If the eating-sign is easily comprehended by a vivid imagination, the drinking sign is not. It is made by extending the thumb and fifth finger and closing the others. The hand held thus is made to describe a short curve downward, and with the thumb pointed to the mouth.

An odd sign is used to express stinginess on the part of the person addressed or of a third party. The speaker, or rather gesticulator, strikes the elbow with the hand. One short, strong blow is considered eloquent enough for all practical purposes.

STINGINESS.

Another uncomplimentary sign is made by pressing one arm to the side, extending the forearm, separating the fingers and rapidly contracting them. The person to or at whom this sign is made is to be considered dishonest, incapable of distinguishing between *meum* and *tuum*.

The simplicity which characterizes the Central American Indian does not extend to a contempt of filthy lucre, except among those who, like the Lacandones or Lacantunes, live without the pale of civilized contact. All others, to indicate wealth, when referring to any one, slightly curve the middle, fourth and fifth fingers upon the palm, and close the thumb and index finger as if encircling a large coin.

WEALTH.

Perhaps it would be excessive sentimentality to designate the prevailing element of these countries as sadness. Certainly jollity and *bonhomie* do not exist except under the influence of alcoholic stimulation, and generally a joke falls flat and is not understood.

And now the reader has but one more sign to learn to become thoroughly conversant with the sign language of the Central American Indians. Place the nail of the thumb behind the edge of the upper front teeth, and jerk the hand suddenly forward, thus producing a slight scratching sound as the thumb-nail passes over their edge. This is a sign of marked approbation, meaning very good, very delicious, very pretty, or very pleasing, according to the person or the thing intended to be qualified.

APPROBATION.

DARKE MALTBY.

By George Kirby.

Chapter I.

"Look there!"

"There's Darke Maltby!"

"What's he back for?"

"Darke, as I live! That's Darke!"

These exclamations were whispered, half in awe, half delight, by Southern girls in one of the pauses of a dance.

"Who cares?"

"Let him come!"

"He isn't the devil!" muttered half a score of young men. And, with a would-be indifference, they called out, "Good-evening, Darke! Glad to see you, Darke!"

It was February, but the breeze was warm. It blew from the Gulf of Mexico, whose waters the year long store up sunlight and heat. The ball-room roof was the far-away blue of a Southern sky. It was ten o'clock, and the moon was flooding the open space with chaste, wan beams, which coldly refused to mingle with the glow of innumerable lanterns, and the flare of little heaps of burning wood, lying on boxes filled with earth and raised on poles. This was a moonlight picnic, and these were the young people of Seminole.

The newcomer strolled by the dancers, nodding right and left with an air of good-fellowship. Glances of tremulous admiration shot from the eyes of the girls, as he impressively rolled toward them his handsome eyes. He wore his hat sideways and low on his forehead, his long hair had a graceful flow, and his loose vest parted and hung jauntily, displaying a large imitation diamond on his breast. As he reached the middle of the glade the music struck up. Falling at once into its measure, with a fantastic grace he cut a pigeon-wing, and, seizing the hands of the girl nearest him, swung her twice, airily treading on the tips of his toes. Then he lifted his hat, partly to her and partly to the delighted musicians, strolled on and leaned against a magnolia.

He had been followed not only by dark Southern eyes, but by one pair of a forget-me-not blue. They belonged to a slender girl seated on a pile of shawls at the roots of a tree. Darke was not slow to discern the pearl-like fairness of her face.

"It's a considerable relief from brown and black," he commented. "Why the Lord makes such a monotony of girls in one place, I can't say!"

Thereupon he audaciously crossed the space between them and bowed low before her.

"You and I being the only ones not dancing," he said, in his slow-dropped Southern speech, "I can't see any impropriety in our conversing. Darke Maltby, for ever at your service!"

"I am——"

"Priscilla, the Puritan maiden."

"No," she gravely answered. "Miss Lydia Sunderland."

"The same, the very same!"

And he leisurely lowered himself to the ground, and tossed back the hair from his bold forehead. The light from a pile of blazing pine-cones fell directly upon him. His face was still young, but was marked by lines of experience of some doubtful kind. Yet it was lighted by a melancholy fire and grace, and was rich in color, which one might fancy was now reflected in the innocent face of the Puritan girl, framed in lustrous hair.

Some of the dancers were watching the pair.

"That's just like Darke Maltby," exclaimed one of the girls.

"But you girls like it," replied her partner.

"No such thing!" she retorted, so hotly that the charge might have been true. Then, still keeping time to the music, with pretty little steps she crossed to Lydia and said, impertinently:

"Well, Mr. Darke Maltby, was it while you were gone that you got acquainted with Miss Sunderland?"

"On the contrary, Miss Lulu Gwynn, I came back for that purpose."

And he lent to this fiction a redeeming grace, not only by the melodious monotony of his tone, but by an admiring glance toward Lydia.

The music had stopped, and there was a call to supper. Darke laid a hand of each girl within his own, and led them down to the shore.

The moon, milky-white in a cloudless sky, shone full on the waters of the Gulf, making a bright path over which spirits might have walked between heaven and earth. A sad cypress, which had advanced beyond the shrinking forest, stood like an ascetic with outstretched arms, facing the glory.

On the other side of the cypress was a pile of roasting oysters. Around this, on heaps of sand, the girls seated themselves, and the young men served them. Darke, in a light, mocking tone, offered oysters to Lydia, and dropped on his knees before her while she ate them. She was bewildered by his high-wrought gallantry, which might be all jest or half in earnest.

Presently another dance was proposed, and Darke, laying hold of her hand as if by pre-arrangement, forced her feet to move rhythmically with his own. The black musicians nodded in wide-mouthed delight to see "Mass Darke mek dat Yank' gal's feet fly 'roun'," and burst into a wild melody as they fiddled away with rising and still rising excitement, while faster and faster the couples whirled, and higher and higher Darke Maltby, prince of the dancers, stepped.

Suddenly with a scream the fiddlers stopped. Darke made a sweeping bow to his partner and vanished down the forest aisles.

* * * * * *

To Lydia Sunderland Darke Maltby seemed like a rainbow apparition suddenly sprung from the white mist of her dreams. Her home was in Maine. There the snow covers the ground for months, and nature's fingers are so benumbed that she lays on her colors dejectedly and sparingly. No wonder, then, if life seemed to Lydia colorless and severe. Love itself had come to her clothed with that poverty which was the spiritual as well as the material garment of her existence. A theological student boarding at her father's had paid her attention for years. When at last the time was ripe for an engagement, there had been no occasion for a profusion of words or a tumult of feeling on either side. He simply made a quiet acknowledgment, and she quietly gave her promise.

But the snowdrop was not to be chilly for ever. Lydia's invalid father was advised to go South, and his wife having long been dead, he took his daughter with him. They had drifted from Jacksonville to Gainesville, from Gainesville to Cedar Keys, then to Tampa, and from

Tampa to the little village which we call Seminole; the last-named being made up of a few pine cottages standing in drifts of sand, a stone or two, and a long building, which served for a variety of public uses. There was nothing about the village that by daylight was other than rude and bare. But the bareness of the scenery was tropical, only half revealed, gilded, suggestive. The fragrant wind wrinkling the surface of the Gulf and curling through the trees came a long distance, and intoxicated the imagination. Lydia's father took his leisure and the brightness about him as an exile, but Lydia felt that the frost-bound spark of life within her had suddenly heaved upward and outward.

* * * * * *

The Sunderlands boarded with the Gwynns. After the picnic Lulu and Lydia talked of little else than Darke Maltby.

"He was a blue blood," Lulu proudly said. "His father had once been Governor of Florida. He is dissipated; all men are, you know—but he is *dreadfully* dissipated."

They were sitting on the veranda, and Lulu spoke in whispers.

"He's the very bravest man in Florida. He's fought, I should think, a dozen duels"—she put her mouth close to Lydia's ear—"and he killed a man in a fight. That's what he's been away for. He's been in Texas. People said he wouldn't ever dare to come back; but Darke dare do anything. Bud Ed says nobody will touch him. Darke doesn't care if they do. He'd shoot 'em all; he says he would."

Suddenly the eyes and cheeks of both the girls flamed.

Darke was passing along the street. He carried a gun, and a game-bag was slung across his shoulder. He looked up, and made a long sweep with his hat. Lydia's heart fluttered so that she could scarcely stir, but Lulu gave a scornful nod and then affected to be absorbed in her work. A little further down the street the girls saw him stop a boy carrying magnolia-blossoms. They were rare at that season of the year, and he bought two.

Darke was on his way to the principal saloon of the village, into which he walked with the careless ease of the king who can do no wrong. He threw himself into a chair and flung open his vest with a magnificent gesture that awoke the admiration of half a dozen loungers. But he intimated his wish to be left to himself by a sweep of his arm that sent two or three glasses smashing on the floor. Then he called for a drink.

"Bring a blue ribbon, too," he said to the colored boy; "and be quick about it!"

The boy hesitated. The order might be a jest, and then he would be ridiculed for obeying it, or it might be in earnest, and in that case, to neglect it would be dangerous. The loungers pricked up their ears as if, slight as the occasion seemed, it might become important.

Darke tore from the heart of one of his magnolias a creamy petal, then, without looking up, remarked:

"You'd better have that ribbon here in time."

The boy flew across the way to the drygoods store.

Drawing from his bosom the false diamond pin, Darke traced on the petal some foolish love lines—something about moonbeams and forget-me-nots. A rich perfume escaped from the flower and mingled with the fumes of liquor, of which the room was full. He laid his missive just inside the leaves of the unspoiled magnolia and bound the whole with the ribbon brought him by the trembling boy. Then he pitched through the open window a coin five times the value of the ribbon. After this, he called the loungers about him and became convivial.

An hour or two later, he leaned over the Gwynns' gate and gave the magnolia to Lydia. She received it shyly, but again her face seemed to reflect his color and her eyes to kindle from the excitement that burned permanently in his.

"I present it in memory of our first meeting. It is our most characteristic flower. Perhaps, if it pleases you, we may have the good fortune to please you!"

"It is the most beautiful flower I ever saw!"

"Sweetly said. And now, forgive me!"

He drew from one of her long braids a knot of white ribbon, and pinned it on his sleeve.

"I'll wear my lady's favor on my arm. It may preserve me from a panther or a moccasin. You see it's the same color as the flower?"

"One is cream-white, the other is pure white."

"Now, that is being too literal. Still, there really is a difference. A few days ago I should have pronounced in favor of cream-white, but now there is nothing I like so much as—pure white, did you call it?"

He leaned over the gate half an hour, saying grandiloquent nothings. He never felt more at his ease than when thus blowing bubbles to a pretty girl.

After this he often strolled by the house, and if he saw Lydia he lingered a moment. Oftener he galloped past, looking up to the window and bowing low. He became even more theatrical and impressive than was natural to him. By the divination of his wild, unscrupulous nature he knew that he had fascinated Lydia. At this he did not wonder. She was only one of many girls who had looked into his eyes and seen much that was not there, and missed much that was.

Still, he began to be very curious about her. As it was not only his handsome face and lawless manner, but something they suggested—strength, luxuriance, vitality—which had captivated Lydia, so her fine beauty and upright moral nature brought to the restless man, always craving stimulants, a strange sense of repose and purity.

As for Lydia, a great change must have come over her, for Lulu Gwynn said:

"I like you even better than I used to. You seem more like one of us."

And Milton Hosford, the theological student, wrote:

"I don't feel near to you, as I did once. But there are eighty degrees of the thermometer and sixteen parallels of latitude between us. So no wonder. The physical facts, of course, underlie the spiritual. Sometimes I feel as if—to keep us from growing apart—I must take a mad journey Southward."

"He cannot come, of course," Lydia said, crumpling the letter.

* * * * * *

As Spring came on Mr. Sunderland's sharp white face grew sharper and whiter. On the very brightest of the bright days he died, longing to the last for the high, cold air of his native Maine.

Seminole was stirred by the news of the stranger's death, and was disposed to be sympathizing and helpfnl. It was the custom there for young men to watch with the dead, and Darke Maltby, being at least half the time a friendly fellow, was asked to sit up all night at the Gwynns'. He felt uncomfortable at the thought of death coming to surprise a fellow in the house, and would have preferred to watch with some one who had died in a fight, or taken his own life "like a man." But he assented, and took his way to the Gwynns'.

The upper part of the house was dark, except for a glimmer which was keeping the orphan sad company; but the light from one of the lower rooms streamed out on the veranda and the heaps of white sand beyond.

Darke and his friends sat on the veranda, smoking. They talked of the elections, of some recent bets, of how many deer this one and that one had shot. Darke, in his tone of easy superiority, told the story of his fight with a panther, and gave some surprising details. The listeners exchanged winks, though with great caution; for, as one of them afterward remarked, Darke had shot a man for less, and it would not have been well to multiply corpses that night.

Thus hours wore away, the stars became chiller and chiller, and the wind began to sigh in the treetops. The two men complained of feeling gloomy, and went down the street for a purpose which they expressed by a nod and a wink. Darke, mastering his repugnance to the silent inmate of the lighted room, went in and stretched himself in an easy chair with his back to the coffin.

He fell to thinking about Lydia, and wondering what she was doing above-stairs. It began to appear to him that she was exercising some mysterious influence upon him. He felt cold, not physically alone, but inwardly, strangely so. It seemed to him that the physical cold came from the coffin, and he changed his position so that the heat of the lamp fell on his back.

THE EAGLE AND ITS PREY.— SEE PAGE 426.

"I suppose," he muttered, "that the old man and his daughter have sat up there on the North Pole until they're both half ice, whether dead or alive."

Suddenly he felt a superstitious thrill. He was watching over Lydia's father, and she cared for her father. The thought of her disinterested affection gave him a sense of novelty scarcely to be expressed. By a curious transposition, as her imaginings of him partook of his wild, extravagant nature, so his thoughts of her were

DARKE MALTBY.—"SOMETHING WAVY AND WHITE WAS THERE IN THE DOORWAY. IT WAS ONLY A GIRL IN A WHITE WRAPPER—A GIRL WHOSE HAIR HUNG ABOUT SWOLLEN PINK-RIMMED EYES, AND WHO, POOR GHOST, HERSELF SO HAUNTED THAT SHE COULD NOT SLEEP, HAD STOLEN TO THE ROOM WHERE HER FATHER LAY."—SEE PAGE 430.

now touched with the spiritual and moral. But he was chiefly conscious of an unwonted tension of the nerves.

The night lay darkly still through the house, and outside could be heard only the whispering of the wind as it watched the stars departing and the daylight stealing on. Now his forehead grew damp. Something wavy and white was there in the doorway. He drew his hand across his face as if to sweep away cobwebs. No. It was only a girl in a white wrapper—a girl whose hair hung about swollen pink-rimmed eyes, and who, poor ghost, herself so haunted that she could not sleep, had stolen on a fearful foot to the room where her father lay.

It was as if in a dream that Darke Maltby came forward, and, placing a hand under her elbow, said:

"You here at this hour!"

"I could not sleep," she said, wistfully. "I fancied I heard noises about the house. And the thought of my father alone, or some harm to him——"

Here her lips shook and she stopped.

"Your father is being taken care of," said Darke, in a tone of compassionate respect.

"Yes, and I am so grateful——" She broke off, tears and pride struggling together.

Darke turned away while she knelt by the coffin and tenderly sought for the changes which a night over the borders of death had worked. For the first time in his life he felt a respect for goodness, and no objection that some one should think him good. He was taking a step up in the mere effort to comprehend Lydia, as she was taking one down in the effort to comprehend him.

She gave him her slim, cold fingers while she promised that some one should soon relieve his wants.

"It is of no consequence," said he. "I wish I could do something for you."

With a sad little motion of her head, she turned away.

He followed her to the door.

"If I can do anything for you, let it be what it will, I will do it."

He kept his word.

With a cool disregard of what anybody thought, which, as usual, challenged the admiration alike of friends and enemies, he made himself active in preparations for the funeral. Hearing it was doubtful if a minister could be procured in time from the neighboring town, he rode thirty miles after his night of watching, leading a horse for the parson. Lydia saw him gallop past the house, driving the spurs into his horse's sides. She saw him coming back, splashed and battered, his horse with steaming nostrils, and the minister at his side.

But scarcely was the funeral over than Darke became impatient of his kind acts. He had taken to thinking about the little Puritan girl more than he cared to. In fact, he grew uneasy, and began to talk of a prolonged hunt. One day he heartily cursed his knot of white ribbon, and threw it in the fire. But still he lost no opportunity to appear before Lydia, making dramatic exits and entrances.

April had come, and nothing but laggard feet kept Lydia from turning homeward. Milton Hosford had written:

"Since your father's death, I am more than ever anxious about you. You write wildly sometimes, poor child, and your letters give me a strange feeling, as if you were drifting toward something of which I have no conception. But this, of course, is a mere morbid fancy."

This letter, tranquil and transparent, seemed to Lydia to reproach the tumult within her, and she impatiently laid it aside. She was going to a political meeting with the Gwynns. They liked to have her go about with them, and since the first days of her sorrow she had made no attempt to seclude herself.

Chapter II.

Though years had passed since the war, party feeling was strong in Seminole. But just now, the excitement of one election having died away and that of another not yet begun, some of the most liberal-minded citizens had proposed a meeting of Democrats and Republicans to discuss points of difference. It was felt to be quite an occasion, and all the men and women who made any pretension to public spirit were present.

The desk which transformed the town-hall into a church was pushed to one side of the platform. The canvas, daubed with vivid green and red, which fitted it for the dramatic club, leaned opposite. A few tallow candles dripped and flared along the wall, and three lamps on the table by which the chairman sat, sent forth a smoky light and the odor of kerosene.

As they came in the Republicans, as if by instinct, turned to one side, the Democrats to the other. Here was a row of black faces, for the most part stupid, but complacently self-conscious, with an occasional Saxon face conspicuous by contrast. Here was a broad stripe of white dotted with jet. And on this side hostility was less complacent but fiercer.

Lydia sat by Lulu Gwynn. In the bustling which preceded the opening of the meeting, Darke Maltby had leisure to observe how fair and trim she looked by the listless brown beauty of Seminole. Her eyes were wandering around the hall in search of him. It was always an event to see him.

The meeting being called to order, a Democrat strode to the platform and began a denunciation of the Republican Party. A second or two before his fifteen minutes were out, he was called to order by the other side. A Republican then took his place, spoke more coarsely though less bitterly, and was cut short by his opponents. Five speakers thus took the floor.

Darke had been for a time lost in the obscurity of the back part of the room, but as the speaking went on he gradually moved nearer the front. The crowd respectfully made way for him. At last he took up his position in a window, leaning his elbow on its ledge. With his air of being on the boards, and the glow as of Bengal lights in his eyes, he attracted general attention. Lulu Gwynn watched him in an intensity of admiration which she was at last forced to express.

"I do like somebody splendid and brave and handsome," she whispered to Lydia. "I'll tell you something if you won't tell. I might have liked somebody like Darke Maltby, if he hadn't been—— well, if he hadn't shot that last man. Now you can't understand that, but it's so."

Lydia felt like shouting, "I *do* understand." She was as resentful of Lulu's remark as if it had been designed to insult her. For a moment she hated her, but she bit her lip and leaned back.

The turn of the sixth and last speaker had come. There was a little hesitation on the Republican side, and glances of defiance shot toward the Democrats. Then a colored man scrambled to his feet and timidly attempted to make his way to the aisle.

There was a burst of indignation from the other side.

"Down with that nigger!"

"No nigger speakers here!"

"S—s—s—s—s——"

The long hiss went curling round the hall, and the negro quailed before it; but his friends were prepared.

"You've had your speakers; we'll have ours!"

"Speak on, speak on! Go on up, go on up," sounded out, while the negroes on both sides clapped and yelled.

"Down with him, nigger cur! Down with him!"

And again, like the tongue of a viper, shot out that hiss.

The negro was evidently anxious to shrink back into a safe obscurity; but one or two white men were at his back, whispering threats and encouragements. Between his dangerous enemies and his dangerous friends, the frightened creature faltered. Already the click of pistols was heard on both sides, and the air vibrated with deadly antagonism.

A faint scream here and there told of the strain on the nerves of the women. But Lydia sat straight, her face turned upward, more exalted than frightened. If there was danger near there was also a hero.

Darke Maltby sprang upon the platform and waved his hat. He held a cocked pistol in his hand, and it was pointed straight at the crowd. Every face turned toward him. Of all men in Seminole, Darke was the most respected if there was the prospect of a fight. He paused until every eye and ear was strained, and a hush spread through the room.

"Do you see these?" he cried, drawing another pistol from his breast, and thus covering each side of the hall with a muzzle. "I'll shoot straight ahead at the first side that interrupts me!"

The silence became intense. Men looked apprehensively at each other.

"Now, —— —— ——! Curse you for fools and blackguards and the scum of the earth, as you are!" he cried. turning his excited eye to his left. "But I am for fair play," and he fixed his eye on his friends. "You agreed to meet these scoundrels here, which I wouldn't have done to save their pitchy souls! You didn't say a nigger shouldn't speak. And now he *shall* speak! I say, let the cursed white-livered nigger speak! If you don't, I'll shoot you! And if he won't, I'll shoot him and the carpet-baggers at his back! And if he speaks too long or too short, or says too much while he's speaking, I'll drop him as I would a buck! Now, come on and do your speaking!"

The Democrats, after a moment's whispering, nodded their heads and sank into their seats. Darke was a hot politician, a blue blood, and a reckless upholder of the privileges of his class. His appeal to their sense of justice was well received, and there was no doubt that he was ready at a moment's notice to send a pistol-shot whistling down their ranks. They sank back then, and called out:

"Go on, go on!" to the other side.

"Come up here!" he said, still holding the pistols. "And don't be for ever about it!"

With a livid face the colored man rose, and was pushed toward the aisle.

"Come up!" cried Darke again. And, with a sardonic twinkle in his eye, he met the victim at the steps of the platform, and, posting him at its very edge, took the chairman's seat, laying one pistol on the table and toying with the other on his lap.

"Now say enough," he remarked, "to please your party, and don't say enough to displease me."

A sense of humor in the situation began to come over the Democrats. They exchanged winks and smiles. The negro, with cowering head and quivering lips, stammered forth a few phrases:

"Gemmen an' ladies—ladies an' gemmen: I am heah—heah I stan'—I'm heah, brudder an' sister 'Publicans——"

It became irresistibly funny. He rolled the dilated black of his eye over its white border at the grim watcher in his rear.

Darke lifted his pistol and peered into its muzzle; then clicked it. The negro started and his teeth chattered.

"Heah—heah ——" he began again. "Mass' Darke, oh, Gor' Ormighty, heah I am—I'se a pore niggah, an' heah I—you—I——"

It became a roaring farce.

The politicians shouted forth their relish of a joke, irrespective of party. The finer laughter of women trilled along the volume of sound, and over both rose the ecstatic shrieks of the negroes. The whole house, Republican and Democrat alike, was bent by this windy gust of merriment, and Darke Maltby, giving his victim a half contemptuous, half jocular, little kick, strolled down the aisle as unconcernedly as if he had not just threatened the lives of a whole community.

As he came near Lydia, she arose. From the moment he sprang to the platform her fascinated gaze had followed him as a bird follows its charmer. At home she had been a narrow, eager Republican. She had even idealized the negroes, and dreamed of going South to teach them. But she had lost her political sense now. How far would the vigor and daring of Darke carry him? How triumphantly would he show himself the master? She might have been the medium through which the whole current of popular enthusiasm set toward Darke. Her temper was for the moment as lawless and adventurous as his.

People were standing all about her. No one noticed her. She leaned forward. Darke glanced at her and ironically smiled. Her eyes were sparkling with his triumph.

But for once his careless security cost him dear. There were one or two sulky faces in the crowd, and they darkened with a mortal hate as Darke strode by. That night, just after the meeting broke up, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard up one of the country roads. Before morning it was rumored that Darke Maltby had been shot.

* * * * * *

The news was brought to Lydia by different members of the Gwynn family, who straggled down town at all hours of the morning, and came back with varying reports. First he was fatally wounded, then but slightly. First he was shot by the carpet-baggers, then by negroes. All the morning the little town rose and fell like waves, and with a throbbing heart Lydia sat at home listening. Yet it was not so much in real solicitude or tenderness, such as a girl might feel for a lover or a friend. Rather she was mastered by a fierce excitement.

By noon it was known that Darke was not mortally wounded, and that he had been shot by a personal enemy. The town passed at once from tempest to calm, and looked even more tranquil than ever. Only a few young bloods gathered at the street-corners and talked of revenge.

But Lydia was not so easily quieted. The little ice-maiden felt a resistless something glow within her. It took captive her high Puritan sense of propriety, it enchanted her intelligence, it stormed her discretion. She was abandoned to an absolute riot of emotion.

But it takes time for the turbulence of the soul to print

(Continued on page 438.)

THE CHILD'S FUTURE.

SCENE: *A swing in the garden.* TIME: *Afternoon in Spring.*

WHEN I am grown-up, how splendid
'Twill be to be free all day:
My lessons for ever ended,
And with no one to obey.

My children I'll never worry,
But their mischief I'll allow;
If I could, the time I'd hurry:
I wish I were grown-up now!

I'll live upon cakes and honey,
And jars of jam will I eat;
And I'll never waste my money
On bread, potatoes and meat.

And when I'm grown-up, like mother,
I'll always be good and wise,
We never will vex each other;
Oh, why do they say time flies!

When the shadow onward creeping
On the dial's face I see,
It seems that time must be sleeping,
Each day seems so long to me.

Swing, swing, I like to be swinging,
And the sun is shining so bright:
There's nursie, my supper bringing!
When I'm big I'll sit up all night.

THE OLD MAID'S PAST.

SCENE: *An armchair by the fire.* TIME: *Evening in Autumn.*

WHEN I was a child, how cheerful
The world and its inmates seemed:
My heart was never fearful,
Nor of coming evil dreamed.

When I was a child, what flowers
I grew in my garden-bed;
I counted all the hours
Till my rose-bud should be red.

When I was a child, what stories
I dreamed 'neath the apple-tree;
What wondrous coming glories
E'en the clouds foretold to me.

When I was a child, how tender
My heart and conscience were;
What answer can I render
For spoiling aught so fair?

Oh, days for ever departed!
Oh, youth, and love, and bliss—
Whence hath your vision started
To vex my soul like this?

How chilly it grows! There's Willet
Come with my negus and bread:
Take care, girl! do not spill it;
And now I'll go to bed.

(*Continued from page* 435.)

itself on the face. She looked ethereal and unattainable as she seated herself that afternoon for a drive, which she had herself proposed, and it was Lulu, full-eyed and dark, who would have passed for the exuberant, fancy-captured maiden.

As the little negro gathered up the reins, and Lulu asked "Which way?" Lydia, with a newly learned artfulness, pointed to the road leading northward.

"I am glad you chose that," said Lulu, "for I don't want to go by the shooting-place."

They drove along over the sandy flats that make a large part of Western Florida. Then they reached a bit of hammock, and by Lydia's direction cutting transversely across it, came out on the southwestern side.

"Where are you going?" asked Lulu.

"Anywhere," replied Lydia.

It was evident that she meant to speak carelessly, but her reply had the effect of determination.

"Well, look out you don't get to Darke Maltby's," said Lulu. "We might see him, and then he'd think we came to see him. Only I don't care what he thinks."

Lydia said nothing, but at the next corner she pulled the left rein so that the horse turned to the south.

The little negro grinned with an elfish intelligence, comprehending that "Miss Loo said she did'n wan' ter go by Mass' Mal'by's house, an' Miss Lyddy war' a gwine dar." But, though the look caused Lydia a dull humiliation, her purpose only set itself the more strongly. A strange defiance of Lulu, of Seminole, and of that little village in Maine played over the passive sense of her degradation.

Still they drove southward, and still at every turn Lydia's touch on the left rein kept them to their course. At length, the low roofs of rambling buildings came into view, and Lulu, looking with searching eyes into her friend's face, said:

"I knew this road would bring us to the Maltby house."

"I will get out here," said Lydia, nodding to the monkey to pull up.

"I wouldn't," said Lulu, hurriedly.

"I will," said Lydia, leaping from the buggy.

"Shall I get out?" asked Lulu. "What are you going to do?"

"I am going up that lane for flowers," said Lydia.

She pointed to a walk which ran straight for some distance, showing a long vista of mellow light falling on living green, but then gave a turn and must lead to the house.

She felt Lulu's troubled eyes and the twinkling black beads of the monkey, and again came that sense of juggling with herself, of abasement. But she struck off along the path, straight and determined, with little of the air of a flower-seeker. She reached the turn and was lost to view.

She had stopped in the shade of a palmetto. The house, still at some distance, turned toward her a long and weather-beaten side. The sight of it threw her into an unaccountable confusion. There was no stir about it to show that it was inhabited, but its blindless windows, hard and curious, looked steadily at her. Hitherto she had felt nothing but a mad craving to be near Darke, perhaps catch a sight of him. Now, her limbs trembled, and with wide, fearful eyes she gazed upon the house, shrinking back further and further, as if she dreaded that she might be spirited away toward what she had come to seek.

As she stood there, pale, alien sprite, pricked by wild longings and encumbered with shame, she heard a rustle in the branches, and Darke Maltby stepped to her side. He had been watching her from behind a magnolia. He carried his arm in a sling, and his eyes were shadowed by an inky ring, made by dissipation and now deepened by pain. Somehow suffering, which, often refined, made him seem more of the earth. Lydia shivered closer to the protecting tree.

In truth, pain had waked the savage in him. He had said that morning that he felt like a brute. He wanted to tear something, and why not the feelings of this girl who had thrown herself in his way? That she had come to seek him, instead of his going, strong and dashing, to seek her, stung him. He despised her for coming. Because she had a smooth skin and a sheen on her hair he had fancied her different from other girls. Just as a girl, she was to him flimsy, poor, unattractive. He hated the witchcraft influence she had exerted over him.

"How did you guess that I lived here, and that you might meet me?" he asked. "Or did you come to see my mother?"

There was even more than usual of the mocking strain in his voice.

"I came to find flowers," she faltered.

He let his eyes rove over the ground, as if to show his incredulity. Then he stooped, though it cost him a groan, and pulled a grass-flower. He handed it to her with a nonchalance which emphasized the irony of the action.

"You overlooked this."

As she did not offer to take it he grasped her hand, and laying its stem between her cold, reed-like fingers, looked audaciously into her face.

But at his presumptuous touch she started. His wounded arm, his labored breath, instead of rousing her pity, had repelled her. Darke, anything less than strong, bold, handsome, was not Darke. He had taken her hand once before, but then it had not simply made upon him a material impression, but had worked a fine charm, like a spirit-hand. Now, debased as he was by fever and pain, the contact was repugnant to both. The strange pair stood looking at each other, and each moment the sense of unlikeness, of antipathy, of antagonism, grew. Her cold purity and self-restraint were intolerable to him. His bright, wicked eyes no longer fascinated, they appalled her. The magnetism of mystery was broken.

With a low cry she turned and fled. Down the leafy lane, wind-like, she flew. Her quick footsteps stirred the hanging leaves. They alarmed a squirrel, who skimmed up his tree with a motion scarcely lighter than her own. With quickened blood, with beating pulses, she bounded, she sprang. Once she turned her head for a look. The breeze bore to her ears a light laugh, and Darke took off his hat and bowed to the white thing that vanished.

* * * * * *

For three weeks Lydia lay in her bed. The clock, too tightly wound, ran jangling down until it almost ceased to keep the time.

When she came back to health she had recovered her mental pose. She had won something, too. The fetters of her life had been broken, and her understanding was enlarged. She no longer judged human weakness and goodness with a narrow, provincial judgment.

She bade her Southern friends a grateful farewell, and took her way to the North and to Milton Hosford.

Darke Maltby, too, lay down on his bed, from which he was never to rise. He had been too careless and im-

patient to allow his wound to be properly dressed. Day and night he tossed with fever. Though no vision of him came to trouble Lydia, she haunted his delirium.

"Did I swear or say my prayers?" he asked, one night after he had been tossing and muttering.

"You seemed to be talking about a witch."

"Yes, a witch, a yellow-haired witch!" he exclaimed, angrily. "I was going up winding stairs, and she kept pushing me off. I hung by my teeth over space. Ugh! I've been half the night tumbling off the cursed thing."

One day he had his reason and raised himself to a sitting posture. Through the window his haggard eyes caught the twinkle of a squirrel going up a tree, and the silver of leaves turned upward by the wind. He airily threw a kiss from the tips of his fingers.

"Good-by, forget-me-nots, good-by, moonbeams," he said, with a mixture of mockery and pathos.

"What are you talking about?" asked his mother.

"Her eyes and her hair."

"Whose eyes and whose hair?"

"Priscilla's, the Puritan maiden," and he laughed.

Then he dropped down among the pillows, and again began to toss and mutter.

"These have been good women! These have been good women!"

Five days from that time, mad with pain and delirium, he tore the bandages from his arm, turned his face to the wall and died.

E. A. POE'S CONVERSATION.

THE conversation of Edgar Allan Poe, the gifted American poet, was at times almost supermortal in its eloquence. His voice was modulated with astonishing skill, and his large and variably expressive eyes looked repose or shot fiery tumult into theirs who listened, while his own face glowed or was changeless in pallor as his imagination quickened his blood or drew it back frozen to his heart. His imagery was from the worlds which no mortal can see but with the vision of genius. Suddenly starting from a proposition exactly and sharply defined in terms of utmost simplicity and clearness, he rejected the forms of customary logic, and, by a crystalline process of accretion, built up his ocular demonstrations in forms of gloomiest and ghastliest grandeur, or in those of the most airy and delicious beauty, so minutely and distinctly, yet so rapidly, that the attention which was yielded to him was chained till it stood among his wonderful creations, till he himself dissolved the spell, and brought his hearers back to common fancies or exhibitions of ignoblest passions.

DICKENS AND "DAVID COPPERFIELD."

SOMEWHERE about the middle of the serial publication of "David Copperfield," happening to be out of writing-paper, Dickens sallied forth one morning to get a fresh supply at the stationer's. He was living then in his favorite haunt, at Fort House, at Broadstairs. As he was about to enter the stationer's shop with the intention of buying the needful writing-paper, he stood aside for a moment at the threshold to allow a lady to pass in before him. He then went on to relate—with a vivid sense still upon him of mingled enjoyment and dismay in the mere recollection—how the next instant he had overheard this strange lady asking the person behind the counter for the new green number. When it was handed to her, "Oh, this," said she, "I have read. I want the next one." The next one she was thereupon told would be out by the end of the month. "Listening to this, unrecognized," Dickens added, in conclusion, "knowing the purpose for which I was there, and remembering that not one word of the number she was asking for was yet written, for the first and only time in my life, I felt—frightened!"

LADY PEEL.

A PLEASING and characteristic anecdote is recorded of the first Sir Robert Peel and his wife. When Robert Peel, then a youth, began business as a cotton-printer near Bury, he lodged with his partner, William Yates, paying eight-and-sixpence per week for board and lodging. William Yates's eldest child was a girl named Ellen, and she very soon became an especial favorite with the young lodger. On returning from his hard day's work at "The Ground," he would take the little girl upon his knee, and say to her, "Nelly, thou bonny little dear, wilt be my wife?" to which the child would readily answer, "Yes," as any child would do. "Then I'll wait for thee, Nelly; I'll wed thee, and none else." And Robert Peel did wait. As the girl grew in beauty toward womanhood, his determination to wait for her was strengthened; and after the lapse of ten years—years of close application to business and rapidly increasing prosperity—Robert Peel married Ellen Yates when she had completed her seventeenth year; and the pretty child, whom her mother's lodger and father's partner had nursed upon his knee, became Mrs. Peel, and eventually Lady Peel, the mother of the future Prime Minister of England. Lady Peel was a noble and beautiful woman, fitted to grace any station in life. She possessed rare powers of mind, and was, on every emergency, the high-souled and faithful counselor of her husband.

INFANT PHENOMENA.

BY LAWRENCE HUTTON.

"So cunning and so young is wonderful."
—*Richard III., Act III., Scene I.*

WHEN the "Grand Spectacle of the Black Crook" was enjoying its fourth successful run at Niblo's Garden, in the season of 1873, a precociously bright little musician of some six or seven years of age, so advertised in the bills, and to all appearances no older, preternaturally large in head and small in person, won the affection and the sympathy of all who witnessed his performances. During his very short career he was one of the chief attractions of that attractive variety show; for the "Black Crook" in its later years was nothing more than a variety entertainment, and the tricks and the manners, the wisdom and the innocence, the precocity and the music of the "child violinist" gave him a popularity that few mature stars could boast; and when, so soon after the close of his engagement here, the news of his death came from Boston, few of the established favorites of many years have been so sincerely mourned as was this unfortunate little James G. Speaight.

Scarcely larger than the violin he carried, dressed in a bright court suit of blue satin, with powdered wig, and silken hose and buckled shoes, like a prince in a fairy tale, he seemed the slightest mite of a performer who ever stood behind the footlights. His hands were scarcely big enough to grasp his instrument; his arms and his legs were not so thick as his bow; a bit of rosin thrown at him would have knocked him down, and he

MASTER BETTY.—FROM THE PAINTING BY NORTHCOTE, ENGRAVED BY HEATH.

could have been comfortably packed away in the case of his own fiddle. As a musician he certainly was phenomenal. It was said of him that he could play by ear when only four years of age, and after hearing it but once, the most difficult and complicated of musical compositions, and that he could remember an air as soon as he could utter an articulate sound. Before he was five years old he was sole performer at concerts given under his father's management in some of the provincial towns of England, and when he first appeared in this country

at Niblo's, he not only played *solos* upon his violin, displaying decided genius and technical skill, but he conducted the large orchestra, standing on a pile of music

CLARA FISHER IN "THE FOUR MOWBRAYS."

books in the chair of the leader, that he might be seen of the musicians he led.

The grace and ease of the little artist, his enthusiasm and vivacity, could not fail to interest and amuse his audiences, while at the same time it saddened the most thoughtful of them, who realized how unnatural and how

CLARA FISHER IN "THE FOUR MOWBRAYS."

cruel to the child the whole proceeding must of necessity be. That he was passionately fond of his art there could be no doubt, or that he lived only in and for it,

CLARA FISHER IN "THE FOUR MOWBRAYS."

CLARA FISHER IN "THE FOUR MOWBRAYS."

and in the excitement and applause his public appearances brought him; but that his indulgence of his passion without proper restraint was the cause of the snapping of the strings of his little life, and of the wreck of what might have been a brilliant professional career, was plainly manifest to every physician and to every mother who saw and heard and pitied him.

Until within a very few months of his death, he played only by ear. When he began to learn his notes, and to comprehend with his big-little brain the immensity of music as a science, and the magnificent future it promised him, his devotion to study, his ambition and his own active mind were more than his feeble frame could endure, and his brief candle was suddenly extinguished. At the close of this run of the "Black Crook," December 6th, 1873, he was taken to Boston, where, in the "Naiad Queen," he played, and led the orchestra of the Boston Theatre until the night of the 11th of January, 1874. After the *matinée* and evening performances of that date, he was heard by his father to murmur in his troubled sleep, "O God! can you make room for a little fellow like me?" And he was found by his father at daybreak, dead. With no sins of his own to answer for, surely the prayer was heard; and the coming of that little child, play-actor though he was, according to the promise, was not forbidden.

The exact position of the Infant Phenomena in dramatics it is difficult to determine. They stand, perhaps, on the neutral ground between the amateur and the trained dogs, or the trick ponies, without belonging to either class or to art. As being professional, though in embryo, they cannot claim that exemption from the severe tests of criticism enjoyed by the *dilettanti*, and as being human, though undeveloped, they cannot be judged in the same lenient way as we judge the educated monkey, from whom Mr. Darwin would claim them to be so lately evolved. In no case is the phenomenal to be emulated, to be encouraged or to be admired. How much of a nuisance the average prodigy is to his audiences all habitual theatre-goers can tell; how much of a nuisance he is to his fellow-players, *Nicholas Nickleby* has effectively shown; and what a bitter burden he is likely to become to himself, his own experience—if he lives to have experience—will certainly prove. Loved by the gods of the gallery, the phenomenon—happily for the phenomenon, perhaps, certainly happily for his profession—dies, as a rule, young.

He does not educate the masses, he does not advance art; he does nothing which it is the high aim of the legitimate actor to do; he does not even amuse. He merely displays precocity that is likely to sap his very life; perhaps supports a family at an age when he needs all of the protection and support that can can be given him; and, if he does not find a premature death, he rarely, very, very rarely, fulfills anything like the promise of his youth.

The career of Master Betty, the "Infant Roscius," of the early part of the century, and unquestionably the most remarkable and successful phenomenon in the whole history of the stage, is ample proof of this. Born in England in 1791, he made his theatrical *début* in Dublin in 1803, and at once sprang into a popularity there, and wherever he appeared, that seemed to know no limits.

The excitement he created was marvelous; people were crushed in their efforts to enter the theatres in which he played. The receipts at the box-offices were considered fabulous in those days. His own fortune was made in a single season. Lords and ladies, and peers of the realm, were among his enthusiastic admirers. Royal dukes were proud to call him friend, and the Prince of Wales entertained him royally at Carlton House. He was called greater than Garrick himself in Garrick's own parts, and was petted and praised, and almost idolized, by an entire country; and Parliament itself, on a motion made by Pitt, even adjourned to see "Infant Roscius" play *Hamlet* at Drury Lane, than which no higher compliment could have been paid by England to mortal man.

This mania over the boy actor continued for two or three seasons, when his popularity by degrees decreased, and he retired from the stage to enter the University of Cambridge. In 1812, four years later, however, he returned to the profession a young man of twenty-one, but his prestige was gone. He did not draw in London; in the Provinces he was regarded as nothing but a fair stock actor, and when a little more than thirty he retired entirely into private life. He died in London, August 24th, 1874, a man of eighty-three, having outlived his glory by at least fifty years. If such was the lot of the most marvelous of prodigies, what better fate can the managers of the lesser juvenile stars expect for their "child wonders"?

The career of Macready, a contemporary of Master Betty's during his later efforts, as compared with that of the Phenomenon, shows in a marked degree the difference between the natural and the forced systems of dramatic education and success. Macready, after years of careful, conscientious study and training, went upon the stage, although a young man, still one mature in experience. By hard work he made his way up to the top of the ladder of professional fame, and died full of years and honored as the most finished actor of his day in his own land. Betty, at whom as a child he had wondered, and whom as a young man he had supported, surviving him a month or two, was carried to his grave by a few personal friends, almost unnoticed by the world, who at one time had worshiped his genius, but to whom for half a century he had been absolutely dead. Macready, a fixed star, shining brightly and bravely, gave a lasting, steady, truthful light. Betty, streaming like a meteor in the troubled air, eclipsing for a moment all of the planets in his course, plunged into a sea of oblivion and left only a ripple behind.

The cynical remark of *Richard III.* to the young *Prince of Wales* in the play, that "so wise so young, they say, do never live long," does not always apply to the Infant Phenomena. However, the Bateman children, Clara Fisher and other juvenile wonders, lived to achieve more enduring greatness as men and women than was ever thrust upon them in their childish days, while many of the present veterans in the profession were on the stage as actors before they were old enough to read or write. Ione Burke, Fanny Davenport, Susan Denin made their several dramatic *débuts* as children in "The Stranger," "Pizarro," "Metamora," or other of the standard plays of their youth. Mr. Jefferson, at the age of six, engaged in a stage combat with broadswords with one Master Titus, at the Park Theatre, for the benefit of the latter young gentleman, and Madame Ristori, carried upon the stage in a basket at the age of two months, was, at the age of four years, playing children's parts in her native Italy. Miss Lotta began her professional career a phenomenon when eight years old; but Lotta, to be measured by no known dramatic rules, is an Infant Phenomenon still. Miss Mary Taylor, than whom no lady in her maturity enjoyed greater popularity in New York, sang as a child in concerts, and even before she reached her teens was a great favorite in the choruses of the

National Theatre on Church Street; and there are to-day among collectors of such things, rare prints, highly prized, of Miss Adelaide Phillips and of Miss Mary Gannon as child wonders; the latter young lady having been an actress before she was three years old.

Evidences of such early dramatic experiences might readily be multiplied; but a decided distinction should be made between the phenomenal young actor or actress who walks upon the stage in leading parts a child *Richard* or an infant *Richmond*, and the youthful artist, born of dramatic people, who, never attempting what is beyond his years or his station, plays *Young York* or *Young Clarence* to support his father, says his few lines, gets his little bit of applause, is not noticed by the critics, and goes home like a good child to his bed and to his mother. It is as natural for the child of an actor to go upon the stage as it is for the son of a sailor to follow the sea; but while the young mariner before the mast is taught the rudiments of his profession by the roughest of experiences and the hardest of knocks, the young Roscius too frequently is given command of his dramatic ship before he can box the dramatic compass or tell the difference in the nautical drama between "*Black Eyed Susan*" and "*The Tempest.*"

Miss Clara Fisher, Mrs. James G. Maeder, was regarded in her youth as a prodigy second only to Master Betty, but, unlike Master Betty, she more than realized the best hopes of her early admirers, and lived to be considered one of the most perfect and finished actresses ever known to our stage. Born in England in 1811, she appeared in Drury Lane, London, the scene of Master Betty's earliest successes, when she was only six years of age, and at once she won the most decided triumphs. It was said of her that she clearly understood, even at that early age, her author and his meaning, entered thoroughly and enthusiastically into all of her parts, and displayed in every scene not only acuteness of intellect, but a temperament fully in unison with the profession of her choice. Cast in plays with actors of the regulation age and size, instead of being dwarfed by the contrast with them, she made the balance of the *dramatis personæ* appear entirely out of proportion, and carried away all of the honors. Her American *début* was made September 12th, 1827, at the Park Theatre, New York. In the seventeenth year of her age she could scarcely rank among the Infant Phenomena at that time, however, and is only known in this country, where the rest of her professional life has been spent, as a leading lady, justly celebrated, but not wonderful, out of all whooping as an Infant Roscia.

Mrs. Maeder comes of a theatrical race, and one which seems to mature early. Her sister, Jane Marchant Fisher, the good old Mrs. Vernon, of Wallack's in late seasons, went upon the stage in London a child of ten. Frederick G. Maeder, her son, made his *début* at the age of eighteen. Alexina Fisher, Mrs. A. F. Baker, and Oceana Fisher, daughter of Palmer Fisher, and members of the same family, played here as children forty or fifty years ago. At the age of sixteen Mrs. Alexina Fisher-Baker was a juvenile star at the Park, developing quietly into a general leading lady, and now one of the most satisfactory of "old ladies" left to us.

The Clara Fisher of the present not only belongs to this same Fisher family, but has some of the blood of many of the Jeffersons, being a niece of Joseph Jefferson, *the* Jefferson of to-day, and granddaughter of Joseph Jefferson the second. In the provinces she sang as a child, and made her regular dramatic *début*, a very young and attractive girl, at the Olympic, under the management of John Duff, in 1867, playing *Peas-blossom* in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." This comedy enjoyed a run of one hundred nights, and was strongly cast: Miss Fanny Stockton playing *Oberon*; George L. Fox, *Bottom*; Charles Kemble Fox, *Snug*; Owen Marlowe, *Flute*; Mark Quinlan *Snout*; and William Davidge, *Quince*. "Little Clara Fisher" made many friends here; her name recalling in many minds pleasant associations, while her prettiness and grace as the fairy gave her a charm that was all her own. She has been at Wallack's Theatre, and was a member of Mr. Brougham's Company when he opened the Lyceum, on Twenty-fourth Street, which, later, was the Fifth Avenue Theatre; but she has not played many theatrical engagements on the New York stage, being better known as a vocalist, and in other towns.

The most remarkable and most successful of the Infant Phenomena of modern times in America, have been the Bateman children, and the Marsh Juvenile Troupe. On the 10th of December, 1849, Mr. E. A. Marshall, manager of the Broadway Theatre, introduced on the boards of that house, for the first time to New York audiences, Kate and Ellen Bateman, whose united ages were not ten years; Kate making her *début* as *Richmond*, and Ellen, the younger, as *Richard*, in scenes from Shakespeare's "Richard III." The announcement of the coming of these infantile Thespians was not favorably received by the *habitués* of the Broadway; the appearance of prodigies of any kind being a departure from the ways of that traditional home of the legitimate drama, and there was against these young stars formed a prejudice which only the absolute cleverness of their performances was able to overcome. After Mr. Hackett as *Falstaff*, and Miss Cushman as *Lady Macbeth*, it was scarcely natural that unknown children in the same and kindred parts should satisfy the critical audiences of the Old Broadway. The popularity of the Batemans, however, was quickly established; those who the first night came to scoff remaining to admire and to praise; the whole town, young and old, petting and applauding the children; while still the wonder grew, during the single week of their engagement, how the two small heads could carry all they knew. It seemed incredible that an infant of four years like Ellen Bateman could present anything approaching an embodiment of such characters as *Shylock*, *Richard*, or *Lady Macbeth*; or that of a child of six, as was Kate at that time, should be able to play *Richmond*, *Portia*, or the *Thane* with the correctness of elocution, the spirit, and the proper comprehension of the language and the business which she displayed. The simple task of committing to memory the text of so many parts was in itself a marvelous effort for children of their tender age, but to be able to speak these lines as set down for them, with the correct emphasis and gesture, and with every appearance of a thorough conception of the character sustained, as the little Batemans are said to have done, certainly warranted all of the praise that was bestowed upon them. Every fresh *rôle* they undertook was a surprise, and was considered more clever than any that had preceded it. *Lady Macbeth* was, perhaps, the most successful of Ellen's assumptions, while Kate read *Portia* with amazing skill and propriety; her delivery of the familiar lines was finished and almost perfect, and her carriage throughout that of an experienced artist.

After appearing in Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other American cities, the Bateman children were taken to England by P. T. Barnum, in the Summer of 1851, making their first appearance there at the St. James's Theatre, London, on the 23d August, as "The

FANNY DAVENPORT.

Young Couple," and meeting with decided success. They returned to the Old Broadway, November 15th, 1852, opening in a comedietta entitled "Her Royal Highness," and written expressly for them. The principal parts were thus cast:

Leopoldini	Miss Kate Bateman.
Strachino	Miss Ellen Bateman.
Dr. Birchini	Mr. H. L. Bateman—

followed by "The Young Couple": *Charles*, Ellen Bateman; *Henrietta de Vigny*, Kate Bateman; Ellen playing, also, during this engagement, which lasted two weeks, *Bombastes Furioso*. They were quite as popular here as when they first appeared, and before they left New York Mayor Kingsland, "on behalf of a committee of leading citizens," presented to each of the children a tiny gold watch.

In 1856, no longer juveniles, though still most acute, voluble and full of grace, they retired from the stage; Miss Kate Bateman to return to it, however, in a few years, a young lady and an actress of more than ordinary merit. Even if she had not since then made for herself, both in this country and in England, a reputation as one of the strongest tragic and melodramatic artists on the English-speaking stage, the story of her early career as told here is worthy of a place in dramatic history because of the precocious excellence of her acting as a child, and of the wonderful success which she everywhere won. She is a phenomenon among phenomena, in this, that she has grown and advanced in her profession as she has grown in stature and advanced in years—one of the very few of the infant prodigies who has, in her later life, become an ornament to the stage.

On the 19th of March, 1860, at Winter Garden, under the Stuart and Boucicault *régime*, Kate Bateman made her *début* as a woman, playing *Evangeline* in Mrs. H. L. Bateman's dramatization of Longfellow's poem of that name. The part, of course, was written for her and fitted her very pleasantly. She was kindly received, had good houses, and encouraging notices and applause; still, her success was not decided or brilliant, except in what it promised in later years. Her early training and experience were of marked advantage to her, although at the same time the reputation of the great things she had accomplished as a child was a heavy weight upon her during her first engagement as a woman. She played but the one part during the three weeks she remained at Winter Garden this season. "Evangeline" was a prose drama in five acts, with many literal quotations from the poem. A few unimportant changes were made in the story—in the *dénouement* and the characters; and, as a whole, the production, or adaptation, was better than the ordinary run of such things. It was very strongly cast. Joseph Jefferson played *Batiste Le Blanc*; George Gordon, *Gabriel*; Charles Kemble Mason, *Benedict Bellefontaine*; Harry Pearson, *Basil, the Blacksmith*; James H. Stoddart, *Father Felicien*; and Mrs. Henry Vining, *Madame Letour*.

Miss Bateman was at Winter Garden again in the month of April, 1862, when she played a round of standard characters: *Lady Gay Spanker*, *Mrs. Haller* in "The Stranger," *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons," *Helen* in "The Hunchback," *Juliet*, etc. She was supported by Edwin Adams, James W. Wallack, Jr., Dolly Davenport, Henry Placide, William Davidge, Mrs. Frank Chanfrau, and Mr. William R. Blake. A decided improvement was perceptible in her acting, but it was not until the next year that her great hit was made. At Niblo's Garden, on the 19th January, 1863, Mr. Augustin Daly's "Leah, the Forsaken" was presented for the first time. The cast in leading parts is here preserved:

Rudolph	Mr. Edwin Adams.
Nathan the Apostate	Mr. James W. Wallack, Jr.
Father Lorenz	Mr. J. G. Burnett.
Father Hermann	Mr. J. W. Lanagan.
Ludwig	Mr. Edward Lamb.
Leah	Miss Kate Bateman.
Madeline	Mrs. Frank Chanfrau.
Madame Groschen	Mrs. Skerrett.
Sarah	Mrs. H. P. Grattan.

"Leah" and Miss Bateman became at once the fashion. The play was not original with Mr. Daly, being an adaptation of Dr. Mosenthal's "Deborah," and in English and in the original German being one of the most dreary, dismal plays ever seen on any stage, rivaling even "The Stranger" in general gloom, but it gave the actress the

LOTTA AS "THE MARCHIONESS."

GUADALUPE UNDA Y MORON, AGED SIX YEARS, OF THE JUVENILE MEXICAN OPERA TROUPE.

greatest scope for the display of the intense melodramatic powers of which unquestionably she is possessed. She has played the part many times in this city, and in other American cities and in England, with universal success. Before Miss Morris was known at all, except as a good stock actress, Miss Bateman was regarded as the only proper successor to Miss Cushman among actresses of American birth, and "Leah the Forsaken" was her greatest *rôle*. Miss Bateman is an exception to all established dramatic rules, not only because she was a phenomenal child who has become a great woman, but because she is a brilliant star who was never in the stock; an artist born, not made. During the whole of her remarkably prosperous professional life, she has played none but leading parts; certainly the only leading lady at five-and-thirty, in our generation, who was a leading lady at the age of six.

Miss Bateman's last appearance in New York was made as *Mary Warner* at Booth's Theatre, in the Fall of 1869. The drama—also one of the dismal kind—of which she played the titular part, was written for her by Mr. Tom Taylor, and first produced in America on the 18th October. In leading parts it was thus cast.

Mary Warner - - -	Miss Kate Bateman.
George Warner - - -	Mr. George Jordan.
Bob Leavitt - - -	Mr. Theodore Hamilton.
Mr. Turks - - -	Mr. A. W. Fenno.
Sergeant Tollitt - -	Mr. Charles Petais.
Milly Riggs - - -	Miss Virginia Francis.

In some respects Miss Bateman's *Mary Warner* was greater than her *Leah;* in all respects it was a remarkably effective performance. Her acting, since her first mature efforts, showed certain improvements of cultivation, and was softened into a mellower tone of womanly tenderness and intensity. In the pathetic portions—and little of the drama was not pathetic—she was seen to the greatest advantage. Her support could not have been excelled. *George Warner* was excellently well played by George Jordan, and was the last part played in this country by that gentleman. He died in England, in 1873. The *Milly Riggs* was Miss Virginia Francis Bateman, the younger sister of Kate. This was her first, and, so far as is remembered, her only engagement here. The impression she made was very pleasant.

"Mary Warner" was withdrawn on the 27th November, 1869, and Miss Bateman has not since been seen here. After the death of her father, Hezekiah L. Bateman, in London, March 22d, 1875, with her mother and her sister, Miss Isabella Bateman, she was associated in the management of the Lyceum Theatre, Strand, in that city, playing *Lady Macbeth* to the *Macbeth* of Henry Irving in the remarkable revival of the tragedy there in 1875. During Mr. Irving's famous run of "Charles I.," Miss Isabelle Bateman gave him admirable support as *Queen Henrietta Maria.* She is very popular in London, and an actress of more than ordinary intelligence and ability. Miss Ellen Bateman has not been upon the stage in many years. Miss Kate Bateman was married to Dr. Crowe, a London gentleman, in 1866.

H. L. Bateman, the father of this talented family, was well known on the stage in this country

GEORGE MARSH IN THE CHARACTER OF "YOUNG TOODLES."

as actor and manager. To him New York and America are indebted for the introduction of opera bouffé, Mme. Tostee and her company making their first appearance in this country under Mr. Bateman's management, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, now Lyceum, on the 24th of September, 1867, the initial opera being Offenbach's now so familiar "Grand Duchesse." For this infliction, however, he amply atoned, as through his instrumentality the grand, pure tones of Parepa Rosa's voice were heard here for the first time in concerts at Irving Hall in the same year. His New York *début* as an actor was made at the Broadway Theatre, November 14th, 1849, as *Old Wilton* in "Old and Young"; his last appearance here in that capacity was made on the 28th of May, 1863, at Niblo's Garden, when he played *David of Ruthen* to the *Geraldine* of his daughter Kate, in Mrs. Bateman's play of that name. Mrs. Bateman, *née* Sidney Cowell, was an actress as well as a successful manager and a writer of plays. She was a daughter of Joseph Cowell, for many years a favorite comedian at the Park Theatre, and a sister of the late Samuel Cowell, whose comic songs and parlor style of entertainment are still so well remembered here. Mrs. Bateman went upon the stage in New Orleans in 1837 or 1838. She has not been known as an actress for many years. A glance at their pedigree will show how clearly inherent is the genius of the Bateman children.

On the 10th of December, 1855, precisely six years after the *début* of the Bateman children at the Broadway Theatre, the Marsh Juvenile Troupe made their first appearance here at the same house, and made also a very favorable impression even upon people not predisposed to be attracted by any exhibition of prodigies. In their acting was a perceptible absence of that familiar, parrot-like, mechanical repetition of incomprehensible words, and those studied and artificial attitudes so painfully marked in juvenile players generally. Their impersonations were spirited and exact, and evinced unusual mental aptitude and training, their audiences being sometimes startled by the extraordinary precocity with which some of the leading parts were filled. Their initial performance consisted of "Beauty and the Beast," Miss Louisa Marsh representing the *Beast*, while little Mary Marsh, as *Beauty*, pleasantly filled all of the personal and mental requirements of that *rôle*. "Beauty and the Beast" was followed by "The Wandering Minstrel," Master George Marsh, "with the popular, doleful, pathetic, sympathetic, lamentable history of 'Villikins and his Dinah,'" playing *Jem Baggs*. These were supplemented later, during the Marshes' engagement, with "The Rivals"—Blake as *Sir Anthony*, Madame Ponisi as *Julia*—or with "A Morning Call," Madame Ponisi playing *Mrs. Chillington*, Augustus A. Fenno *Sir Edward;* the Juveniles, although attractive, being scarcely successful in filling the house by their sole exertions.

The Marsh children, although by that name on the bills, generally announced, were not members of one family, nor were they Marshes. George and Mary, brother and sister, and neither of them said to be more than eight years of age when they came here first, were in private life Master and Miss Guerineau, while the other leading lady, Louisa Marsh, was properly Miss McLaughlin. The entire company was composed of children. As they died—and the mortality among them was remarkable—or as they grew too large for the troupe, their places were filled by other precocious infants engaged by their clever manager in his strollings from town to town. Among the members of the company at different times were Miss Ada Webb, Miss Fanny Berkley and Miss Ada and Miss Minnie Monk, all of whom, if not great, subsequently, in their profession, are still not unknown to fame. Unlike the Batemans, however, none of the Marsh Juveniles ever became stars of more than common magnitude, and none of them are shining brilliantly on the stage to-day. George Marsh, the low comedian, was very clever in his way, although not original in his impersonations. His powers of imitation were marvelous, and his *Toodles*, a miniature copy of Burton's *Toodles*, in which all of the business and many of the gags, even to the profanity at the mention of Thompson, were retained, was almost as funny in its uproariousness as was Burton's *Toodles* itself, and certainly better than many of the *Toodles* that have been seen since Burton's day. Little Mary Marsh was an uncommonly attractive child, bright-eyed, graceful, fresh and fair. The boy between eight and fifteen in her audiences who did not succumb to her loveliness was only fit for treason, stratagem and spoils. Her name was to be found written in some copy-book, her face sketched in some drawing-book in the male department of every school in New York, and in the average schoolboy's mind she was associated in some romantic way with all of the good and beautiful women of his history or his mythology. She inhabited all the salubrious and balmy isles in his geography, she was dreamed of in his philosophy; and one particular lad, who is now old enough to pay the school bills of boys of his own, when asked, in a chemistry class, by the master "What is the symbol and equivalent of potassium?" answered, absently, but without hesitation, "Mary Marsh!"

The passion the child inspired in the breast of her adorers was a pure one, and, except in the neglect of a prosy lesson or two, it did no harm. Her memory is still kept green in the hearts of many practical men of to-day, who unblushingly confess to a filling of their boyish eyes and a quivering of their boyish lips when the sad story of her untimely and dreadful death was told here. While playing in one of the Southern cities, her dress took fire from the footlights and she was fatally burned, living but an hour or two after the accident occurred.

On the 3d of August, 1857, the Marshes played "Black-eyed Susan" at Laura Keene's Theatre here, followed by "The Toodles." From the bill of this, their opening night, the following casts are copied:

BLACK-EYED SUSAN:

William	Miss Louisa Marsh.
Greatbrain	Master George Marsh.
Tom Bowling	Master Alfred (Stewart).
Admiral	Master Waldo (Todd).
Dolly Mayflower	Miss Carrie (Todd).
Black-eyed Susan	Miss Mary Marsh.

TOODLES:

Timothy Toodles	Master George H. Marsh.
George Acorn	Miss Louisa Marsh.
Tabitha Toodles	Miss Mary Marsh.

This was probably the last season of the Marsh juveniles in New York, and since their exit no startling troupe of Phenomena have appeared here. The Boone and the Holeman children were clever, but not so successful as the Marshes. The Worrell sisters were popular, but, although young girls, they were in their teens and scarcely came under the head of infant players. They made their New York *début* at Wood's Theatre, 514 Broadway, afterward the Theatre Comique, under the management of George Wood, in a burletta, called "The Elves," April 30th, 1866, Sophia Worrell, the eldest of the sisters (three) being at that time fully eighteen years of age.

The last company of children who have appeared here

were billed as "The Mexican Juvenile Troupe." They occupied Mr. Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre during the Summer season of 1875, remaining two weeks, and appearing at the Lyceum Theatre on Fourteenth Street from the 1st to the 13th of November in the same year. Their performances were conducted in the Spanish language, and their specialty was *opera bouffé*. They were well trained in voice and action, but the music in their childish treble was weak; and then, personally, the troupe ran to legs and arms and hands and feet, and the general angular and awkward undevelopment characteristic of their age and size. The bit of a *prima donna* who sang "La Grande Duchesse" and "La Belle Héléne" in the titular parts, and known to fame as Signorina Carmen Unda y Moron, was made up carefully after Tostee, whom, in certain actions and gestures and expression of face, she much resembled. She displayed all of the vim and *abandon* and *chic* of the veteran actress, and tossed her head, and switched her train, and ogled and leered, and capered like the very Tostee herself, as seen through the reverse of an opera-glass. The child acted with spirit or something that was like it, and seemed to have a morbid enjoyment and comprehension of the indelicate parts she played. The spectacle was far from being a pleasant one, and probably shocked more people than it amused. Little Carmen was certainly not more than eight years old, and barely as tall as the table in her stage *salon*, none of the company reaching in height the backs of the chairs of ordinary size with which, in strange incongruity, the stage of the Lyceum was set.

During the past ten or fifteen years have appeared upon the New York stage, generally unheralded, several little actors and actresses who have shown decided ability for the profession, while claiming no phenomenal talent, and in whom certainly appears to be fair promise of a brilliant future. Among these have been Little Minnie Maddern, who appeared at the French Theatre, on Fourteenth Street, May 30th, 1870, as *Sibyl Carew* in Tom Taylor's "Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," supporting Miss Carlotta Leclercq as *Anne*. Her knowledge of the stage business, her general carriage, and the careful delivery of her lines throughout the play were remarkable for a child of her years, and hers was considered one of the most satisfactory representations in the piece. The pleasant reputation she made here was sustained at Booth's Theatre, in the month of May, 1874, when she played *Arthur* in "King John," with Junius Brutus Booth, Jr. in the titular *rôle*, Mrs. Agnes Perry Booth as *Constance*, and John McCullough as the *Bastard*—a strong cast. A more pretentious *Arthur*—an older, not a better one—was that of Master Percy Roselle, who played it in an act of "King John" at a *matinée* benefit given to Miss Matilda Heron, January 17th, 1872. This lad was a clever, but not a pleasant, actor, with certain mannerisms which experience may, perhaps, remove, and a face much older in its expression than the size of his body would have suggested. He was advertised as a prodigy, but was not very successful here.

Miss Jennie Yeamans was *almost* a phenomenon, although, fortunately for herself, she was never subjected by her managers to the forcing process. As *Joseph* in a burlesque of "Richelieu" at the Olympic, in February, 1871, she was very good, second only to George Fox, the *Cardinal Duke*, whom, with a piece of chalk, she assisted in drawing the awful circle of the Tammany Ring around the form of Miss Lillie Eldridge as *Julia*. The solemnity of the entire performance on the child's part, her wonderful command of her features and her display of a dry, apparently unconscious humor, all in the true spirit of burlesque, were delightful to contemplate. She was equally good and amusing in a part of an entirely different nature, *Notah, the Little Pappoose*, in Augustin Daly's "Horizon," a little later in the same season at the same house. Representing an Indian child who has no knowledge of the English tongue, and who unites to the natural mischievousness of childhood, all of the untamed viciousness of the Indian nature, she is captured on the plains by the *Hon. Sundown Bowse* (G. L. Fox), and makes that gentleman's stage existence more than a burden to him through several acts. "Horizon" enjoyed a long run, not one of its representatives gaining more applause than Miss Yeamans. When Charles Fisher first played *Falstaff* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, she was an excellent *William Page*.

Miss Mabel Leonard, apparently some five years old, supported H. J. Montague at Wallack's Theatre in the month of October, 1874, when the "Romance of a Poor Young Man" was produced, playing, with a good deal of skill, a little Breton peasant girl. The same young lady and Bijou Heron were the children in Miss Morris's wonderful version of "East Lynne" called "Miss Multon," and played at the Union Square Theatre in November, 1876. Their judicious training, and the careful acting of their not unimportant parts, added much to the general completeness of the drama, and will be still vividly remembered by all now living who were playgoers years ago.

Of all the children who have appeared upon the stage during the past twenty years, Bijou Heron unquestionably was the brightest and most promising. In face refined, intelligent and attractive, in voice pleasant and sympathetic, in figure neat, graceful and *petite* even for her years, she has all of the personal requirements of success in the profession, combined with careful training, quick comprehension, tact, intelligence and love for her art. As the only child, and as the hope and idol of a once popular actress, whose popularity is of so comparatively a recent date that she has not passed out of the memory of the theatre-goers of her daughter's time, she was kindly and affectionately received in New York for Matilda Heron's sake, even before she had made for herself, and by her own exertions, so many friends here.

After long preparation she made her first appearance on any stage at Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, Twenty-eighth Street, on April 14th, 1874, in a play entitled "Monsieur Alphonso," from the French of Alexandre Dumas, Jr., by Augustin Daly, and first presented that evening in this country. It was probably one of the most thoroughly successful *débuts* witnessed here in many years. Aside from the shyness and constraint so natural to the *débutante*, and without which no actor ever stepped for the first time before a critical public, she bore herself naturally, simply, and with charming grace. The part is long and difficult, not one of the commonplace, childish *rôles* intrusted usually to infant players, nor one of the high tragedy star *rôles* sometimes inflicted upon juvenile prodigies, but a bit of leading juvenile business requiring more than the ordinary intelligence and skill upon the part of its representative. Many actresses who have been years upon the stage, and who are considered beyond the average in their playing, would have played it with less appreciation and success. The first line she uttered, in her clear, distinct enunciation, established decidedly her popularity with the house. She was enthusiastically applauded, and honored with a recall in the middle of her first scene—a genuine, spontaneous recall, prompted by the hearty approval of the enormous and delighted audience. Her acting brought

tears into many eyes, and at the close of the play her utterance of three simple words displayed a something which, if it was not genius, was very like it. As the climax is reached, and she is to make her choice between the people who have befriended her, her "Papa," to the good old sailor (Fisher) who for his wife's sake, and to preserve his wife's honor, had taken the child to his home and to his heart, her "Mamma," to the good woman who had offered to adopt her (Miss Fanny Davenport), and her cry "Mother!" as she threw herself into the arms of the woman (Ada Dyas), whose daughter she was, were almost electric, and the curtain went down upon a new and accepted popular idol. The whole army of professional critics were unanimous in their praise of her.

The favorable impression she made as *Adrienne* in "Monsieur Alphonso" she sustained in other parts. Even as *Oliver Twist*, that wretched little prig who is barely endurable in the novel, and always insufferable on the stage, she was very pleasing, despite the wearing of the jacket and trousers so trying to all actresses, and the general hybrid character of the *rôle*. She made a hit in the "Fast Family" at Daly's, in September, 1874, and on other stages has met with universal success during her short career; but the history of Bijou Heron as an actress is yet to be written.

INFANT PHENOMENA.—BIJOU HERON.—SEE PAGE 439.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

James I., one day when hunting, rode on before his dogs and huntsmen to seek for luncheon. He rode up to the inn at Maidenhead, quite ravenous. He rolled himself off his horse and shouted for the landlord. Beef and ale—a pasty—anything! The landlord, careless of stray guests, shrugged his shoulders. There was nothing ready but one roast, and the worshipful Vicar of Bray and his curate were already busy at that. Perhaps they might, as a favor, allow him to join them. King James caught at the offer, strode up-stairs, knocked at the door, and asked permission. The vicar churlishly scowled up from his full and smoking platter. The curate, jovial and hearty, begged James to be seated. The King sat down and plied a good knife and fork. He tossed off his ale; he told racy stories; he made both his reluctant and his willing host roar with laughter. At last there came the *mauvais quarte d'heure* of Rabelais—the bill arrived. The curate put down his money with careless frankness; the vicar paid his bill gloomily; but the luckless guest could not pay at all. The vicar saw no joke in this matter, and flatly refused to pay for the suspicious stranger. The happy and guileless curate expressed his pleasure in being able to make some return for the amusement he had received, and paid the stranger's share. Then the three men went out upon the balcony. A huntsman came riding up, and, seeing the King, leaped off his horse and went down on one knee in the street. The sullen vicar threw himself at the feet of James, and implored forgiveness; to which King James replied: "I shall not turn you out of your living—you shall remain Vicar of Bray; but I shall make my good friend the curate a Canon of Windsor, whence he will be able to look down both upon you and your vicarage."

Believe that story false that ought not to be true.

THE SEVEN BOYS—AN ALLEGORY OF THE PLEIADES.—FROM AN OLD PAINTING BY FRANCIS FLORIS.

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN.

BY

ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

"PERMIT me to take refuge with you here, good friends," Shirlaw said, as he fell into a garden-seat, as near as possible to Mignon. "The sun is brazen, the dowagers are as thick as grasshoppers, and, under such circumstances, the light fantastic grows flat, stale and unprofitable."

Lispenard laughed, shortly

"Every affliction has its consolations, Victor. A man like me is never troubled by belles or dowagers."

"Why must he always be alluding to his personal deformity ?" thought Mignon, with irritation.

"Halloo !" cried out Shirlaw, abruptly. "What is this ?"

Nina Berkeley's English pug, Bijou, well trained to fetch and carry, came waddling solemnly up to the young soldier, with a bit of paper in his black, impudent mouth, and laid the same upon his knee.

"A *billet doux !*" said Shirlaw.

Bijou wagged his tail and barked. By the look on Nina Berkely's face, verily that paper had not been intended for Shirlaw !

"It looks mysterious," said Lispenard, dryly. "Don't

irritate our feelings—don't keep us in suspense, Victor." Shirlaw unfolded the sheet, held it from him at an unreasonable distance, and read aloud the following lines to the murmuring accompaniment of the river:

"Out yonder in the dark,
All night the fir-tree grows, with no living eye to mark
Its strong root striking deep through the mold.
So, in the weary night of his silence and his scorn,
Her love it grows apace, patient, though all forlorn—
A tree that heedeth not wind nor cold.

"Far down in gloomy caves,
The hermit pearl shines on under raging winds and waves—
A star that lighteth not sea nor land.
So, in despair her love, unsought, unasked, doth shine—
Alas! that life's best things must be like wasted wine,
Poured out on desert sand.

"Yet shall the priest withhold
His costly offering, though the altar-stone be cold?
And shall the Alpine vale refuse to bud and blow
Because the monarch peaks frown stern and white as death,
Upon her warm, green heart, and chill with icy breath
Her wealth of love below?"

Nina Berkely turned and looked at Lispenard.

"Do you like it?" she said, steadily.

"No," he answered, in a frigid tone.

She arose to her feet, tragic, impressive, in spite of the yellow gown and the lilies.

"You remind me of some terrible Sphinx, Abel Lispenard," she panted, "without pity or sentiment. You who have no heart—by what unholy power do you subjugate the hearts of others? Oh," stretching out her hands, with a sob, as he stood cold and inflexible, "you know—you must know——"

Mignon fled precipitately down the nearest path, and Shirlaw followed her.

"Queer girl—that Miss Berkely," he muttered.

"Mr. Lispenard is queer, also, I think," stammered Mignon.

Whether or no Nina Berkely proposed in due form they never knew, for the delicious music of the band broke out afresh at that moment, and Shirlaw cried, eagerly:

"One dance more!—pray let us have one dance more!"

And the next that Philip Vye saw of his niece, she was swimming through the dreamy measures of a waltz with the forbidden young captain, red lips smiling, brown eyes shining—the perfect impersonation of beauty, youth and happiness.

Well, it ended, at last, as all things, however delightful, must. As Shirlaw was making his adieux with the Western girl, he said:

"May I ride with you to-morrow, at any convenient hour?"

"I am going out for a gallop with Maud Loftus, at ten," answered Mignon, demurely. "We will permit you to join us, providing you agree to keep our pace."

"I have chased red Indians on the Plains," he replied, loftily.

Maud Loftus gave him a queer, saucy smile, but said not a word.

Punctual at ten o'clock the next morning, Shirlaw, splendidly mounted on one of Lispenard's best horses, appeared at the gates of Rookwood. There he found a spirited gray gelding, held by a groom, and Maud Loftus, in a dark-blue riding-habit, just ready to mount the animal, but no Mignon.

"Miss Vye has already started," said the blonde Canadian to Shirlaw. "Her horse Ranchero was too impatient to wait. Ah, there she goes, yonder, behind the evergreens," pointing with her whip. "Hasten and overtake her—I will follow with the groom."

Shirlaw looked, and saw behind the dark foliage of the trees mentioned, a horse as black as ebony, "ribbed like a drum, and limbed like a deer," and a slender, erect rider, in a velvet habit of "Lincoln green," just disappearing at what seemed to be a very moderate lope. He set spurs to his own beast in swift pursuit. At the end of a few rods he came within full view of her. She turned in the saddle, recognized him, waved one gloved hand derisively. The next instant, presto! what a change was there! Like a flash of black lightning, Ranchero, the wild, Western-born steed, sent by Gilbert Vye to his daughter years before, flung out his heels, and was gone in a cloud of dust, down the winding Dale road.

Shirlaw could ride like a Centaur. He had lived in the saddle for weeks sometimes. He smiled calmly to himself. He was sure to overtake her before she could reach the bridge, a half-mile away.

But he had reckoned without his host. Ride as he would, he did not overtake her, and when he reached the bridge, a dim, distant cloud of dust alone showed him the way by which she had vanished. The road now left the Dale, and branched off among green fields and bits of quiet, shadowy woods; but still, only that black streak of ever-receding lightning, that distant dust-cloud—that far, tormenting glimpse of a lovely figure, sitting the saddle as gracefully, as easily, as though she had been born in it!

His blood was up. He set his teeth—he urged Lispenard's favorite horse as the beast had never been urged before. All in vain! Was it a mocking laugh that floated back to him, or only the wind whistling and cutting through his ears, as his foaming horse flew on? Verily, no Apache had ever led him such a chase? Somebody had told him that this Western girl could ride like a cowboy, throw a lariat, use the branding-iron, do anything, and he was ready to believe it all now.

Fuming, chagrined, he kept on, through ways that grew more and more unfamiliar, up hill and down dale, for seven long miles, at least—to Shirlaw they seemed a score. She had passed beyond his sight now—he was simply following Ranchero's trail.

Presently he plunged into the dark depths of a pine-wood, where the dew had not yet vanished, and lo! there, in a cool hollow, stood Ranchero, nibbling at a low bough, and in the saddle sat Mignon, smoothing his jet-black mane with one hand, calm, smiling, no flush on her perfect face, no sign of disorder or undue exertion—the most provoking piece of serenity and self-possession that ever tormented a crestfallen gallant!

"How red you look!" she said, sweetly, as Shirlaw dashed into the hollow; "and see your poor horse—he is covered with foam. Now Ranchero has scarcely a wet hair," fondly stroking the crow-black beast.

Shirlaw grew redder yet with mortification.

"I thought I knew how to ride," he stammered, "but you put me to shame. You are like a prairie wind."

"Where did you leave Maud Loftus?" she asked, innocently.

"At the gate of Rookwood. And now I find that I am a veritable Babe in the Woods. I am lost. I seem to have galloped five-and-twenty miles, at least. I must throw myself upon your guidance. If you scurry away on another flight, I shall never be able to find my way back to Lispenard's tower."

A cloud had passed over the sun. The wood grew dark; an ominous hush filled it. Now and then thunder muttered in the distance, or a fitful gust shivered

through the tree-tops. Shirlaw, dusty, parched with thirst, slipped out of his saddle, and went up to a spring which bubbled near by under gray, mossy rocks, with a guard of crisp ferns nodding around it.

Before he was aware of it, Mignon dismounted also, and stood by his side, fair as a lily in her long green habit.

"Oh, for a drinking-cup!" she said, lightly.

He gathered a handful of chestnut leaves, twisted them into an emerald cup, and, on bended knee, presented it to her, dripping with coolness. The thunder still muttered, and the darkness deepened among the pines, but neither heeded it. She drank the clear spring water, and Shirlaw carefully folded the leaves and put them in his pocket.

"The touch of your lips has made them too precious to throw away," he said.

Confused, she turned toward Ranchero, as if to mount. Simultaneously came a sheet of flame, a deafening crash. Shirlaw flung himself before Mignon, and the next instant, the chestnut-tree, from which he had plucked the leaves for the cup, fell, riven from crown to root, straight across the little spring, only a few feet from the spot where the two stood.

Shirlaw caught Mignon in his arms as she fell back, white and stunned.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" he cried, wildly, "are you hurt?"

He dashed water upon her from the spring. She opened her brown eyes in a bewildered way. Another moment and the fateful words were out:

"I love you, Mignon—I love you! Will you be my wife?"

There, in that lightning-smitten wood, under the black, frowning heaven, she gave one little cry, and let her fair head sink against the breast which had interposed betwixt her and the bolt of death.

"Mignon, one word!" he panted, with his face to hers. "Do you—can you," and with growing desperation, "*will* you love me?"

And Mignon, trembling with happiness in the arms that clasped her, and with no foreboding of coming evil, faintly murmured the words that Shirlaw so wished to hear—"I love you!"

* * * * * *

As they turned their horses' heads back toward Rookwood, in that supreme state of mind known only to happy lovers, he said:

"Shall I speak at once to your uncle?"

A slight shadow fell upon her face.

"No," she answered, "I do not trust Uncle Philip, and, after all, papa is the only person whose authority I own, and whom I must consult about my future. You may write to him, if you like."

His answer need not be chronicled.

"And I must tell Maud," mused Mignon; "I have no secrets from Maud; but until we receive an answer from papa, nobody else shall know of the matter, unless *you* wish to tell somebody."

He looked thoughtful.

"I have a mother and sisters in New York. They belong to what is called the fashionable world. You are sure in all ways to meet their entire approval, so I am in no haste to tell them of my great good fortune; but Lispenard—I do not like to keep it from Lispenard, my dearest friend."

"Very well," she answered, with queenly graciousness; "then I will permit you to tell Mr. Lispenard; all the rest of the world must be kept in ignorance."

CHAPTER XIII.

A DISCOVERY.

Old Tom Dexter went over to Porgy Rock the morning after Esther Hart's marriage, and carried news of the same to Aunt Deb and gran'ther. Soon after he returned to the newly wedded pair, and made the following report:

"The old gal Debbie," and Tom turned the quid of tobacco facetiously in his leathery cheek, "just hollered out, 'I knowed Esther'd gone with him!' and then she threw her apron over her head, and groaned and rocked. and rocked and groaned a spell, and arter that she took to singing, 'Hark from the tombs a doleful sound, and *that* ended the matter with *her*. Gran'ther he was raging mad at first, but he kinder simmered down, too, and said that folks as married in haste was sure to repent at leisure. 'When Essie finds herself desarted, she may come back to the Light ag'in,' says he."

Fleetwood received this information with scorn, and Esther with indifference; and then the blissfully happy pair immediately banished Porgy Island and its inhabitants from their conversation and their thoughts.

Blissfully happy they were, indeed, there, at that little inn on the shore. Guy Fleetwood shut his eyes to past and future alike, and was more than content with the present. As for Esther, unspeakable depths of passion burned under all the pride and reserve of her character. She had found her master. She belonged now to him and he to her. The world was transfigured before her eyes—life was transfigured. This island girl, who had chafed at all dominion, now yielded without murmur to the greatest despot in the universe—Love.

A week passed away—seven days of Paradise on earth—during which time the foolish young pair talked only, thought only, of each other. Then came the thunderbolt out of a smiling, cloudless sky.

It was a delightful afternoon. Down on the long Cinderville beach, washed by the gray, racing tides, and deserted by everybody else, dawdled Esther Fleetwood and her bridegroom.

At the inn, people dined at high noon, and Fleetwood accommodated himself with perfect resignation to the hour. Indeed, dinner at any time was a trifling matter to him now—as were all other mundane things, save his love. He had been married a week, yet his infatuation had not decreased a whit—if possible, it controlled him more utterly than ever before.

His adoring eyes were upon her, as they sauntered along the Cinderville sands. She was all in gray, from head to foot. Exactly the same shade prevailed in her round hat and soft draperies, her long, wrinkled gloves, filmy vail and big silken parasol. The rich crimson breast of a bird set in the hat, made the only bit of brightness about her.

"My darling," said Fleetwood, "you are a perfect harmony in gray. Where did you acquire your excellent taste in dress? I have often been tempted to ask, because it seems to me an uncommon talent for this particular locality."

She smiled.

"I do not know—perhaps in the same place where I learned my geography and arithmetic—Barton Academy. The girls there used to talk a great deal about dress. Do you like this?" glancing down at her stylish draperies.

"Yes," he answered; "surely you cannot buy such things as these," lightly touching the lovely Paris gloves and the elaborately carved parasol, "in Cinderville or its environs?"

"Oh, no," she replied, quietly; "I always order all

that I wear from Portland. I love nice fabrics and pretty ornaments. Aunt Deb was constantly complaining because I spent so much money on my wardrobe."

She was as white as a calla lily, and her magnificent hair glistened under the gray hat, like a crow's wing; and oh, the great black, deer-like eyes uplifted to his own!—never, since the days of Cleopatra, had such eyes shone to lure man to destruction!

"Henceforth you shall spend what you will upon yourself," he said, with a lover's fondness, "and none shall complain. Thank Heaven! I am not a poor man, and beauty like yours, Esther, deserves a queen's robes. However, it seems to me," giving vent to a thought which had been for days in his mind, "that Aunt Deb and your grandfather were very liberal with you, considering their position on Porgy Rock."

She stared, then laughed.

"Aunt Deb—gran'ther! Why, they never gave me a dollar in my life! Surely you did not think that I was clothed and fed by *them?*"

"Yes, I certainly did," replied Fleetwood, bewildered; "who should provide for you, if not that pair?"

The tide had receded. This part of the beach was now dotted with gnawed and weedy brown rocks, each holding little hollows of salt water. On one of these Esther Fleetwood seated herself carelessly, and furled her big parasol. Her creamy skin needed no protection from the sun.

"Were it not for the haze, Guy," she said, quietly, "we might see Porgy Rock from this point. Who should provide for me, dear? There are relatives nearer than aunts and grandfathers, you know. I was left many years ago to the care of my dead mother's people, but not to their charity. The person who always paid my board at the lighthouse—who sent me to school—who gives me permission to dress in the best fabrics, and who has always filled my purse without stint is—my father.

"Your father!" echoed Fleetwood, blankly; "why, my darling, I did not know that such a being existed. I certainly never heard you speak of him before."

She smiled sweetly.

"Our acquaintance has been so very short, Guy! I dare say we have still many things to learn about each other."

He winced.

"Without doubt."

"Have I never before spoken of papa? You only are to blame for that—it is you who have driven him from my thoughts of late. Remember how few were my opportunities for conversation with you before our marriage, and since that event, all our talk has turned on one subject."

"True—our love for each other, Esther."

"Then, too, papa is very far away, and I have not seen him since my babyhood. Indeed, if he should appear before us here, at this very moment, he would be as great a stranger to me as to you. My mother died at my birth, and papa left me, an infant, with Aunt Deb, and went to seek his fortune in the West. He has found it in the silver mines of Colorado. Oh, Guy, look at the lovely little shells which the tide has washed into the crevices of this rock! Here's a sprawling jellyfish, too, and a piece of coral. The dear, beautiful sea! I am glad papa has never attempted to take me from it. I am sure that life at Leadville would not have pleased me at all."

She drew off her wrinkled, gray glove, and began to gather up the pretty shells from the salt pool in the rock. His eyes followed the movement, and a sudden startled cry broke from his lips. He seized her hand with unconscious force, and pointed to a band of gold on the first finger.

"For God's sake, tell me, Esther," he gasped, his handsome face growing as white as chalk, "*where did you get that ring?*"

She looked up quickly, startled by his violence.

"That ring? Oh, I got it, dear, from Leadville—from papa—he sent it to me only a few weeks ago. It is an odd little thing, is it not? An opal. Some people do not like opals—they are said to bring ill-luck to the wearer."

Sea and sky seemed dancing before Guy Fleetwood's eyes. A sickening thrill went over him.

"Will you permit me to examine it, darling?" he said, steadily.

She drew the fatal trinket from her hand. A thick band of gold, set with a big opal, and on the inner surface these words engraved: "*Sans Dieu rien.*" There could be no mistake. It was his mother's gift—the very ring of which that notorious outlaw, Black Dave, had robbed him months before, on the route of the Overland Mail Company. He returned it to his bride of a week, with a ghastly smile.

"And all the pretty trinkets that I have seen you wear, are they your father's gifts, also?"

"Certainly," she replied; "he sends me a great many ornaments—some of them very lovely—I have never worn half of them. I often wonder where he buys such charming things. This ring," slipping it again upon her finger, "I put on to-day to—to—please *you.* Here is another—a real diamond—this he sent me in his last letter—you do not notice this," in a surprised tone.

A strange, mirthless laugh escaped him.

"Yes, that is fine, but I do not admire diamonds, Esther. I want to ask you a question, and if you love me, answer me truly—don't look in my face, please—look off on the sea—I am not quite well—those old wounds received in the Far West, and about which I have told you, are troubling me to-day—now, my darling! *are you Concordia Tempest?*"

She seemed to detect the secret presence of tragedy. She arose involuntarily to her feet. Her great eyes opened wide.

"I?—oh, no!" with a shadow of a smile. "It seemed so very, very odd, Guy, that a person like you should be searching for the owner of that name at Cinderville. I was puzzled, and I wanted to tease you, so I did not tell you the truth, as I might have done—as, perhaps, I ought to have done. Concordia Tempest is—Aunt Deb! Cinderville people always call her Debbie Runnel—many, I dare say, suppose that to be her proper name, but she is only the stepdaughter of gran'ther—my mother was, of course, her half-sister. Now, Guy, dear, was it all a jest, or did you really come to Cinderville to find her (though when you two met at the Light, you did not recognize her, you know). And pray, pray what *could* you want of Aunt Deb?"

"Wait!" he gasped; "wait one moment. Does your father write letters to Aunt Deb, here at Cinderville?"

The surprise in her face grew and grew. What could ail her bridegroom? Had he—oh, frightful suspicion! Had he been *drinking?*"

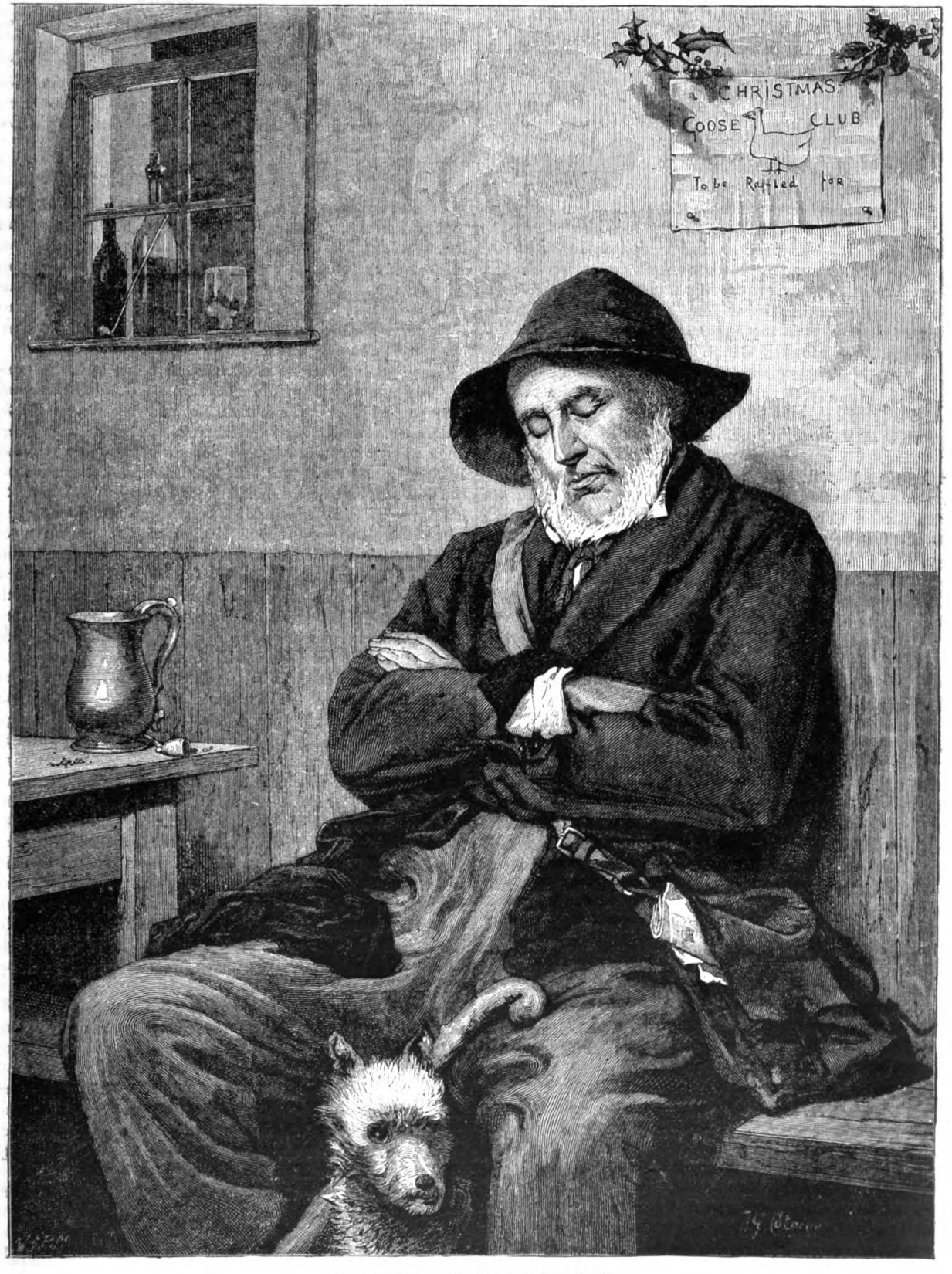
"Certainly. All letters for the Rock must come to Cinderville—it is the nearest mail-station, and papa sometimes incloses letters for me in the same envelope with those meant for Aunt Deb. For several days I have been wondering if he will be angry, when he hears of our marriage. I dare say Aunt Deb has already written him news of it. His letters to me are kind enough, but somehow—somehow—I feel half-afraid of my unknown father."

"A miner in Leadville!" stammered Fleetwood, in almost idiotic fashion. "Do you say he is a miner in Leadville?"

"Yes," she answered; "and I think he must be very rich. Men often make a great deal of money in the silver mines, do they not?" Fleetwood ignored the question. "Did you correspond with your father while you were at Barton Academy, Esther?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Did you, on one occasion, write thanking him for



POST HASTE.—DRAWN BY F. G. COTMAN.

some birthday-gift which he had sent you, and stating that your fellow students were envious of your good looks and fine clothes ?"

She meditated a moment, then demanded, in astonishment :

"How did you know that ?"

"I cannot tell you—it is a secret," he replied, then reeled back from her a step.

The hideous truth was now plain to him. His bride of a few blissful days, the beautiful wife that he had wooed and won so hastily, was no other than the daughter of Black Dave, the Colorado robber and outlaw !

CHAPTER XIV.

FORSAKEN.

And what had he, Guy Fleetwood, gentleman-born, become ? Son-in-law to the wretch who had hunted Hoxie, the herder, to death, for daring to open a letter which this very girl had written—son-in-law to a train-robber, a highwayman, whose crimes deserved a gallows ! This fair woman, standing before him, bone of his bone now, flesh of his flesh, was the daughter of Black Dave, but his innocent, unsuspecting daughter—let him not overlook that fact—ignorant of her father's terrible calling—ignorant of the manner in which he had acquired the money and the jewels that he had lavished upon her. Oh, could he, *must* he believe it ? There, on her hand, shone his lost ring. By what strange fatality had the outlaw sent that particular trinket to his far-away daughter ? She wore in the lace at her throat a bar of Roman gold set with rubies. From whom, and in what night attack, had Black Dave secured *that?* The red stones seemed turning to drops of blood before Fleetwood's eyes.

"Take them off, Esther !" he cried, wildly. "For God's sake take them off ! The rings—the jewels there at your throat—throw them into the sea !"

She stood up tall, white, astonished, but without a moment's hesitation she drew off the rings—his opal with the others—unclasped the ruby bar, and tossed all straight from her into the water.

"It is for you to command and for me to obey," she said, looking him full in his wild, strange eyes.

She was his wife ! Nothing could change that fact, or undo what had been done. In common decency he must hide the truth from her for a space. He tried to laugh.

"Pardon my whims. I dislike trinkets—if you love me, Esther, do not wear any more—none, at least, that your father has given you. By-the-way, you have not yet told me his name—Heaven above ! I mean his *real* name."

"His name is Hart, of course," she answered, in pained astonishment—"James Hart."

"Oh, ah ! I must not forget that I owe you some explanation about Aunt Deb. By chance I—I—learned that a person called Concordia Tempest existed in Cinderville. Having nothing better to do, I determined to find her. It was the name," with a queer laugh, "the name—nothing else, I assure you, that piqued my curiosity."

She looked at him very earnestly.

"How strangely you talk, Guy !" she said, with a quiver of pain in her voice ; "I fear you are ill !"

"I am !" he answered, incoherently. "Don't mind me. darling. I only am to blame for everything. You—oh, my God ! *you* are as innocent as a child new born !"

He caught her in his arms, kissed her wildly, passionately, then almost flung her from him.

"Let us go back to the inn," he suddenly cried, in a changed voice.

It was the first cloud which had fallen on their honeymoon. The tears sprang to her great, black eyes, but she was too proud to let them fall. They walked back to the inn in utter silence. Near its entrance lounged Tom Dexter, with his hands in his pockets, and the smell of desiccated fish adhering to his oily garments. As Guy Fleetwood passed by, the old fellow slipped into his hand a yellow envelope—Tom had just returned from Barton, the nearest telegraph-station.

Esther Fleetwood went up the painted inn-stair to her own room, none the less wretched because her trouble had not yet taken form or name—her husband of a week remained below, hastily tore open the yellow envelope and read these words :

"Your mother is dying. Come immediately. MAUD."

Ungrateful son that he was, he had known of his mother's serious illness for two long weeks, and yet had lingered here at Cinderville, wooing and wedding a bride. A pang of remorse stabbed through his heart. He loved his mother, and now she was dying. And Maud was with her—she had left Rookwood and her Massachusetts friends to hurry to her aunt's bedside, thereby putting to shame the willfully absent son.

Go to his mother he must, and at once, but what was to be done with his bride ? This shock, following so close upon the other which he had received on the beach, seemed doubly bewildering. Already the afternoon was on the wane. The nearest railway-station was Barton, ten miles distant. To reach it was an easy matter, but Esther—Esther ! Take her with him—present her to his dying mother, whose ideas regarding honor and good name were so pronounced that even the presence of death could not change them ? Introduce to *her* as her daughter-in-law, the child of a robber and murderer ? Confront Maud Loftus, at his mother's bedside, with such a wife ? Impossible ! He could not—he dared not ! His own courage refused to face the situation. He was panic-stricken, overwhelmed. He came of aristocratic English blood. He had been educated in all the peculiar ideas of his class. To him disgrace—crime—lawlessness—were things worse than death. Was there time to go over to Porgy Light and confront old Joe Runnel and his stepdaughter ? He felt convinced that those two worthies *must* know the real character of Esther's father, and the "silver mines" he was working. He looked at his watch. No, he could not, for then he would be obliged to tell Esther the infamous secret. And yet, how was he to live with her, and *not* tell her ? Should he suffer her to still correspond with Black Dave—to still receive from that monster of robbery and violence jewels and money stained with the blood of their lawful owners ? He grew sick with horror and disgust at the very thought. Such was the bitter fruit which Fleetwood's hasty marriage had already borne !

He did not meet Esther again till supper. Her self-possession was perfect. Neither by word nor look did she betray the miserable disgust that tormented her—there was something of the Spartan about Esther. Fleetwood was pale and *distrait*. He tried to talk, but in random fashion. She had seen Tom Dexter give him the telegram, but she disdained to ask questions. If her bridegroom chose to have secrets from her, she was certainly too proud to inquire into them.

So the meal passed. At its close Esther went back to her own chamber. With a formal bow, Fleetwood parted from her at the foot of the stair, and then strolled forth, calm as to outward appearance, but inwardly distracted, to smoke a cigar upon the beach.

Esther stood at her narrow window, herself unseen, and watched him pacing the gray shore, her heart sinking miserably the while. What could the matter be? Had he already ceased to love her? Was her beauty fading? Ah, she knew only too well that by her beauty she held him! Involuntarily she glanced toward a little glass on the wall. No! the flawless features, the creamy whiteness, the splendid lustre of eyes and hair were all unchanged. She could not fail to associate his altered manner with that conversation concerning her father and Aunt Deb on the beach; but what had she said there to agitate or enrage him? It was all very mysterious and very distressing. Alas for Esther.

Darkness gathered. By this time Fleetwood had flung away his cigar, and was lying flat on the sand, with small regard for his good clothes, staring out at sea and meditating on the situation. His thoughts, though unpleasant, were certainly absorbing. Hour after hour went by, unheeded. At last, his resolution was formed. With a sombre but determined face, he arose and went back to the inn.

Stopping only to give a hasty order to the landlord, Fleetwood hurried up the painted stair to Esther.

He found her sitting in a big, chintz-covered chair by the open window. The room was very still—the melancholy voice of the incoming tide alone sobbed through the half-open casement. A lamp burned on a tall, old-fashioned bureau in a corner. By its light Fleetwood approached his bride with bated breath.

She did not move nor speak. Her shining head, with its weight of silky hair, drooped, like some weary child's, against the bright chintz. She had been weeping, for the tears clung still to her black lashes, and her lovely mouth wore a grieved look. Her shapely hands had fallen listlessly on the lap of her gray dress. Esther was fast asleep.

He stood looking down upon her with a face as pale as ashes. Oh, the fatal beauty that had lured him to forget honor—Maud—kindred—everything! Never had he felt its power more strongly than at this moment! He was glad that she was unconscious—like all men he dreaded scenes. He seized pencil and paper, and while she slumbered on, dreaming, perhaps, of the happiness of yesterday, in great haste and with a shaking hand, Guy Fleetwood scribbled these incoherent words:

"A terrible mistake has been made, but how can I blame you for it? My mother is dying, and I must hasten to her without further delay. I am glad that I find you sleeping, because I am thus spared the anguish of a farewell. To take you with me is simply impossible. My mother, as I have told you, does not know of my marriage, and I feel compelled to spare her the knowledge of it now. God only knows what it costs me to part with you thus, for I love you—must always love you better than my own life, though you were ten times your father's daughter. Remain at this inn until I can return—until I can settle in my own mind the best course for us to pursue."

He placed his well-filled purse upon the tall bureau with this note, reserving for himself only money enough for his traveling expenses to Canada. Already he heard the carriage which was to convey him to Barton rattling under the inn window. He bent over his bride as she slept on, fair and unconscious—gazed upon her with wild, devouring eyes, as if to impress every line of that fatal beauty for ever on his memory—turned away, only to turn back and gaze again. Then he bent down, and with a stifled groan imprinted one last kiss on the sweet, unheeding lips, after which there was a sound of stealthy, retreating steps, the soft closing of a door, and Guy Fleetwood was gone from the old inn, and Esther, in her armchair by the window slept on, the bride of a week, but deserted now and alone.

CHAPTER XV.

LISPENARD'S SKELETON.

MIGNON'S secret was duly told to Maud Loftus, and the blonde Canadian embraced her friend and promised utter silence until such a time as Gilbert Vye should be heard from. And that same day there was a high tea at Abel Lispenard's great house across the river.

The two girls were to go, attended only by Aunt Elinor. Philip Vye and his son were in town. In the absence of her husband the mistress of Rookwood always brightened up remarkably. While a mulatto maid was making her toilet in her handsome dressing-room, previous to the departure of the trio, Mrs. Vye suddenly began to talk to the girls about Lispenard.

"His father was a born aristocrat," she said; "a man of great wealth and unbounded pride. There were but two children—a daughter of fabulous beauty—yes, really the loveliest creature I ever beheld, and this deformed boy, ten years or more the junior of his sister. It is said that she was her brother's idol—indeed, she was the idol of everybody who knew her."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Vye," pleaded Maud Loftus, eagerly, "pray tell us about that skeleton in Lispenard's closet. It will add new zest to the high tea at the tower to-day."

A shadow fell on Aunt Elinor's pale, meek face.

"Ah, I do not know about that, my dear; but it is a very old story now, and is often alluded to openly by Lispenard's friends. There can be no harm in relating it to you. At some fashionable boarding-school Lilian Lispenard met and became enamored of a foreign adventurer—a French teacher, I believe, and oh, my dears, he was a married man. Imagine the shame and horror of it! She eloped with him, and was disowned and disinherited by her angry father."

"Go on, pray go on!" urged Mignon, breathlessly, as Aunt Elinor paused.

"Well, Abel Lispenard was a mere boy, traveling abroad with his private tutor when the disgraceful event happened. Of course it was a terrible blow to the overweening pride of the family. Six months after his daughter's loss, the father died, bequeathing all his great wealth to his deformed son. The latter hurried home from Europe, and, young as he was, began straightway to search everywhere for his unhappy sister. Rewards were offered, advertisements inserted in all the newspapers of the day; but poor Lilian Lispenard did not come back to accept her half of the family fortune, which her brother swore she should receive, in spite of their father's will.

"She had been missing three long years. Lispenard lived on, Summer and Winter, at the Dale, with a few old family servants, waiting for her return. And one terrible December night, when the snow was falling, and the wind roaring, she crawled, like the guilty thing she was, wasted, wan and in rags, to the threshold of the great house, and fell there, senseless.

"What do you think Lispenard did? Took her up in his own arms, noble heart! and carried her into the home which she had disgraced and made desolate, and covered her with caresses. But already she was tearing her long hair in a paroxysm of madness. She never recognized him—never knew that she had reached the haven of his house and heart. From that hour till the day of her death, ten long years after, Lilian Lispenard was a maniac. She was very violent and dangerous at

times, but her brother would not suffer her to be sent from him. He kept her there in the tower with private attendants, and watched over her himself. His devotion was something wonderful. She died a few years ago, raving of a child which had been born of her miserable passion—a child of whose fate Abel Lispenard vainly sought in many ways to gain some reliable information—and the devoted brother closed the great house after her death, and went abroad, heart-broken."

"What became of the French adventurer?" queried Maud Loftus.

"I do not know, my dear—nobody knows. Of course, poor Lilian in her madness could tell nothing concerning him, neither could she relate the story of her wanderings and sufferings. Lispenard swore, long ago, to kill the man at sight; and as he is a crack shot and a person of prodigious strength in spite of his deformity, it will scarcely be safe for that wretched deceiver to ever encounter the injured brother.

"Abel Lispenard has been a reserved and lonely being since that sad time, devoted to books and music, grand and generous in his charities, foremost in all works that lead to the advancement of his race, but still a lonely, loveless man. It is supposed that he will never marry."

"I should think not!" said Mignon, with emphasis.

"My dear," replied Aunt Elinor, "uglier men than he have found wives. His face, certainly, is grand, and, from what I have told you, you can judge of his qualities of heart. His friends believe that he will make Victor Shirlaw, that gay, dashing soldier, his heir, though, as Lispenard himself cannot be much more than thirty, it seems rather premature to be talking now of such a thing. Without doubt, he is very fond of Shirlaw, who is a kinsman, somewhat remote. Now, my dears, I am sure I have given you plenty to think about when you sit drinking tea with Abel Lispenard to-day."

She had, indeed. Both girls were meditating upon the tragic story as they crossed the river to the great house with the octagonal tower.

They drank their tea, flavored with lemon and sugar, from a Russian samovar of magnificent workmanship, its lid of solid gold fairly incrusted with emeralds as big and bright as the eyes of the old Cyprus sea-gods. The whole house was a dream of splendor. Rookwood seemed to sink into insignificance by comparison. Old French porcelain, painted with portraits of once famous court-beauties, specimens of Moorish pottery, Dutch faience, ebony buffets inlaid with arabesques in red and yellow copper, carved oak presses with brass corners, Aubusson tapestries, brocades of royal richness, Venetian cabinets, paneled walls glimmering with priceless paintings, tiles from Persia and Holland, a gleam of ivory and steel, and strange carvings in unexpected nooks—these were some of the things that delighted Mignon at Lispenard's high tea.

Shirlaw came to meet her, his bold, gray eyes full of a language not hard to interpret. As yet he had said nothing to his host and kinsman. The lover's secret was still their own, for Maud Loftus betrayed no knowledge of it.

"My darling, my darling," Shirlaw found opportunity to whisper, as he stood by Mignon in the grand drawing-room, "do you know that you were made for a home like this? You belong naturally to all its luxury. And do you also know that you are pledged to follow the fortunes of a penniless soldier on the wild frontier, where hardships are plenty, and luxuries conspicuous by their absence?" The seal-brown eyes glanced up at him in a shy but serene way.

"I know," she answered, softly, eloquently.

The party was admirably selected, and not too large. In the midst of the high festivities of tea the conversation chanced to turn upon an eminent painter, just deceased.

"I possess an excellent specimen of his early work," said Lispenard; "one, I believe, of his best efforts. It is a portrait of my sister."

A curious little hush fell on the guests. As soon as it passed, and the cups and spoons began again to clatter, Mignon, who was seated near the host, said, boldly:

"I would like very much to see that portrait."

He turned and looked at her eagerly.

"It will give me great pleasure to gratify you," he answered.

Presently they moved away from the table. Most of the company remained in the drawing-room to inspect some rare curios. Mignon, Shirlaw and Nina Berkely were conversing together under a velvet portière, when Lispenard suddenly thrust the rich folds aside, and beckoned to them.

"Come," he said.

The trio followed him up a carved oak stair, lighted by a low, wide window draped in red silk. From the floor above the view of wood and distant hill-tops, and the winding Charles, was charming. Mignon involuntarily stopped at an oriel window to look forth.

"Do you admire it?" said Lispenard, pausing at her side, with his head reaching about to her shoulder.

"It is lovely," she answered; and then, sinking her voice below the hearing of the others, she added: "Mr. Lispenard, I fear it will give you pain to show that portrait to strangers—and if so, I would rather not see it. Indeed, I ought not to have mentioned such a thing."

A smile of singular sweetness appeared on his lips.

"It is impossible for me to think of pain in connection with *you*," he answered, "and as for the others, really, I do not mind the others."

They had reached the end of a long corridor. Here Lispenard took a key from his pocket, inserted it in a rosewood door hung on huge silver hinges, and by a silent gesture bade his guests follow.

The room within was a boudoir, luxuriously furnished, and full of a dim, religious light—decidedly a woman's room, for beautiful feminine nicknacks were lying everywhere about, as though the owner had but just left the place. At these trifles, however, Mignon did not look. Her eyes were caught and held suddenly by something hanging on the wall opposite a lace-draped window—the full length figure of a girl, in a gown of wine-dark velvet, with a great cluster of cream-tinted roses drooping from one slender hand.

What a face it was, and how skillfully the painter had limned its marvelous gift of beauty! The black, almond-shaped eyes looked out from the canvas with arch-meaning—surely no Eastern sultana ever possessed such splendid, seductive eyes! The face was like some rare cameo. Masses of raven hair crowned the perfectly poised head. There was a wonderful creamy throat, the shape of a Psyche, an inimitable hand like ivory, and an arm that might have been copied from a statue. Anything more unlike Lispenard himself could not well be imagined, and yet, one saw the family resemblance.

Dead silence reigned for some moments in the boudoir. Nobody spoke. All stood entranced before the portrait. Shirlaw, in particular, seemed greatly moved.

"I have been your guest many times, Lispenard," he said, resentfully, "why did you never permit me to see this picture before?"

ASK FOR IT PRETTILY!—BY J. LIPPS.

Abel Lispenard passed one hand wearily across his eyes.

"Because I could not, Victor," he answered. "This is the first time that any foot save my own has crossed this threshold since Lilian's death."

"Good Heaven! it is not a woman, but a goddess!" cried Shirlaw.

"Surely the artist loved his subject or he could not have painted her with such skill," mused Nina Berkely.

"True, the artist was her lover," replied Lispenard, in a hard, cold tone; "but he found no favor in her eyes. Even then she was under the accursed spell of the man with whom she fled from home and friends—the man who broke her heart and drove her mad. Behold the sequel to the youth, the happiness, the sumptuous life depicted on this square of canvas!"

He crossed the boudoir, flung open a door at its furthest end, and the little group looked through and saw another room, bare, unadorned, with padded walls and strong, plain furniture fastened securely to the floor, and iron bars guarding the one window. Horror! a maniac's cell!

"It all ended here!" said Lispenard, in a low, shaken voice.

He shut the door of communication betwixt the two apartments. Tears rushed to Mignon's eyes. She ran out into the corridor.

"We have no business in this place," she panted; "it is holy ground, and no stranger should dare intrude upon it."

Lispenard seemed to find her sympathy sweet. His stern, dark face softened.

"A thousand thanks," he murmured, and at that moment Mignon almost liked him.

"He must have been a wretch indeed, who could break the heart of such a woman," said Shirlaw; "I trust he is dead."

"That I do not know," replied Lispenard, sinking his voice ominously; "but one thing is certain, if he is above ground he will one day feel my vengeance!"

Mignon shuddered. In anger Abel Lispenard was surely a man to be feared.

That same night, after the guests had departed, Shirlaw and his host were lounging together in the billiard-room of the house. They had just finished a game, and the young captain, throwing down his cue upon the table, turned to the dwarf and said, briefly:

"Lispenard, it's all up with me, you know! At last I have met my fate."

Lispenard wheeled sharply around.

"Ah!"

"Cannot you guess, old man?" stammered Shirlaw, blushing like a schoolboy. "It is Mignon Vye, and she has promised to be my wife, though we do not care to make the matter public until her father has given his consent."

Lispenard breathed heavily.

"You have lost no time."

"True," replied Shirlaw, "why should I? Life—especially to a soldier on furlough—is too short to be spent in waiting. The divine passion is not the growth of any stated period. I love Mignon with all my heart, Lispenard, and she loves me. But, by Jove! I expect opposition, you know. They don't like me over there at Rookwood—the male Vyes, I mean. They tolerate me only because I am your guest, and they are under obligations to you, and so have to be civil. You have loaned Philip Vye money, old man; you need not deny it. I suspect that fellow Cyril has not yet given up the purpose of winning Mignon himself, confound the impudent rascal! He isn't fit to so much as *think* of her."

Lispenard was strangely pale, and the lines in his face had somehow sharpened.

"You love her—she loves you," he said, quietly; "surely that is as it should be. I congratulate you, Victor; yes, I wish you great joy."

"Much obliged, old chappie," said Shirlaw. His gray eyes were bright with happiness. He had the gay, light air of a boy. "Now, can I rely upon you to aid me in my suit?"

"To the utmost!"

"Thanks. I dare say I shall need your help. Philip Vye will be sure to put all sorts of obstacles in my way. He is deucedly sly—I do not trust him."

"Nobody trusts him, Victor," replied Lispenard, in a fatigued voice. "Have you written to your mother and sisters?"

"Not yet. They are absorbed in the gayeties of Saratoga, and the news will keep. Mignon, with her wealth and social position is sure to meet with their approbation. Yes, without doubt the mater and the girls will receive her with open arms."

"I should think so!" growled Lispenard; "Miss Vye is a fit mate for a king!"

"It's very good of you to say that," said Shirlaw, airily; "I rejoice that you, my best friend, are well pleased with the match."

Lispenard turned his heavy bulk, and looked at the young fellow in a stern, strange way.

"Who said I was well pleased? You jump too quickly at conclusions, Victor. Do you really flatter yourself that you are Mignon Vye's equal!"

"Well, not in money matters," acknowledged Shirlaw, dubiously; "I've little or nothing apart from my pay. My mother and sisters absorb the family income."

"Pshaw! I was not thinking of money matters—in other ways, Victor; in other ways."

"Physically, at least, you have hinted that I might be," laughed Shirlaw, with a sort of boyish vanity.

Lispenard waddled heavily up to the young fellow, and grasped him by the sleeve.

"Yes, physically," in a bitter tone, "you will do! You ought to thank God that you were not cut after *my* pattern. But in heart, in natural temperament, Victor, I mistrust you! I love you, but I also mistrust you. Now, have you won that girl's heart to make heaven in it, or to break it? If the latter, I shall be tempted to kill you!"

Shirlaw opened wide his bonny gray eyes.

"By Jove! old chap, I never posed for a heart-breaker. I am no gay deceiver."

"That may be, but you are careless, and unstable, and fickle, Victor."

"Perhaps," said Shirlaw, coloring a little. "You are handling me without gloves, are you not? Never mind, I like my friends to be candid. I have won Mignon to make her happy—to devote my whole future to her, to adore her, and no other, till my dying day!"

"If that is your purpose, Victor, God bless you!" said Lispenard, and he walked from the room without another word.

Shirlaw, left alone, drew out a cigar, and proceeded to light it leisurely. He had puffed but a moment or two at the weed when a sudden whirlwind of violin-music came rushing to his ears. He listened.

Weird, wonderful, heart-breaking, the notes poured in from the adjoining room. They sobbed and exulted and died. They arose ecstatic to heaven, and fell, shudder-

ing, down gulfs of wailing despair. Shirlaw knew all his friend's moods—he could never mistake the fiery utterances of that violin.

"Something has gone wrong with him," he thought; "he is always away down in the depths when he plays like that."

He rushed to the door through which Lispenard had vanished. As he pushed it back, he saw the dwarf sitting in a low chair under a cluster of rose-colored lights, that seemed, somehow, to cast a ghastly hue upon his face. His head drooped over his violin. The lips were set, as if in pain. So absorbed was he in his weird, poignant music that he paid no heed to Shirlaw till the latter burst out:

"Halloo! old man, is that a dirge for the dying?"

Lispenard dropped his magic bow.

"Some part of us, Victor, is constantly dying—not our physical being only, but our hopes, our joys, our ambitions, our idols. Well, a hope that is too presumptuous for life deserves to die; a joy that dares not encounter the light of day, or the knowledge of men, has no business to live. Come, you have something more to say to me—what is it?"

With the selfishness of youth, which thinks only of its own pain and pleasures, Shirlaw answered:

"I say, Lispenard, my prospects for promotion are not very brilliant just now, you know. It's plain that I shall have to wait a weary while before I can marry Mignon. More than likely her father will require that much of me. Ah, old fellow," glancing significantly around the sumptuous room, "I am very near envying you to-night!"

Lispenard looked hard at the younger man standing there before him, so tall and brown, so full of dashing, arrogant beauty.

"You do not know what you say, Victor," he answered, quietly. "Never be tempted, under any circumstances, to envy *me!* Now listen. She shall not wait through weary years for her happiness—that girl, I mean. Hope deferred, you know, maketh the heart sick. You are my future heir—I have told you as much before—my nearest and dearest, Victor, and when I die, all that I have will be yours. Leave me to settle any money question that may arise betwixt you and Miss Vye's father. Rest assured that no matter of dollars and cents shall stand between her and the man she has chosen—I mean between you and your heart's desire, lad."

Most winning and gracious was the face he lifted to Shirlaw. It was very pale still, but something grand shone in it. Shirlaw, by no means a callous fellow, was deeply touched.

"I your heir!" he stammered; "good gracious, Lispenard, you may marry some day and have children——"

The dwarf's face changed.

"Never," he said, sternly. "Take no further thought for your future, Victor. Be happy. If I have any power in the matter, your marriage with Miss Vye shall bo speedily and satisfactorily arranged."

Shirlaw grasped his friend's hand and shook it heartily.

"By Jove! Lispenard, you are the most generous fellow in the world—yes, 'pon my soul, there isn't another like you under the sun."

CHAPTER XVI.

A FEW DAYS.

In a letter to her absent father Mignon Vye related the story of her brief acquaintance with Shirlaw, confessed their mutual love, spoke of the opposition which she expected to meet from her Uncle Philip, and begged the far-off cattle king to give immediate consent to her open engagement with the young soldier.

The letters at Rookwood usually passed through the hands of Philip Vye. With a growing distrust of her uncle, Mignon determined that he should not so much as look upon this precious, this all-important message to her father, so she donned her outer garments, and stole away to post it herself.

Maud Loftus was reading aloud to Aunt Elinor in the latter's dressing-room. Mignon thought it best not to disturb her. Philip Vye and his son were, as she supposed, at their law office in town. With a light step she descended to the lawn. The post-office was a half mile away. She crossed the long garden, and was just pushing through a narrow gate into the open high road, when she heard a pursuing step and then a voice.

"Whither so fast, *belle cousine?*" said Cyril Vye; "and all alone, too!"

"I am going to the Dale post-office," answered Mignon, coldly; "and to be alone is far better than to endure undesirable company."

"I suppose that shot was meant for me," said Vye, fixing his glass carefully in his eye; "but I shall not take offense—I am in a pacific mood to-day—I wish to do you a real service."

She saw that he was looking hard at the letter in her hand, and she gave it a little defiant pat.

"You wish to do me a real service," she echoed, drily; "what *can* you mean by that?"

If he was striving to establish confidential relations with her, this beginning was not promising. However, he went on, undaunted:

"Mignon, there is a certain person of whom you are very fond, you know."

She started, coloring guiltily, then met his pale, weak eye, and grew composed again.

"Y-e-s—certainly."

"I mean your father."

"Oh! I *adore* papa, of course."

She stopped short on the open highway with a protesting air.

"Whither are *you* going, Cyril Vye?" she demanded.

"To the Dale post-office," he answered, coolly. "I will walk with you. That letter which you carry must be particularly precious, since you dare not trust my father, who has always taken charge of those things, to post it."

"It *is* very precious," she answered; "it holds a great secret."

She walked on with a disdainful air, her lovely head held high. A baleful gleam shot into his jealous eyes.

"Mignon, I have been very good of late, have I not? I have not intruded upon you in any way, eh? You see I am trying patiently to conquer your cruel prejudices. Ah, your eyes begin to flash! You will not tolerate a word from me upon this subject? Well, then, let us talk about your father. Recently I have had our cattle-king in mind a good deal. He must lead a very lonely life in your long absence, Mignon. By-the-way, who has charge of his household?"

Surprised at the question, Mignon answered, coldly:

"An old Mexican woman ruled the kitchen when I was a child—Melita was her name. I dare say she is still there."

"Of course your father tells you about the routine of his daily life—his occupations, and all that?" said Vye, blandly. "You get particulars of everything going on in your old home, eh?"

"Papa does not live by routine, and he writes always like a man and not like a woman. No, he gives me very few particulars, indeed."

"Possible? Do you like that?"

"I like whatever papa likes—he suits me in everything."

A wicked smile curled the red mustache.

"Did it ever occur to you, Mignon, that things may have changed somewhat since you left the West?"—that your father may not be precisely the same man that he was eight years ago?"

"No," she answered, scornfully, "nothing of the kind has ever occurred to me. Papa not the same? Ridiculous! What do these questions mean, sir?—to what are they leading? I am sure *you* have no particular interest in papa."

"I have a great interest in papa's daughter. Not even Victor Shirlaw has more. Don't frown. I told you just now that I wanted to do you a service. As a lawyer, it is part of my business to make discoveries. I have lately stumbled upon one of a startling nature, and it concerns you very closely. Mignon, your father—the father whom you adore—is in deadly peril!"

At last he was master of the situation. Her eyes dilated, her face grew scared and white.

"You say this to frighten—to torment me, Cyril!" she gasped. "Papa in peril? Of what nature, and how do *you* come to know of it—you, who hold no communication with him?"

"Oh, your father is scarcely the person to tell what I chance to know," he answered, airily. "I assure you, the discovery was made through another source. I will explain everything, Mignon, but only on one condition. I wish to serve you, but I expect and insist upon receiving a suitable reward—I cannot afford to act unselfishly in this matter. Your father can be saved from the danger that threatens him by a word of warning. I am the only person who can give that word, and it depends entirely upon you whether it shall be given or withheld."

She began to understand him. The color flew back to her face.

"You mean ——?"

"I mean that you must permit me to love you, Mignon," he answered, frankly. "Yes, you must look, not only with toleration, but absolute favor, on my suit, or you will find me transformed into an enemy powerful enough to crush both you and your father! When I first spoke to you of love, I did not possess the weapon which I now hold—it was then safe, my dear cousin, for you to defy me—now it is not!"

Luckily the Dale post-office was just before her. She turned upon her companion like a young queen.

"I do not believe one syllable that you have spoken!" she said. "This is simply some ruse by which you think to force yourself again on my notice. It is not possible that *you* could help or hurt my father, even if he *was* in danger. But he is not. It is all a falsehood! He is strong, rich and powerful, and far beyond your reach, Cyril Vye," with scorn unspeakable in voice and eyes alike, "I will talk with you no more—I *am done with you!*"

At that moment her letter chanced to slip from her hold to the ground. He snatched it up, but did not restore it to her.

"My fair, incredulous cousin," he hissed, "your father is *not* beyond my reach. I can destroy him, if I will! I can bring him to a fearful death—I can also strip you of wealth, good name, social position—yes, of the very last rag of respectability—I can overwhelm you with such black disgrace that Victor Shirlaw, with all his love—all his admiration for your beauty, will fly from you in horror. Yes, and this I *will* do—I swear it! unless you take back every unkind word you have said to me. Come, *belle cousine*, what is the secret that you have sealed up in this envelope?"

"Give it to me!" she cried, imperatively, holding out her hand.

"At some future time, maybe," he answered, with an exasperating smile, and put the letter in his pocket.

This was more than Mignon could bear. She cast one swift look around, and saw a handsome trap just dashing up to the Dale post-office. Down from it hopped Abel Lispenard. Mignon rushed impetuously up to him, her lovely eyes suffused with indignant tears.

"Help me!" she panted. "Oh, Mr. Lispenard, help me! Cyril Vye has taken, and is holding, my letter—he will not give it back."

Lispenard walked quickly up to Vye.

"Be so good as to restore Miss Mignon's property at once!" he said.

The two men looked at each other. Dwarfed as Lispenard was in stature, there was yet a powerful suggestion of reserved strength about him. Cyril Vye grew as red as a turkey-cock.

"Suppose I do not choose to do so at *your* bidding?" he answered, insolently.

"Then," replied Lispenard, "I shall take means to compel you."

"My cousin, it seems, does not understand a jest," fumed the lawyer, as he rudely tossed the letter back to Mignon; "and, as for you, Abel Lispenard, when I seek a quarrel, it shall be with a man and not a monstrosity."

He turned on his heel and walked away. Mignon ran to Lispenard, the angry crimson flaming in her cheek.

"The brute—the coward!" she stormed. "But for me, he would not have spoken to you like that. Forgive me, Mr. Lispenard. I am sorry—so sorry, that I exposed you to his insults!"

"My dear child," answered Lispenard, quietly, "do not distress yourself in the least. Such things, coming from a man like Cyril Vye, cannot hurt much."

But Mignon's righteous wrath would not be so easily allayed.

"I know how it is," she cried; "he is under obligations to you, and were I in your place, I would *crush* him—I would, indeed!"

He kept a calm, smiling front.

"I am sure you would do nothing of the kind, Miss Vye—you are generous enough to forgive a petty affront. Now, lest he should annoy you further, will you permit me to take you home to Rookwood in my trap?"

She had always felt a certain terror in his presence. It assailed her now, and set her stammering:

"No, thank you—I am not afraid of Cyril." Then she added, sweetly: "Believe me, Mr. Lispenard, I am very, very grateful for your kindness," and darted into the office to mail her letter. When she came forth, Lispenard and the trap had vanished.

Mignon went back to Rookwood, agitated with strange fears and forebodings. Her father in peril of his life? No, it could not be! It was all a miserable fabrication, framed to frighten and mislead her. She would not give it a moment's credence. Cyril Vye had accomplished nothing by his duplicity except to increase her destation of him.

There was a water-party on the river that day, and a gypsy tea in a chestnut wood on the bank. Reginald Berkely and Shirlaw burnt their awkward fingers in

"TALLY HO! OFF WE GO!"—FROM THE WATER-COLOR PICTURE BY FRANK DADD.

making a fire, and the tea had a smoky flavor; but the sandwiches and cold chicken and English game pie were faultless, and of merriment there was no lack. The graver portion of the company clustered around Abel Lispenard. Nina Berkely, full, as usual, of sighs and yearnings for the impossible, flitted hither and thither, still intent upon making eyes at the deformed aristocrat. A score of young people were present, but preëminently the belle of the occasion, the bright, particular star of the gypsy tea was Mignon.

Twilight gathered in the chestnut grove. Shirlaw, picturesque, handsome, sat upon the trunk of a fallen tree playing upon a little mandolin, to which the whip-poor-wills in the distant wood responded at intervals.

"My darling," he found time to murmur to Mignon, "I told Lispenard our secret, and he behaved superbly. Personally, I know, he is very repellent to women, but try and like him a little for my sake."

"I begin to like him for his own sake," answered Mignon, and then she related the incident of the morning.

"Noble old chap!" said Shirlaw. "I know he has loaned your uncle large sums, but he will take no revenge on Cyril, he is quite above such things. As for that nonsense about your father, do not give it a thonght, my darling, and if your cousin dares to annoy you further, I shall take the liberty to settle with him myself."

Lispenard's gondola led the way homeward along the rippling, starlit Charles. Mignon and Shirlaw occupied seats therein. The afterglow made flecks of gold and crimson light upon the restless current. In the distance the bells of Cambridge and Watertown rang like dream-music. Nina Berkely, seated on a pile of crimson cushions, with a Spanish mantilla flung over her brunette head, played a guitar with excellent effect. Maud Loftus sang a Canadian boat-song, and presently another voice arose there in the soft darkness—a tenor, sweet as the starlit Summer night, strong as the rush of the river. And this is what it sang:

"'From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We, thank, with brief thanksgiving,
Whatever gods there be—
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
That e'en the weariest river
Will find the restful sea.'"

Mignon started and looked around. The voice seemed to go through her like a sword.

"Who is that?" she said, awe-struck, to Shirlaw.

"Oh, that's Lispenard," he answered. "Good voice. Music is a passion with him. He might be famous if he would."

"He takes my breath!" she shivered, in a sort of nameless rapture.

The boats went on; the river murmured softly; the Cambridge bells rang on in the dusky distance; the big stars throbbed in the purple sky. Oh, the fragrance of vagrant winds, and the mystery of shadow and silence; and oh, the happy love folded in Mignon's heart like perfume in a flower as she sat there, with Shirlaw by her side; his gray eyes on her face, his tender voice in her ear, his strong hand closing unseen around the white fingers that she was dabbling in the water.

Luckily the other members of the party paid little heed to the young pair. In all her life would Mignon Vye ever be so happy again?

"It is a foretaste of heaven!" muttered Shirlaw. "My darling, would it not be blessed to go on for ever like this?"

"It would be very damp," replied Mignon, lightly; but her long lashes were heavy with tears.

When Mignon reached Rookwood with Maud Loftus, she found Philip Vye moving restlessly about the drawing-room. In a deep chair under a gas-jet crouched Aunt Elinor, with her trembling fingers twisted in a bit of embroidery. As Mignon hurried up to her the unhappy lady made a quick but ineffectual attempt to conceal her hands under her work, and then Mignon saw that the frail wrists were all swollen and livid, and spotted with the ugly purple print of violent fingers.

"Aunt Elinor," said Mignon, "whatever is the matter with your poor wrists?"

Before his wife's pale lips could frame a word, Philip Vye broke forth gayly:

"Heaven bless me! my dear Mignon, how radiant you look! I need not ask if you and our fair Canadian friend have enjoyed the river. How good it is to be young! There is really nothing in life that one can call pleasure after five-and-twenty. Your Aunt Elinor's wrists? Oh, she has been twisting her embroidery silks too tightly about them, that is all."

Aunt Elinor never lifted her eyes.

"Yes, that is all," she echoed, faintly.

"I suppose you did not miss Cyril from your water-party?" continued Philip Vye. "He has been called to New York on pressing business. You will not see him again for the present."

"I am very glad of that, Uncle Philip," said Mignon, frankly.

"Cruel child! Your aunt is greatly disturbed by his sudden departure."

Mignon learned over the deep chair, and whispered, softly:

"I understand it all, Aunt Elinor. You condemn Cyril for still tormenting me, and Uncle Philip pinches and abuses you for daring to lift a voice in my behalf. Oh, you poor dear! I am so sorry that you are made to suffer for my sake!"

But Elinor Vye worked the faster at her colored silks, and did not lift her head or answer a word.

Following close upon the water-party came a hop at the Berkely mansion in the Dale. It was Mignon's first ball. She wore a dress of moonlight-blue faille, looped with long sprays of sweet-brier. Maud Loftus, in pale pink, with her corsage full of fluted laurel blossoms, made a charming picture. No jealous fears concerning Guy Fleetwood tormented her this night. Stumbling upon Abel Lispenard in the embrasure of a window, she seated herself by his side.

"We will be lookers-on in Venice," she said, gayly.

"I am always a looker-on," answered Lispenard, with a grave smile; "but this is no place for you, Miss Loftus. You should be dancing."

"I prefer a little rational conversation with a superior mind, as Nina Berkely would say. Yonder go Mignon and Shirlaw. Is she not lovely to-night?"

"Miss Vye is always lovely."

"Pray look! She was surely made to waltz with Shirlaw. What perfect poetry of motion! I could watch them for ever."

His dark volcanic eyes followed Maud's, and rested on the lovely shape in moonlight-blue as it swayed through the dance in the arms of Shirlaw. The pair were utterly absorbed in each other. He marked their tell-tale glances, their happy whispers, their dreamy smiles. Was the sight pleasant to this lonely man, shut out for ever from the destiny of his kind?

Directly a Cambridge student whirled Maud Loftus

away, but a little later Elinor Vye glided into the embrasure, and took the fair Canadian's vacant chair.

Absorbed in watching the dancers, Lispenard nodded silently to her. With his broad, short figure half concealed behind a satin-damask curtain, he kept his eyes fixed with a greedy, overpowering gaze on Shirlaw and Mignon.

"I hope their joy may last," sighed Elinor Vye; "but it will not—no, it can not."

"It must—it shall!" Lispenard groaned; "at any cost she shall be happy!"

Elinor Vye leaned forward in a startled way, and peered into the dwarf's face. This weak, down-trodden woman had sharp eyes.

"Mignon compels all hearts to love her," she faltered; "she was born to make or mar the peace of many."

"True!" he answered, bitterly; "too true!"

Her thin, jeweled hands closed together convulsively. He knew for what purpose she was searching his sombre face, and he turned from her abruptly, unable to bear her scrutiny.

"God help you, Mr. Lispenard!"—Elinor Vye breathed rather than spoke; then she sank back behind the curtain, and the orchestra crashed, the ballroom lights flashed merrily, and the dance went on, as though there was neither sorrow, nor sacrifice, nor despair in the world.

The belle of the evening was Mignon. It surely was no fault of the brilliant company that the girl's golden head was not quite turned with flattery this night. The wee sma' hours had come. Mignon had just left the clustered lights, the gold and silver and crystal, the terrapin and truffles, and Bordeaux and spiced meats and confections, of the supper-room behind her, and was passing along a flower-wreathed corridor with Shirlaw, when some one in ambush there whisked her suddenly away from her lover, and straight through the open door of a conservatory. It was Reginald Berkely, dark, bilious, melancholy, with a bunch of daffodils stuck in the button-hole of his cut-away coat, and his soul on fire with secret agitation.

"Do you like to be admired?" he demanded, resentfully, as he drew Mignon, an unwilling and indignant captive, into the solitude of the palms and orchids, and tiny tinkling fountains.

"Certainly," she answered; "I should be very stupid if I did not!"

"It is sacrilegious—it is offensive to my very soul—I cannot, will not bear it!" he cried. "Mignon, I love—nay, I adore you! Here is my hand, spoiled beauty—will you take or reject it?"

He thrust out the member in question—a limp, flabby, nerveless affair. Mignon drew back.

"I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. Berkely, but oh, dear! I could not think of taking it—no, indeed, you are too generous."

And, then, overcome by his melancholy, crow-like aspect, she burst into an hysterical laugh.

He stared at her gloomily.

"So fair and yet so heartless!" he cried. "You laugh while your lovers weep! You dance while they sit in sackcloth and ashes! Nemesis will yet find you out! Tell me, is my adoration altogether in vain?"

"Decidedly!" gasped Mignon.

He bent and pressed his burning lips upon her bare white arm.

"Matchless flesh," he muttered, "but soulless—preeminently soulless! Adieu, Galatea! upon whom no Pygmalion has yet breathed."

And with his hand to his heart, he darted through the palms and daphnes and broad-leaved aloes, and vanished.

Mignon ran to the door of the conservatory, and there encountered Maud Loftus, fresh from the light and merriment of the ballroom, but wearing a pale, frightened face, and holding in her hand an open telegram.

"Oh, Mignon!" she gasped, "a servant has just brought this from Rookwood. I must go—I must leave you. Aunt Fleetwood—Guy's mother is—dying, and I am called at once—at once—to Canada!"

CHAPTER XVII.

AT THE INN.

ESTHER slept on till midnight; then, with her husband's name on her lips, she awoke to find herself alone, forsaken.

At first she could not comprehend it.

"Guy!" she called, like a frightened child. "Oh, Guy, where are you?"

But there was no answer. Guy, by that time, was journeying swiftly toward Canada. She read the message he had left—it seemed mysterious and cruel. Some of the lines were as Sanscrit to this deserted bride—for instance, what did he mean by saying that he should love her, though she were ten times her father's daughter? Why did he object to her unknown—her far-away miner-father? And what was the great mistake which had been made?

His mother was dying, and he had gone to her; but, oh, that he should go in this way, and with this strange, incoherent farewell! And how indefinitely he spoke of his return! As she stood in that lonely chamber, trying to comprehend the full measure of her trouble, a foreboding of evil, sharp, agonizing, seized upon Esther, and forced a bitter cry from her lips.

"He will never come back! He has ceased to love me—he will never come back!"

Then she grew ashamed of her own weakness. Did she not love him more than life, and could she not trust him? Surely he would return soon and explain everything. Meanwhile she must be patient.

She *was* patient. For the first week she waited quietly at that old inn; but no message, no token of remembrance came from the absent bridegroom.

Upon the arrival of the stage from Barton, the post-office, in the old fish-house down the street, became the daily recipient of a mail. Esther was always on the spot when the leather bag was tossed down to the gruff postmaster; but day after day that grizzled official poked his head through a hole in the wall and called out "Nothin'!" in answer to her brief inquiry. Esther would then lower her vail and walk quickly away.

The second week, however, matters grew worse. Her handsome face put on a sharpened, rigid look. She did not eat or sleep. A feverish restlessness got possession of her. The people at the inn began to watch her with curious eyes.

One day she went, as usual, to the fish-house, and this time the gruff postmaster thrust out to her through the hole a letter. With a cry of joy she seized it, tore it open and read:

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER—I hope to see you soon——"

In the anguish of this disappointment, her sight failed. She stripped the sheet to atoms, and tossed it, unread, upon the Cinderville beach. It was not her father that she hungered to see—not her father from whom she longed to hear. She started blindly back to the inn. To-morrow would complete the second week of his

absence. In a turn of the village street she met old Tom Dexter.

"Your parding, ma'am!" he said, pulling at his battered hat—he had grown very deferential to Esther since her marriage with Fleetwood. "Any news from your husband this mornin'?"

"No, Tom," she answered.

He shuffled uneasily about for a few moments, then blurted out:

"There's bad news jest come from the lighthouse, ma'am. Your gran'ther went out in his boat yesterday, and there was a squall, and he was capsized, all in sight of the Light, and drowned. Rube he happened to go over to the rock last night with supplies, which was mighty lucky for your Aunt Deb. He staid all night and tended the lamp for her. She sent him back this morning to tell you the news."

She felt a great thrill of horror.

"Where is Rube?" she cried.

"Down at the wharf," answered old Tom, "getting ready to sail back to the Rock. He's a-going to keep the Light till somebody can be properly app'inted."

"He must take me with him!" said Esther, and, pale and breathless, she flew to the old wharf and sprang into Rube Dexter's boat, much to the astonishment of Rube himself, who stared at her as though she was a spirit.

"I cannot wait to ask your permission," she cried, hysterically; "I *must* go without delay to Aunt Deb."

"You're welcome to a sail with me," stammered Rube.

OPHELIA.

He had not seen her since her marriage, and something in her beauty now filled him with awe and wonder. His bruised and aching heart swelled with wrath against the man who had won this pearl of the island from the native youths who vainly panted to possess it. Out shot the boat from the shore.

"Old Joe Runnel went off the hooks sudden like," broke out Rube, at last. She nodded, but did not answer.

"He missed you mightily after you ran away from the Rock. You made a hasty match, Miss Esther. Maybe 'twould have been as well for you if you'd have taken up with one of your Cinderville lovers, who would not have skipped and left you at the end of a week,"

A streak of red shot into her white cheek and then faded, leaving her paler than before.

"Mr. Fleetwood has been called to Canada by the death of a relative," she answered, with stern dignity. "How dare you speak of your superiors in that way, Rube Dexter? Left me? It is a lie!"

The bitterness of a disappointed lover was rankling in his heart. He trimmed his sail and answered, stubbornly:

"Cinderville folks are beginning to talk."

"Cinderville folks!" she echoed, with a grand disdain. "Let them! their gossip can matter little to my husband or to me."

"They say he's run off and forsook you for good."

She gave him a look that made him quail.

"Enough, Reuben Dexter!" she answered; "if you

FLOWER O' THE PEACH.—"I SAW THE GREAT ROCK POISED ABOVE HER TREMBLE IN ITS BED, SLOWLY SWAYING TO ITS FALL. AND SHE WAS IN ITS PATH!"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

speak another word to me I will capsize your cat-boat."

Rube, terrified, relapsed into silence, and maintained the same till he made the landing at the Rock. She arose then, grand as Elizabeth Tudor at the Tower-stair, and stepped ashore, flying rather than walking up the rocky path to the house.

(*To be continued*).

MONK FELIX.

One morning, all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving, as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the monk Felix. All about,
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the Summer air;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The twilight was like the Truce of God
With worldly woe and care;

* * * * *

These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand;
A volume of Saint Augustine,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendors of God's great town
In the unknown land,
And, with eyes cast down,
In humility, he said:
"I believe, O God,
What herein I have read;
But, alas! I do not understand."

And lo! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet and clear and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing,
And the monk Felix closed his book,
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song,
And scarcely breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet
Fall on the golden flagging of the street.
And he would fain
Have caught the wondrous bird,
But strove in vain;
For it flew away, away,
Far o'er hill and dell;
And, instead of its sweet singing,
He heard the convent-bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
And he retraced
His pathway homeward sadly, and in haste.

In the convent there was a change!
He looked for each well-known face,
But the faces were new and strange:
New figures sat in the oaken stalls
New voices chanted in the choir;
Yet the place was the same—
The same dusky walls
Of cold gray stone,
The same cloisters and belfry and spire.
A stranger and alone
Among that brotherhood
The monk Felix stood.

"Forty years," said a Friar,
"Have I been Prior
Of this convent in the wood,
But for that space
Never have I beheld thy face!"

The heart of the monk Felix fell;
And he answered, with submissive tone:
"This morning, after the hour of Prime,
I left my cell
And wandered forth alone,
Listening all the time
To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful white bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers
It was as if I dreamed;
For what to me had seemed
Moments only had been hours!"

"Years!" said a voice close by.
It was an aged monk who spoke.
From a bench of oak
Fastened against the wall;—
He was the oldest monk of all.
For a whole century had he been there,
Serving God in prayer,
The meekest and humblest of his creatures.
He remembered well the features
Of Felix, and he said,
Speaking, distinct and slow:
"One hundred years ago,
When I was a novice in this place,
There was here a monk, full of God's grace,
Who bore the name
Of Felix, and this man must be the same."
And straightway
They brought forth to the light of day
A volume old and brown,
A huge tome bound
In brass and wild-boar's hide,
Wherein were written down
The names of all who had died
In the convent since it was edified.
And there they found,
Just as the old monk said,
That on a certain day and date,
One hundred years before,
Had gone forth from the convent-gate
The monk Felix, and never more
Had entered that sacred door.
He had been counted among the dead!
And they knew, at last,
That, such had been the power
Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long
As a single hour!

FLOWER O' THE PEACH.

By Elinor Brooke.

"Aren't you going to dress, Margaret?"

The August afternoon rustled with south wind, the shadows of the elms drifted across the lawn. I lounged on the steps of the east porch, as listless of mind as of body, and Ross sat two steps above me. My clothes and the way I wore them were a standing grievance to Ross.

"Do I need it?" I asked, idly.

He disdained reply. I had spent almost the whole day on an island in the harbor. The salt wind had burned my face and tossed my hair, sea-water and sea-sand clung to my shabby boots and the hem of my garments.

"Miss Carew will be here in half an hour," trying hard to make the remark a suggestion and not a reproach.

A carriage turned into the drive.

"She is here already, I think," I said, calmly. The calm was born of desperation. I really did not care, since she was a stranger and my father's ward.

I received her there and then. She had come by train instead of by steamer, she explained.

Her dress, of silvery gray, was fastidiously simple in detail. She was daintily sweet and fresh, as if just out of her dressing-room, instead of at the end of twelve hours' railway travel.

She came down to dinner in a soft, white dress, with shining pale-pink about her neck and shoulders. Ross glanced from her to me, and all at once my black dress—black grenadine saves so much trouble—was unsuitable and uncomfortable.

She had a pink-and-white face—not a baby-face—straight, grave features, with dimples to relieve their gravity, and shining brown hair that lay back from her square forehead in a loose mass that seemed always ready to fall and never loosened a strand. She had the directness and simplicity of speech of a child—a sober, and not a kitteny, child.

It was one of my dumb days. I ate my dinner and was silent. My father and Ross entertained her.

Afterward, in the evening, when the fishing-lights were swinging out in the dark, and the great soft star of the lighthouse was burning on the edge of the sky, we were all outdoors. I sat just where I had sat in the afternoon, and Ross was talking to her as they leaned over the railing above me. Between their sentences came up the sound of the small, tumultuous river rushing out with the tide. She was inland bred, and it was all new to her.

After a while she came and stood beside me.

"You will excuse me if I say good-night?" in her slow, sweet way. "I have had a tiresome day!"

"Good-night!" I watched her glimmering white figure through the dimly lighted hall. Ross came and sat beside me.

"Well!" he said; and, after a pause: "Do you like her?"

"She is very pretty?"

"Flower o' the peach!" musingly. That was all he said till he wished me good-night and left me there.

I sat till my black grenadine was damp and clinging with the sea wind, and I was chilly to the heart. My father came out then for his last cigar.

"You ought to be in bed, Margaret. No wonder you are saffron-hued and all eyes. Do you like Miss Carew?"

And again I answered, "She is very pretty."

He made no response at once. He only said, after a while, in that dry, inscrutable way of his:

"I wish you were more like other girls!"

"I am a good housekeeper, am I not?"

"Yes," with a short laugh. "Get what comfort you can out of it. You have a gift for taking life hard."

I went in then, and sat behind the coffee-urn next morning, saffron-hued and all eyes, as my father had said. Such good looks as I had came only with late afternoon and hot sunshine.

For the next three weeks I kept the house. All the late canning and pickling and preserving came on at once. There was a crisis in the kitchen, and the cook deserted. Half the day I was at work over the range in the steamy heats, dreaming dreams of spice islands in tropic seas. But the visions did not help my complexion, nor smooth the angles of my temper. Ross and my father took no vacation that year. Each day they came up from the city two hours earlier than usual, that was all. And Miss Carew, sweet and cool and fresh, waited there in the shadows of the east porch. They—she and Ross—were off and away, down by the shore over the wet, white, hard sand, or through the dusty country lanes with the wild blackberries ripening by the roadside and the thistle-blooms breaking into down. And I had my boat, and now and then had an hour or two by myself on the small, unscorched islands in the harbor, with the smell of the cedars filling the hot brightness, and the water lapping and sighing on the strip of beach. And I came back always tired and sunburned, and, twice, too late for such scrambling dinner as came up to us when I was not there to rule the saucepans.

And when it was over I went out to my seat on the porch-steps, and Ross and Rose Carew sang and chatted, and were always together.

"What ails you, Margaret?" Ross said, one evening, discontentedly. He had come out to me as I sat alone, as usual. "You are so uncompanionable."

I did not speak just at once, and while I waited, Miss Carew appeared at the lighted square of window. She stood there talking to my father, playing idly with the spray of flowers she held, looking up now and then with those clear, grave, steady eyes of hers into his face, smiling a little now and then, just as unconscious of her exceeding prettiness as of the breath she drew. I looked at Ross; he was watching her too. I never answered him, and he never knew it.

I, Margaret Herne, small and brown and uncertain-tempered, having lived nineteen years in a solitude, compelled by temperament as much as by circumstances, had accepted Rossiter Dare's love, wonderingly and with thankfulness too profound for questioning. I never exacted much, I think, and if I seemed to give little, it was because, unconsciously, I was afraid.

Miss Carew had a voice like a flute. I never sang at all. She played all the tender, rippling, glancing music that had ever been written. My organ practice had spoiled me for the piano. I was capable only of crashing chords that had no place among the light currents of Summer evening talk. And she could talk always in her gracious, graceful way, and I—the best thing I could do half the time was to take my ugly toilets out into the great, soothing silence of the night, and forget myself and the day in dreams of the sea and the darkness.

We had cards from the Grokines one day. They came while we were at dinner, and we discussed them. Rose wanted to go, and so did I.

"It is fifteen miles round the head of the cove," Ross said; "five miles across."

"Across?" Rose questioned.

"Over the water. We go by boat and come home in the dawn, with the moon going down and the tide coming in," he said.

"We will go by boat, Margaret?" turning to me with her little thoughtful air of appeal.

Rose never forgot other people.

"Ross knows my choice," I said. "It is the best of the revel, unless you are too sleepy. The waltz music ringing in your head and the whisper of the water, you feel like a ghost, and the daylight catches you and makes you look like one often enough."

Rose shivered a little. Ross laughed.

"You are not used to Margaret's fancies."

"It must be so chilly and—and ill-savored, I *couldn't* be anything but flesh and blood," plaintively.

"Nobody wants you to be," I said, abruptly, and Ross drew down his eyebrows in a little frown.

We sent our finery over in the afternoon, and followed it later in boating dress. I had black lace, and my father

brought me out an extravagant basket of red roses. And I had my mother's diamonds.

The southwest wind came in through the open windows and flared the lights about. The band on the balcony outside played softly. There was that alert air of expectancy that makes a ballroom charming for half an hour with its magnetic harmonies. Just as the first dance came to an end, and the dancers streamed away across the floor, Rose came in. She wore a dress of some sea-green, gauzy, silky stuff, and was lovelier than I ever saw her.

And so the midnight came, and between that and dawn there is only a little rim of night. We resisted the Grokines' importunities to stay. My father and Ross must go into the city in the morning, and I must be at home to see that they did not go fasting; so we slipped into our flannels again, wrapped our boating cloaks about us, and with something of the Cinderella feeling fled down the lawn to the little pier where our boat waited. The band was playing the last waltz. The strains came down to us inexpressibly sweet, sad and lonely. An old moon was slipping down into the clear darkness of the West. In the East a faint, prophetic light glimmered over the water. The wind had gone down in the hush before the dawn. Ross shipped the sail, and we slid out into the dimness. I held the tiller. Rose coiled herself up with the cushions in the bottom of the boat and went to sleep. I think my father was asleep too.

There was just wind enough to keep us on our course. There was a whispering gurgle along the side of the keel as the smooth swells ran past us. Noiselessly we fled through the mystery of the night.

Ross stirred at last. Rose's nerveless hand lay thrown out against the dark cushions. He stooped suddenly till his lips touched the sculptured whiteness.

I rose to my feet, I do not know by what impulse. Call it fate, since as I rose a sudden flaw struck us, the mast snapped off, and, somehow, swathed and prisoned in the canvas, the merest apology for a sail, and yet big enough for a winding sheet, I went overboard.

It was only an instant—the rush and roar of a universe of sounds, and then the world, wet and dry, went by.

I came to myself on the kitchen-floor, as helpless in blankets as I had been in my sail-cloth shroud. There was a confusion of dismayed countenances about me. Out of it all came Rose's face. My wits came back to me with my second breath. The last time I saw her, Ross was kissing her hand.

MONK FELIX.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 466.

THE SUNSET HOUR.— BY CZACHOVSKÉHO.

"Where is my father?"

He stood beside me, looking down with a curious look on his face.

"Take me up-stairs!" I said, trying to raise myself.

"Give her to me," I heard Ross say; but my father walked past him and laid me blankets and all, on my own bed.

"I want Ross," I said. "Send him here."

He came. I had breath for what I wanted to say. His diamond shone on my brown, cold hand.

"Take it off," I said, struggling out of my winding-sheet. "I don't want it, Ross. And take it away."

The ring slid off easily enough. It lay glittering where it had fallen. He stood gloomily looking at it—not at me.

"Take it away, Ross. I give you your freedom. I came near taking mine! I am going to sleep."

He turned away without a word.

I was about the house in another day. They were at dinner when I came down unexpectedly. Rose wore a soft, pink cloud of a dress with pale-blue knots of ribbon. The Pompadour colors had not yet gone out of fashion.

"'Flower o' the peach!'" was all I could think of. I said it, touching her lightly, as I passed her. The quick color ran up into her face, and Ross showed an answering flush.

I could not sleep that night. My father's cigar smoke came up in fragrant wafts through my windows. I dressed and went down to him where he sat in the clear obscure of the starlit night.

I went and stood behind him with my hand upon his shoulder.

"I have given Ross his ring," I said. "Don't talk to me about it!"

He knocked the ashes from his cigar without looking up before he spoke.

"Very well. You know your own mind, I suppose?"

"Yes."

He put his arm about me.

"Did you do it on purpose—take that plunge overboard the other night?"

"No."

I stood in perfect silence.

"Go to bed," he said, at last, putting me gently away.

I did not suppose that was over with. I knew that by-and-by the numbness would go out of heart and brain, and I should feel again. When the time came I went over alone to a rocky bit of island, and had it out alone by myself. The air was full of the smell of the cedars, the gulls screamed about me, the tide ebbed and rose again while I lay and fought my battle with myself. At nightfall I came back, worn-out and uglier than ever.

It was dinner-time. I put on the first dress that came to my hand—a thick white one that made me look as if I was dead—and joined them at the table. My father frowned when he saw me, looked down and went on with his dinner.

Rose came to me that night after I had gone up-stairs. Ross had asked me to play, and I had said the truth—I was too tired—but it sounded sullen and ungracious. He went away and joined Rose, where she sat on the porch, and I heard her cooing voice till I could bear it no longer.

"I don't understand you, Margaret," she said, "and so nothing but the truth will answer between us. Tell me what Rossiter Dare is to you?"

"Nothing!" I answered. I was too lifeless to care what she asked or what I answered.

"I thought—he was your lover."

"You are quite wrong! Ross was my father's ward and a far-away cousin. He had seen very few women when he asked me to marry him. I suppose he didn't know. Afterward he learned better, and I released him. He is quite free, Miss Carew."

She looked at me sharply.

"And you?" she said.

"That is an impertinence, Rose! You are the prettiest woman I ever saw, and Ross thinks so too. I wish you'd take that assurance as a slumber-cup and go!"

"I'll go, certainly. Will you let me kiss you, Margaret?"

Strength and patience gave out together.

"*Go!*" I said, and she went.

A fortnight went by. I had my housekeeping and my headaches. I walked a straightforward path and looked neither to the right nor left. I would not see those two, as they walked with me through the days. I made no moan, I uttered no complaint. I had given Rossiter Dare up, and one accepts the inevitable in silence. But I was never good at pretense. I had made his path as straight as I could. I could not make him believe that I was the happier for it. I asked him to ignore me as I tried to myself. To so much of mercy I had a claim.

And, then, one day, we drove to the Cliffs. It was an excursion that everybody took, sooner or later. Ages ago the little river had torn its way, or had its way torn for it, through the heart of a mountain. Up the cliff side foot-paths, more or less dangerous, led to the top. We left the carriage in the narrow green valley below, and scrambled and crawled up the track, called a road. Late rains had made it dangerous as well as hard. I hate that kind of exertion. I put my shawl down and stopped.

"Go, you two," I said. "When you've marched up the hill, you'll march down again, and I shall be here waiting for you."

Rose sat down beside me. Something had gone wrong. There was a pettish coolness in her treatment of Ross, and a sugared sweetness in her treatment of me. Between the two I was at my worst.

"Come, Rose!" he said, with a kind of tender pleading.

"Go, Rose!" I echoed, and was half-frightened at the sound of mockery in my voice.

She flushed a little, resentfully I fancied, and went.

I watched them up the path. Miss Carew's light-footed strength carried her on over boulder and crevice with scarcely a touch of his helping hand. And then—they were only a little way off—I heard him say:

"Don't, Rose; it isn't safe."

She had left the path, and had struck out diagonally across the face of the hill. Above her hung a great mass of piled boulders. There was no path-track at all. Nothing had gone there, not even the half-wild cattle and horses that never know shelter, nor a tending hand from Spring to Fall. She looked back at him with a face of malicious persistence.

"Come back!" he pleaded. "Oh, my darling!"

For answer she sprang lightly across a chasm in her way, looking back again this time with a laugh.

I was watching him, not her. I saw him fling out his hands. I heard his voice, half a moan, half a call, and then I looked at her.

She had stopped in her tracks. With her head thrown back, she was gazing at the piled mass above her. And then I saw what was coming.

Whether her light steps had misplaced some pebble that held in balance all that force of ruin over her,

whether the minute had come and she had happened in its way, who can tell? At any rate, it was Fate. I saw the great rock poised above her tremble in its bed, swaying slowly to its fall. And she was in its path! For one breath, like a great broad stroke of lightning, a flash of hate glared through my heart. I was glad, with all my strength, I rejoiced in the picture of her hateful beauty crushed and ground to earth. And, then, I was tearing up the hillside toward her, without thought, without plan, with just the one controlling impulse to save her and snatch her out of harm's way.

And then there was a deafening crash and roar—a grinding rush past me. The ground seemed to slide out from under my feet, and I fell forward, face down. among the trembling grasses and low ferns.

I was on my feet again before the great rock had reached the valley. Up above me, in the dust and confusion, stood Rose Carew, untouched, unharmed, gazing with wide, frightened eyes down the mountain side. And Ross was gone.

I had seen him spring toward her even as I rose myself. I went on again and I found him.

"I am caught here by the foot," he said. "It is awkward enough. I can't stir. I think this pebble must weigh about a ton. Rose is all right?"

He could see her against the sky as she stood.

"Rose is all right," I answered, stolidly.

"And you?"

"That of course. You must have help."

"I'm afraid so."

His lips were very white, though he was smiling. I rose and called to Miss Carew.

"Don't frighten her," he said, quickly; "it is nothing serious."

She came, pale, wide-eyed, gracefully pretty through it all.

"You must drive down to the village," I said, peremptorily, "and find some men—two at least."

"I can't drive," with a little whimper, "I am so afraid of horses."

"Then you must stay here and I will go. You must keep him from fainting, somehow."

She shrank back with a shudder. She looked like a frightened baby.

"I *cannot* stay here alone, Margaret, the sight of blood makes me so ill. And," in a kind of gasping whisper, "suppose he should die."

He opened his eyes and smiled.

"And if I die, I couldn't hurt *you*, Rose."

I took her by the shoulders.

"You will not go and you will not stay. You will *go*, and now, and you will drive as hard as you can. Nothing will hurt you; and you must get men enough to lift this crushing weight."

Then I sat down beside him, and neither spoke for a little.

"The horses were really quite safe, Margaret, if only she would believe it."

"Quite safe," I said.

And then he said no more; but when the men came, at last, he was quite unconscious.

* * * * * *

My father came out to me. I was on the porch doing nothing seeing nothing. The surgeons were in the house. Rose had gone away to recover from the shock of her escape. There was question of a limb, and in reserve the question of a life.

I stood up with my lips and throat dry. My father answered my questions unasked.

"It is amputation. Don't look like that, there's worse. He will die unless you hold him alive."

"I!" with a feeling even in all the pain that that was Rose Carew's work.

"Yes, you; since that girl has deserted him. When will you learn that such girls as you are born to carry the burdens that other women lay down?"

I turned away. He caught my arm sharply.

"We want no fainting," he said.

"You'll get none," with the blood coming back to my heart once more.

* * * * * *

A week later, when the surgeons had come and gone, up there in the shadows of the dark, still room, a maimed form struggled feebly for life, or, rather, lay passive while we struggled for him. Through the hushed midnights and and awful dawnings, the tide of life ebbed and flowed so faintly, that we who watched questioned, sometimes, whether the end had not come in the stillness of sleep.

Each day held its own recurring point of interest.

"Letters, Margaret?"

"No letters."

I smiled always in saying it, with rage in my heart. Rose Carew knew I had written.

And then, one night, when my father came, I slipped away and went down-stairs to him. It was my father; but changed somehow—grown strangely older, worn, haggard, despairing-looking.

"What has happened?" I asked, standing before him.

"Ruin," with dry, white lips. "I have failed, Margaret; I am bankrupt."

No one had ever softened shocks for me. I suppose one learns to be always on guard. I heard my voice asking, with no undue excitement in it, question after question.

"And Ross?"

"He has gone with the rest. Not a dollar saved, Margaret."

He laid his head against my shoulder.

"It will be in all the papers to-morrow, and Ross must not know."

I went back to the sick-room; I cautioned every one who ever entered the door; I secured every paper, lest some unwary reader should tell the story; I watched every letter and lied serenely to the every-day repeated question. For Rose did not write, and I knew that all the letters in the world would be drowned in her silence.

And so the days swung on, and whether at morning or night to say he was better or worse puzzled us all. One small anxiety had grown to be the weight that kept the balance swung against him—Rose did not write.

One sultry day, when the afternoon heats had blazed like a furnace, and watchers scarcely less than their charge lay limp and nerveless in the exhausting stillness, I sat waiting for the cool draught for which he had asked. There was a heavy step on the stairs, a crash of falling glass and a smothered exclamation. I went out quickly and quietly. On the stairs the girl stood holding her bleeding hand, and at her feet lay a small mass of wreckage.

I swept her back out of hearing, and set myself to repairing the damage, knowing how long the waiting minutes would seem to the sick man.

I was gone a quarter of an hour. I came back with the goblet in my hand, bearded with coolness, the ice clinking musically with every step I took toward the bed.

Then I turned and put it down. It was too late. If I had brought the water of life it would not have availed.

On the bed lay an open letter. On the pillow a white, drawn face, with eyes dull and heavy with the shock of a fatal blow.

Rose had written. She would not burden him with the thought of an engagement now, with his broken fortunes and the dreadful bodily suffering he had endured. She released him from his promise, and in happier days he would thank her for what might seem unkindness now. And to me she wrote:

"DEAR MARGARET—I give him back to you. I ought never to have taken him. After all, it was pique. There was another, and we have explained and made it all up, and I'm sure Ross will forgive me and so will you! And I *couldn't* marry a cripple, could I, and a penniless one at that? And you'll understand and make it all right with him, dear!"

And he had read both his and mine.

At midnight, as the tide went out, sinking slowly and softly away from the dark, still coast, we sat and waited. There might be, even at that last, one word for me who had lost everything else.

He stirred restlessly.

"Oh, Ross, what is *it?*"

He smiled dreamily, turning his face toward mine, bent over him in an agony of listening. "Flower o' the peach," in a sleepy whisper. And then—that was all.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.— FROM ONE OF HIS LATEST PORTRAITS.

THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

A LETTER written by Elihu Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith," contains some interesting incidents of his career.

Mr. Burritt mentions that, being one of a large family, and his parents poor, he apprenticed himself, when very young, to a blacksmith, but that he had always had such a taste for reading that he carried it with him to his trade. He commenced the study of Latin when his indentures were not half expired, and completed reading Virgil in the evenings of one Winter. He next studied Greek, and carried the Greek grammar about in his hat, studying it for a few moments while heating some large iron. In the evenings, he sat down to Homer's "Iliad," and read twenty books of it during the second Winter. He next turned to the modern tongues, and recited to native teachers in French, Spanish, German, and Italian, and at the end of two years he returned to his forge, taking with him such books as he could procure. He then commenced Hebrew, and soon mastered it with ease, reading two chapters in the Bible before breakfast, this, with an hour at noon, being all the time that he could spare from work. Being unable to procure such books as he desired, he determined to hire himself to some ship bound to Europe, thinking he would there meet with books at the different points he touched at. He traveled more than a hundred miles on foot to Boston with this view, but was not able to find what he sought; and at that period he heard of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester. Thither he bent his steps, and arrived in the city in utter indigence. Here he found a collection of ancient, modern, and Oriental books, such as he never imagined to be collected in one place. He was there kindly allowed to read what books he liked, and reaped great benefit from this permission. He habitually spent three hours daily in the hall, and made such use of these privileges as to be able to read upward of fifty languages with greater or less facility.

He afterward translated some of the Icelandic "Sagas," and mastered Persian, Turkish, and Ethiopic.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

When France heard, on the 23d of January, 1883, the startling news of Gustave Doré's sudden death, the indifference, perhaps injustice, of years was in a measure atoned for by a spontaneous outburst of mourning and regret, in which all the enlightened world sympathetically joined. Doré died at a little over fifty years of

PEASANT'S HEAD, NEAR BOURG. DRAWN BY GUSTAVE DORÉ AT THE AGE OF NINE.— FROM HIS DRAWING-BOOK.

age, an overworked, disappointed, unhappy, lonely man of genius. Yet, in a sense, his life had been one unbroken career of success and material prosperity. As illustrator, painter and even sculptor, his triumphs had been as great as his achievements were unprecedented. To the last he craved, what his countrymen never felt that they could give him — a foremost place amongst the great painters of France and Europe. The very prodigality of his powers, which at times led the artist astray, made his admirers themselves chary of their praises, when, from time to time, he startled them by some new and brilliant *tour de force*. But if Doré the painter was a prophet without honor in his own country, Doré the illustrator—the graphic interpreter of Rabelais, La Fontaine, Milton, Chateaubriand, Balzac, Cervantes, Dante, Hugo, Poe, Shakespeare, the Bible, and a hundred other books of immortality—stood, from his youth up, far above rivalry, either at home or abroad. Nor is his position in the higher realms of art as yet wholly fixed and decided. As Alexander Dumas said at his friend's grave, "Our French Pantheon is paved with our repentances."

Doré gave to mankind an example of incessant toil and eager devotion to the pursuit of the ideal. His personality was an extraordinary one, and full of winning traits, when once the key was found. The records and reminiscences collected by Blanche Roosevelt in her recently published volume, form, in their entirety, a peculiarly interesting life-history.

Gustave Doré came into the world on Twelfth Night, 1832, in the old Alsatian capital, Strasburg. He was the second son of M. Pierre Louis Christophe Doré, a civil engineer, and his young wife, Madame Alexandrine. The family were in easy circumstances, and the boys were practically brought up by a faithful old nurse named Françoise, who was destined to watch over their manhood as well as their youth. There were three of them, the third following a year or so after Gustave. They were all fine boys, but Gustave was the favorite. His mother worshiped him, and understood better than any one else his duplex nature. His capricious moods endeared him to her the more. On the one hand he was full of affection, sweetness, gentleness and gayety; on the other, silent, proud, ambitious, dreamy. Madame Alexandrine early made up her mind that there was something extraordinary about Gustave; and, from the time she saw his first sketch, was never weary of telling him that he was a genius. His profound devotion to her, beginning thus in childhood, never swerved up to the day of her death. In many minor things, also, the boy Doré was father to the man. All his life long he was fond of the theatre, of music, of dancing, circus tricks and mumming. Yet he would often give up his favorite childish games in order to steal off alone to sketch any idea which happened to come into his head. He never studied drawing in the ordinary manner; but he began to sketch as soon as he could hold a pencil, and was accustomed to express his ideas in that way before he knew how to write.

M. Doré never encouraged his son's artistic aspirations; but he took pride in the boy's precocity and memory, and Gustave was permitted to accompany him

DORÉ'S LAST SKETCH, DRAWN JANUARY 19TH, 1883.

on many long walks and excursions. The imaginative child reveled in the romantic scenery of the Vosges Mountains, and in the tales and legends of Alsace, the Black Forest and the Cathedral of Strasburg—the first ten years of his life being spent, for the most part, in the

shadow of the great minster. After his sixth year he attended a day-school in the Place de la Cathedrale ; and here he formed his long and strong friendship with the Kratz boys. These youngsters were continually getting up shows, processions and theatrical entertainments. In those days, although Gustave Doré's talent for drawing was admired, everybody who knew him said, "He will be an actor or a musician." Nevertheless, his one real passion was ever for his pictures. He has himself related the story of his first box of oil-colors—a story containing a prophecy which, in after years, was but too sadly realized. On the day that the young artist received his box of tubes and brushes, he went on a visit to the little country commune of Josserond, taking his prize with him. It was nightfall when he arrived. "All night long," Doré relates, "I never closed my eyes ; and with the first gray streak of dawn I jumped out of bed, seized my box, and went down-stairs into the courtyard. Alas ! there was neither canvas, panels nor pasteboard to be found. I was dying to paint ; it was a madness, an irresistible desire which I could not get rid of ; and all the while I was anxiously asking myself how I should make a beginning, and what I should paint ? I began by uncorking my tubes, and decorated my palette with several appetizing little clots of paint. The freshness, the gleam, the cheery look of those colors, caused a delightful thrill of intoxication to run through my veins—for what in this world, to an artist, ever equals the charm of his first palette ? Amongst my colors there was a beautiful green that delighted my eyes. What a lovely hue !--the real Veronese green in all its glory ! But how to paint, and what ? Whilst I was putting this question again and again to myself, my eyes fell upon a poor little chicken, not bad in form, but with a fearfully dirty pseudo-white plumage. It seemed to me an error of the Creator to have made any fowl so ugly in hue as that one, when it would have been so easy to have clad it in a gorgeous dress, like that of a parrot, for instance. I determined to lose no time in rectifying this fault of Nature. . . . . In a short time the chicken was verdant as spinach, and nearly all my lovely Veronese green was used up. But —what a lovely chicken ! It was a pleasure to see her walking about in her gorgeous new dress, so brilliant and fresh that it surpassed in vividness the loveliest Spring verdure. I spent some time in contemplating my work ; and, having momentarily satisfied my longing by this brilliant success, I suddenly began to realize that I was sleepy, and should do well also to make up for my restless night by indulging in a brief slumber. Two or three hours later I woke up with a start, hearing cries, sobs and lamentations ringing in my ears. What on earth could be the matter ? Running to the window, I saw hosts of peasants and village folk stationed in front of the house. Some raised their eyes and hands toward heaven, others were crying pitifully, whilst others expressed in various ways the most profound despair. In their midst was my beautiful chicken. Whenever she attempted to move, fingers were pointed toward her in horror, and lamentations burst forth with redoubled vigor. After a few moments' reflection, all at once I sounded the mystery, for I remembered a legend of that country in which a green chicken played a terrible part. Her appearance heralded floods, the loss of the harvest, a disease amongst the cattle, and a pestilent epidemic amongst the people. That was why the little town was so stirred up by the apparition of my contriving ; and whilst I was still thinking about it, a poor woman, seized with a nervous attack, fell to the ground in convulsions. Then I hesitated no longer. I ran to find the master of the house, and made the most humble and complete confession. I assure you, it took my father's friend more than an hour to make those simple people and the superstitious Josserond peasants believe that this green bird had not been sent by some evil spirit to blight them, instead of being simply my first effort at painting. They only fully believed me when they saw my palette and the wellnigh emptied tube of Veronese green. Not until their fears were somewhat dissipated did I dare to show myself in the town ; and then one old woman, who had been more terrified and was more incredulous than the rest, shaking her withered fingers in my face, cried out with a prophetic voice, 'Wretched youth ! You have made the world weep. In its turn it will make you shed bitter tears over your painting.'"

But many busy years were to be lived, and many triumphs in a different field were to be won, ere Gustave Doré should make a serious beginning as a painter.

At nine years of age, Gustave was sent with his brother Ernest to the college at Strasbourg. Two years later he entered the Lycée at Bourg ; but he spent much time traveling with his father through the province of Alsace.

In school and out, the boy was continually drawing, working with surprising facility, and filling his copy-books with reminiscences of what he saw in the streets of Strasburg day by day. "There are other and more serious things in the world than making sketches of broken-backed animals and weak-kneed vagrants," his father was wont to say, deprecatingly ; but Gustave did not think so. He not only sketched everything he saw, but was an omnivorous reader, and illustrated all the books that interested him. Every one had been amazed when, at the age of eight years, he was found able to talk with ease upon Bible subjects, to possess a smattering of astronomy, and to have learned by heart a number of classic and mythological tales. He made a whole picture-book of "The Adventures of Jove." At ten years of age—about the time he became acquainted with his favorite opera of "Robert le Diable"—his strong love for the weird and fantastic was developed. He drew angels, spectres, demons, goblins, and scenes in the infernal regions, and even attempted to reproduce with his boyish pencil the sublime visions of Dante. Before he was twelve years old he executed a brilliant design representing boys and girls sliding on a skating-pond, which was lithographed and sold.

In September, 1847, Gustave Doré reached one of those "turning points" which, in a career like his, are of such immense significance. His parents took him on what was intended to be a three weeks' visit to Paris. The life of the capital intoxicated the ambitious boy. The idea of returning to the province after having contemplated the centre of life and cultivation disheartened him, and he set his wits to work to devise an excuse for remaining behind. One day, happening to stop before the shop-windows of Auber and Philippon, the idea occurred to him to dash off a few caricatures in the style of those which he saw there, and to offer them to those well-known publishers. M. Philippon examined Doré's sketches kindly and attentively, questioned him minutely, and finally sent him back to his parents with a letter inviting them to come and have a talk with him about the boy. The father and mother called upon the publisher, who, vanquishing their objections and fears, induced them to let Gustave remain in Paris, assuring them that he would utilize their son's sketches, and pay for them. A three years' contract was drawn up, and Gustave Doré, at the age of sixteen years, entered upon his professional career as a draughtsman. "This circumstance," he wrote

in one of his journals, "was the cause that for a long time—in fact, from 1847 to 1853—most of my published works were in the nature of caricature."

Philippon had just founded his *Journal pour Rire*, and for this publication Doré was engaged to produce a weekly page of drawings. At the same time—from that date until 1850—he occupied himself in finishing his studies at the Lycée Charlemagne, where Edmond About and Henri Taine were among his fellow-collegians. He developed here an astonishing aptitude for poetry, history, mythology and Latin. Moreover, outside of his obligatory and somewhat distasteful work at caricature, he found time for serious studies in drawing. With the lavishly gifted Doré, however, "serious study" was rather of an imaginative than of a real nature. The idea of taking lessons in drawing never occurred to him. His marvelous memory stood him in the stead of studies from nature; and when he needed to make any kind of sketch, classic or otherwise, he was too apt to do it "out of his head" alone. His astonishing quickness is illustrated by the following incident:

One morning M. Templier, a well-known publisher, showed Gustave Doré a photograph which he wished to reproduce that day in his journal. Doré picked it up, looked at it carelessly, and laid it on the table. He did not even comment upon it, and the conversation turned to other subjects. Doré went out hurriedly, forgetting to take the photograph with him. At four o'clock he met M. Templier, who at once asked for the required sketch. "Dear me," replied Doré, "I forgot the photograph; but I will make the sketch at once." He picked up a block, and in a few moments handed an admirable drawing to M. Templier. It was an excellent copy of the photograph, the only change being one for the better, viz., an indistinct road had been clearly and accurately indicated in such style as to enhance the general effect of the picture. He subsequently explained that, glancing casually at the photograph, he had noticed the road as almost a blemish, and had at once seen in his mind's eye how it might be improved.

Feats of this kind amazed Doré's employers and friends, and he soon became known to artistic Paris as "Philippon's prodigy." He was the envy of other draughtsmen. Publishers sought him out. His mind was filled with magnificent plans for works of the future. Meanwhile, he lived the real life of a Parisian student, and seemed beset by a passion for work. He was up with the lark, and seated at his table as soon as he could see to draw a line. Then, when lazy Paris began to open its eyes, he started off for school, or made hurried excursions to picture-galleries and museums, with the restless eagerness of a tourist who has a circular railroad ticket wherewith to "do the Continent" in five days.

In the latter part of 1848 Gustave Doré's father died suddenly, leaving his widow with a small income. Madame Doré determined to live with her boys in Paris. Accordingly, she selected a large, comfortable house in the Rue St. Dominique, which had once been occupied by the famous Duc de St. Simon, of whose race she was an indirect descendant. Doré was delighted with the place, and perhaps the happiest years of his life were spent here. One of the old friends of the family was the celebrated writer and historian, Paul Lacroix, who took a fatherly, or rather brotherly, interest in Gustave, although he was more than twice as old as the latter, and a famous *savant*. He admired and loved the boy, whom he constantly advised to "study, study hard, and some day he would really become an artist." M. Lacroix gave Doré one of his books to illustrate, and has described the result in the following words:

"He came to see me a week or two later. 'Now,' I said, 'let us talk of my story. Have you read it, or even begun it?'

"'Oh,' he replied, cheerfully, 'I mastered that in no time, and the blocks are all ready!'

"'What blocks?' I shouted, rising hastily from my chair in astonishment. 'Ready with what?'

"'Your woodcuts,' he answered, calmly; 'they make just three hundred. Here are some of them,' and he commenced extracting numberless pieces of wood from pocket after pocket, 'and the rest are in a basket at the door.'

"All the while he was carelessly piling up pieces of wood on my table. I was so amazed that I could not, and, in fact, dared not, show my feelings, for he was in such tremendous earnest. I think I can see him now as he stood before me, fire flashing from his beautiful eyes; his color coming and going, while his face shone with the light of genius and enthusiasm; his slim hands diving swiftly into his pockets, each time bringing forth a block of wood enriched by a perfect marvel of design and skillful draughtsmanship. I picked up one or two without commenting on their value.

"'Take them to Du Tacq, the editor,' I said, brusquely, 'and let us see what he decides.'

"'Very well,' he replied; and forthwith he turned a somersault over my best sofa, capered and danced about the room like a practiced acrobat for a few seconds, then with a heavy sigh of relief and a cheerful *au revoir*, suddenly vanished through the door."

Both author and publisher were more amazed and delighted with the drawings than they dared confess. "They resemble the figures in a Velasquez," said Du Tacq. From that time forth, Doré, who was not yet twenty, took rank as one of the best designers of the day. He was fortunate in finding engravers who were almost as clever as himself, seizing his thoughts as if by intuition, and making their united labor one of love.

"I waited patiently," relates his friend, "hoping he would come some day and say, 'M. Lacroix, you are right; I feel I must study from nature and models.' I waited in vain."

Meanwhile Doré had become fired with the ambition to paint. With his accustomed impetuosity, he went off secretly and hired a great studio, to which, after a little time he invited M. Lacroix to view his works in oil. There were twenty-five enormous canvases—some landscapes, interiors and figure-pieces. Lacroix was completely stupefied. When and how, in Heaven's name, had the boy found time to execute such a number of paintings?

"Look," he said, triumphantly, striking his forehead, "Look at these. Twenty-five pictures, mostly all landscapes, and all—all, M. Lacroix, painted by me alone in this very studio." Raising his voice, he added, "Models, forsooth! Your old hobby! Bah! my mind is my model for everything. Mother understands me, and she tells me that I am a great artist." And thus ever ended the discussion of the model question.

These paintings were nearly all of remarkable merit, particularly the landscapes. Doré, however, very soon surpassed them; and less than a year later produced a wonderfully beautiful picture of flowers in a field, illustrating some lines of Virgil which M. Lacroix had quoted to him. The latter pronounced the work an inspiration, and uttered the words which he had never before permitted to escape him.

"Gustave, I yield. You are a genius!"

Before he was twenty-one, Doré illustrated, or rather composed, several comic books, and a number of "Albums pour rire," which were published and had a large sale. One of these was called "The Unpleasantnesses of a Pleasure Trip," and humorously set forth the adventures of a French family traveling in Switzerland. After this came a "Ménagerie Parisienne"; "Three Artists—Incomprehensible, Misunderstood, and Discontented"; "Gallic Follies"; and a work published in England, entitled "Two Hundred Humorous and Grotesque Sketches, with eighty-six plates and three hundred and two drawings by G. Doré." And this does not by any means complete the catalogue of Doré's boyish achievements. He outstripped every draughtsman in Paris by the rapidity of his work. He worked for the pleasure of working, and to be constantly before the public. He absolutely flooded the market with his drawings. He was only fairly paid at this time, but his income grew with his reputation. Anticipating our narrative, we may state that between 1850 and 1870, his illustrations brought him something like $1,400,000. On one occasion he actually realized $2,000 upon the work of a single morning. He illustrated everything that came in his way, and his ambition was as great as his industry. At the age of twenty-three he had planned to illustrate some forty great masterpieces of the literature of all countries, from Homer down to Byron. The list included a number of the works which, a decade or two later, carried Doré's fame around the world—notably the Dante, Don Quixote, La Fontaine, and Milton. The first classic upon which he employed his pencil was Rabelais. He was but twenty years old at the time, but the work created a great sensation. "The success of this book," writes Doré, in one of his autobiographical notes, "induced several publishers to make researches in the literature of the past for subjects which would readily lend themselves to the same style of drawing; that is to say, to the illustration of mediæval buffooneries (*du moyen age bouffon*). It was thus that I came to illustrate the following romances of chivalry: 'L'Histoire du Chevalier Jaufre,' 'La belle Brunissende,' 'Fier-à-bras d'Alexandre,' 'The Legend of the Wandering Jew,' and, finally, the 'Contes Drôlatiques' of Balzac."

THE DORÉ EXHIBITION IN PARIS.—YOUNG GIRLS OF THE ORPHELINAT DES ARTS BRINGING A WREATH IN MEMORY OF THEIR BENEFACTOR.

For years Doré kept on thus, with all his powers at high-pressure, and the amount of his work surpasses enumeration or belief. A contemporary observed that "to watch him designing his sketches was enough to make one dizzy; his fingers absolutely flew over the surface of the block, and every time he took up a fresh one it seemed to be finished before one had time to realize what he had been about."

He never made a preliminary sketch on paper, but executed his drawings straight off upon the wood. He was very hard to please in the matter of blocks, and could never work upon inferior material. His wood had to be of the finest and whitest kind of box, and cost him a vast amount of money. The price of each medium-sized block was eighty francs, and the price of the larger ones may be appraised by that ratio. He had great difficulty in always finding just what he wanted, and the enormous quantity of wood he used represented a small fortune in itself. He was well paid for his work, but the idea of economizing by using cheaper material never once entered his head. On the contrary, there was a sort of rough, dogged honesty about Doré which prompted him, no matter how unimportant might be the job he had in hand, to execute it with the same care and perfection of design that he would have bestowed on a far more elaborate and remunerative piece of work.

THE RAISING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.— BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

The young artist was much sought after in society. He would go to half a dozen "at homes" during an evening, say a word or two to the host or hostess, and when some one wished to be introduced to "the rising young artist, M. Doré," he was nowhere to be found. Could that some one, however, have penetrated to the studio in the Rue Monsieur le Prince, he would probably have discovered Doré, long after midnight, sitting by a little lamp and working away at his blocks, utterly indifferent to the world and its triumphs, and forgetful of everything but his inspirations and his art. Outside of this Doré found his greatest happiness in listening to music. He was, indeed, quite a dilettante, for he sang charmingly, and played the violin with remarkable taste and smoothness of execution. His real happiness, however, was found at home, with his mother and brothers. After a harassing day, chiefly spent in the streets, when he had been talking with publishers and with flatterers, had been alternately wounded and complimented over and over again, he would arrive at the Rue St. Dominique in the semi-fretful, semi-nervous state which results from such mental and corporeal wear and tear, to find in a comfortable home the one creature in the world whom he loved, and who, as he well knew, thoroughly appreciated him, waiting to receive him with open arms. Sometimes, in the overflow of animal spirits, he would induce his mother to sit for whole hours at the piano, playing lively airs, while he danced wildly about the room, regardless of the shattered *bric-à-brac* and furniture which marked his reckless path.

It was in the Summer of 1854 that Gustave Doré made his public *début* as a painter, exhibiting at the Salon two pictures entitled "L'Enfant Rose et l'Enfant Chétif," and "La Famille de Saltimbanques." These works were full of originality and interest, but Paris took little notice of them. Doré the painter was overshadowed by Doré the illustrator. It was almost the same story in the year following (1855), when he had three large and striking paintings accepted at the Universal Exhibition—although, in this instance, plenty of discussion was bestowed upon the ambitious young artist by the startled Parisian public. No purchaser came forward, and no medal was awarded him by the jury. In short, Doré's self-love was bitterly wounded during that Exhibition of 1855, and the words "injustice," "misunderstood" and "ill-treated" found frequent iteration upon his lips. Doré, nevertheless, had his own ideas about painting, and clung to them in the teeth of all opposition; moreover, at that time he had no wish to change his method, because he fully intended to bring the world over to his own way of thinking; and in order to do that he clung more firmly than ever to his settled convictions. He did not believe in the apprenticeship of art; he pooh-poohed the idea of models; he had obtained the most brilliant results from his own way of working; and he thought that the same system would apply to painting.

Every Summer, Gustave Doré contrived to drop his tasks for a month or two, and enjoy a vacation-trip—sometimes back to his native Vosges, sometimes to Switzerland, Italy or the Tyrol. It was in 1855 or 1856 that he made a journey to the Pyrenees and through Spain. Upon this memorable excursion—the later fruition of which appeared in the superb illustrations of his "Spain" and "Don Quixote"—Doré enjoyed the brilliant companionship of Théophile Gautier and Paul Dalloz. The three enjoyed themselves like children in that sunny land of romance. They remained lifelong friends. Gautier was without doubt one of the greatest poets and finest gentlemen of France, Gustave Doré was certainly one of her greatest artistic geniuses; and, although a mere boy compared with Gautier, perfect harmony and sympathy prevailed between them. Not only was Gautier Doré's "guide, philosopher and friend," but his attitude toward the younger man was always marked by the quintessence of delicacy, tact and affection. In fact, Gustave Doré never had such a friend as was Théophile Gautier.

Doré went steadily on with his drawing, illustrating books innumerable. The great success of the year 1856 was his "Wandering Jew," which, as Delorme says, "was an event in the life of the artist who produced it." The wonderful series of illustrations of Dante also belong to the years 1854–58, although the book was not published until 1860. It was, perhaps, his favorite work, and he brought it out at his own expense.

"Nothing," says M. Dalloz, "can exceed the carefulness and beauty of Gustave's work. He was Dante-mad when he executed it, and every spare moment was spent at his 'Inferno.' I think you know that he never did anything greater; and when the book was finally brought before the public his triumph was complete, ... even the Rabelais *furore*, which we had thought so surpassing, was outdone." It won for Doré his only decoration—the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

All the time Doré went on working like a demon, as if possessed with the idea of establishing a monopoly of artistic talent in his own person. He earned enormous sums of money; but it was his eagerness for fame which pushed him on to unheard-of *tours de force*. A list of some fifty works illustrated by him during the years between 1857 and 1877—many single volumes requiring two or three hundred drawings—includes "Spain," "Baron Münchausen," "Don Quixote," "Les Contes de Perrault," Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," Dante, "Paradise Lost," the Bible, La Fontaine's Fables, "London," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," Hood's Poems, Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" and Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." Meanwhile, he painted enough to have made another man famous, besides taking up etching and sculpture.

Socially, Gustave's Doré's life was as fully occupied as it was professionally. Excursions, *fêtes*, dinners and entertainments followed one another in continuous succession. The mercurial artist had hosts of friends, and was himself a very prince of entertainers. In December, 1864, he spent ten days at Compiègne as a guest of the Emperor Napoleon III., and, in the series of brilliant entertainments given there, arranged a number of *tableaux vivants* with signal success. But it was in his home and studio in the Rue St. Dominique that Doré appeared at his happiest. The house was the ideal residence of a wealthy artist of Bohemian tastes. The great studio wore the familiar aspect of a drawing-room. It contained a pianoforte and other instruments, piles of music, books, comfortable sofa and armchairs, card-tables and coffee-tables, musical boxes, statues, statuettes, plaster casts and bronze medallions, water colors, enormous paintings, photographs of Doré's works, chiefly of those which had been sold into foreign countries, and any number of curious objects. The works of art were all by Doré. Imagine that studio filled with the wit, genius and beauty of Paris. Madame Doré, dressed in a semi-Mauresque, semi-Andalusian fashion, and seated in a chair of state, received the guests, while her boys, Gustave and Ernest, dispensed the hospitality of the place with unrivaled cordiality. There were Rossini, Patti, Alboni, Nilsson, Théophile Gautier, the elder and the younger Dumas, About, Taine, Carolus Duran, Liszt, Lacroix, Gounod, and a score of others equally famous—

"a jocund crowd, taken all in all, coming and going constantly, and proud to honor the young artist, their friend and fellow-worker, to imprint a kiss on his dear old mother's hand, and to lay an ample tribute of homage at her shapely feet." On these festive occasions Doré became a boy again—a veritable *enfant terrible*—turning the house inside out in order to carry out any fancy which struck him as likely to amuse his guests. It was his special study to devise some new entertainment for each dinner-party; and these affairs never resembled one another except with regard to rich viands, fine wines, unlimited fun, and the presence of a crowd of celebrities.

On one occasion the Parisian Postmaster-general was to be the guest of the evening. Doré worked the whole day long in order to prepare the table in this dignitary's honor, and the dining-room assumed the aspect of a scene in the interior of a post-office. Imagine the Minister's surprise to have his napkin folded like an envelope, his pâtés served in the form of a billet-doux, his tarts enveloped in telegraph-forms, his ices in official pigeon-holes, and the whole room decorated in keeping with the position he so brilliantly filled. Another time, the artist host finished a dinner with two speeches; one purported to be delivered in the purest English and the other in the most correct German. He was so perfect a mimic and imitated the sounds of the languages so well, that for a long time he was thought to be really in earnest, until he stuck fast at an English guttural and colored deeply, so that it was discovered that he had been chaffing all the time. His merriment never flagged, and his invention seemed inexhaustible. How he could possibly conjure up such quaint ideas in his brain was a universal mystery.

Those were the good old days of Doré's reign, and of the celebrated *salon* in the Rue St. Dominique.

In a postscript to his autobiographical notes, written some years before his death, Doré says: "I am neither husband nor father, member of the National Guard nor a Freemason." No man ever had a more strongly affectionate disposition than the Alsatian artist, in his own way; but his disposition was too volatile and fantastic, and his Bohemian habits were too strongly fixed, to have permitted him to live happily with a wife, or to have made her happy. Moreover, he worshiped his mother, and even an unexpressed wish of hers was law to him. On more than one occasion, it is believed, Doré was prepared to make the matrimonial venture, and would have done so but for her interference. Of his numerous *amourettes*, and more than one serious passion, his biographer speaks in a strain of indulgent vagueness. "Wrapped up in his art," she says, "he amused himself now and then; but no passion ever held him long enough to gain much ascendency over him, and he would have left any woman in the world at a word from his mother, or to pass half an hour in the bosom of his home in the Rue St. Dominique."

At one time it was alleged that he was madly in love with Adelina Patti, and had threatened to kill himself in her boudoir; at another that his assiduities at the feet of Christine Nilsson had compelled the fair Swede to forbid him her house; again, that he had adored Hortense Schneider. "But," Mme. Roosevelt assures us, "he gave Paris no real occasion to talk of his love affairs, with one exception, in the case of a celebrated and extraordinary woman, whose eccentricities even to-day keep her name before the public much more prominently than her talent. This caprice lasted nearly two years, and cost the artist many a noble inspiration; but, after all, it was only a caprice." It would not be worth while to attempt, like *Leporello* in "Don Juan," a catalogue of these "caprices." Suffice it to say that Mme. Alexandrine Doré ruled her *salon* and Gustave's studio until the day of her death, without being confronted with a rival.

As early as the year of 1866, Doré began to think of going to England, where he had been engaged to illustrate Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and where he had already a public of his own. He had misgivings, however, and said to his friend, M. Kratz: "*Something tells me that if I go to England, I shall break up all associations with my native land, and lose much of the influence and prestige I now possess in France.* You know that I love my home, my friends, my own *pot-au-feu*, and that I hate to begin knowing new people, and getting into new habits. Then, too, how can I live without my beloved Paris?"

For these and other reasons, he was very slow in making up his mind; and it was not until May, 1868, that he arrived in London, and began to work there for his publishers, Messrs. Cassell & Co. He had been much heralded, and now he was lionized to an extent that in a measure consoled him for the loss of Paris and Parisian associations. Not only his illustrations, but his paintings as well, enjoyed an enormous popularity with the British public; and the verdict rendered then has been stanchly maintained ever since. One of the chief of Doré's English friends was the Rev. Frederick Harford, the well-known minor canon of Westminster. His relations with the artist were most cordial and intimate, and to him the latter was indebted for an "Open Sesame" to London's most charming and most cultured society. The two often discussed religion together.

Doré once said to Harford:

"My friend, I am a Roman Catholic, a professed Roman Catholic. I was baptized in that Church, and I stick to it. That is all very well and good; but if you wish to know my real religion, I will tell it to you. It is contained in the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul to the Corinthians."

Then he began quoting, and, to the reverend gentleman's amazement, recited it through from the beginning to the end, without hesitation or missing one word. When he had finished, he turned to Canon Harford and said:

"Have I made any mistakes? and—and, believing in that chapter as I do, might I be considered a Christian?"

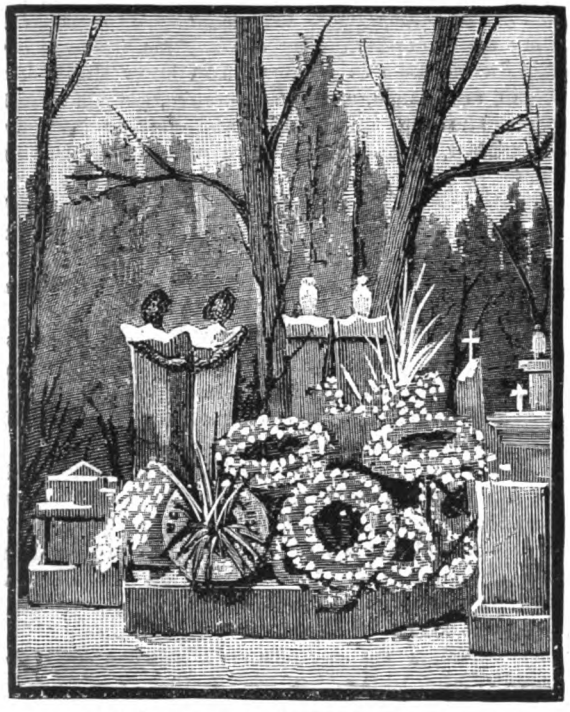
We might imagine Canon Harford's reply, but happily are able to give it:

"Any man living up to that chapter might be called not only Christian, but Christianissimus."

This incident is of major importance in two ways. Firstly, it settles the question of Doré's religious belief; secondly, this conversation led to the realization of the great picture "Christ Leaving the Prætorium," which to-day is a prominent feature of the Doré Gallery in London.

The first exhibition of Doré's oil-paintings in London was held in the Egyptian Hall, shortly after his arrival. The Doré Gallery, as it now exists, originated in a commission given to the artist by Messrs. Fairless & Beeforth to paint a number of large pictures, illustrative of religious subjects. The plans of these gentlemen were enlarged, until they embraced the collection and exhibition of all those great religious tableaux which have won for Doré the title of "the Preacher Painter." For, during all the years since his beginning in 1854, Doré had still hoped to make a great name as a painter for himself in his beloved France. The greater part of the

money he earned by illustrating was spent on interminable yards of canvas, most of which came to life in the studio of the Rue Bayard. For instance, the cost to him of a picture like the "Entry of Christ into Jerusalem" was about ten thousand francs ($2,000); and Doré repeatedly began works of this kind with but little prospect of their being immediately sold. Unless they should



DORÉ'S GRAVE IN PÈRE-LACHAISE, PARIS.

be purchased for some cathedral, church, or religious college, he had not the remotest idea what would become of them until the Doré Gallery was opened; and yet he did not hesitate, from a pure love of art, to spend months on his ladder, and to wear out his eyes working by lamplight at his blocks, in order to pay for the pleasure of indulging himself in this costly pastime.

The religious paintings, together with a miscellaneous gathering of other pictures and drawings, were exhibited at a gallery in New Bond Street, London, during the Summer of 1868. On April 23d, of the following year, the exhibition was transferred to much larger premises in the same street, where, from that date to the present time, it has been continuously open to the public. This evidence of Doré's unparalleled popularity with the general English public is indisputable.

The eventful and terrible year of 1870, Doré spent in his native land. His brother Emile was one of the bravest and most distinguished officers in the French Army. Gustave's own heart burned with patriotic fire. Some of his most stirring and famous pictures, such as "La Marseillaise," "The Country in Danger," "Le Rhin Allemand," "Le Chant de Départ," and "Alsatia," were inspired by the war.

Nearly every Summer after 1871 Doré paid a prolonged visit to London, where he produced some of his most popular works in the way of book illustration, including the "London." In this latter, he had Douglas Jerrold for his literary collaborateur. A tour in Scotland in 1873 furnished him with many noble subjects for landscape-painting, and the grandeur of the Highlands impressed itself on nearly all his later work in this direction.

At home in Paris, while he devoted the greater part of his time to painting in oils, he contrived to accomplish some notable results in etching, water-color painting, and sculpture. He was a member of the celebrated Society of Water-color Painters, and up to the time of his death never failed to be represented at their exhibitions by half a dozen or more masterpieces. His triumphs in this branch of art only pained him, and he would murmur:

"Always those unimportant things! They say nothing of my painting."

In sculpture, he made surprising progress, and often exhibited at his *salon;* but his statues, as the work of an inspired, rather than of an accomplished, chisel, were practically ignored by the Parisian tribunal of taste.

In March, 1881, Gustave Doré sustained one of the bitterest trials of his life, in the death of his mother. It was during the period of grief and despair which followed this loss that Doré was chosen to immortalize in marble the memory of Alexandre Dumas. He threw his whole soul into the work; and the superb monument which now stands in one of the great public squares of Paris is a commemoration of the artist's genius, as well as of that of the romancer. Doré, having wrought this monument purely as a labor of love, died before it was set up. His health had been giving way for some time; and on the morning of January 20th, 1883, a day on which he had an engagement to dine with a gay party of friends, he was seized with an apoplectic attack. Two

UNDINE.—BY JOSEPH MOZIER.

days later he died. His grand "Shakespeare" was left incomplete. The last set of blocks which he finished was that illustrating Poe's "Raven"—and thus his dying labors added a distinct tie to the bond of artistic sympathy existing between the American people and Gustave Doré.

"'HERE IS THE LETTER; CATCH IT QUICKLY! NOW GO, OR OUR SECRET MAY BE SUSPECTED."

A VIAL OF ROSE-COLORED LIQUID.

It was an evil-looking house, and there were evil stories told regarding it. The neighborhood was not a scrupulous one, but even its dubious virtue was shocked by some of the tales that were circulated concerning the house and its inhabitants, although for the truth of them nobody vouched. It had once—in the oldest of old times—been a proud residence, in a fashionable quarter; but the tide of fashion had turned elsewhere, leaving the old house stranded among its musty traditions of ancient grandeur, while gaining new ones of an even less enviable nature.

Everybody in the neighborhood knew just how many people lived at "No. 29," and just what their appearance was—servants and all; but nobody had ever been able to glean anything definite regarding them.

There was the dwarfish, round-shouldered, hollow-eyed and evil-visaged old man, who was popularly looked on as the master of the house, and who possessed the reputation of being a "vivisectionist," or an "alchemist," or something else equally uncanny. There was the young girl, who might be his daughter or his niece, and who never, apparently, went out of the house, but whose sad, beautiful face, with its great brown eyes and frame of yellow hair, was sometimes to be seen pressed against an upper window. There was

the ugly, fat old woman, whose cap and bunch of keys proclaimed her the housekeeper; and there was the seedily appareled, Eastern-visaged and gray-headed man, who, though not an inmate of the place, was almost always within it of afternoons and evenings.

Twice, a young and remarkably handsome man had been seen to mount the time-browned marble steps; but on both occasions he had come out very hastily, with a flushed and angry countenance, and once the weird master of the house had been observed to stand in the door and shake a wrinkled fist after the departing visitor.

Then the story went that there had been a sound of wild sobbing within, and a man's voice raised hoarsely, as if in wrath.

There were stories also—told in horrified whispers—of other noises heard at night; the wailing of animals in mortal pain, that ever grew fainter, till at length it ceased utterly; but these stories some people called unworthy of belief.

Often the uncertain music of a particularly objectionable hand-organ made itself audible beneath the front windows of No. 29, and one of them being softly raised—invariably the same window—a beautiful, girlish head would be thrust out, and a white hand would cast a few coins into the expectant palm of the little Italian player.

Indeed, something of a friendship appeared to exist between the young lady and her handsome, sad-eyed *protégé*. They could often be heard conversing together, mostly with questions from above and ready, respectful answers from below, and the window was always closed with a smile.

People fancied the old "vivisectionist," or whatever he might be that was dark and evil, must hold his haunt at the back of the house, or he would surely, in his surly temper, have discovered and put an end to the unequal acquaintance, which had existed almost ever since the present tenants had entered the house, and that was three years before this chronicle commences.

It was toward evening of one bleak November day that the little Italian organ-grinder, making his appearance before No. 29 much later than usual, began to turn the crank of his instrument with weary mechanism, yet with a bright, expectant glance directed upward at the window over the door.

Almost instantly the sash was raised, and a golden head stealthily protruded. The girl's face was paler than ordinarily, and she pressed a finger against her lips, while with the other hand motioning for the boy to draw nearer. With quick perception, noting the meaning of her gesture, the little Italian ceased his playing and took a step forward.

"Pietro, will you do a great, great favor for me?" the young lady cried, in as low a voice as could be audible below.

Twilight had fallen, and there were few passers, so that she need scarcely have feared eavesdroppers, unless within her own household.

"A favor, lady? With gladness I will do it," answered the Italian, with his marked, yet not unpleasing, accent.

"I have a letter I wish to send, and I have no way of doing so, unless you can take it for me. I—I have not even money or stamps, and so my letter cannot go through the mail. Do you think you could take it to a certain address for me? I know you well enough, good little boy, to feel sure I can trust you, if you say you can take it."

The boy's handsome eyes lighted with gratitude and pleasure at her words.

"Pietro will do that you ask him. You are all which he has of joy," he responded, rapturously. "But, it may happen, your letter he cannot take it to its place till the night, after the moneys for the playing have been given to Bertini. That is the man who calls himself the master of Pietro," and the Italian's lips curled angrily.

The face of the girl in the widow changed with her disappointment.

"Well, since it is the best you can do, I must be satisfied," she said, "I would not want you to get into trouble for my sake. But, oh, Pietro, this letter is so very important! If it should not reach the one it is intended for, I know of nothing that could save me from a terrible fate. You will be careful of it, I'm sure, when I tell you that, Pietro, although this time I have no silver to give you, I will give you much gratitude instead. Here is the letter; catch it, quickly! Now go, or our secret may be suspected. And remember, no one must know."

Something small and white fluttered through the air and fell near the boy's feet. He snatched it up, and thrusting it inside the ragged covering of his breast, gave one upward glance and hurried away through the gathering gloom.

* * * * * *

In the rickety tenement that afforded meagre shelter to Pietro when his labor was ended at night, there was an ill-looking and unsavory band assembled as he entered the attic, after a breathless ascent of the five flights of stairs.

There was a dark-visaged Italian, whose swart countenance was flushed with drink, a couple of ragged boys lying heavily asleep in the corner beside the hand-organ recently unstrapped from the tired shoulders, and two brutal-appearing Irishmen, whose narrow foreheads, deep-set little eyes, and bull-like necks, proclaimed them by their resemblance to be brothers. A bottle and a jug upon the dirty deal table betrayed the nature of the entertainment, and the close atmosphere was heavy with its dense cloud of smoke.

"Come you here-a, and give account of yourself," growled the man called Bertini, beating his knuckles impatiently on the table, as Pietro proceeded to unburden himself of his constant companion, the hand-organ. "Come here, I say, you son of a thrice-cursed mother."

The Irishmen laughed, and Pietro moved forward. His eyes were shining, and one thin hand held together the rags upon his breast. With the other he brought forth a number of coins from his pocket, among which coppers predominated largely. He laid them on the table, and Bertini turned them over, swearing beneath his breath. Then he broke into louder curses as he finished his inspection.

"Liar! where is the rest?" he shouted, clutching the boy's slight shoulder, to shake him back and forth. "Give me the rest, or——"

But Pietro threw up his hand entreatingly.

"That is all there is of moneys! Let me go!" he cried, fearfully.

The boy was no coward, but he knew Bertini and trembled.

"What is the young thafe o' the wurrold hidin' in his dirthy buzzum?" put in one of the grinning Irishmen. "Make him fork it out, why don't yez?"

In an instant Bertini had snatched Pietro's hand loose from his jacket, and thrust his own within the rags. Then ensued a struggle. With a shriek the wiry Italian boy had twisted himself out under the other's arm, and darted to the door before he could be retaken.

Twice he was caught, and twice escaped, only to be dragged back with revengeful brutality, and to meet with a harder fate than might have been dealt him had he not resisted. With a cry of despair, the boy saw his precious bit of paper torn from its hiding-place, then scarcely felt the pain of the blow that hurled him to the floor and robbed him of his senses.

Angered and disappointed at discovering no money, the man Bertini began eagerly spelling out the contents of the letter; then, having called his companions to his assistance, all three consulted over the paper in low, absorbed voices.

This was the letter which had fallen into the possession of the villains:

"DEAREST MAURICE—Perhaps I may never be able to send you this letter. Then indeed, if I cannot, I am lost. I am about to risk all, with one chance of success against a thousand of failure—but if this one hope fail me, there is no other left. First, I will try to tell you what happened since last you heard from me, and then inform you what desperation is about to drive me to do. I think in some way my uncle has become involved in money difficulties, through that horrible old Mr. Vanderpoel—or, at any rate, is in his debt, for he has been positively servile to him of late. Fancy that harsh, fierce, implacable man as being '*servile*' to any human being if you can, and then picture to yourself how pressing his necessity must be!

"Before last month my uncle had never seemed positively inclined toward *actively* forcing me into a marriage with Mr. Vanderpoel, although in a hundred ways he managed to make my wretched life more than ever a burden to me, because I continued to refuse him—and, as usual, watched me closely lest I should escape and meet you, whom he so maliciously delights in reviling as 'that poverty-stricken adventurer.'

"Last month, however, he began by insisting that I should become the wife of the hideous wretch he calls his 'friend,' threatening me with all manner of terrible punishments should I even open my lips to remonstrate.

"His language was fearful, his manner almost that of an insane person. You know how utterly helpless I am in his hands, and now he has gone so far as to have me confined in my room, having previously informed me that my marriage has been arranged between himself, Mr. Vanderpoel and a clergyman who will only laugh at any objections I may offer,' to take place next Wednesday.

"Oh, Maurice, I have tried to write all this calmly—to put it down plainly in black and white, that you may understand, and yet, I do not know if I have succeeded. My brain is a chaos. How can I tell that I have written a single word which is sensible? It may be it is only my sick mind which makes me fancy so.

"It seems—oh, I can see it as well as you!—as if in this prosaic nineteenth century, one might easily free oneself from such bondage, but if so, I have not found that way.

"I cannot call for help from passers-by in the street—strangers to me. My uncle would inform them that I was insane, as he has taken pains to impress upon me—and how could they do other than believe him? Within-doors there is no help for me—no help, at least, save one—that desperate *chance* of hope, of which I hinted.

"Now I will explain it to you. Long ago, before my uncle and I had arrived at swords'-points in our relations with each other (while I still continued to live with him voluntarily, knowing that I must do so till I was of age, or surrender my mother's fortune to him), he was accustomed once in a while to order me to assist him in his dreadful laboratory with some of his chemical tests.

"One day I asked a question regarding the nature of a certain exquisitely rose-tinted liquid in a small vial which stood far back upon one of the shelves.

"'With that liquid one is able to counterfeit death for as many hours as one chooses, under the number of sixty. Beyond that, the dose would become fatal,' he answered, with unusual garrulity.

"Growing interested, I asked several questions, and discovered that one drop of the liquid would insure a death-like trance of five hours, two drops ten hours, and so on.

"I soon forgot all about the information I had gained; but in my present desperate extremity, confined to my room, only to leave it on being forcibly made the wife of a man whose very touch is as a deadly poison to me, with a sudden lightning-flash of inspiration the thought of that tiny vial recurred to me.

"How to obtain it, if it were still in the laboratory, was the difficulty. But, pretending to suffer from an agonizing headache, I sent for my uncle, and begged him for something to relieve the pain, and to let me out of my hot, close room, if only for five minutes, or I should die.

"It was against his policy that I should be really ill, and this I knew and built upon. He told me I might go with him to the laboratory, and he would give me a certain powder which he had prepared for that malady; doubting not, I suppose, that I should be safe while in his immediate presence.

"Once within the laboratory, the instant his back was turned toward me, I darted with noiseless tread over the thick carpet to the well-remembered shelf. The vial was still there. I seized it, I secreted it in my bosom, just as he confronted me once more.

"Now you have divined what my plan is. Almost—though I have nerved myself to the necessity—I tremble as I write you of what I have to do. To-night—I dare delay no longer, as the day after to-morrow will be the one they have appointed for my marriage—I shall drink eleven drops of the rose-colored liquid. It can but kill me, and even then I should have found a way out of my prison house!

"The vault of our family, in which my poor father and mother lie buried, is at the right of the first stone fountain you pass after the entrance to Laurel Cemetery. There, doubtless, I shall be laid after the proper interval shall have elapsed—God grant they make it not too long, for I shall sleep, if all go well, but fifty-five hours—and there I beg of you to come for me at night, before the expiration of that time.

"It is now three o'clock. As soon as I shall have assured myself there is some faint chance of this letter reaching you, I shall drink the liquid and destroy the vial. I still wear your diamond ring, with the stone turned inside, that nobody may see, and the ruby cross is always next my heart. I cannot bear to leave them, and only dare faintly to hope that my uncle's avarice may not tempt him to despoil his niece's corpse. Now you know all. If I live, I shall be yours—if I am dead, at least I shall belong to no other.

"Your own in spirit, however fate may deal with us,

"ELINOR TRAFFORD."

The address on the outside of the letter was:

"MR. MAURICE BLAKE,
"University Club House."

It was the sound of this name that floated into Pietro's consciousness, as his dulled senses gradually and painfully returned to him. One of the Irishmen was stammeringly spelling it out aloud.

Pietro still lay upon the floor. Nobody regarded him or took any notice of him, supposing him still to be senseless, and for his well-being nobody cared.

For a moment the boy lay staring vacantly up at the rafters, vaguely wondering what had happened, and why it was that he felt so weak and full of pain.

It was the reading of the address upon the letter that had roused him to a realization of what had occurred—"Mr. Maurice Blake, University Club House."

The words took definite form in his mind, and lingered in his recollection. A moment after, he guessed their significance.

He had not deciphered the address himself—indeed, he did not know how to read at all—but instinct seemed to tell him this was it.

Then, a few low-spoken words from Bertini caused him quickly to close his eyes again and feign the unconsciousness that had been real enough before.

"How much do they give you for the corpses if you can get them?" questioned Bertini of his companions.

"Fur a foine frish wan like this gurrul's wud be, we'd git a big proice. 'Twud be a good schame—don't ye say so, Mickey?—let alone the jools the gurrul spakes about in her letther."

"A diamond ring and a cross of rubies," repeated Bertini, with evident relish.

"But I take it, there's a chance the gurrul won't be no

THE FRENCHWOMAN IN THE EAST.—MME. UJFALVY BOURDON.—SEE PAGE 487.

corpse at all," put in the man addressed as "Mickey." "If she wakes up, an' ain't no deader than the likes of us, what good wud she be to us thin—can ye tell me that? Though it might be we cud crib the jools off her—if so be the ould uncle laves 'em on."

"Not dead?" hissed Bertini. "But she must be dead! Do you see?—she *must be dead!* If not before you—we—go into the vault, then before we leave it. And *listen!* It is at my house you have heard this thing—you two. You must pay me well, or I'll set the dogs on you before you are through with it. Do you understand? The diamond ring must be mine, and half the value of the rubies, or you will not be safe within a thousand miles of this place—no! not within *ten* thousand! It is cheap for you at that price, Michael and Peter Donovan."

The elder Donovan laughed.

"Yez was always lookin' out fur the good of yerself, Bertini," he said, doggedly. "Come, Mickey, let's drink the best of luck to the success of our schame!"

Pietro sickened as the words burned their way into his aching brain. All power to move seemed to have deserted him, and again he lapsed into a state of semi-unconsciousness, having softly repeated to himself the name of "Mr. Maurice Blake, University Club House."

* * *

It was past eleven o'clock on Wednesday night when, as Maurice Blake was preparing to leave his club (where, by a mere chance, he had spent a long evening in reading), he was informed by a waiter that some one was asking to see him.

"It is one of those begging *I*talians, sir, and I shouldn't have bothered you, only he wouldn't go away when I told him, and kept saying that he had something very important to tell you," announced the man, apologetically.

"Let him come up, then," directed Blake.

So the Italian boy, Pietro, was shown into the almost deserted reading-room, where he stood half dazzled by the light and splendor, trembling in his rags beside the door.

"Come over here, my man," Blake commanded, not unkindly, "and tell me what your business is with me."

For all answer, the boy darted forward and laid a soiled and crumpled sheet of paper upon the gentleman's upturned palm.

Then, as Blake only stared at him with a gaze not devoid of suspicion, Pietro touched the paper with a thin brown finger, whispering:

"It is for you. She told me it was to give to the address—Mr. Maurice Blake. I could not to read the words, but afterward I did hear them speak."

THE FRENCHWOMAN IN THE EAST.—BACK STREET IN SRINUGGER.—SEE PAGE 487.

"She? What do you mean?" questioned Blake, still suspicious.

"The beautiful lady. She it is who has eyes of color like mine, and hair like the bright ring on your hand"—pointing as he spoke. "She know me. I play under her window."

With a quick exclamation Blake unfolded the paper, and ran his eyes over the contents with a changing countenance. His face was white and drawn, as at length he looks up, crying:

"Good God! When was this given to you, boy?"

"On Monday, in the afternoon—perhaps five o'clock," answered Pietro, nervously clasping his hands.

"And now it is Wednesday! Scoundrel! why have you kept it until now?"

Then, with tears, and many foreign gestures, Pietro told his story—the story of his vain struggle, the blow, and the plot which he had overheard. Told how Bertini had shut him into a dark den, half-room, half-closet, in the tenement attic, from Monday night until Wednesday morning, when he had been sent out as usual with his hand-organ, and had gone in haste to the house of the "beautiful lady" hoping to catch sight of her, and tell her of his loss. But the shutters had all been closed, and the house had a strange, deserted air that frightened him (Blake shuddered visibly as Pietro arrived at this portion of his tale), and so he had been able to accomplish nothing until night, when, Bertini having fallen into a drunken doze in his chair, the boy had ventured upon a search of his master's pockets. Finally he had been lucky enough to discover the note, whose appearance he recognized, although he could not read its contents, and then had escaped, inquiring his way until the University Club House was reached.

As the Italian talked rapidly on, Blake had sat with his face in his hands, but, before the story was fairly ended, he sprang to his feet, passing his hand across his forehead.

"Stay here, boy. I will leave orders that you are to be cared for," he said, half dazedly. "My God!" he added, beneath his breath—"my God! if it should be too late!"

A few moments later, Maurice Blake, with two determined-looking men in dark uniforms, were being driven over the pavements toward Laurel Cemetery, with more speed than their jaded hack horses had ever compassed before.

* * * * * *

The moon was rising, round, haggard and lustreless, behind the tall dark evergreens that skirted the city of the dead, while shadows with black skeleton fingers stretched across the pathways, and dusky, withered grass, playing with quivering, fantastic strangeness over the marble of monument and gravestone.

It was a weird and eerie place at midnight. The silence was like a spell; and, when from time to time the heavy stillness was broken by the rattling of the naked tree-branches, the sound could but be suggestive of another and yet ghastlier one.

Black, billowy clouds hovered hungrily about the sky, ready to engulf the pallid moon as she rose above the horizon; and, once received within their embrace, all appeared darker than before.

At that moment the clock in some distant church-tower chimed out the half-hour after twelve.

As the sound ceased, the old silence did not wholly return. There was a faint rattling of the gravel in the side pathway that wound to the great stone fountain near the gateway, and, a moment later, an odd rasping, filing noise, with a soft clicking now and again, as if against some bit of solid iron.

At midday the body of Elinor Trafford had been laid away in the tomb of her ancestors; and now the work of robbery—of murder, it might be—was about to begin.

The clicking and filing ceased. The heavy iron door swung back, creaking on its rusty hinges, and threw shadows, only blacker than the blackness of the moon-deserted night, melted into the chill shadows that lay within.

Then, for the moment, the greatest need for caution was past. The light from a dark-lantern was turned on, and the mystery of the shrouding darkness was dispelled. Numerous grimly occupied niches in the stone walls told their own story of humanity's frailty; but the dust of years lay in a gray pall over the coffin lids in all save one. Of this, half of the lid was of crystal, and, as it was roughly dragged from its aperture, the light revealed a vision so fair that even the guilt-stained hearts of these human ghouls might well have turned from their dire purpose.

So might Galatea have looked while still Pygmalion worshiped the statue and not the woman.

Fair as alabaster, in the clinging white cashmere shroud that no loving fingers had strewn with flowers, lay the exquisite entranced figure, its only coloring the golden hair, the dark brows and lashes, and the ruby cross that burned upon the peaceful bosom.

Even the avarice of him whose persecutions had driven her to this house of death had turned aside, powerless at sight of death's beautiful reproach.

For an instant the three pairs of evil eyes gloated over their defenseless prey; then Peter Donovan thrust his knife beneath the lid of the coffin, and, as it yielded, roughly caught the marble hand of the sleeper.

"Here's the ring, sure's me name's Donovan, boys!" he whispered, triumphantly; and the others crowded nearer.

The diamond flashed temptingly as the grave-robber dragged it from its abiding-place, and the hand dropped back helplessly; but the eyelids quivered ever so faintly.

Bertini, however, was the only one who noticed it.

"Now for the cross," he whispered. "The ring must be mine, and half the price of the cross, remember!"

He snatched the glittering bauble with greedy haste as he spoke, snapping the delicate chain that held it in its place.

While he did so a shudder ran over the slumberer's form. Her eyes opened dazedly, and she sighed.

"Be the powers, it's alive!" groaned Donovan, shrinking away from the coffin.

But Bertini caught the knife that the Irishman still clutched between his tremulous fingers.

With one white arm on the coffin's edge, the girl had raised herself into a half-sitting posture, and now, with marble face and dark, dilated eyes, stared at her terrible surroundings.

"Who are you?" she gasped. "What are you going to do with me?"

"To kill you!" hissed Bertini, as he raised his arm.

The long, thin blade of the knife glittered in the light of the lantern.

But it never fell. There was a wild cry from the girl, a rush of feet from outside, with an accompanying gust of pure, wholesome air. Bertini was caught about the waist from behind.

Both Irishmen sprang forward, only to grapple with two men in uniform; and in the fierce fight for mastery the lantern was overturned and the light extinguished.

Then ensued a struggle in the dark, voiceless but desperate—begun in the vault, but partially ended outside.

There were a couple of ringing shots, a chase up the stone steps, through the flying gravel, over the sodden grass.

One of the policemen was wounded—how seriously it was impossible to tell—and one of the ghouls had escaped—no, two of them.

But where was the third? And where was Maurice Blake?

Returning from his fruitless chase, the policeman who

was unharmed proceeded to light his own lantern, and descended again into the vault.

There lay the Italian, Bertini, dead, his face fixed and horrible in the expression it had last worn in life; and there was Maurice Blake, supporting the form of the woman he loved, which he had groped for and found in the darkness.

* * * * * *

Elinor Trafford and Maurice Blake were married the next morning, although the girl was ill, and did not recover her full measure of health for many weeks succeeding her desperate experiment and peril.

The diamond circlet, which had been dropped on the floor of the vault, served, by the bride's request, as a wedding-ring; and the fateful ruby cross lay upon a happier bosom than had ever throbbed beneath its light weight before.

Pietro, the little Italian organ-grinder, was cared for and given an education by the two whose happiness his weak hands had preserved; and, in spite of all traditions to the contrary, he never betrayed their trust and confidence.

Ten days after the funeral of Elinor Trafford—or eight days after her transformation into Elinor Blake—No. 29 ——— Place was seen to be "For Rent."

The bird of prey had vanished into a mystery more impenetrable than had shrouded his life before, and Elinor Blake never received the fortune which belonged to her.

THE FRENCHWOMAN IN THE EAST.

By H. S. Fagan,

What is a female *officier d'académie?* One thinks of the traveling fellows at Oxford and Cambridge, who were bound to do so many miles in the year, and to send back a Latin letter describing what they had seen. Sometimes they wrote books. I fancy dear old Eustace's "Classical Tour," beloved by Byron, was the outcome of such a subsidized journey. Above all, they were to be fellows, which in those days meant bachelors; whereas both the *officiers* whose travels I've been reading are married ladies. *En revanche*, they both wore, during the greater part of their wanderings, dresses of such an unfeminine type that when one of them was presented to the Shah, his majesty said: "You don't mean to tell me that that young lad is a woman." Otherwise, they seem very unlike. Mme. Ujfalvy Bourdon, as drawn by L'huillier, is so tall and stalwart, one does not wonder that, whenever they could, her Cashmere coolies should have shirked carrying her "palkee," and that she elbowed her way into the Srinugger bazaar, despite the attempts of the British resident's wife to hold her back. I should not like to have a cut from that dog-whip of hers, or for her to come down on my toe with those jack-boots into which she has tucked her knickers. Mme. Dieulafoy, on the other hand, in Bayard's portrait, is pretty and *piquante*, and she knows it. She wears man's trousers, a loose short coat, a black necktie, and a jaunty solar-topee, and looks so attractive astride her black Arabian, that "Marcel" might well have been uneasy, did not the Persian taste, like that of Orientals generally, prefer plump, moon-faced beauties. Anyhow the Shah was wise in pronouncing that she had done quite right in discarding woman's dress if she meant to go about unvailed. "A woman can't do it over here," said the Light of the World, "without making a street row. It would be nearly as bad, I think, if a Persian lady was to walk in her usual outdoor dress on your Paris boulevards; and my people are much more excusable. A strange female face is to them a prodigy; very few have ever seen one outside the family circle."

Well, this pretty little lady was fourteen months in the East and did nearly 6,000 kilomètres on horseback, keeping the journals and taking the photographs and nursing her sick husband through an illness. I'd back her for endurance against Mme. Ujfalvy, who, stalwart as she looks, owns herself a poor mountaineer.

A Cornish mine-boy who could swim, when asked why he hadn't leapt into the sea to save a drowning comrade, said: "My heart's all right, but I was 'teemud'"; and Mme. Ujfalvy was certainly "teemud" in coming down the snow slope of the Bourdjila Pass. She had a coolie to help her, but after going a little way down, she refused to stir till another was sent back to hold her up on the other side. Another time she confessed that her want of presence of mind spoiled the only bit of sport which came in their way on the whole journey. On the Upper Jhelum they had foregathered with a young American and his wife; and when, near Skardo, a bear crossed the path, the American went for him with a light fowling-piece, and sent M. de Ujfalvy, who was mounted, to ride slantwise and cut Bruin off from the hills. No sooner, however, had this gentleman started than his wife rode after him, screaming: "My dear, you've got no gun, you'll be killed!" and while he stopped to show her his revolver and to explain that a horse can always distance a bear, the bear settled the question by trotting off up the face of the mountain. "I was very angry with myself for a moment," she says, "but when I came to think it over, I felt I'd done right. A wounded bear is a very dangerous beast, and that fowling-piece could not have given him more than a slight wound."

Cold she bore very well, and they had plenty of it; for, beginning from Umballah to Simla, they kept well among the mountains past Kot and Sultanpoor, and Dharmsala and Chamba, and Badravhar, and the Banihal Pass, down into the Cashmere valley. Thence, crossing the Zodjila Pass, and pushing on beyond Skardo, the capital of Baltistan, they got into the savage country, where (in Mme. Ujfalvy's phrase), "the Himalaya stretches out its hands to the Karakorum," and where, near the Mustagh Pass, is the biggest glacier in the world. No wonder that she and her husband were often nearly frozen, and that their companion, Mr. Clarke (who seems to have been rather neglected; I hope not because of his English name—he was gathering curios for South Kensington), was quite laid up. Not an inviting route for a man who is going to spend his leave in Cashmere to take his wife along instead of leaving her at Simla; and, indeed, a mem-sahib could scarcely rough it as Mme. Ujfalvy Bourdon did in her Bloomer costume and without an ayah. Despite her setting all rules at defiance, the Maharajah, whose head-gardener and vine-grower are Frenchmen, received the party most graciously; sent on a tahsildar and a moonshi to see that they got the best of everything; turned out a guard of honor for them every now and then; paid their traveling expenses (no trifle in that difficult country), and let their baggage in and out customs free. He did everything except allow them to go on to Ghilghit, where the little Rajah was in revolt, and where an Englishman had lately been murdered. What had brought them to Cashmere? "The interests of science," as M. de Ujfalvy proudly explained to the Maharajah. "Science" seemed limited to taking anthropological measurements, determining the length of the frontal

THE WILD ZODJILA PASS.

sinus, etc., of Baltis, Ladakis, etc., and settling the not very important question whether these tribes are Aryan or Mongolian. It was hard work, and the measurements were often one-sexed; for although the almighty rupee was always powerful enough to persuade the men to stand and be measured, the women (dreading lest a spell should be thrown over them) generally burst into such torrents of tears that the tender-hearted scientist sent them away, with a few rupees by way of consolation.

MME. DIEULAFOY.

Mixed up with these scientific inquiries was a very active search for curios; and ear and nose-rings, bangles, brasswork, tea and coffee-pots, silver Balti-ware necklaces

incrusted with gold and turquoises, were bought up wholesale. Indeed, their fame as buyers made the travelers, on their second visit to Srinugger, literally mobbed by sellers, every one of whom had a brass pot of some kind up his sleeve.

Science suffered from this zeal for art; the money was all spent and the intended route had to be shortened. However, it is something for a woman to have gone through the wild Zodjila Pass, and the wilder country round Skardo, and to have been among Baltis and Brokpas and other little-known mountaineers. Mme. Ujfalvy is in her element in really wild scenery. She got quite angry when, on coming down the Banihal Pass, she saw the flat Vale of Cashmere. "Je m'abandonnai," she says, "à ma colère toute féminine. I was thoroughly disenchanted. Had I come all this weary way to see a plain, looking almost as bare as a fallow field, and surrounded with very commonplace mountains, most of them stripped of their timber, and covered with flowers that one can pick on any hill-side in Europe?"

In Baltistan, on the other hand, she finds the Chigar Valley magnificent—finer even than that of Skardo; and, as for the view from Fort Askolé, fancy nearly ninety miles of glaciers, interrupted only by the mountain peaks between which they lie, and blazing in the glory of an Indian sunset. "I had seen," says our *officier*, "the same sort of thing in the Alps and in Styria; but what a difference! Here, man is wholly lost. You fancy that the world has been set on fire, and that the flames will next minute meet over your head and shut you in." The height of the Karakorum range has not yet been very accurately determined; but, as a whole, it is loftier than the Himalaya, while its highest peak is only some fifty yards lower than Mount Everest.

Though the mountain lasses didn't like to be measured, they were not at all unwilling to be sold. M. Ujfalvy always tried to get from each tribe a complete costume, male and female; but the latter he was sometimes told were not to be had without their wearers. He thought he had bought a Balti girl's dress; but next morning, at breakfast, the interpreter came in with the announcement: "The girl's here." And there she was, ready to be carried off as a Hagar with Mme. Ujfalvy for Sarah, but determined not to let her clothes go without herself. But even Mme. Ujfalvy tired of nothing but savagery; and one can understand that, on coming back to Cashmere, after her sojourn among the mountains, everything looked better than it did at first sight; the roses were out, and the jasmine and honeysuckle; the women seemed prettier by contrast with their sisters of the hill-tribes; a back street in Srinugger, of which she gives us a photograph, looked quite as picturesque as a tumble-down slum in Venice. Her reflection is, "What a pity such a lovely country does not belong to Europeans. They would make it lively, whereas now it is choked to death with Eastern melancholy."

On this second visit to Cashmere, she visited the little "isle of plane trees," where Jacquemont lived more than fifty years ago; and her husband and the Maharajah's French gardener and vine-dresser and distillery manager got up a very French celebration. I can understand their enthusiasm, for Jacquemont's "Letters" is one of my pet French books; he went through most of British India (dying at Bombay), and though he is very un-English in feeling, he is none the less worth reading on that account. Of course she saw all the palaces, Shahlimar (built by Shah Jehan) and the rest, and her photographs give a very good idea of them. Most of them are, more or less, connected with Noor-Mahal (Shah Jehan's wife), and are by no means so interesting as the ruined temple of Martrand, between Verinagh and Srinugger, which, venerable though it looks, Mr. Fergusson asserts is not older than the eighth century. Early travelers, struck with the Greek type of some of the capitals, said it was built by the workmen of Alexander the Great, just as the local antiquaries in a certain Norfolk town used to show the quaintest of their Mayor's three maces as "a fine example of Saxon work," till a ruthless Cambridge archæologist put them to open shame by pointing out the initials G.II.R., and asking what they meant.

More interesting still are the huge sculptured stones of the temple of Avantipoor; but both of them are poor compared with the wonderful building at Baidjnauth, up above Kantgra, which is really a model of Hindoo art at its best. Nothing Greek here; a typical Brahmin temple, with zebus and other beasts carved in its courtyard. If Anglo-Indians' wives in general cared for architecture, Baidjnauth would be a regular pilgrimage place from Simla. I'm glad it isn't; for the English sight-seer is so very fond of picnicing; and I fancy "the mild Hindoo" may share my horror at sandwich papers, corks, and soda-water bottles, to say nothing of fowl-bones. Fancy these things in the courtyard of a temple; it's as bad as Cromwell turning Peterborough Cathedral into a cavalry barrack. More to the liking of the female society at Simla is polo, which Mme. Ujfalvy saw played by its inventors, the Baltis of Skardo. In Baltistan, every village has its polo-ground, though sometimes the nearness of rocks and precipices must be a trial to the player. Yet accidents are very rare; and the "tattoos," usually hog-maned and dock-tailed, are taught to pivot round in a way which even the cleverest rider at Lillie Bridge might envy. I wonder people don't go up to Skardo to watch polo-playing under the shadow of the Karakorum range, with rocks heaped all round, any one of which would answer as a stretcher for the giant Prometheus.

But I'm not going to pick out all the plums from Mme. Ujfalvy's book. Read for yourself. It's worth reading; and so is her husband's book on "The Old Brass Work of Cashmere," and also his "From India to Samarcand"; for "the interests of science" (the wish, *i.e.*, to determine by skull measurements the Aryan or non-Aryan origin of obscure tribes) took him on another occasion as far north as the old capital of Timour. I like to see how things which are matter of course to Anglo-Indians, and to those who have been brought up among Anglo-Indians, strike one who is new to Hindoo habits. Mme. Ujfalvy finds it so strange that the Maharajah prefers to eat off fresh lotus-leaves instead of plates; that his servants have muslin over their mouths for fear their breath should make his food unclean; that when he gives a dinner he walks with his guests as far as the dining-room door and then leaves them to themselves. Some of her stories are old. I think I've heard before about the English magistrate who was crossing the Jhelum when two native women slipped off the inflated skins on which they were being carried over, and went down-stream. As their husbands didn't stir to save them, he jumped in and brought them ashore. By-and-by the husbands came up for baksheesh. "Baksheesh, indeed," cried the magistrate; "in England it's the fellow who saved a man's wife that would look for baksheesh from the husband." "No, sahib; we say that a man wouldn't save a woman's life unless he had some interest in her. You've saved them, so you'd better settle a pension on them."

Some of her facts are new, some old. I had not heard that water-chestnuts, which used to be eaten by the prehistoric Swiss lake-dwellers, grow so profusely in the

Cashmere lakes as to be a real help in times of scarcity. I had heard of that splendid stuff *patou*, or native homespun, just like Irish or Hebridean frieze; and of the floating gardens, which sometimes only too well justify their name; for the thief comes by night, cuts the ropes, and tows away garden and crop. I had heard, too, of the mosque at Srinugger, in which they keep a hair of Mohammed's beard. Pictures are an abomination to the Mussulman, images he hates worse than the Jew does; but from relic-worship he is no more free than the Methodists, who in Cornwall now and then show some of John Wesley's belongings, just as if he was a mediæval saint. Boating about by moonlight through the waterways of Srinugger must be delightful. In the clear, cool light the mountains look all the better for being treeless; the bridges seem as grand and mysterious as the Rialto. The moldering lattice-work of the tumble-down houses becomes glorified into something far more picturesque than a Venetian palace; the lamps flitting about on the terraces, the light that streams from the palace-window, make one think of Haroun Alraschid and of

> "The fourscore windows all alight,
> As with the quintessence of flame."

Above all, night throws a vail over the dirt which, among a people who only change their shirts once a year, is so distressing by day. Altogether, Cashmere (alas! that since this was written we must say what is left of it), is a place to which the mem-sahib, if she reads Mme. Ujfalvy's book and studies its beautiful illustrations, is sure to insist on being taken during one of her visits to the hills. Darbous and Baltis and such like she will be content to leave to those who travel "in the interests of science"; a big mountain is only a little one magnified, the largest glacier in the world is only the Mer de Glace multiplied ever so many times. One can imagine all this if one has been to Switzerland; but Cashmere and its lake—they must be something that the rest of the world can't show, for here is a lady who began by talking of disenchantment and bemoaning her hard fate in having come so far to see what she might have seen for fifty francs by taking a season ticket from Paris—actually confessing, when she has had a moonlight row on the lake, that Cashmere is not over-rated after all, and that if poor Jacquemont didn't grow enthusiastic about it, it must have been because he was already sickening for the fever that carried him off. As for the glaciers and glorious passes and higher mountaineering, all that may well be left to the few who take the same view of things that Mrs. F. Burnaby does, viz., that going up Mont Blanc and the Aiguille du Midi and half-a-dozen 11,000 feet *cols* in Summer is a mere trifle, and that the healthiest time for a lady to undertake such ascents is the Winter. When Winter sets in, by-the-way, the Maharajah clears his capital of strangers, so those of Mrs. Burnaby's mind, being obliged to move on, might turn their attention to the Karakorum giants.

In one thing Cashmere compares pleasantly with the Himalaya sanitaria. They, perched each on its spur of mountain, have no walks, or at most one. Everybody complains of this. In Cashmere you can get about in all directions. Will there ever be tunnels up in that part of the world, like the St. Gothard and the rest? Why not? There's money and energy enough if it was spent aright. The Book tells us man was put upon the earth to subdue it; alas, he has always been so much fonder of wasting his strength in subduing his fellow-men!

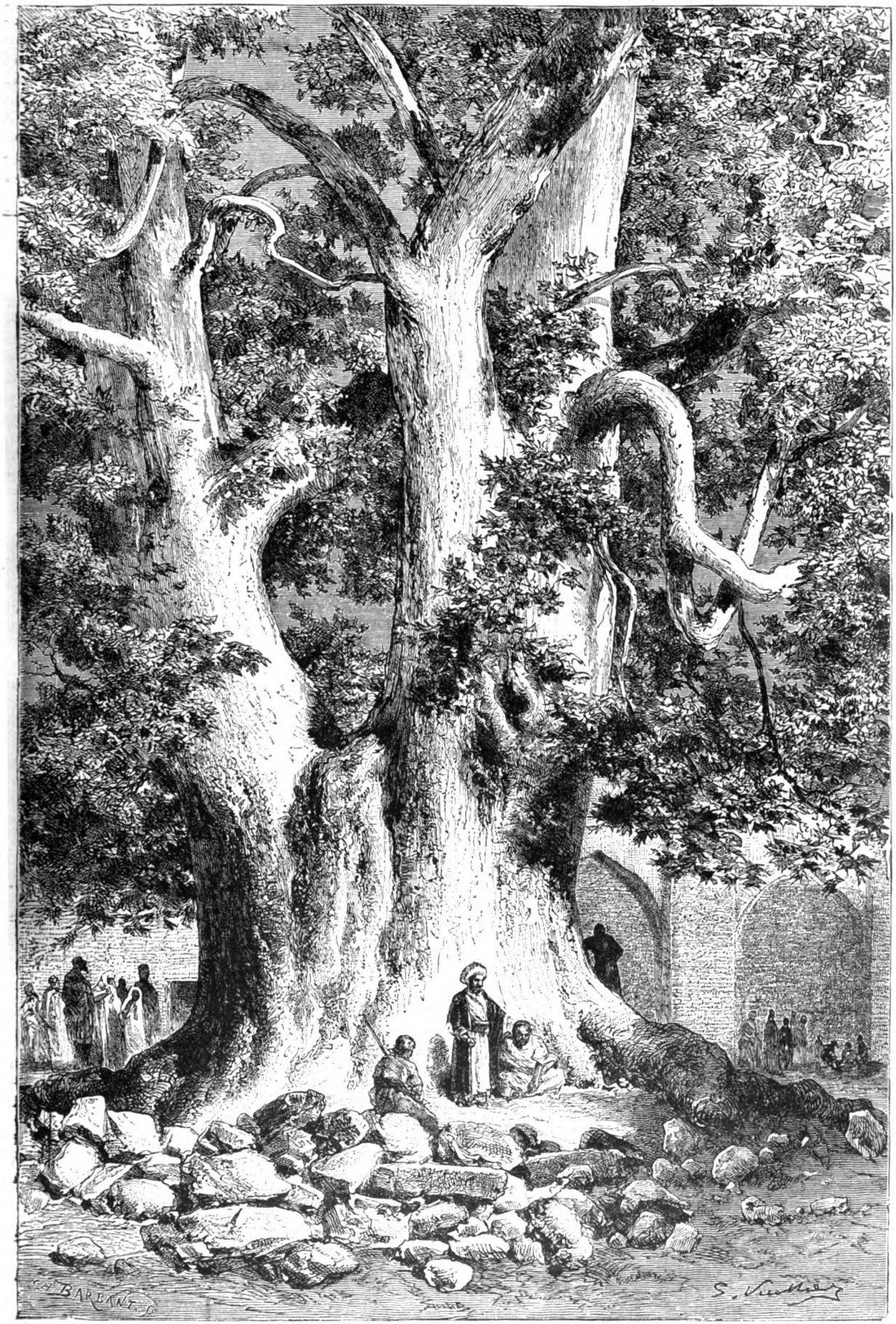
One thing remained a deception to the last, even after Mme. Ujfalvy had come to acknowledge that Cashmere is surprisingly beautiful though it disappointed her at first sight. The fruit is poor; they bring seeds from Europe, but the plants degenerate. So much for Mme. Ujfalvy. I don't think many English ladies will follow the dustier route of her coquettish sister-officer, Mme. Dieulafoy. Persia and Chaldea are very interesting—to the archæologist. M. Dieulafoy was sent by the French Government to collect specimens of, and learn as much as he could about, those enameled bricks and tiles of which the Burlington Club collection gave some exquisite samples. Those who saw that collection may remember No. 146, the old Persian star-shaped wall tile, with rose and rose-leaves in relief. And No. 144 (lent by Mr. Holman Hunt), a chocolate background covered with white foliage touched with green, and, in blue relief, an inscription bearing the name of the Shiah Mahdi, who disappeared as a child in 868 and will come again to bring all the world to the faith. Some of these tiles showed, by their Chinese feeling, that of old there was trade between Persia and the Flowery Land. Persian fleets really went the whole round; but this was before the deadening effect of Mohammedanism. Though the fleets are gone, however, the art lasts on. Good enameled tiles and bricks are still made; though nothing now made will compare with such glorious work as that of the blue mosque at Tauris, with one vast nave lined with reddish-gray enamel, the other with every tint of blue, from the deepest "navy" to the lightest verditer. This splendid fifteenth-century mosque has been sadly shattered by an earthquake, and has suffered still more through being used as a quarry by the inhabitants. It was built by Sunnis, so the Persian Shiahs think its destruction a pious work. Mme. Dieulafoy's photographs are delightful, whether they represent castles, as at Tauris and Veramine, the very models of our feudal strongholds; or mosques and colleges, of which Sultanieh and Kazbin were wonderful examples; or trees like the plane of Tadjrich, which measures twenty yards round; or groups of mollahs or market people so lifelike that we think they are going to talk. I never saw a better group than those two Persian women of Maranda, in black cloaks and hoods, talking to the girl who kneels at her work of kneading cut straw and cowdung to repair the floor with. And Mme. Dieulafoy's letter-press is full of fun, too. In a particularly bandit-haunted spot they are joined by five or six Persians, who beg to be allowed to travel under the protection of the brave Feringhis. "Je me considérais avec orgueil," she says. "I never felt so proud in my life. What, a *gamin de ma taille* to act as protector to those big-bearded and well-armed men!" She describes vividly her encounter with a rose-water merchant, whose wife gazed in amazement from her screened face at the bold woman of the West. Then, how she chaffs the Persian aga at Djoulfa, who, when, thanks to the English consul, a Russian, everything is ready for the start, comes up in state with all his suite and hopes he may be able to help on their arrangements. "Did your Excellency have a good nap?" is her answer—a very proper one, seeing that, when she had waited on the aga with a letter of introduction she was told he was asleep. What puzzles me is, how she learnt Persian. She says she took every opportunity of hearing it spoken, but you may hear a good deal of a language without gaining much unless you know something to begin with. She has a good deal to tell us about the Persian royal family. Nasrred Din's heir-apparent was educated by that Mirza Nizam who, three-and-twenty years ago, made such a figure at the Ecole Polytechnique. But the bigots are still very strong in Persia; and they appealed to the Shah about the frightful immorality of

allowing the future king-of-kings to wear clothes of the European cut. Mirza, only saved from death by the entreaties of his pupil, was banished to Kachan ; and the prince, who is hereditary Governor of Tauris, so completely lost all authority that his servants behaved worse than those of Robert of Normandy, and plundered him not of his clothes only but his food. His Royal Highness appealed in a very Oriental way to the prefect of police, having him well bastinadoed, and then, a few days after, sending him a robe of honor by way of consolation. The Shah thought this scarcely a promising system of government ; so the young prince now lives in retirement at Teheran, and probably when his time comes to succeed to the throne there will be a revolution. The Kadjars, the royal tribe of Persia, are Syrian Turcomans brought in by Tamerlane. Shah Abbas set them to guard the frontiers, and their chief Fattaly Khan, having been made commander of the forces by Tamasp II., the next step was to seize the throne, which they did toward the end of the last century. Napoleon, anxious to attack the British on the side of India, sent out Gardanne to the Shah ; but he was checkmated by General Malcolm, who purchased Persian neutrality at £1,000 a day. On the fall of Napoleon, the pension suddenly ceased, and when the Shah showed the British ambassador the treaty, this patriotic gentleman, Mme. Dieulafoy was told, tore off the signatures and swallowed them ! That is how history is made. One thing that Mme. Dieulafoy did showed her energy if not her good sense. At Kazbin her husband was taken very ill ; and, unwilling to trust him to the Persian doctors, who have not got beyond Avicenna, unable, too, to doctor him herself, for her medicine-chest had gone on with the heavy baggage, she determined to push on to Teheran. How she has to waste a day in hunting for and getting horses and a covered litter ; how the carriage gets "stodged" on the road and is pulled out next morning by the oxen of some passing peasants ; how, reaching Teheran at night, she loses her way and drives about in frantic search of the Christian quarter, is so well told that we almost forget the husband who was getting worse all this time, and would probably have fared better under the disciples of Avicenna. How she met the widow Torkan Khanoum, who spoke Persian, Arabic, Turkish and Russian ; had never pierced her nostrils with the usual three holes ; and, ruling in widowed state, went about attended by a pet panther.

TORKAN KHANOUM AND HER PET PANTHER.

I said few of our ladies would care to follow her ; and yet there are few more interesting routes for those who prefer men to mountains, and beautiful "mirhabs" like the Alhambra, and octagons like a cathedral chapter house, only cased in lustred tiles, to the rather monotonous glaciers of Baltistan. The people are lively and interesting ; they reminded her of her own Languedoc peasants, and she lived a great deal among them, seeing everything and telling her story in a business-like way, which is a great improvement on the "gush" of many lady travelers.

Persia is a land of ruins and cool mosque-cloisters and underground reservoirs ; and its minarets, if one may judge by that at Narshirvan, dispose of the Irish round-towers mystery. The Irish round tower is a minaret, the lower buildings of which have been dwarfed into



THE PLANE-TREE OF TADJRICH, PERSIA.

insignificance. Not that the old Irish were Mohammedans, but the oldest church-towers all over Europe are round; the pattern came from the East, and probably the builders as well; and the fashion of square towers didn't set in till later, and had scarcely reached Ireland at the time of the English invasion. One is glad to find that the Persians are at last opening their eyes to the folly of letting curio-hunters steal the tiles from half-ruined mosques and sell them at Teheran. Many of the ruins are now "closed to the public"; and with Mohammedans one must always be a little more careful than Mme. Ujfalvy was with heathens. Mme. Ujfalvy has a good story of how her husband stole the sacred dagger in a temple near Sultanpoor and left a rupee in its place.

Zenana work? Yes, it is going on in Persia, thanks to the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. Mme. Dieulafoy saw a good deal of them at Teheran, where they helped her to nurse her husband through his long illness. The Shah gives them a yearly subsidy; and besides the Armenians, who come in great numbers, they get a good many Mussulman girls, who learn sewing, ironing and other household arts, and also gain some notions of history and geography. At Djoulfa the Armenians have a Sisterhood of St. Catherine; but of course Mme. Dieulafoy thinks them very poor creatures compared with the Frenchwomen.

Well, France may be proud of her *officiers d'académie*, if they are in the habit of making such journeys and writing such journals as Mesdames Dieulafoy and Ujfalvy Bourdon. If any American woman thinks of following in their steps, let her be sure to learn photography, for her own sake as well as for the sake of those who will read her inevitable book.

SCOTT'S REVERSES.

Sir Walter Scott was engaged, at the time of his misfortunes, in writing the "Life of Bonaparte," taking up his new novel of "Woodstock" at intervals by way of relief. These tasks he continued, with steady perseverance, in the midst of all his distresses. Even on the day which brought assurance of the grand catastrophe, he resumed in the afternoon the task which had engaged him in the morning. There was more triumph over circumstances here than might be supposed, for he had lately begun to feel the first touches of the infirmities of age—age to which ease, not hard work, is naturally appropriate. His sleep was now less sound than it had been; his eyesight was failing; and, above all, he felt that backwardness of the intellectual power which is inseparable from years. The will, however, was green as ever, and under the prompting of an honorable spirit, it did its work nobly. Doggedly, doggedly did the energetic old man rouse himself from his melancholy couch and set to his task at an hour when gayety had little more than sought his. Firmly did he keep to his desk during long hours, till he could satisfy himself that he had done his utmost. The temptations of society, the more insinuating claims of an overworked system for rest, were alike resolutely rejected. The world must ever hear with wonder that between the third day after his bankruptcy and the fifteenth day thereafter, he had written a volume of "Woodstock," although several of these days had been spent in comparative vacancy, to allow the imagination time for brooding. He believed that, for a bet, he could have written this volume *in ten days*. Just a fortnight after his final breach with fortune, he says in his journal: "I have now no pecuniary provisions to embarrass me, and I think, now the shock of the discovery is past and over, I am much better off on the whole. . . . I shall be free of a hundred petty public duties imposed on me as a man of consideration, of the expense of a great hospitality, and, what is better, of the waste of time connected with it. I have known in my day all kinds of society, and can pretty well estimate how much or how little one loses by retiring from all but that which is very intimate. . . . If I could see those about me as indifferent to the loss of rank as I am, I should be comparatively happy. As it is, time must salve that sore, and to time I trust it."

IN SPRING

By J. W. T.

Like a child's waking smile, the earth's is bright,
The clear blue heavens a far-off sleeping sea,
With here and there a rippling cloud-wave white,
Stretching away beyond the world and me.

Around, the golden gorse is flowering high,
Lush bluebells gem the verdure at my feet;
And o'er me, as in idlesse deep I lie,
Steals the first breath of Spring, with Mayblooms sweet.

Beneath, beyond, the green vale opens wide,
With many a farmstead home and grazing steers;
And murmurs, like some half-forgotten tide
Heard in a shell, creep slowly through mine ears.

Innocent voices! but ye raise the ghosts
That haunt the silent chambers of the past;
Lean, hollow-eyed, they throng in countless hosts,
And 'tween me and the light their shadows cast;

And fetter all my will, and surely steep,
Like some insidious opiate on the brain,
My spirit in a dark, unwholesome sleep,
Whose dreams the old, dread visions shape again:

Of love that found not love for which it yearned;
Of noble aims distorted into sin;
And the strong wine of youth abused, and turned
To potent poison for the soul within.

A fool's weak thought! Here, on this altar-hill,
With Nature's pulses quickening to the fruit
In bud and branch, let the enslaved will
Rise from its slough of sloth, no longer mute.

So sings the bee that hums about my head;
For ever this the burden of his song:
"Rouse thee! Time speeds; bury thy festering dead!
Thy nerves are cramped, for thou hast dreamed too long!"

THE OATH HE TOOK.

By Clarence M. Boutelle.

Chapter I.

"It will not be for long. I shall surely come back."

The man's manner was earnest and honest, and no one except a woman, and a woman in love, and a woman inclined to be a trifle jealous, could have doubted word and tone and look, even for a moment.

But the woman hesitated. There was not really doubt of her lover in her mind; the shadow which lay across her soul was more vague than doubt, and harder for a sensitive woman to bear.

"But why must you go at all?"

"I cannot tell you that," he said, gravely, while a strange look of pain crept up into his eyes; "at least not now. Some time I can—perhaps; I hope I can; I believe I can."

The golden head opposite him was raised proudly.

The firm gaze of the bright blue eyes rested upon his face, half angry, half sullen.

"Do you think, Mr. Hugh Dashwood, that that is quite fair toward the woman who is your promised wife?"

"Don't, Dolly; don't ask it in that way. You know I love you. You know I am true to you. You know I would do anything for you that I could do. You know I would tell you all you wish to know, if I only could. You do know all that, don't you?"

"How do I know? I've only known you two short months, and——"

"Oh, Dolly, Dolly!" cried Hugh, coming nearer to her, and bending over her with a face eloquent with passionate protest, "do you doubt me? Have two months been too short to teach you how much I love you?"

Her mood changed.

"No," she said, as she laid her arm along his shoulders, "two months have been as much for me as whole lifetimes are to some women. I do trust you. I do love you. Only—only——"

"Well?"

"Only I wish you could tell me why you are called to London so suddenly?"

"And that is the one thing I cannot tell you, little one; the one thing I must deny you. Be patient. You shall know in time."

"May I see the message you received?"

The man's face crimsoned.

"No," he said, briefly and somewhat harshly.

The girl's blue eyes looked down at the grass; then they were raised to his face, and he saw they were full of tears.

He saw a question in them, too—a question which startled him.

"What is it, dear little woman?" he asked, tenderly—"what is it? There is more behind that sorry face than my sudden call to London."

She looked down again and said nothing.

"Am I not right?"

"Yes," she said, in a very low voice, and without looking at him.

"Will you tell me all about it? We must learn to be perfectly frank with one another. God knows I would keep nothing back from you if it were honorable to tell."

"I will be frank, Hugh—I will be perfectly frank. I love you. I trust you. I believe you. But there are some who do not, or who pretend they do not."

"Wayne Darrell, for one, I suppose," said Hugh, in a whisper.

"Yes," she said, "Wayne Darrell, for one."

"And what does Mr. Wayne Darrell presume to say about me?" he asked, savagely.

"Don't be angry," she pleaded; "I do not believe him. Only I have known him all my life, and he is so much older than I am, and he seems so much wiser, and I have always wanted, oh! so much, to hear your dear voice deny the cruel things he has said."

"Well, what has he said?"

"You know, Hugh, that you have little money, while I am a wealthy woman, and—and——"

"I see. Enough of that. When Mr. Wayne Darrell imputes unworthy motives to me, he lies! And he knows he does. What else?"

"Nothing definite. There have been dark hints at some wicked secret in your life. I hate secrets. I love you so truly that I believe I could forgive almost anything—almost anything except deceit. You could blot out a worse past, standing here with your arms about me, than any at which Wayne Darrell ever hinted."

She paused and looked at him expectantly.

He was looking away across the lawn, his face white and stern, his eyes full of a nameless agony.

After a minute he turned toward her.

"There is nothing to tell," he said, slowly.

"I believe you, Hugh—I believe you with my whole heart; it would kill me to doubt you. Some time I shall know anything which honor forbids your telling now. I shall keep saying that over and over to myself whenever Wayne is more unjust than usual. You will surely come back to me?"

"I surely will."

"You promise it?"

"I promise it."

The girl hesitated a moment.

Then, laying her hand impressively on his arm, she asked:

"Will you swear it?"

"I will swear it—I do swear it!" he answered, solemnly. "I will be true to you in thought and word and deed, and I will come back to you, so help me God!"

Then he stooped and kissed her, held her tightly in his arms for a long minute, then turned and walked rapidly away to catch the afternoon express-train for London—so he said. Dolly Duncan followed him with her loving glance.

She admired his strong figure; she admired his easy grace of movement; she admired his air of conscious manhood.

She watched him as he moved away, the sunlight all about him—watched him until the English oaks hid him from her loving eyes.

"He will come back," she said, trustingly.

She turned to go to the house.

A bit of folded paper on the grass at her feet caught her eye. She picked it up.

"*Liverpool, June 10th*, 1874.

"MR. HUGH DASHWOOD—Pauline is sick—dying, we fear. You *must* come at once. I will take no more denials. Come promptly, or take the consequences. "WILLIAM GRANTLEY."

"He swore he would be true," cried the little woman, brokenly; "he swore he would be true and would come back! And he lied—he lied—he *lied!*"

She staggered forward a few yards. The sky grew dark; the sun seemed to grow and fill the whole heavens with its awful blaze; the trees danced before her eyes. How dark it was!

The lawn seemed to reel and rock beneath her feet, and now the whole atmosphere seemed one roaring sea of fire. Dark—light—dark—light, with the regularity of a pendulum's swing.

Then, as the glare of light faded into darkness again, some one rushed up to her, and she felt, through her failing and fading senses, the strong arms of a strong man about her. His kisses fell upon her lips; his words of love rang in her dulled ears.

It was Wayne Darrell, the man whom she had known all her life!

CHAPTER II.

MR. HUGH DASHWOOD walked slowly up the steps of the dingy old house in Liverpool which he had learned was the residence of Mr. William Grantley.

His lips were pale, there was an unhealthy and unnatural spot of bright color in each cheek. He looked very nervous and agitated, as he hesitated a moment before lifting the heavy knocker and vigorously announcing his presence. The door was opened at once. The

THE KADJAVEH OF A ROSEWATER MERCHANT'S WIFE IN PERSIA.— SEE PAGE 487.

THE OATH HE TOOK.—"'OH, HUGH, HUGH!' DOLLY CRIED, FALLING ON HER KNEES, 'I DID LOVE YOU SO! YOU SWORE YOU WOULD COME BACK. IN HEAVEN'S NAME——' THE WORDS DIED ON HER LIPS. AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE A LIGHT SUDDENLY FLASHED UP, DIM AND GHOSTLY AND INDISTINCT."—SEE PAGE 494.

man-servant who opened the door glanced at his card, and, without being civil enough to bow to Hugh, said, sternly and frigidly:

"You are expected, sir."

Hugh was shown into an old-fashioned parlor, with furnishings which were dingy and shabby as well as old-fashioned.

It looked the abode of decayed gentility, very much decayed. It was not quite what he expected.

He had not long to wait and think, however, for he had scarcely seated himself before a door, opposite the one at which he had entered, opened, and three men came into the room.

Hugh rose instantly.

All four remained standing. There was evidently a feeling of the utmost constraint among them all.

"I am Mr. Grantley," said one of the three.

He was a very small, very old, very gray and remarkably honest and inoffensive-looking gentleman.

Hugh felt something of surprise, but concealed his feeling, and bowed gravely.

"My friend, Dr. Pillwell, our family physician," said Mr. Grantley, indicating a stout, bluff-looking individual.

Dr. Pillwell and Hugh Dashwood looked at each other, and bowed slightly with much gravity and dignity.

"My legal adviser, Mr. Brief," said Mr. Grantley.

Hugh looked at the third man then, for the first time since he had entered the room.

Instinctively he reached out his hand; that of the lawyer closed over it.

"I have met Mr. Brief before," said Mr. Dashwood.

"I have the honor of Mr. Dashwood's acquaintance," said Mr. Brief.

Both Grantley and Pillwell looked shocked to see Mr. Brief shake the hand of Hugh; but the merchant would have dealt with almost any man at his counting-room, and had doubtless shaken the hand of many a precious rascal.

The doctor had smoothed—and possibly shortened—the pathway from this world to the world which is to come for more than one outcast; and Mr. Brief had smiled into the eyes of at least two men just before the black caps were drawn over their faces, and shaken their hands on justice's scaffold, when his genius had to be added to their crimes to bring them there.

Grantley was shocked.

Pillwell was shocked.

Hugh was somehow comforted a little.

But a shake of the hand doesn't mean much, after all.

"Is Miss Grantley still alive?" asked Hugh, desperately blurting out something, after waiting vainly for one of the others to open the conversation.

The merchant and the doctor looked at each other, helplessly enough; then both turned hopefully toward the lawyer.

Mr. Brief coughed and cleared his throat.

"*Mrs. Hugh Dashwood* still lives!" he remarked.

"Gentlemen," said Hugh, "for a year I have been hunted and threatened. I am a single man; I never saw Pauline Grantley; I've puzzled myself over the matter fully as much as I have worried over it. Although there has never been a demand for money, I have said *blackmail* more than once; but Mr, Grantley doesn't look like a man who would be——"

"The soul of honor!" interrupted the lawyer.

"The very soul of honor!" agreed the doctor.

"Then I've imagined that I had a namesake somewhere ——"

"That isn't it," said the doctor.

"That isn't it at all," said Mr. Brief. "I have examined the register with care. The signatures to your vigorous letters of denial are the same as that in the register. Were it murder, with such evidence as I have, instead of marriage, I'd—I'd——"

"Well?" asked Hugh.

"I'd see that full justice was done you, you rascal! I'd see you hanged!" thundered Mr. Brief.

Mr. Grantley and the doctor nodded their approval. They evidently considered that Brief had amply atoned for having shaken Hugh's hand.

Hugh smiled; then his face grew grave again in a moment.

There was a woman dying up-stairs, no matter how much or how little he might be to her, or she to him, and his relation to her was a matter of terrible doubt.

"Then I've imagined some plot against me—some plot of which I am unable to guess the cause, but with the forgery of my name to a church register in it." Hugh said that, taking up the conversation where it had been interrupted, and glancing from one to the other of his three companions as he finished.

One and all, they shook their heads.

"There is one thing left, then," said Hugh, desperately; "and only one that I can think of: Has there ever been insanity in your family?"

"And he turned toward Mr. Grantley.

"You scoundrel!" cried that gentleman, white with passion, and then seemed to choke with his angry emotion, and said no more.

"Never!" said Dr. Pillwell, with emphasis, answering for him—"never! The dying woman is as strong mentally as any person I ever met."

"That is enough," said Hugh, quietly and with dignity; "quite enough! For a year I have repelled and resented the advances and claims made by Mr. Grantley and his daughter. The claims are false. I never saw Pauline Grantley. I am here, not because I did not dare remain away—for innocence need fear nothing—but because I wish to know all I can of this matter before the grave closes over the lips of this woman who claims to be my wife. I enter formal protest," turning to Mr. Brief, as he spoke, "against what has been and what is claimed. I solemnly charge you all, and each of you, as honorable men, to remember that I distinctly reserve the right to defend myself at law, and by coming here and submitting to an interview with the woman who calls me her husband I admit nothing whatever. Now I am ready to see —the—the lady."

Mr. Grantley touched a bell. A servant appeared.

"Tell the nurse to let Mrs. Dashwood know that her husband is here at last, and will see her at once," he said.

Hugh checked an angry expression, but bit his lips until they bled.

The four men went up-stairs together. At the door of the first room they paused. The lawyer gave a discreet little cough, and the quick-eared nurse came out.

"Your wife is quite prepared to see you sir," she said, "and you may go in at once."

Hugh bowed and entered the room.

The others paused just outside the half-open door.

It was no discredit to Hugh to say that his eyes filled with tears at the sight he saw. It was a terrible change, this coming from the dingy parlor below-stairs, and from his wordy war with Mr. Grantley and his friends, to this large and light and luxurious room, where wealth and tenderness had fought so bravely for the life of a loved one, and been beaten utterly.

The woman who sat up in bed, many soft pillows at her back, had been a most wondrously beautiful creature. The fever, which had burned up her flesh and dried up her blood, had been powerless to destroy her loveliness. She would be lovely in her shroud.

She turned toward the door with eagerness.

Disappointment flashed up into her eyes.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

The other gentlemen filed slowly in.

"Who are you?" she demanded again.

Her voice was no louder nor higher than it had been before. There was nothing in it to alarm the onlookers. The doctor, stepping to her side, and, laying his fingers on her wrist, looked puzzled, not frightened.

"Who are you?" she said again.

"Hugh Dashwood, at your service," he answered.

"*I never saw you before,*" she said, turning her face away.

Mr. Grantley touched Mr. Brief significantly on the arm, and said a word or two in his ear.

The lawyer shook his head.

"I met Mr. Dashwood a half-dozen years ago," he said, "and I have seen him two or three times a year since. The gentleman here is Mr. Dashwood; there is no cheat nor deceit in that."

The stricken father turned to the doctor, a horrible suspicion showing in his face—a suspicion so horrible that he could not put it into words.

The doctor, in his turn, shook his head.

"She is perfectly sane," he said—"as sane as I am."

The dying woman started up.

"Where is he? Where is my husband? Where is the man who deceived me and deserted me and ruined my life? Will not even death bring him?"

Hugh Dashwood stepped gravely forward, close up to the bedside.

"Some one forged my name to the church register," he said. "You would know the man if you could see him. Describe his appearance."

"I will," she cried, with sudden energy—"I will! Let me think."

For one moment she pressed her palm to her forehead; the sunset light fell all about her. She let her hand drop to her side, and turned to look at the glowing west; then she sank slowly and gently back among the pillows.

"We shall never know—never in this world!" said the doctor, letting her hand fall, and turning aside his head.

Chapter III.

Hugh Dashwood hurried away from Liverpool. All three men—Mr. Grantley and Dr. Pillwell, as well as Mr. Brief—shook his hand warmly when he went.

The mystery was as great as ever mystery had been, but it was no longer any concern of his; he had no longer a cloud across his future.

He could go back to Dolly Duncan now and tell her why he had been called from her side; he could tell her why he had said "London," that no inquisitive person might follow him to Liverpool; he could now tell her all he knew.

He could show her the letters of kind wishes and steadfast trust which the three men, who had met him as a foe, had, at parting, given him as friends.

His journey back to the home of his love was a pleasant one—a very pleasant one. He left the train at the station; he took the short-cut through the wood.

"Home again!" he said to himself, as he forced his way through a hedge and stood at length on the land which belonged to the woman who was his promised wife.

He walked slowly up the long hill in the pleasant afternoon, stopping now and then to look at some pleasant bit of scenery at a turn in the road, or an opening in the trees.

He sauntered leisurely along the path at the edge of the cliff, looking down from time to time at the river and village and the distant residences and farms, and catching a far-away glimpse of the sea occasionally.

He came to the highest point of his path. Before him, something less than a mile away, was the grand old English mansion, the home of his betrothed, as it had been the home of her ancestors for many generations. There was a bit of color on the lawn—the dainty dress of Dolly Duncan.

He touched his fingers to his lips and tossed a lover's kiss across the space between. This true and loyal heart sent its loving thought across this narrow space to the unknowing and unwatching object of its affection.

Narrow space? Narrow?

How poor and weak and inadequate words are in the crises of existence—in the tragedies of being.

Narrow?

Narrow as—the grave! And passed as easily.

Hugh Dashwood looked aside. An evil face glared out from the thicket, a dozen paces away. Hate looked level into his eyes.

A whispered curse stirred and polluted the sweet June air.

There was a puff of smoke. There was a quick report. A dull, numb sensation smote him in the side—and grew, as the seconds rolled on, into a keen agony. The earth seemed to ebb and flow beneath his feet. He saw the path, the house, the face of the man in the thicket; he saw the tree-trunks, the tree-tops, the open depths of the wide, blue sky.

He was going over.

He could not help himself.

His feet slipped off. The solid face of the cliff seemed to dash up by him with a dizzying speed. Some rough object seemed hurled against him from below. He caught at it, desperately but vainly, and the great tree swept by him, crushing and beating him as it passed, as though hurled by the hand of a giant at the sky itself.

He struck a ledge, rolled over twice, and fell out into space again.

He wondered vaguely whether he should fall on and on for ever, and he pitied himself in an impersonal way, as though he had been another, or as though there were two of him, knowing that he needed pity, because he felt that both his legs were broken and his ribs crushed in.

Down, down, down!

Down through the ragged thickets, and over the sharp rocks, until the end of it came in the softest and daintiest of dells.

Trees, centuries old, had showered down their leaves for generations to make a bed like down. There was the greenest of grass all about him. Sweet-breathed flowers brushed his face.

A bright-eyed bird came down near him, and sang as he might have done when Eden was new and Cain was a possibility of the world's future.

"I promised her I would come back. Will she doubt me—will she know?"

These were the thoughts of this brave, true soul as he lay there and waited—waited for death.

He knew that, never deceiving himself for a moment into the thought that life held more than hours for him

now. And the thought hurt him more than the crushed and mangled limbs did.

The sunset light crept across his face, lessened, lessened, lessened—died out.

"I promised her I would come back!" he said; "God knows I meant it!"

The moon rose. Its silvery light crept over the face of the waiting man. The tender dews lay about him.

The breezes stirred the grass beside his face, and shook a faint perfume from the slumbering flowers.

"I promised——"

How dark it was! How hard his breath came!

What was it he promised?

"I swore I would come back to——" He smiled. The love which beat in his heart crept up to his lips, and remained there.

He breathed once—twice. Then all was still!

Human promises need conditions, and life is one.

Some cruel thing stole through the thicket, and the little bird crept deeper in among the leaves, feeling the instinct of thankfulness that the prowler of the night had passed him by.

And he shivered, as birds and men have shivered again and again during all these hundreds of weary, wicked years since murder first shrank behind the coward's query, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

For Cain is of the past and present, God help us, as well as of the future.

CHAPTER IV.

SIX years went by. A woman might surely have been pardoned had she ceased to wait long before they had passed.

Six years and a half, for it was Winter, with its snow and wind and biting cold, when Dolly Duncan gave it all up, and gave herself up, too.

Only the watchful spirits of the night know of the many bitter tears she shed; only God and the angels know of the wild and frenzied prayers she uttered.

We can only guess at the pain and sorrow, and regret and doubt, that slowly crushed the life out of her soul and heart.

She gave it all up at last, as I have said, and one bitter morning, when the sky was black with storm-clouds and the air full of drifting snow, she drove with Wayne Darrell to the little church in the village, and came back to her childhood's home *his wife*. It was surely an ill-omened marriage; the day was a carnival of storm.

Mrs. Briggs, the old housekeeper, and Dolly's faithful adviser in all the days which had passed, protested vainly against the act which Dolly had finally consented to.

Wayne Darrell, a cruel smile on his lips, said nothing.

Dolly signed the register with a hand which trembled; the hand of Wayne Darrell, however, had never been steadier.

But he commenced to sign his name with an H, and swore under his breath as he smeared it out and began with W.

Husband and wife drove home in silence. I think poor Dolly cried behind her vail nearly all the way.

A RETROSPECT.

"WHAT A LOVELY NEW BONNET YOU'VE GOT, CISSY!"
"*Noo* BONNET! WHY, I'VE HAD IT *years* AND *years!*"

She went to her room at once, leaving Wayne below.

At tea-time Mrs. Briggs was not visible.

"Where is Mrs. Briggs?" asked Dolly.

The servant looked frightened, and said nothing.

Wayne Darrell took it upon himself to answer.

"You may go," he said, roughly, to the servant; then, turning to his wife as soon as they were alone, he continued: "I have sent Mrs. Briggs away. I have dismissed her. Never mention her name in my presence again."

"But she has been housekeeper ever since my mother died—ever since I was born."

"I cannot help that. She is a malicious busybody; she tried to prevent my marriage with you. I shall never forget that—I shall never forgive it."

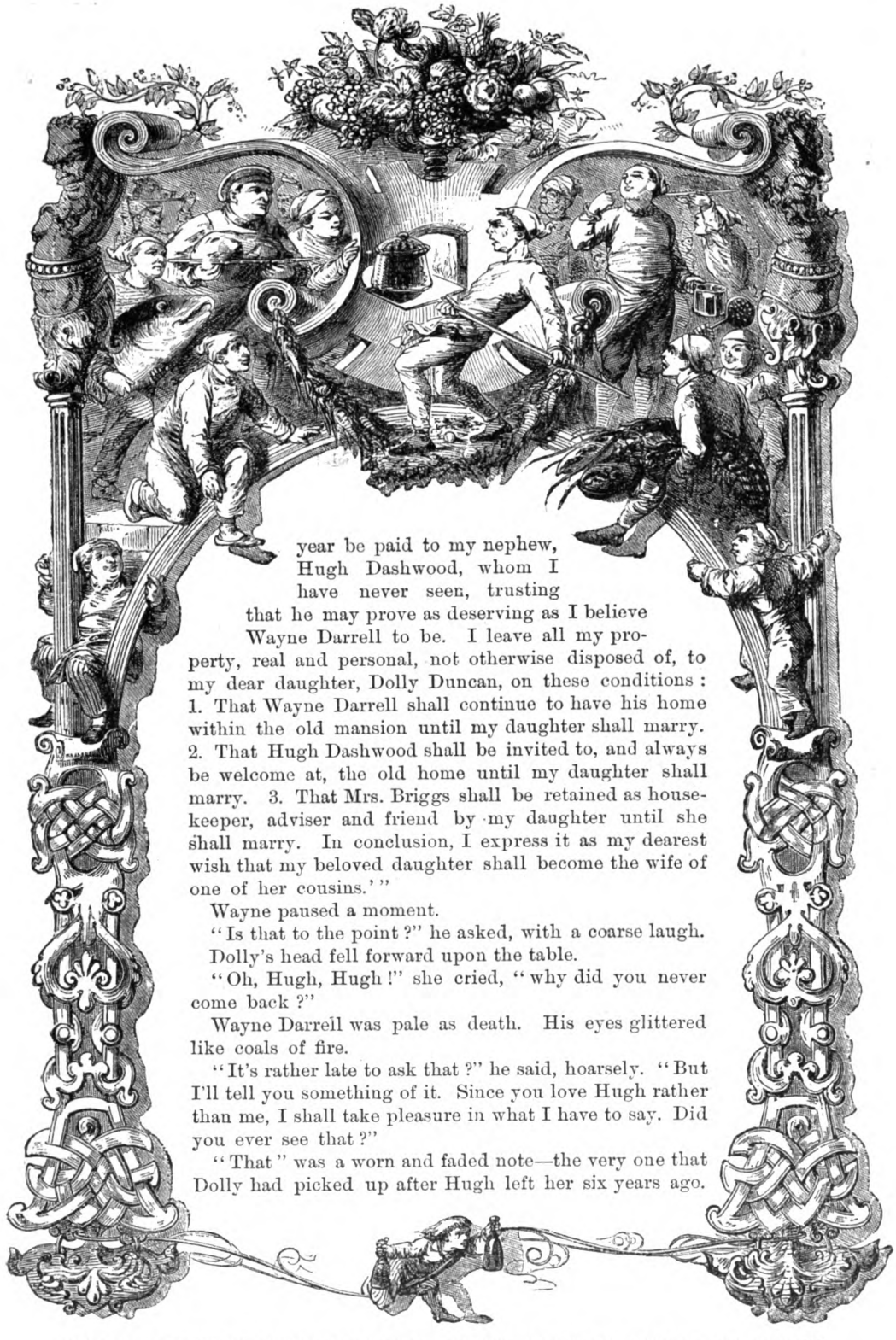
"But, Wayne, this house is mine; she was my servant. I shall have her return."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Darrell," he said; "but henceforth *I* am master here. The law gives me that right."

"It was my father's will that she should remain here," protested Dolly, stoutly.

"You are mistaken," asserted Mr. Darrell, taking a dainty little volume from his pocket—a volume bound in red leather and with gilt edges—and turning over the leaves slowly. "You are mistaken. I have a copy of the old gentleman's will here. Let me read an extract from it: 'I direct that five hundred pounds per year be paid to my well-beloved nephew, Wayne Darrell, as long as he shall live; I direct that five hundred pounds per



year be paid to my nephew, Hugh Dashwood, whom I have never seen, trusting that he may prove as deserving as I believe Wayne Darrell to be. I leave all my property, real and personal, not otherwise disposed of, to my dear daughter, Dolly Duncan, on these conditions: 1. That Wayne Darrell shall continue to have his home within the old mansion until my daughter shall marry. 2. That Hugh Dashwood shall be invited to, and always be welcome at, the old home until my daughter shall marry. 3. That Mrs. Briggs shall be retained as housekeeper, adviser and friend by my daughter until she shall marry. In conclusion, I express it as my dearest wish that my beloved daughter shall become the wife of one of her cousins.'"

Wayne paused a moment.

"Is that to the point?" he asked, with a coarse laugh.

Dolly's head fell forward upon the table.

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh!" she cried, "why did you never come back?"

Wayne Darrell was pale as death. His eyes glittered like coals of fire.

"It's rather late to ask that?" he said, hoarsely. "But I'll tell you something of it. Since you love Hugh rather than me, I shall take pleasure in what I have to say. Did you ever see that?"

"That" was a worn and faded note—the very one that Dolly had picked up after Hugh left her six years ago.

MEALS AND MEALTIMES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.— DINNER-CARD OF NAPOLEON III.— SEE PAGE 503.

She bowed. "I should never have married you if it had not been for that," she said, simply.

"I thought so," said Wayne Darrell, with a wicked triumph in his tones—"I thought so. Pauline Grantley married *me*. *I* signed Hugh's name in the church register. She never knew me as other than Hugh Dashwood. Ha! ha! ha! I did it for love of her—half that, for the six weeks I lived with her were very happy ones, and half that your fortune might be mine instead of his. *You* I care nothing for—a pale little fool like you!—but your money, your house, your lands. A man might risk much more than I've told you for them." He struck the little book forcibly upon the table. He stooped over it. "A man did risk more!" he muttered; then he asked

aloud, "What would you give to read this little volume? There are precious secrets in it, I tell you."

Dolly made no answer. She turned away her head.

Wayne Darrell rose.

"I shall go to my old room in the tower for a half-hour. Take care that you get back your bright smiles before I return."

He left the drawing-room and passed into the great hall.

The winding staircase, rising forty feet from the stone-paved hall to the first landing in the tower, was dark and dim.

Dolly stood and watched the man whose hated name she bore as he moved slowly away, his hand resting on the rich railing of carved oak.

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh!" she cried, falling on her knees on the cold slabs of stone, "I did love you so. I love you now. I trusted you—I trusted you—and you swore you would come back. In Heaven's name——"

The words died on her lips!

At the top of the staircase a light suddenly flashed up, dim and ghostly and indistinct. In the centre of the lighted surface stood Hugh, broken and mangled and crushed, his face white and stern, but with the love of a faithful soul fixed there.

Behind him there seemed a wilderness of shrubs and rocks, such was the weird effect of the unearthly light in which he stood.

Dolly could almost have sworn that the breath of June's wild-flowers came to her down the old staircase, that she could see grass wave on the dizzy edge of the tower landing, and that there was a rude, rocky ledge half-way down to her.

Her husband reached the top of the staircase and stepped into the lighted circle there. Hugh's eyes looked into his. Dolly could see his lips move commandingly and reproachfully, although she could hear no sound. Wayne shook his head and trembled.

Hugh took one step forward. His long, gaunt arm was extended. He pointed down to the hall-floor below. His gesture was a command.

Wayne shrank back in terror. His back rested against the railing; his head slowly dropped back. Little by little he looked higher and higher—first into the face of the accusing form, then over his head, then straight up through the glass roof of the tower at the pitiless heavens.

The light died out.

Hugh was gone.

* * * * * *

The doctor said that Wayne Darrell died of some sudden nervous attack on the landing, and never knew he fell to the floor below, nor of any danger of it.

I have no doubt they think so.

Chapter V.

Mrs. Dolly Darrell is called a model widow; she visits the churchyard every day, and always goes laden with flowers.

No one knows, perhaps, that she sits for hours beside a nameless grave, in which rest the bones gathered with reverent care and tenderness from a shadowy dell among the hills. No one knows, perhaps, that she has never shed a tear nor laid a flower on the tomb of Wayne Darrell.

But she never has.

And she never will!

PRINCE ALBERT'S WILL.

In the "Four Georges" great amazement is expressed by Thackeray because George II. seized his father's will, and never would permit it to be proved, nor was anything ever heard of it afterward, and its suppression produced a violent quarrel with the Royal Family of Prussia. There is a long narrative in Horace Walpole's "Memoirs" about this will; but it is rather odd that after the lapse of 134 years precisely the same thing happened again, for the Queen quietly took possession of Prince Albert's will, and nothing has ever been known of its contents to this hour, nor does any one know the amount of property which he left.

The Prince had nothing when he came to England, except £100 a year, or some such paltry sum; but he was very parsimonious (like his uncle, King Leopold), and he must have left nearly a million, as he received £655,000 from the English nation, of which he did not spend as many shillings, and certain speculations in which he engaged turned out very profitable. The Prince Consort also received large sums as military pay, and a trifle of £22,000 as Governor of Windsor Castle, in which sinecure office he succeeded the Duke of Sussex, although the Duke of Wellington was anxious to appoint a deserving nobleman who had worked long and hard for the country.

PET BIRDS.

How is it that so many pet birds die—especially canaries? The answer is simple enough. They are not sufficiently watched and protected, and they are too often left to the tender mercies of servant-girls. One of the most frequent causes of death in canaries is asthma, brought on by exposure to severe changes of temperature, and the fumes of gas. Poor little "Cherry" is hung up in his cage in a hot room, with a blazing fire and several gas-jets burning. When the family retires for the night the fire dies out, the gas is extinguished, and the room cools rapidly. In winter-time a severe frost sets in, and the unfortunate feathered songster is starved wellnigh to death before the domestic help kindles a fire again in the morning. A light shawl or woolen antimacassar thrown over the cage the last thing at night will prolong a canary's life for years.

When the birds are molting, too, they are often quite neglected. Breeders and professional bird-fanciers have a very simple plan for dealing with canaries during the molting period. They wrap the cage completely in a warm rug or piece of old carpet, so as to quite exclude either light or draught. The bird is thus kept in a high, even temperature, and the operation of molting is speedily accomplished, the feathers dropping out in shoals, and the new ones growing as rapidly in their place.

A little saffron in the water is an excellent thing, with an occasional spray of millet. This gives the bird warmth and comfort.

Morganatic Marriage.—This signifies, among German princes, a union in which it is stipulated that the wife, being of inferior birth to her husband, shall not, with her children, enjoy the privileges of his rank nor inherit his possessions. The marriage is, however, a good one, being strictly legal, and the children are legitimate. *Morganatic* is by some thought to mean left-handed, from the left hand being given in the ceremony.

I LOVE YOU SO.

By Juan Lewis.

I.

I love you! But you ne'er can know,
So sternly is the secret kept,
How warm, in fancy, south winds blow,
As through my heart the thought is swept:
O queen of grace,
Love fills all space—
I love you—love you so.

II.

I love you! By those lustrous eyes,
Twin stars of beauty and delight,
That glimpse the bounds of Paradise,
Yet fill my soul with vague affright
Lest you should know,
My love, my woe—
I love you—love you so.

III.

I love you! Oh, a life's surprise,
A vision of immortal morn,
Is in my heart and in mine eyes;
Yet sadness in my soul is born.
You cannot know,
I must not show,
I love you—love you so.

IV.

I love you! Yet on desert sands
The Sphinx of Silence sets his seal;
On me are laid his stern commands,
And voiceless years bring no appeal:
But Dead Sea fruit
For one thus mute—
I love you—love you so.

V.

I love you! Oh, the Orient flame,
Slow-kindled in a heart like mine,
Springs up, electric, at thy name,
Rose-flushed, rare water, unto wine:
Despair would drink,
Poised on the brink—
I love you—love you so.

VI.

I love you! Oh, what art can limn
The splendor of a golden dawn?
What muse the old, old tale re-hymn?
What bliss restore a heaven withdrawn?
With loss what gain!
With joy what pain!—
I love you—love you so.

VII.

I love you! Oh, the gates of bliss
Were wide indeed, if you but knew
The Eden of one thrilling kiss
Would pledge eternal truth to you.
But, oh, the glass,
Tear-brimmed, alas!—
I love you—love you so.

VIII.

I love you! Oh, could love more pure,
A calmer faith, or cooler brain,
Repel despair, all things endure,
Or, day by day repress, refrain,
Lest tone or glance,
Should show, perchance,
I love you—love you so.

IX.

I love you! Oh, upon life's gale,
When films with dark my sky of blue—
On seas of whelming passions pale,
I turn to dream of peace and you:
And love's last breath
Would welcome death—
I love you—love you so.

X.

I love you! Oh, thou shoreless deep,
Whose waves are love, whose drops are fire,
Thy treasures yield, thy secrets keep,
Yet crown, sweet soul, the heart's desire,
And oh, recall,
'Tis all in all—
I love you—love you so.

XI.

I love you, darling, in my dreams,
Whate'er betide my waking day;
And hand in hand, by sylvan streams,
We list and love and live alway:
For then you know,
The vast outgrow—
I love you—love you so.

XII.

I love you! Though the song end here,
Should sadness sign and sigh no more,
Yet thrill when conscious steps are near,
And not for aye will seal love's lore:
For Time will show,
What Heaven must know—
I love you—love you so.

XIII.

I love you! And the years will teach,
Erstwhile the voiceless shadows fall,
That Silence may have gift of speech,
And Thought be still beyond recall:
For cycling years,
Bud hopes with fears—
I love you—love you so.

Washington, October, 1885.

MEALS AND MEALTIMES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By W. W. Fenn.

Amongst the various advantages supposed to be associated with the proverbial "good old times," there is one which the depreciators of all things modern never tire of urging upon our attention. These fanatical folks declare that the hours kept by our forefathers, especially for meals, were more reasonable, seasonable and healthful than those which obtain nowadays. Besides going to bed and rising much earlier than we do now—a habit, we are assured, of no mean importance, from a sanitary point of view—particular emphasis is laid on the times at which consequently the ancients were obliged to eat and drink. Without attempting to dispute the truth of this, it becomes a question, after all, whether, in complying with the arrangements of modern society, we have not effected a legitimate compromise, and whether we have not, in so doing, drifted back to pretty much the old

THE DINING-TABLE OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS.

custom, at least as far as mealtimes go; the only difference being that we have changed the names of our repasts. Considering that in nearly all families a solid, substantial and generally hot meal is served soon after midday, and that there are few healthy appetites not prepared to do justice to it, it may surely claim to be looked upon as in all respects equivalent to the dinner of former days, although we may call it luncheon. It is at this hour that the human appetite is usually at its keenest; and be they in an entirely primitive state, or in that of the highest civilization, men and particularly women, if in good health, will be always ready to take sustenance somewhere between noon and three o'clock. Thus it appears rather unnecessary to make any great fuss about the name of the meal, and quite unnecessary to draw comparisons between the past and present, to the prejudice of the latter. The human instinct may be left to itself in the matter, and it will assuredly be quite potent enough to dictate the law on the subject. Indeed it is doubtful, should a comparison be insisted on, whether the custom of this, the latter end of the nineteeth century, in regard to mealtimes, is not really more healthy than those in vogue with our ancestors. When they spoke of their midday repast as dinner, the supper which followed in the evening, besides being a heavy meal, was, as a rule, seldom partaken of before nine o'clock, and people went to bed immediately after it, a practice condemned universally by the increased enlightenment of the faculty of the present day. By adopting the word luncheon, as signifying a lighter repast than dinner, and postponing the latter till evening, we have, of course, abolished suppers and thereby gained a point in hygiene; supper being now not unjustly regarded as a receipt for indigestion and sleepless nights. Except in ultra-fashionable circles it is seldom that our late dinner is served later than eight o'clock, the usual hour being earlier, and, as that for retiring to rest is not generally earlier than eleven, we avoid the pernicious habit of going to bed with our dinners in our throats. Nevertheless, there are some conflicting facts on this point, for the Greeks and Romans, not bad guides on dietetics—had their principal meal toward evening—about sunset. Primitive men, our own Indians alike with all Eastern tribes, adopt the same habit, so that we find the past and present controlled by one and the same instinct, viz., the inclination to postpone, until the day's work is over, the chief act of nourishing the body. The contradiction thus implied between health and inclination is, however, to be accounted for when we remember that Nature forms her laws upon the assumption that there is no such thing as dyspepsia, and that therefore man may take repose, even to the extent of sleeping like the animals, immediately after a meal, without detriment. If man suffers from such a proceeding it is because a high condition of civilization has put his functions out of order, and his powers of digestion are no longer in a natural state, the only one recognized and provided for by the goddess's universal laws.

The Greeks and Romans partook of luncheon, but both it and their breakfast were very slight meals. Even if the latter consisted of hot dishes, as it generally did, they were not of a very substantial character, and seeing that the breakfast was eaten immediately on rising, very early, the luncheon could not be regarded in the light of an insult to the breakfast and an injury to the dinner—in which way it is not unfrequently spoken of by English epicures. When one has broken one's fast between six and seven A.M., by swallowing a few mouthfuls of bread dipped in light wine, after the manner of the Greeks, or bread with salt, dried grapes, olives or cheese, after the Roman fashion, one may legitimately be entitled to a hot dish of fish or eggs at noon. A luncheon under these circumstances cannot come under the category of either insult or injury to any other meal. The *cœna*, or dinner-supper of classical times—consisting of three courses, *hors d'œuvres*, piquant dishes, then fish and meat in several removes—was held in far too high esteem by epicurean appetites to allow of its being injured by any previous repast. "Not till the supper or dinner, call it what we

will, was served, did the noble Roman take his daily food with luxurious elegance and ease. The evening meal was for the few, not for the many; it was the banquet sacred to hospitality and pleasure. Those who partook of it reclined at length on couches, in the spirit of festal enjoyment and social pleasure, donned like a marriage-robe. Dinner or supper, this was the meal of the day. Business was left behind, care and toil were forgotten, the day's work was done."

This graceful peep at an ancient Roman's dinner, from the pen of one versed in the domestic life of those times, is sufficient broadly to show that, after all, our own habits are not very dissimilar, but it should be remembered that, like our more immediate predecessors, the Romans were not as addicted to turning night into day as we are, and that, although the late dinner was the meal of the day, the hour at which it was partaken of was far earlier than ours; and that, consequently, it may be assumed the lateness was divested of many of its pernicious results. Indeed, the Roman had a great regard for the value of daylight, artificial light was little resorted to, and he went to bed at the close of day. Hence he rose betimes, and the writer who, as above, describes the end of the day, thus speaks of its beginning: "After waiting on some great man, or if he happened to be a great man himself, after being waited upon, he took his breakfast, but if anybody living sees, or fancies he sees, anything like a substantial English breakfast in the Latin *jentaculum*, he errs widely of his mark. The Roman broke his fast by nibbling a biscuit, and this was not until he had taken the air, and, generally speaking, bathed. The midday meal, *prandium*, is construed by moderns to stand for dinner, but it was no more like our dinner than *jentaculum* was like our breakfast. As with us, however, sometimes the two meals were thrown into one; and then your Roman would get with his biscuit or dry bread a date, an olive or two, a fig or a few raisins—very different all this from hot buttered toast or muffins, ham and eggs, an appetizing grill, tea and coffee, or the choice between these and a bottle of light wine. The Roman's *prandium* did not nearly come up to the Anglo-Indian's tiffin, though there is more affinity in this respect than can be traced between the antique meal at midday and a hearty British luncheon. The *prandium* was eaten standing," a doubtful practice for any but the most robust digestions, questionable even with these, as likely to accelerate early degeneration of the organs.

Again, therefore, it may be concluded that the conditions of life in classical times obliged people to adopt practices not always the most healthful, and again we find that necessity and convenience made the last meal of the day the most substantial, albeit the laws of nature dictate an earlier hour, as that at which the appetite is keenest. It is curious to observe, in glancing back at records on these matters, how there ever seems to have been this same conflict going on. We see a perpetual attempt to oppose convenience to health, and *vice-versâ;* as, for instance, when we learn that a certain Lord and Lady Burghley, in 1583, having, it is to be presumed, to resort to medical advice, had their dinner-hour prescribed for them at nine or ten o'clock A.M. with a supper at five or six P.M. Once more, during the Commonwealth, the dinner-hour was twelve, noon, and it was only in concession to fashionable arrangements that, during Charles II.'s reign, it grew to be at two and three, with supper at eight. Later on, in George II.'s reign, 1751 and 1753, we find the Duchess of Somerset writing, "At three we dine, sit for an hour, then separate till we meet at eight for prayers." The dish of tea intervened about five or six, and supper was adjourned until just before going to bed.

OLD KNICKERBOCKER TEA-TABLE.

The discussion, therefore, of this subject seems ever to resolve itself into a circle; we go to and fro with the variation, after all, of only a few hours, and a change merely in the name of the meals. "It is six o'clock, full supper time," says Shakespeare in "Richard III.," and if we substitute the word dinner for supper, we approximate so closely to the custom of the present moment that it appears idle to waste comment on the difference. Fashion, for some inexplicable reason, has a tendency to drive us into later and later hours. In all ages and civilized countries, this is obviously the case, and when that "deformed thief," has done his worst and brought one to the verge of absurdity, human nature rebels, and, as in the case of larger questions, a complete revolution occurs. Sixty or seventy years ago in England, five o'clock was considered a very fashionable hour for dinner; luncheon was a word scarcely used then, and the late breakfast stood in its place; but five o'clock was gradually reached through the agency of fashion, and was merely a postponement of the noonday meal by people — the few, not the many—who led lives of pleasure rather than of business.

By the natural laws of progression we have now attained to the hour of eight and even nine, surely an equivalent for, and justification, if we please, for speaking of the repast as supper. This postponement of the last meal under the name of dinner until it is time to go to bed, has been the final cause of the introduction of the word luncheon. One can scarcely venture to speak of dining twice in one day; virtually many people do so, and always have done so.

Dining and supping come really to the same thing in the end as lunching and dining do. The Frenchman calls his midday meal, always a substantial one, breakfast, and that between six and eight P.M. dinner. What difference, then, except in name, is there between his habits in this respect and those of his German neighbors who still dine at one P.M. and say so?

The *middag* of the Scandinavian races, again, indicates precisely the same arrangement of hours for taking nourishment; but these people, being less subject to the caprices of fashion, being, in fact, "old-fashioned" in their habits, do not see any reason for altering the title of their refections. Snacks and mouthfuls, taken at odd intervals during the twenty-four hours, between the pauses of life as it were, must always be so dependent on circumstances that it is impossible to give them anything like classification. With the exception, perhaps, of the cup of coffee, chocolate or tea, with roll or bread and butter, on first rising, they are prejudicial, as a rule, to appetite and therefore to health. In eminently commercial communities, like those, for instance, constituting the main bulk of American centres, the snack, or scrambling and hurried meal, is, of course, all but a necessity, and like all high-pressure arrangements, calculated to put the human organism out of order sooner or later—upsetting anything like a happy or healthful arrangement of meals—until the day's work is over, and when, very often, the system is so exhausted by fatigue that the functions of digestion are seriously impaired.

Within the last two or three years, however, according to a leading New York journal, an effort has been made to make a stand against the perpetuation of luncheon, or of taking a standing meal at midday. "The Midday Club" as its name implies, was to give the *prandium* the veritable importance of a "square," or sitting-down repast. The leading rule of this gastronomic reformatory was described as follows: "Its members, who belong to the mercantile classes, are required to devote a full hour to a midday meal, instead of indulging in the dangerous habit of 'bolting' a light luncheon in two or three minutes."

If it were fully recognized that no business should be transacted between twelve and one, or one and two, as is really the case in warm countries, no engagements for doing anything would be entered on between those hours, and consequently nobody's interests would suffer. Whether such a Utopian plan could ever be brought about for the sake of health is doubtful, but this does not alter the fact that if it could it would be highly beneficial to commercial or busy humanity at large. To quote a little further from the authority above mentioned, the writer says: "People who breakfast late, leisurely and plentifully, may be able to work steadily until the hour for the evening meal; but thousands of men and women at the head of establishments are at work as early as any of their employés, hurrying from their beds to their counting-rooms with no more substantial nourishment than a cup of coffee and a roll. The meal that follows consists frequently of a sandwich or a piece of pie; and the person who thus cheats his or her system is apt, sooner or later, to seek temporary assistance from stimulants. Now, a hearty meal in the middle of the day not only repairs the physical waste of the morning, but compels a little physical and mental rest; and if one dines in company that does not need alcohol to make it cheerful, the time consumed will not be lost." It would be a difficult task, perhaps, to make the Anglo-Saxon races, with their idea that "time is money," believe in, or at any rate adopt generally, the wholesome habits above advocated. They will grudge all time during business hours which is not devoted to business. The pursuit of wealth ever has clashed, and ever will, with health.

Climate again, no less than man's occupations, must influence his hours for eating and drinking as well as the nature of his food. In communities whose lot is cast in sunnier climes than ours, or where, at least, the Summer is one continual blaze of heat for many months, a "siesta," as a matter of course, follows the noontide meal. The greed for gain is arrested, financial and, indeed, all occupations, come to a standstill. In London sometimes, and in New York nearly always, Summer heat is as great as any felt in New Orleans or in the South of France, and although we know the thermometer does not remain as high so long in the former cities, yet even for the time the sultry days continue the English or American mercantile man would as lief think of going up in a balloon as wasting an hour or two in refreshing repose in the middle of the day. Even the earlier habits of this country, which in this matter approximate more closely to those of Continental Europe than English do, fail to bring about that inclination to rest for an hour or so in the middle of his daily occupations which distinguishes the German, the Frenchman, and particularly the Spaniard. The restless energy of the Anglo-Saxon, when once he has begun his day's work to go right through with it as hard as he can pelt, seems to preclude the possibility of his taking life with the deliberation of other races, and whether he rises early or late, his first object is to get his business done; only then will he condescend to think about his health. He disregards fatigue or the calls of appetite, or appeases it only with a snack instead of a deliberate and peaceful meal; with the result, too frequently, of making him a confirmed dyspeptic by the time he is forty. Inexperienced travelers are apt to regard Americans as large eaters. The truth is, Americans are very quick, but not very large, eaters.

Before the Revolution, there was less difference than

now exists between American and English habits, and probably what a certain French traveler who visited England in the reign of Queen Anne wrote of the English, might with certain modifications, have applied to the American. "The English eat a great deal at dinner," said this M. Misson; "they rest awhile and to it again, till they have quite stuffed their stomachs. Their suppers are moderate—gluttons at noon and abstinent at night. I always heard that they were great flesh-eaters, and I found it true. I have known many people in England that never eat any bread; and universally they eat very little—they nibble a few crumbs while they chew the meat by whole mouthfuls." If, on both sides of the Atlantic, civilization, with its high-pressure, has brought many mischiefs with it, it has fortunately dispelled others, like those thus quaintly referred to 180 years ago; and we may therefore suppose that, on the whole, dyspepsia is not more common now than it ought to have been among the masses in the reign of Anne. "When New England was an English colony the universal dinner-hour was noon; and traditions of the staple of the old-fashioned fare yet linger in the favorite New England dishes, pork and beans and Indian pudding. In the old Knickerbocker days of New York, people dined early and substantially; but we may rest tolerably well-assured that the comfortable and phlegmatic Dutch burghers of Manhattan took the fullest of hours for their meal and its digestion. After the dinner came a pipe—many pipes, probably. The modern Americans are not a pipe-smoking people; and, to judge from the 'sandwich and piece-of-pie allegation,' they are slightly amenable to the charge brought by Brillat Savarin against Napoleon the Great for 'eating quickly and eating badly.' Yet the author of the *Physiologie du Gôut* belonged to a nation who have never swerved from their custom of eating a good midday meal. The Frenchman's breakfast is *café au lait*, and bread and butter, just as the Spaniard's *desayuno* is a cup of chocolate, a morsel of dry bread and a glass of cold water; but the Gaul must have his second and substantial breakfast at noon; and a *déjeûner à la fourchette* may be defined, without exaggeration, as a dinner minus only the soup. The Germans have a *Mittags-essen* or midday meal, at which they eat soup; but the evening meal with the old-fashioned Teuton is supper and not late dinner. Most of the hotels hold two *table d'hôtes* a day, one at the old-fashioned and one at the new-fangled hour. Noontide is, from the point of view of health, perhaps the time at which a 'square' meal should most appropriately be eaten; but unfortunately, if we wish to keep our digestion unimpaired we must rest awhile after an early dinner. Our French neighbors, breakfasting copiously at noon, seldom think of returning to business until half-past one; frequently they remain over their cigars and coffee until two P.M."

So, once again, in the above, we find the subject ably touched upon by the same experienced writer who has been already quoted; but if we trench far upon French soil with regard to eating and drinking, there is no limit to the prospect before us.

Once upon a time, Montesquieu declared that "supper kills one-half Paris, dinner the other"; but we are assured that this state of things has, happily or unhappily, according to our views of life, passed away; for the simple reason that the French kitchen, both in private houses and in restaurants, has sadly degenerated. This is said to be owing to the absence of the same proportion of *gourmets* to be found in the French capital as formerly, whilst those who remain have not the opportunity of keeping up that cultivation of their palates which was once afforded them by the great *chefs* of bygone days.

The race to get rich has induced the majority of caterers to substitute second and third-rate cookery, served with deceptive luxury, for really first-class. The introduction of coal and gas alone, in the place of wood for kitchen purposes, is, in itself, fatal. There is no chance now of the gastronome learning to distinguish the sort of wood used for the cooking of delicate viands, a refinement perhaps scarcely indispensable to happiness, but yet one not wholly without benefit to the community; seeing that where an art is not cultivated to its highest pitch, its lower stages must all suffer in degree. The oven as a substitute for gridiron, frying-pan or spit, can be no less fatal than the change in fuel, and thus, according to pessimists, we live in sadly degenerate times, notwithstanding the increase both in Paris and London of schools of cookery.

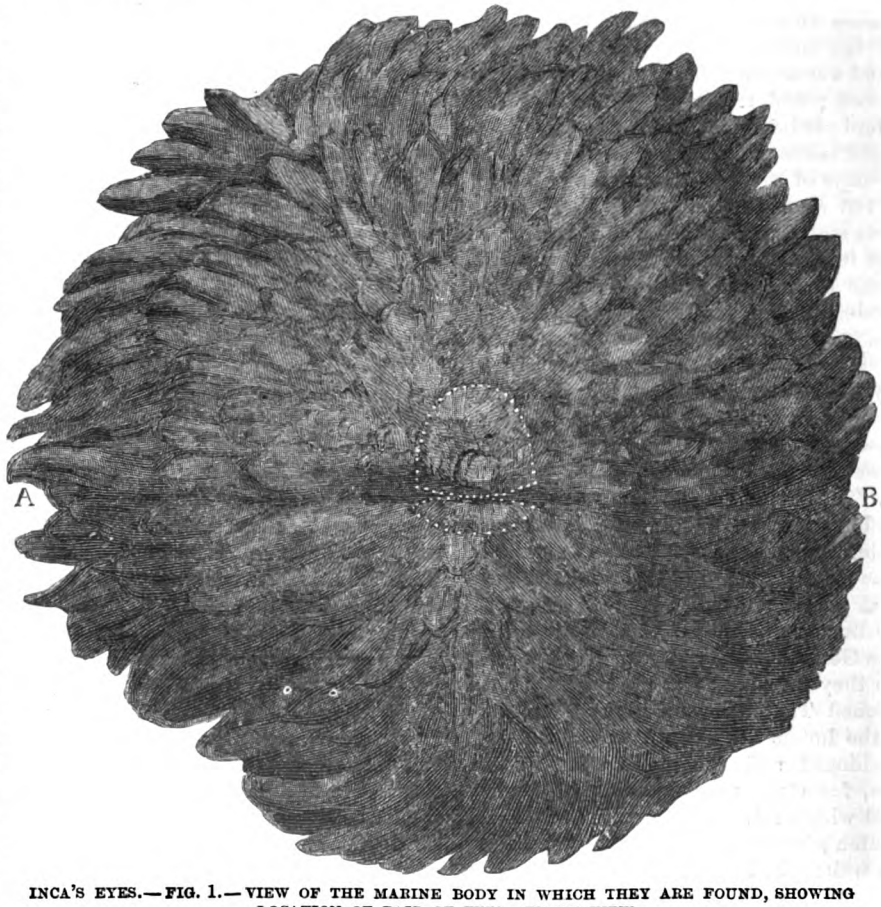
Still, on the whole, if we are not better off at the end than we were at the beginning of this century—something has been gained since that nomadic individual known in apocryphal history as the Khan of Tartary—who never lived in a house, and who dined off mare's milk and horse-flesh every day—had it proclaimed by a herald that the Khan having dined, all other potentates, princes and great men of the earth were at liberty to do the same. It would be difficult to draw a comparison between his mealtimes and those of a modern man of fashion—as useless, difficult and undesirable as it would be to lay down any definite laws on the subject. One only obvious one is there on which we can put any secure reliance.

After observing the golden rule of early to bed and early to rise, we may be pretty sure that regularity in our mealtimes is most desirable. Whatever the obligations of our lives are—however varied or variable they may be—the more we manage to breakfast, lunch, dine or sup at the same time every day, the more likely are we to maintain our health, especially if we never forget that "a little in the morning is enough; enough at dinner is but little, and that a little at night is too much."

INCA'S EYES.

THERE have recently been published, in various prints throughout the country, some accounts of strange discoveries made in connection with the mummies of Peru, and there have been particularly mentioned those curious little objects, called by the native Peruvians "Inca's Eyes." Extraordinary stories have been circulated about their character and results from handling them. The following may be taken as a sample of these statements: "A singular controversy has recently agitated the minds of various scientists, both on this and on the other side of the Atlantic, as to the nature of the material for a necklace recently brought from Arica (where large cemeteries are filled with mummies of the ancient Incas) by a member of the South American commission. The discussion has been mainly confined to the point as to whether the eyes are really those of human beings or those of some variety of fish, which had been substituted by the Inca embalmers on account of their less destructible nature. The majority of those who have examined the curiosities incline to the belief that they are the crystalline lenses of the eyes of cuttle-fish or squid. They vary in size from five to eighteen millimètres in diameter, and are, therefore, considerably larger than the lens of the human eye. Their excellent preservation would also seem to disprove a human origin, for the

lens of the human eye is very perishable, and can with difficulty be preserved even a few days. The custom of embalming, which was so common among the Incas, was made very easy by the warm, dry climate of Peru, and it is stated that the embalmed were often simply placed in a sitting posture on the vast nitre-beds, and left exposed to the open air. For years after death they were visited by friends and relatives, and it was consequently important that the semblance of life should be maintained as perfectly as possible. Hence it was that the dried cuttlefish-eye, which is almost indestructible, and possesses sufficient warmth and fire to partially simulate life, was substituted for the human organ. So common are these mummies that they can be dug up almost anywhere. In the rough state the eyes are of a bronze-yellow color, and quite opaque; but when the outer covering or skin is removed, and the inner lens carefully polished, it becomes translucent or even semi-transparent, and shows a handsome coloring, varying from yellow to orange and reddish-brown. In this form it makes a beautiful gem. The concentric arrangement of the different layers gives the eye the appearance of iridescent glass, and produces an effect similar to that formed by putting a series of minute crystal globes one within the other. Some of the less perfect specimens have also radial cracks, which add to the refractive power of the lens, but will probably detract from its durability. The crystalline lens of a squid possesses so much solid matter that, when removed from the eye, it becomes hard and dry in a very few days, and has a milky, opalescent appearance. Those taken from the mummies had been cut in two pieces, so as to expose the cross-section. The work of polishing the eyes has been interrupted by the illness of several of the lapidaries, which is attributed to poisons used in preserving the eyes."



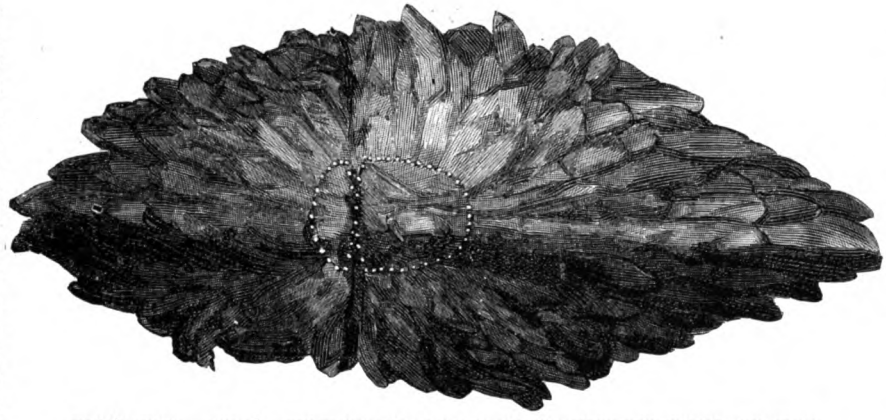
INCA'S EYES.—FIG. 1.—VIEW OF THE MARINE BODY IN WHICH THEY ARE FOUND, SHOWING LOCATION OF PAIR OF EYES—FRONT VIEW.

It may be well to give the real story of these objects, with such illustrations as will enable the reader to sift fact from fable.

These objects—though often mentioned by writers when treating of the food, implements, ornaments, etc., which were evidently deposited by the ancient Peruvians with the bodies of their dead at the time of burial, according to a custom which seems to have prevailed with the people of the Inca Empire, as well as among our North American Indians and many other primitive races—have been described as the preserved or petrified eyes of mummied human beings. Indeed, their remarkable resemblance to the human eye has given them their popular name; the royal prefix being added, doubtless, by reason of their very brilliant and gem-like appearance. The published accounts that have thus far met my eye indicate a very limited investigation of the subject, and depart so materially from the reality, that I have thought some personal observations of these little curiosities of nature might interest some, at least, of the numerous readers of the POPULAR MONTHLY.

In August, 1868, shortly after the great earthquake which extended over the entire west coast of both South and North America, it was the writer's fortune to be at Arica, the place which was most disastrously affected by that terrible convulsion of nature. Among the various results of the earthquake and the sea-wave, or "bore," which immediately followed it, was the partial uncovering and exposure of a large number of mummies near the sea-shore, and the washing away of large portions of the light soil that had been formed by the washings of the surf and dust carried up and deposited by the winds upon the sand, or rocky foundations near the water's edge.

So much had been said about "Inca's Eyes" in narratives that described them very much as recent publications have done, that a general curiosity was aroused to sift the matter thoroughly. Accordingly, on discovering the location of the mummies, quite a party, including the writer, was enlisted in an expedition to exhume them and search for those wonderful eyes. More than a thousand of the mummies were exhumed, and although most diligent search was made, not a single "Inca's Eye" was found, and the conclusion was gradually forced upon us that they were altogether myths, till one day, while the explorers were strolling along the beach near the surf, an "Inca's Eye" was found lying on the sand. Naturally supposing that others would be discovered in the near vicinity, a search was instituted which was very shortly

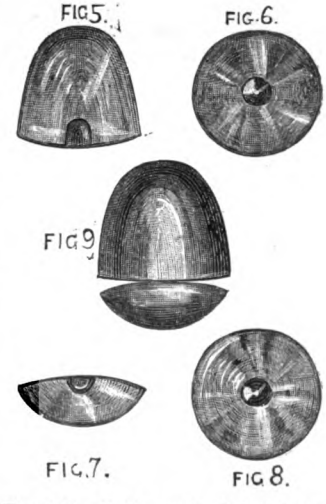


INCA'S EYES.—FIG. 2.—VIEW OF THE BODY IN WHICH THEY ARE FOUND, SHOWING LOCATION OF PAIR OF EYES—SIDE VIEW.

rewarded with abundant success. Hundreds of the eyes were found, both in the condition in which they had evidently been originally deposited as well as separately and in the fragmentary condition —which latter appears to have been that in which they had generally, if not always, been found by previous investigators. All those found by us conformed to one of two general shapes: the first, and one most generally shown and described, being a paraboloid of revolution with its base, which is the part resembling the human eye, the segment of a sphere whose radius is about three times the height of the paraboloid. They were of various sizes; the smallest about the size of a small pin's head, and the largest about five-eighths of an inch across by the same height. This form in the largest size is very well shown in section and plan by Figs. 5 and 6. The second form is that of the segments of two spheres of different radii placed base to base; one of the largest size of this form being well shown in section and plan by Figs. 7 and 8 of the plate. In structure they are a series of cup-shaped parts, of very thin resinous material, of an amber color, which fit perfectly, one within another, so as to give the whole the appearance of solidity. The central part, for an eighth of an inch in diameter in the largest sized specimens, which corresponds to the pupil of the eye, is of a deep purplish red color, and the whole face of the so-called "eye" presents a beautiful opalescent appearance, particularly when first taken from the soil. This opalescent appearance seems to be due, at least in a large degree, to a certain amount of moisture which these objects hold very tenaciously; for, after keeping them for a long time in a dry atmosphere, the color begins to fade, and after three or four years almost wholly disappears; at the same time the cup-shaped parts separate from each other, when they are easily crumbled to pieces. In this condition they resemble finely broken bits of mica. From this fact it will naturally be inferred that they could not be of much permanent value as settings for jewelry, as has been so generally pretended.

FIGS. 3, 4.—BODY OPENED, SHOWING FACE OF EYE, ON ONE SIDE.

The position in which the first specimen was found was at the entrance to a channel where a portion of the light soil, formed above the sand, had been washed away for a space of fifteen or twenty feet in width, leaving abrupt banks on either side, till parts where the soil had been more firmly held in place by long fibres of sea-weeds and roots of growing plants. On working over this soil, large numbers of bodies, of a ragged, irregular form, the largest being three or four inches across and an inch or an inch and a half in thickness, were encountered, and in these the "Inca's eyes" were constantly found. These bodies, with the position of the pair of eyes shown in dotted lines, are shown in Figs. 1 and 2. The bodies were easily broken across, in the line A B, A′ B′, and, on being opened, presented the appearance shown by Figs. 3 and 4, an eye of each of the two forms mentioned being presented, the larger one in the larger portion of the body and the smaller one in the smaller portion. The pair of eyes being removed from the portions of the body and placed in the relative positions which they originally occupied, face to face, produce an egg-shaped form, as shown in Fig. 9. The material of the body, or surrounding mass, was what I conceived to be the partially dried remains of either some species of cuttlefish or else of a jellyfish; for a great variety of these forms of sea-life were still to be found freshly washed on the beach by the surf. We had therefore solved the whole problem in regard to these "Inca's eyes." It was evident that these little curiosities had never formed any part of a human body, and probably not the visual organ of any form of animal life. If they ever were actual eyes of any kind, from the position in which they were placed, their range of vision must have



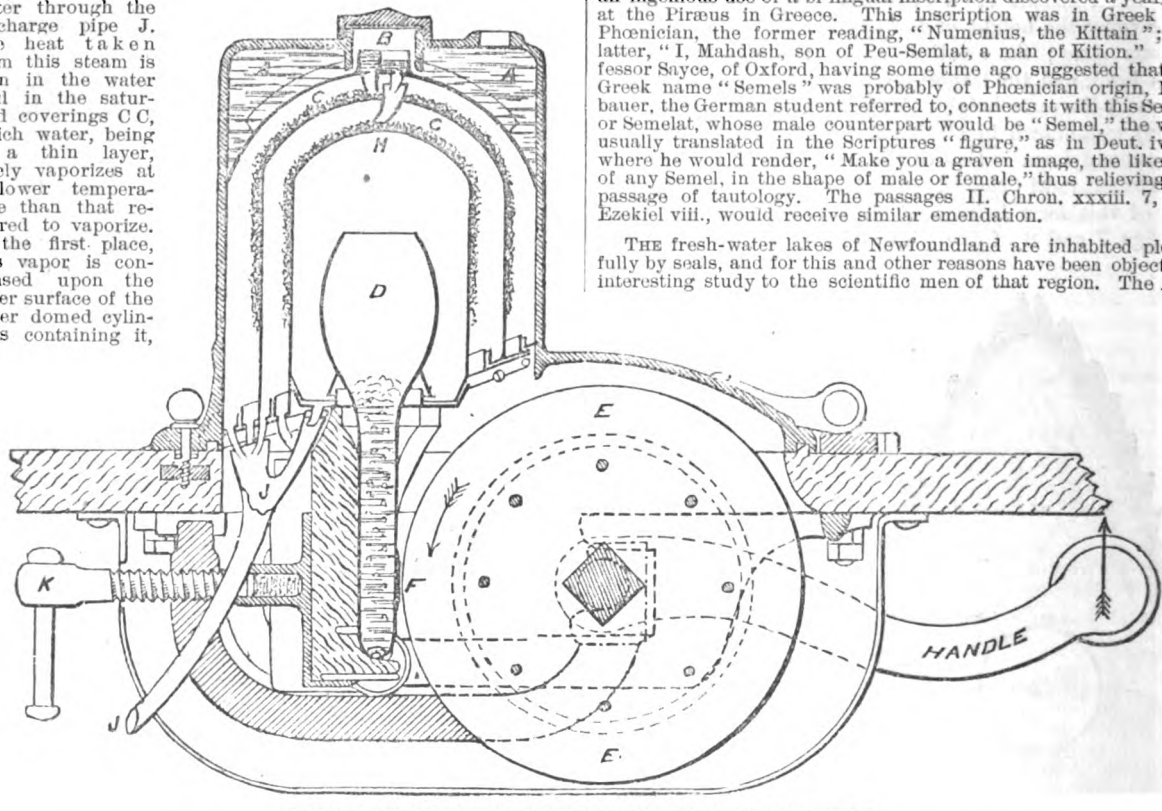
Figs. 5, 6.—Section and plan of larger eye of pair. Figs. 7, 8.—Section and plan of smaller eye of pair. Fig. 9.—Elevation of pair of eyes in position as found in the body, Figs. 1, 2.

SCALE—FULL SIZE OF LARGEST EYES FOUND.

been very much limited; it could only have been eye looking into eye in the very centre of a living creature. They were not exposed where rays of light through air or water could reach them.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

MACHINE FOR DISTILLING FRESH WATER FROM SALT BY FRICTION.—One of the most novel models exhibited at the late Exhibition of Inventions, in London, was a machine for distilling fresh water from salt by friction. It was invented with the idea that it would be of service in the case of mariners drifting at sea in an open boat, and in military service or travel over arid regions where saline lakes occur. The apparatus is about the size of a half-gallon measure, and could be fitted to the thwart of a boat. The following is the inventor's description, which will be understood by reference to the engraving underneath: The uppermost tank A is filled with sea-water, from which it is made to overflow down the centre opening B, which is of a certain size to allow sufficient only being passed at a time. This flow of sea-water saturates the flannel coverings C C. That which drains from the coverings is collected into troughs, and from them flows to an overflow tank, which is openly connected with the boiler; thus the water is fed to the boiler D to a regulated height; then the machine may be worked simply by turning a handle. The friction generated at the contact of the wheel E and boiler at F boils the water in about half a minute. The steam from the boiler is held in the first domed cylinder H, condenses upon its inner surface, and is conducted away as distilled water through the discharge pipe J. The heat taken from this steam is then in the water held in the saturated coverings C C, which water, being as a thin layer, freely vaporizes at a lower temperature than that required to vaporize. In the first place, this vapor is condensed upon the inner surface of the other domed cylinders containing it, and the transfer of heat from this vapor acts as just described, and the product from the second covering is condensed upon the inner surface of the outside casing and the under surface of the supply tank, which tank gets hot, so that when the machine has been working some minutes, or may be said to be in full work, this tank contains hot water; then, the supply water being hot, economy is effected. K is a screw for regulating the pressure at F. It may be interesting to follow the utilization of heat. Taking the machine to be at full work, the heat taken of the steam passes to the water in the covering which feeds the overflow tank connected with the boiler. Thus the boiler is fed with water almost boiling, leaving it only for friction to add heat to that water to complete its vaporization. Whilst the steam from the boiler condensed is four ounces, that given from the coverings will be seven ounces, if two covered domes are used, making eleven ounces of work through friction, to add heat to four ounces of water "almost boiling," until it vaporizes. If more domes are used, of course more than seven ounces in relation to four ounces. Domes may be added to a considerable number; by each additional the work done in comparison with the water distilled will be diminished. I here adopt only two in order to keep the machine small. The salt does not appear if the machine is used as it should be, or not allowed to be worked to dryness. The coverings are fed considerably in excess of what they will hold, causing the water which runs off to be charged with excess of salt in proportion to the water vaporized from it during its passage. The boiler being in connection with the overflow tank, keeps both equally charged with salt, or nearly so. The tank's overflowing carries off water which has in it excess of salt equal to that of boiler and tank; this will explain why salt never appears in a crystallized form. Should the coverings be worked dry, and thus show salt, they are hinged so as to open, and can be easily rinsed with a few handfuls of sea-water. Should the boiler be boiled to dryness, the top may be thrown back, and the boiler cleansed as easily as any ordinary such tube. So far as the inventor knows, this is the only practical application of friction to a useful purpose, and in this particular case comes in as the only available means of heat.



MACHINE FOR DISTILLING FRESH WATER FROM SALT BY FRICTION.

MANY cast-iron objects, when leaving the mold, are too hard for working. This happens even with the softest gray pig-iron and when the objects are of the greatest thinness. In this case, molding with rich sand produces as great hardness as chill-molding. To remedy this disadvantage, the French *Bulletin de la Céramique* recommends the subjection of the objects to a process of annealing which softens the surface. When the objects to be treated are in gray pig-iron, they are put in cases surrounded with coarse sand, and heated twenty-four hours with sal-ammoniac and forge scales, in the proportion of one part of the former to twelve of the latter. This, it will be noticed, is the method pursued in England and America in the production of malleable cast-iron; but, as a very superficial effect is intended in the present case, the process lasts only one day, instead of eight or ten.

A GERMAN student of Oriental inscriptions has been making an ingenious use of a bi-lingual inscription discovered a year ago at the Piræus in Greece. This inscription was in Greek and Phœnician, the former reading, "Numenius, the Kittain"; the latter, "I, Mahdash, son of Peu-Semlat, a man of Kition." Professor Sayce, of Oxford, having some time ago suggested that the Greek name "Semels" was probably of Phœnician origin, Naubauer, the German student referred to, connects it with this Semlet or Semelat, whose male counterpart would be "Semel," the word usually translated in the Scriptures "figure," as in Deut. iv. 16, where he would render, "Make you a graven image, the likeness of any Semel, in the shape of male or female," thus relieving the passage of tautology. The passages II. Chron. xxxiii. 7, and Ezekiel viii., would receive similar emendation.

THE fresh-water lakes of Newfoundland are inhabited plentifully by seals, and for this and other reasons have been objects of interesting study to the scientific men of that region. The Rev. Mr. Harvey, of St. John's, in a recent pamphlet, entitled "Across Newfoundland," expresses the belief that these lakes have undergone a gradual change from a previous brackish or salty condition, and that the inhabitants have, by degrees, adapted themselves to the change. Mr. Harvey shows, in confirmation of this theory, that other large bodies of water in Newfoundland, salt at most times, are now and then cut off from the sea for considerable periods, and might readily become permanently separated. An exactly similar case, so far as seals are concerned, occurs in Lake Baikal, Central Asia, where seals breed in plenty, though this body of water is 1,280 feet above the sea.

ONE of the most entertaining and valuable books on tropical natural history issued during the past year was Mr. William T. Hornaday's "Two Years in the Jungle," published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Hornaday, who is now chief taxidermist at the National Museum, was sent to the East Indies by Ward, of Rochester, to make collections, chiefly of the jungle beasts, and he traveled and hunted in Southern India, Ceylon and Borneo for

two years with great success, as the many mounted specimens now exhibited at Washington, New York (the Central Park Museum), Cambridge (Harvard Museum) and Rochester attest. His first real experience of jungle work was on the Jumna River, India, in quest of the long-snouted gavials of that valley. This experience was well worth the telling, and shows the nerve and ingenuity of the man. His next fixed station, after a period of wandering, was in the Animallai Hills of Southern Hindoostan, where he dwelt alone in the heart of the forest for many weeks, hunting bison, elephants, tigers, deer, gibbons and rare animals, and birds of the smaller sort; picking up at leisure such invertebrates as he could take care of. His killing and skinning of the big elephant, "darkly and at dead night," in fear that he had transgressed the law, reads like a romance of war, rather than of the chase. After this, he went to Ceylon and then to Singapore, where he had varied experiences, hard work and discomfort, but made huge collections, and never lost his enthusiasm; and, finally, he settled down in the interior of Borneo for a long stay, shooting orang-outangs and the other peculiar quadrupeds of that outlandish region, and living with the Dyaks, to whom he became greatly attached. There is no book published, probably, which gives so good an idea of jungle-life in Borneo, or tells us so much of the man-like monkeys in its dense, flooded forests, as this; and none which, from cover to cover, is more interesting and instructive to any one who enjoys reading tales of natural history and sport, the honesty and accuracy of which are undoubted.

An interesting paper has been communicated to one of the California scientific societies on the fossil wood which is found in different localities throughout the State. This silicified wood is stated to be a variety of quartz: the wood fibre is gradually replaced by quartz, leaving the form of the wood intact, so much so that sections cut and placed under a microscope show the characteristic grain of the wood, by which the genera may often be determined, and sometimes the species. In what is known as the petrified forest in Colorado, there are stumps of trees several feet in height and some twelve to fifteen feet in diameter. One stump seemed to have been fossilized while in a charred state, and from its fossil charcoal was obtained. Many of the specimens of wood are incrusted with layers of crystallized chalcedony of an opalescent tint, so beautiful that sections have been mounted and worn as jewelry.

Excavations in search of quarryable stone at the site of ancient Sidon recently effected an interesting disclosure. After penetrating the alluvial topsoil, the laborers dug through a deposit of blown sand several feet in depth, beneath which they came upon a stratum of earth containing flint implements, fragments of coarse red pottery, and other rudely manufactured objects. It is clear, therefore, that the ancient Phœnician city, familiar to Bible readers, was preceded in the same place by an older settlement of the stone age.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A minister, having some of his old sermons, was asked what he had in his package. "Dried tongue," was the reply.

A cab-owner had the word "Excelsior" painted on the door-panel of all his vehicles. He explained that his motto was "Hire!"

Horne Tooke, being asked by George III. whether he played at cards, replied, "No, your Majesty; the fact is, I cannot tell a king from a knave."

"Never look at your boy when he is speaking," writes a father. "It embarrasses him when he is explaining how he happened to be in school and out playing ball at the same time."

How is it possible to proceed in two opposite directions at the same time? By walking from the forward to the aft of a vessel while sailing. What is the centre of gravity? The letter V.

A gentleman of Cork ordered his man to call him up at six o'clock; but he awakened him at four. Being asked the reason, he replied, "I came to tell you that you had two good hours to sleep!"

A young woman, in leaving an omnibus, dropped a ribbon from her bonnet. "You have left your bow behind," said a lady traveler. "No, I haven't—he's gone a-fishing!" innocently replied the damsel.

It is strange that when anything happens to a young woman she is always said to be superlatively beautiful and richly dressed. This ought to make plain and poorly dressed girls feel happy. Nothing will happen to them.

A judge, joking a young lawyer, said, "If you and I were to be turned into a horse or an ass, which would you prefer to be?" "The ass to be sure!" replied the lawyer. "I've heard of an ass being made a judge, but a horse—never?"

The papers relate an anecdote of a beautiful young lady who had become blind, having recovered her sight after marriage. Whereupon some one wickedly observes that it is no uncommon thing for people's eyes to be opened by matrimony.

Said an exasperated father at dinner: "You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread to eat." "I say, papa, you are having a much better time of it now you are living with us, ain't you?" remarked little Tommy.

What is most likely to become a woman?—A little girl.

Isn't it queer that *contractors* should be engaged to *widen* streets?

Church music is dispensed by the choir. Drum music and most of the piano kind comes by the pound.

A curious inquirer, desirous to know how he looked when asleep, sat with closed eyes before a mirror.

A man's stomach is his weak part. The weapons to subdue him the most readily are found in the kitchen.

The speaker who has too many heads to his discourse will find it difficult to secure attentive ears to all of them.

Little Lilly: "Don't you think, doctor, that I look just like my mamma?" *Mother:* "Hush! child; don't be vain!"

"Johnny, how many seasons are there?" "Six: Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, opera, and 'Thomson's Seasons.'"

A country editor thinks that Richelieu, who declared "the pen is mightier than the sword," ought to have put in a good word for the scissors.

An engraver recently made this mistake: "Mr. and Mrs. MacSmythe respectfully request your presents at the marriage of their daughter."

A young woman went into a library and asked for "Man as he Is." "That is out," said the librarian, but we have 'Woman as she Should Be.'"

Vernon, the great French *chef*, used to say to those customers who praised his dinners, "Never boast of having dined well till the next day."

A piece of court-plaster on a pretty girl's cheek is very much out of place, but it doesn't improve matters when her sweetheart goes home with it on the end of his nose.

"And so you have married a Mr. Penny," said a gentleman to a lady of his acquaintance. "No, a Mr. Pence," she replied. "Ah," said he, "you have done better than I thought."

At a Sunday-school a teacher asked a new scholar—a little girl—what her name was. She replied: "Helen French." An urchin in an adjoining seat sang out: "What is it in English?"

A jolly old doctor said that people who were prompt in their payments always recovered in their sickness, as they were good customers, and physicians could not afford to lose them.

"What would you do when first employed to bring an action?" asked an examiner of a young candidate for the legal profession. "Ask for money on account," was the prompt reply. He passed.

"It is a great pity that you come dangling at my heels, Mr. Nonentity," said a consequential lady to her sentimental admirer. "You remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story."

Billy's little sister had fallen and hurt her nose; and she cried a great deal over it. Hearing his mother tell her to be careful lest she'd spoil it next time, he said: "What's the good of a nose to her? She never blows it."

"Let me see," said a minister who was filling out a marriage certificate and had forgotten the date; "this is the fifth, is it not?" "No, sir," replied the bride, with some indignation; "this is only my second!"

More Meant than Met the Ear.—A certain West Indian judge was not remarkable for sagacity on the bench. At an official ball he criticised the waltzing of a witty member of the Bar. "Ah, my friend, you are a bad waltzer!" "Ah, but you are a bad judge!" was the rejoinder.

A little girl, aged nine, called her father to her bedside. "Papa," said the little diplomat, "I want to ask your advice. "Well, my dear, what is it about?" "What do you think it will be best to give me on my birthday?"

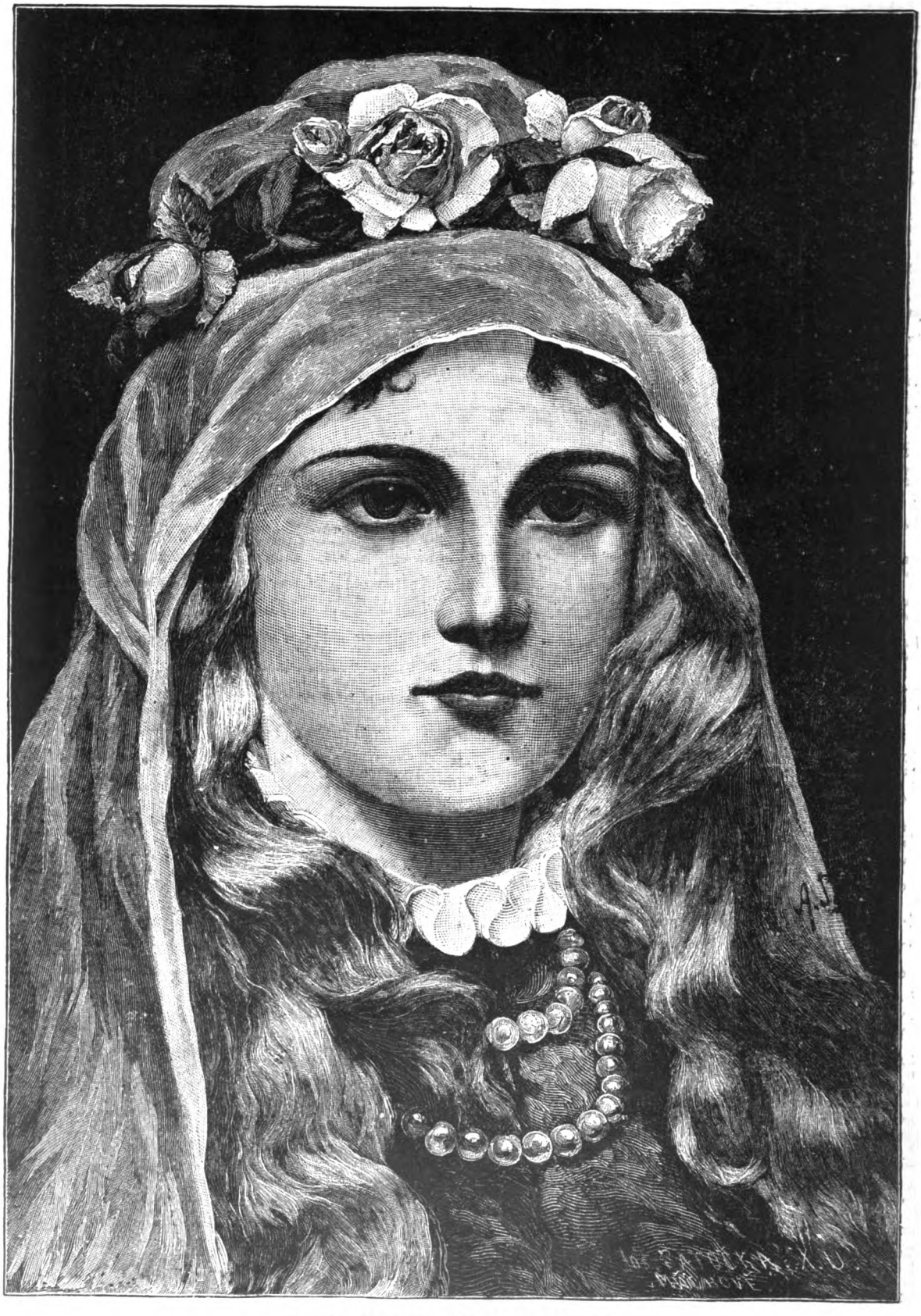
Cheery Party (to a serious friend): "And how is your wife?" *Serious Friend:* "My wife, sir, has gone to a happier land." *Cheery Party* (warmly): "Dear me! you don't say so! I'm very sorry to hear it; very sorry indeed!"

There are two metals, one of which is omnipotent in the cabinet, and the other in the camp—gold and iron. He that knows how to apply them both may indeed attain the highest station, but he must know something more to keep it.

Fearful Wild Fowl.—A Sunday-school teacher, reading the words "The fowls of the air" to her class, proceeded to ask them, "What are 'the fowls of the air'?" After a pause, one little girl solved the problem by replying, "Please, miss, it's the bad smells!"

Tact.—*Lady Constance Ormolu:* "But where do you manage to get such exquisitely lovely types of female beauty for your pictures, Mr. Sopeley?" *Mr. Sopeley* (putting up his eyeglass and gallantly fixing his eye on her ladyship): "I keep my eyes open, and look about me!"

Moltke's power of self-control is wonderful. One day a warm friend and admirer ventured to ask him which way the army would move on the following day. "Can you keep a secret, sir?" asked Moltke. "Yes, sir," said the gentleman, supposing he was about to get the desired information. "Then, sir," retorted Moltke, "so can I."



A SLAVONIAN MAIDEN.— BY ALFRED SEIFERT.

JUDGE PUB. CO. LITH. NEW YORK.

THE CAVALIER'S BREAKFAST.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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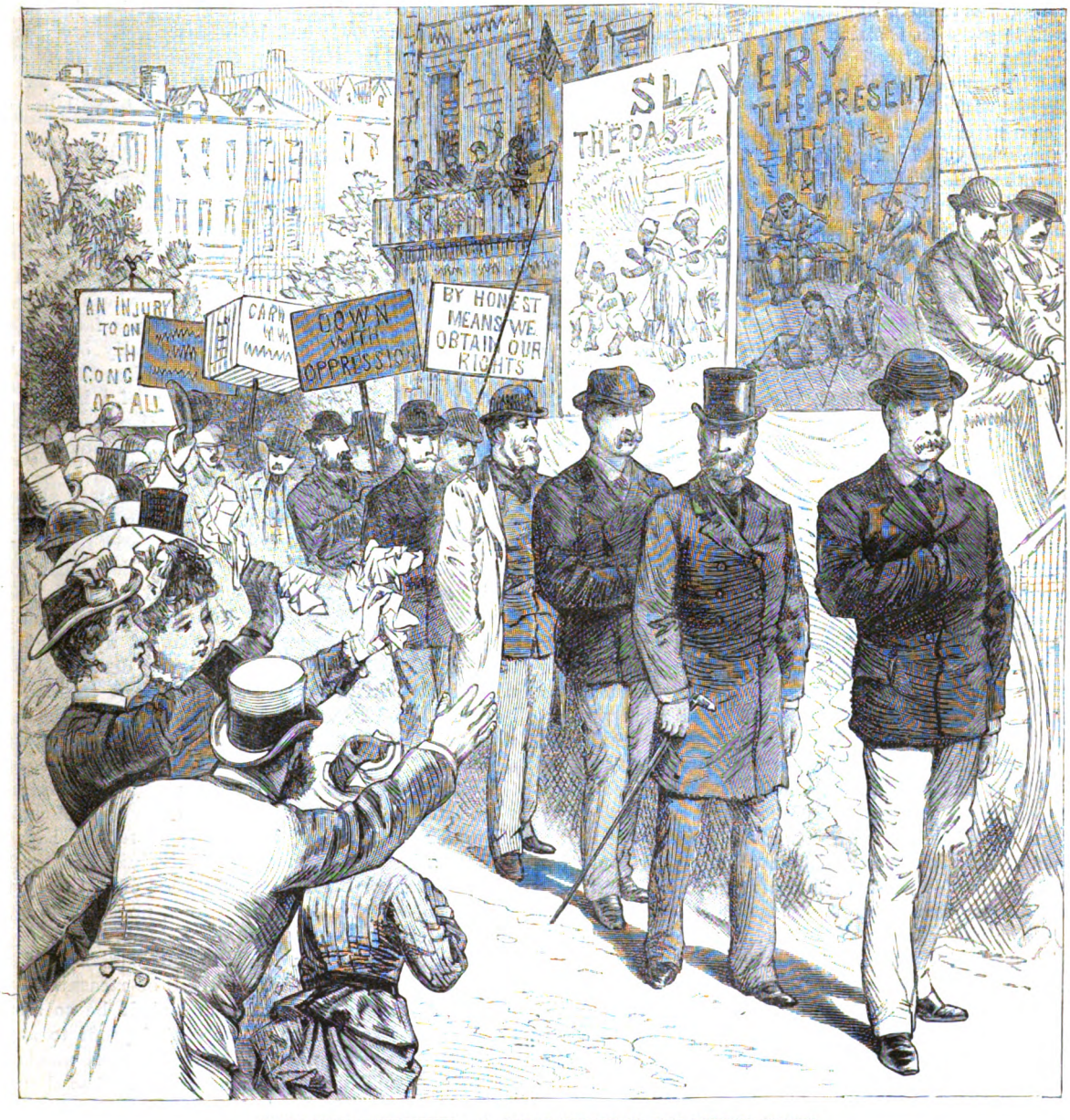
SOCIALISTIC MOVEMENTS IN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

SOCIALISM is neither a new craze, as some of its opponents assert, nor a new revelation, as some of its apostles would have us believe. It is, if not as old as the hills, or even as old as mankind, at least as old as civilization. So soon as any group of men in remote ages, outgrowing the limits of family life, learnt the expediency of living together in friendship, the need arose of rules for social organization and mutual subjection to the common



SOCIALISTIC MOVEMENTS.—A LABOR STRIKE IN THE UNITED STATES.

interest. The need was, to some extent, met by those communal institutions among primitive races about which Sir Henry Maine and others have written very learnedly and instructively, and of which traces—more or less confused and perverted—exist nearly everywhere to this day. And if, from the earliest times of which we have record, the boldest and most aggressive tribes and races were so busy in extending their sway over other tribes and races that the necessity for developing schemes of peaceable and orderly living among themselves was postponed, the necessity still existed, and efforts to meet it were not wanting. We find indications of this inevitable tendency in the traditions and literature of every ancient community about which we know anything, and Plato's "Republic," though the completest, is but one among many of old-world socialistic plans. With whatever notions of interdependent life among its members the bolder and more aggressive tribes or races that forced their ways through regions and centuries may have started, and however they may seem to have strayed from the original simplicity with which they began, yet this original simplicity, or some expansion or distortion of it, became an ideal, and thoughtful men, like Plato and a crowd of others, did little more than strive to bring back and build up again the old ideal.

The history of all civilization, then, includes, as an essential item, the history of Socialism, and this is especially the case with the various nations that have come under the influence of Christianity. Apart from its theological tenets, the whole genius of Christianity is socialistic or communistic, and not a few of those theological tenets mainly served to emphasize the socialistic or communistic institutions of the early Christians. The Christians at Jerusalem had all things in common, and the subsequent monastic or community life was only a reverting to the original idea. Into the Church, becoming militant and tyrannical perforce, and making many compromises with the militant and tyrannical organizations that it encountered, divers abuses crept. But there has been no age of the Church in which some of its worthiest men have not sought, by reverting to the ideal, to crush or check those abuses. "The rich are robbers," wrote St. Chrysostom; "all things should be in common." "Nature created community," wrote St. Ambrose; "private property is the offspring of usurpation. "In strict justice everything should belong to all," wrote St. Clement; "iniquity alone has created private property."

And so all through the generations, and with popular as well as with sacerdotal, reformers. The Jacquerie in France and Lollardism in England, such writings as "The Vision of Piers the Plowman," and such preachings as John Bale's, are but efforts, vague enough and faulty enough without doubt, but real and earnest, to bring back and build up again the Socialist ideal.

"God made man upright; but they sought out many inventions." Modern intelligence has given to the text a new reading, which neither the most bigoted theologian nor the most rigid Socialist attempts to controvert. Most of the inventions that mankind has sought out have been vastly to its advantage, even though some, or many, or all of them, may have brought harm as well as benefit in their train; and although not a few—from the invention of darts and arrows down to the invention of dynamite—may, for some time after their disclosure, have seemed to be overwhelmingly mischievous. None of us would like to go back to the rude savage life of our remote forefathers, or to the Garden of Eden—if we could find it. We should feel ourselves poor indeed, without our steam-engines, and other appliances of civilization; and we should be very uncomfortable indeed, if we were as devoid of clothing as were our "first parents," or even if we had nothing warmer and seemlier to cover us than the fig-leaves that Eve was prompted by the serpent to string together. The processes of evolution—whether we start from such very crude beginnings as Darwin indicated, or whether we date our researches only from the primitive bases of human development to which Mr. Herbert Spencer and others refer us—are of a nature that Socialists have as little reason to complain of as to refuse credence to; and the author of "The Earthly Paradise," who spent much of his early leisure in sweet singing about Greek myths and those phases of old-world life in which he then delighted, and who now devotes the leisure of middle age to the writing of Socialist chants and to fierce advocacy of Socialism, as he understands it—would be no more willing than any one else to have us thrown back into the age of unæsthetic barbarism, or even into the æsthetic surroundings of Mediterranean existence as it is imagined to have been some two dozen centuries ago.

The avowed Socialists accept all that they find good in the triumphs slowly and laboriously won by civilization from the first ages till now, and they adapt their socialistic ideal thereto. No one can blame them for that. Such blame as they seem fairly open to will be stated presently.

It was said in the commencement of this paper that Socialism is as old as civilization. It may also be said that its complete ideal, rightly set forth, is one that all who enjoy the fruits of civilization, and who desire those fruits to issue in seeds and blossoms and other fruits, must be substantially agreed about. All poets, all philosophers, all men of science, and all whose sympathies with humanity at large are real, however faulty may be their utterance of them, are substantially of one mind here. The ideal is nothing more nor less than the perfection of civilization, the realization of a heaven upon earth which, whether or not any other heaven can be reached hereafter, will be as heavenly as any earthlings can hope for.

According to this ideal, which all of us may share and few can quarrel with, the time will come, and must be striven after till it does come, when every living person will be as happy as it is possible for him or her to be; when every child born into the world will be healthy in mind and body, and will have healthy and ennobling surroundings all through the years of up-bringing, all the mental and bodily faculties being developed to the utmost, and an in every way auspicious training time being followed by a no less auspicious start in the serious work of life; when that work in life will be never too serious and never irksome, men and women alike taking the shares they are best fitted for, and contributing no more toil than is necessary for the enjoyment of each and all under the simplest conditions of refined happiness and in a perfect harmony of individual independence with mutual combination for the good of all; when there will be no capitalists, no middlemen, no rent-taking, and no interest-drawing, and if there is any wage-paying, only such wage as is a due and full equivalent for the portion of work done, which shall be measured by the exigencies of the community, and shall be so assessed and paid for as to leave no margin of profit to any but the actual workers; when all tasks, the most menial and the most dignified, will be so agreeable and so cheerfully undertaken as to be no tasks at all, or, if still irksome in any way, so evenly distributed that none can be ag-

grieved at having to do his share; when, evil being eradicated along with every other disease, by proper nurture and education, there will be no crime, no need for harsh administration of justice, and no other machinery of government than that which is voluntarily and gladly appointed in the truest democracy that can be devised; when, purity and honesty being the universal rule, there will be no occasion for marriage laws or any interference with altogether natural developments of family life; and, finally, when the old and infirm will be cared for, like the young and feeble, by the community at large, and death will be as entirely freed from its terrors as birth was freed from its risks. Truly a millennium, or something better than any millennium ever portrayed for us! Yet a dream worth dreaming, and an ideal worth aiming at. Strangely enough, the most extended and long-continued system of community life, where all things were in common, where all labored and shared alike, was to be seen in the missions founded by the Jesuits in Paraguay and the Franciscans in Upper California.

Modern Socialists, of course, differ from one another as to particular details in the future they look forward to, just as they differ from older Socialists, and as those older Socialists also differed from one another. Fancies can only be elaborated out of facts, and though our imagination is not bounded by our knowledge, it is limited to its radiations. To-day's ideal cannot be the same as yesterday's, nor can mine be identical with yours. This reflection should make both you and me tolerant of other people's disagreements with us, and should warn all of us that fresh ideals, to-morrow and afterward, may supersede to-day's, just as to-day's have superseded yesterday's. But, broadly stated, the views epitomized above are the views of most modern Socialists, and few enthusiastic schemers after the perfection of humanity will materially dissent from them. Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Swinburne substantially indorse them, as well as Mr. William Morris, among the poets; and political economists of the school of Mill and Cairnes, and disciples of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Carlyle, and George Eliot, no less than Mr. Ruskin and his followers. How, then, is it that any one can have much or anything to say against the Socialists?

There are hundreds of persons who are Socialists, so far as the adoption or toleration of the Socialistic ideal is concerned, for every one who consents to join with the avowed Socialists in their plans or professions for aiming at their ideal. Why so? Because, however excellent their ideal, and however worthy their intentions may be, the avowed Socialists seem to outsiders to go quite astray in their projects for realizing it. Socialism is a beautiful thing; but the methods chosen for making the ideal a reality, or in any way approaching thereto, appear to be for the most part unwise diversions, often amiable, but oftener mischievous, and always illogical.

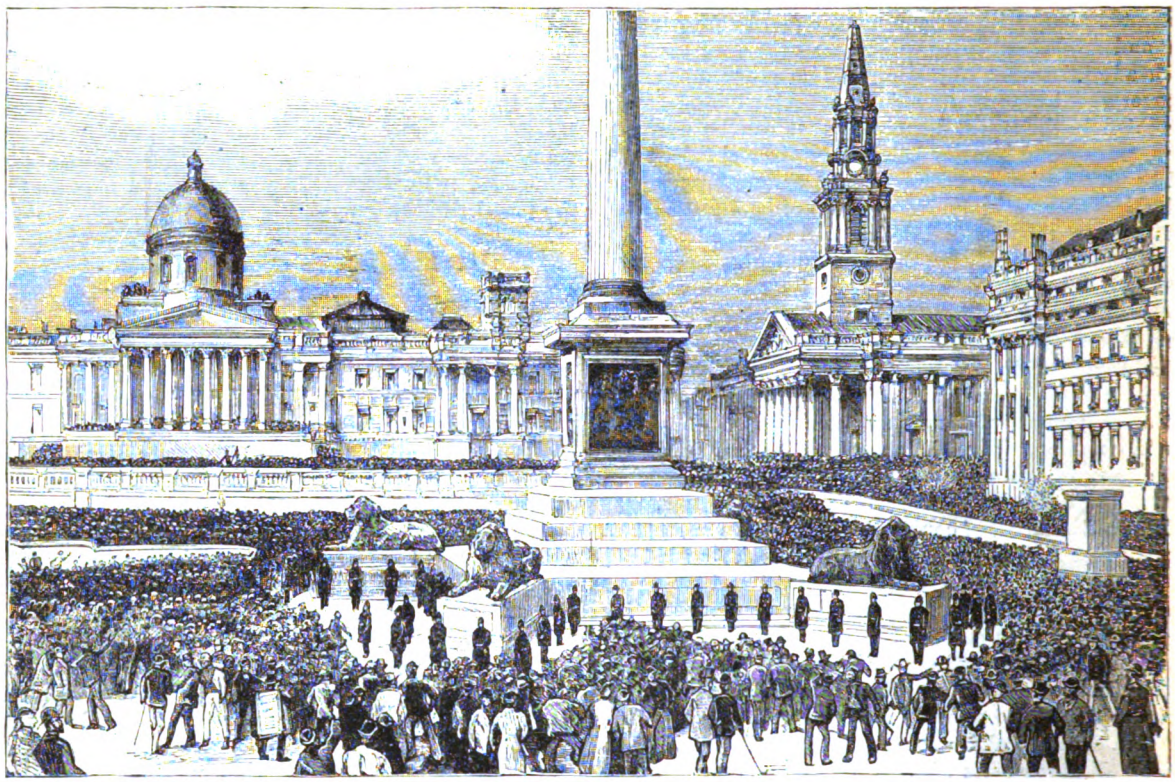
Modern Socialism—or Communism, as it then usually called itself, and as that form of it is still styled, in order to separate it from the younger and more vigorous growth—began to be a creed, or a religion, in France barely a century ago. Rousseau, and the other intellectual rebels who helped on the Revolution of 1789, by their words, if not by their acts, were its pioneers, and it took shape, albeit vague and various, under the guidance of men like the Abbé Fauchet, Saint-Just and Joubert. The downfall of the First Republic wrecked the schemes of those who hoped to raise France by one jerk from the degradation of an effete feudalism into a paradise of "liberty, equality and fraternity"; but it left many heroic malcontents to work out divers schemes of social regeneration, whence ensued phalansteries and experiments of all sorts, not only in France, but in England, and yet more in the United States. Robert Owen's Harmony Hall furnishes an example with which many are familiar; and though Harmony Hall soon failed, and Owen's "Book of the New Moral World" has scarcely any readers now, the wisdom involved in his fallacies has largely influenced not a few of the philanthropic movements of the past half-century.

Neither Robert Owen, nor such French prophets and apostles of Socialism as Proudhon, Saint-Simon and Fourier, nor such German imitators of them as Weitling and Albrecht, however, are recognized as leaders of the Socialistic movement which, in separate and often conflicting currents, is now in progress. "Socialism is dead," wrote Louis Reybaud in 1853. "To speak of it is to pronounce its funeral oration." It had to be revived by Rodbertus-Jagetzow and his interpreters, Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle. It is to these two chief exponents of German Socialism that the various English schools look for guidance and inspiration, though many of them, unable to read the German texts, and not enlightened by such hazy paraphrases and commentaries as Mr. Hyndman and others offer them, are now welcoming the lucid boldness of the newest and cleverest treatise within their reach, "The Co-operative Commonwealth" of Mr. Laurence Gronlund, an American Socialist. Mr. Gronlund takes his political economy, such as it is, chiefly from Marx's development of the teachings of Rodbertus, and joins with it much ethical speculation, such as it is, drawn from Lassalle, who was much more than a theorizer in economics, as well as from other precursors.

But this brief reference to the literature of Socialism is by the way. It would be idle here, and foreign to the purpose of this paper, to attempt any detailed review of it. All that need be attempted is to specify roughly, but it is to be hoped not unfairly, some of the most notable diversions of the new religion—using the term "diversions" in both its dictionary senses. A diversion may be either a serious, and perhaps mischievous, turning aside from the safe and proper pathway between a beautiful ideal and its realization; or it may be mere playing with a subject, more or less harmless, and perhaps even commendable, but only pastime for all that.

It is not too much to say that, in England at any rate, the vast majority of people who call themselves Socialists make little more than a plaything of their Socialism. Whether the avowed English Socialists number ten or fifty or a hundred thousand—and even friendly estimates vary between these figures—it may be safely asserted that not more than a hundred of them have ever read a line of Karl Marx's "Das Kapital," that being a very heavy piece of reading with which the critics who condemn it are much more familiar than the disciples who claim it as their gospel; while the great bulk of them know scarcely anything more of Ferdinand Lassalle than is contained in the pathetic record of his blighted life. Mr. Hyndman, of course, they try to understand through his books and pamphlets. Moreover, there are plenty of other volumes besides Mr. Gronlund's Co-operative Commonwealth" for them to study if they choose; but most of them do not choose. They find it easier to talk Socialism more or less prettily, or more or less angrily, but always vaguely, in drawing-rooms, public-house parlors, and elsewhere, and to make it the pastime of their spare week-day evenings and Sunday afternoons, than to adopt it as their study or the business of their lives.

These players with Socialism are too closely mixed up with one another, either as friends or as foes, or as both by

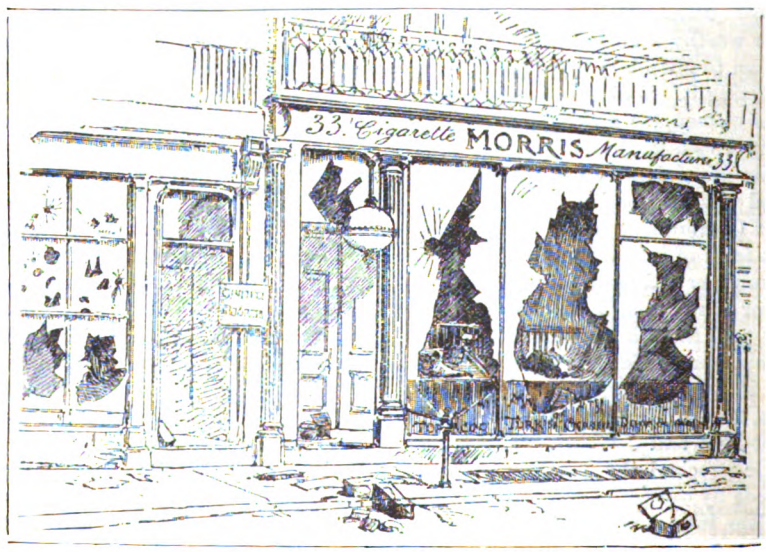


MEETINGS OF THE UNEMPLOYED IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

turns, to be separated into distinct classes or clusters; but they may for convenience be spoken of under four groups, as the Scientific Socialists, the Christian Socialists, the Æsthetic Socialists, and the Anarchic Socialists.

The Scientific Socialists are those who regard Karl Marx, whether they have ever read him or not, as the greatest political economist who ever lived. Karl Marx, of course, is a guide and prophet to a great many, in and out of England, who do not follow him in some respects, and who go beyond him in others; but "Das Kapital" is especially the text-book of those who claim to discuss and to develop scientifically the principles of Socialism. "Das Kapital" is a treatise not easy to refute. Starting with the economical truths or truisms propounded by Adam Smith, Ricardo, and other approved economists, Marx insisted that, labor being the only standard of value, all the produce of labor ought to belong to the laborer. There should be no "surplus value" taken, under the guise of interest, rent, profit, or what not, from its rightful owner, the laborer, and wrongfully appropriated by any one else known as a capitalist. Capital is but the accumulation of so much wealth as has been filched or forced by fraud or tyranny from the inadequately paid laborer; "it is dead labor, which can revive only by sucking, vampire-like, the blood of living labor, which lives and thrives with all the more vigor the more blood it absorbs." "Hence we find," said Marx, "that the accumulation of wealth at one pole of society advances step by step with an accumulation at the other pole of poverty, servitude, and moral degradation of the class which, out of its produce, brings capital into existence."

Marx was fond of spicing his logic with bold rhetoric, and, in his efforts to give mathematical precision to his scheme, he assumed as fact much that cannot be proved; and more than that, he vitiated his whole problem for practical purposes by shutting his eyes to realities which, however obnoxious they may be, must be dealt with as realities until they can be abolished. It may be that, in an ideal state of society, there will and should be no class of capitalists opposed to the class of laborers — no classes at all, indeed; and if capital of any sort, only such capital as is worthily applied by the community at large for



WORK OF THE MOB IN NORTH AUDLEY STREET.

the joint benefit of all its individuals. But the whole ideal must be achieved before any portion of it can be other than visionary and untrustworthy. Marx's contention that the capitalist *régime* has only existed in Europe for some three hundred years is in the nature of a quibble, for the feudal landlords, the trading guilds, the monastic organizations, the courtly sycophants, and so forth, of the Middle Ages, were, in truth, quite as much capitalists as are the great merchants and manufacturers, the wealthy bondholders, and the prosperous middlemen of the present day; and however unjust may be the treatment of the laboring classes now, they fare much better than did their predecessors in former centuries. Capital may or may not be a curse to be got rid of hereafter, but it has been a blessing as well as a curse hitherto; and in any case the only possible method of getting rid of it or of making it solely a blessing is to profit by experience, and, step by step, to work out the reforms by which, if anyhow, our ideal is to be reached. Even Socialists must take the world as they find it, if they really want to mend it; and Marx, in his calm moments, freely acknowledged this. "From my point of view," he said, "according to which the evolution of the economic system of society may be likened to the evolution of nature the individual cannot be held responsible for social conditions, whose creature he must remain, however he may strive to free himself from them." Again: "Even when a community has succeeded in discovering the course of the natural law that regulates its advance, it can neither avoid the phases of its natural development nor abolish them by decree, but it can somewhat abridge their periods and diminish the evils that come in their train."

If Karl Marx had always held the discreet opinion just quoted, and if his followers would now abide by it, the Marxian school would have few opponents, and might count its adherents by hundreds of thousands. But the Scientific Socialists are not satisfied with doctrines and propagandist methods in which there would be no fundamental difference, whatever might be the divergences in detail, between them and the pupils of such other pioneers of social reform, themselves widely divergent in detail, as John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. In their ostensible anxiety to rush at once toward their ideal, they stumble and fall grotesquely and pitifully in their everyday occupations.

Had Mr. Hyndman and his friends understood their opportunity, and been competent to make Scientific Socialism a power in England, they might have made, two or three years ago, a start in a crusade which, prudently carried out, would even already have been formidable instead of contemptible.

HEADQUARTERS OF COMMUNISTS IN NEW YORK.

But a more notable instance and warning occurred a few years earlier. The International Working Men's Association, crudely projected by Karl Marx and others as far back as 1847, first took shape in London in 1864, when George Odger and many other prominent champions of working-class interests, and Professor Beesly and other influential outsiders, joined with delegates from France, Germany, Italy and other foreign countries, in planning an organization, thoroughly socialistic in its tendencies, for revolutionizing the whole of Europe. The International was never strong enough to justify the alarm that its name stirred up. But Karl Marx was the moving spirit of the International, and under his guidance —social reformer and economist though he was—it was quickly diverted from economical into political channels, and made an instrument for abortive revolutionary efforts instead of fruitful schemes of reformation. Karl Marx

came to be more than ever its leader, before its exploits culminated in the Paris Commune of 1871—an outburst of lawless patriotism which diverse critics will judge diversely, though there cannot be much difference of opinion as to the merits or demerits of the cold, calculating theorist who managed or mismanaged it from his cozy study on Haverstock Hill.

The Christian Socialists have some excuse for standing aloof from, or not fraternising very closely with, the Scientific Socialists, especially as they claim to be an older organization. Christian Socialism, as a distinct movement in England, dates from 1848, when Charles Kingsley, Frederick Denison Maurice and others, started a newspaper organ, began to issue tracts, and did other useful and useless work, being prompted thereto partly by sympathy with the Chartists and partly by hatred of what Kingsley called the "narrow, conceited, hypocritical, anarchic and atheistic scheme of the universe," put forward or implied in the policy of the Manchester school. "Alton Locke" was a vigorous presentment, in the form of fiction, of the views of these Christian Socialists; and if they failed to take the world by storm, it was not through lack of eloquent literature or forcible preaching.

Having actual experience to quote—that is, on the assumption that the records of early Christianity are authentic history—the Christian Socialists are on smoother ground of argument than the Scientific Socialists; and to those who question the possibility of a heaven on earth or anywhere else being attained by natural processes, they are able to suggest supernatural expedience.

The exact position and limits of Christian Socialism are hard to define, but it is yet harder to give a definition of Æsthetic Socialism. That the thing exists, however, and is a distinct and active force in modern opinion, especially in England, must be apparent to every one. It may be said to have begun, at any rate in its modern shape, with Mr. Ruskin, though in Mr. William Morris it has its foremost exponent. In his graceful and seductive essay or lecture, "Art and Socialism," Mr. Morris says, "It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do; and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious."

That is an aspiration after something nobler and happier than the lotus-eater's dream, more exalted than the Nirvana of Buddha. To the prosaic ideal of the Scientific Socialists it adds a poetic charm, and there is a refinement about it which is wanting in the Christian Socialist's scheme of rigid duty. It is easy to see how this Æsthetic Socialism, if so it may be termed, has branched off from Christian Socialism and allied itself, without subservience or agreement in all respects, with Scientific Socialism. Poets and painters, and many of like mind with them who know not how to string rhymes or to handle a brush, instinct with love and longing for beauty in all its forms and hues, resent the ugliness in the world, and in a mood of "divine discontent" seek to make things better. It is one token out of many that the world is mending more than they think, that, with the spread of æsthetic tastes, and of the dainty judgment shown in cultivating them among those who are in a condition to make this progress in their own lives and homes, there should be a generous desire to see the same improvements made in all grades of society, and that, instead of reveling, themselves, in their refined enjoyments, as the æsthetes of former times, if such there were, may have done, so many of our æsthetes nowadays should yearn and even toil to it for the æsthetic progress of all mankind; and, more than that, that in promoting their æsthetic mission, they should look beneath the surface, and yearn and even toil for that complete regeneration of society for which æstheticism can only afford a sightly and seemly covering. The thoughts are worthier of him than the verses in "The Message of the March Wind," one of the Socialist poems which Mr. Morris has lately written:

"Hark, the wind in the elm-boughs! From London it bloweth,
And telling of gold, and of hope and unrest;
Of power that helps not; of wisdom that knoweth,
But teacheth not aught of the worst and the best.

"Of the rich men it telleth, and strange is the story
How they have, and they hanker, and grip far and wide;
And they live, and they die, and the earth and its glory
Has been but a burden they scarce might abide.

"Hark! the March wind again of a people is telling;
Of the life that they live there, so haggard and grim,
That if we and our love amidst them had been dwelling,
My fondness had faltered, thy beauty grown dim.

"This land we have loved in our love and our leisure,
For them hangs in heaven, high out of their reach;
The wide hills o'er the sea-plain for them have no pleasure,
The gray homes of their fathers no story to teach.

"The singers have sung, and the builders have builded,
The painters have fashioned their tales of delight;
For what and for whom hath the world's book been gilded,
When all is for them but the blackness of night?

"How long and for what is their patience abiding?
How oft and how oft shall their story be told,
While the hope that none seeketh in darkness is hiding,
And in grief and in sorrow the world groweth old?"

Mr. Morris, and all others of poetic and artistic culture, do well to ask such questions, and, by asking them, to provoke such a response of public opinion as may help toward redress of the evils in society which their honest sympathy makes grievous to them, as well as to the people at large who actually suffer and are degraded by those evils. But when they turn aside from writing plaintive verse, or from drawing allegorical pictures, and attempt to suggest remedies for the evils of society, they show that they are only visionary theorists whose nostrums are altogether unworkable. Mr. Morris, or at any rate the Socialist League of which he is the founder and leader, is of opinion that if the whole existing arrangements of "so-called civilization" can be overturned—if "the land, the capital, the machinery, factories, workshops, stores, means of transit, mines, banking, all means of production and distribution of wealth," can be made "the common property of all"—"every man will then receive the full value of his labor without deduction for the profit of a master; and, as all will have to work, and the work now incurred by the pursuit of profit will be at an end, the amount of labor necessary for every individual to perform, in order to carry on the essential work of the world, will be reduced to something like two or three hours daily, so that every one will have abundant leisure for following intellectual or other pursuits congenial to his nature." But we are not told how that wonderful result is to be achieved; what grounds there are for supposing that—in such a crowded country as England, for instance—two or three hours' work a day by each person will suffice for his maintenance; what method shall be adopted in a community without rulers for obliging each person to do his fair share of work, or to make no pernicious use of his "abundant leisure," or anything else that can induce reasonable men and women to give a

moment's serious thought to their project. The Æsthetic Socialists are amiable enthusiasts and beautiful dreamers, but toward the realization of their dream they offer us nothing better than a ladder of cobwebs.

In truth, however, in so far as there is any logic in Æsthetic Socialism, it is the logic of Anarchic Socialism. The Socialist League, which has Mr. Morris at its head, and some prominent disciples of Karl Marx on its council of twenty, appears to affect rather the policy of Michael Bakounin, Marx's sometime comrade and afterward great rival, than that of Marx himself ; while the Social-Democratic Federation, which still accepts the leadership of Mr. Hyndman, its founder, has taken a good deal more than its name from Bakounin, who organized the Alliance of Socialist Democracy in 1869, and who is regarded as the great apostle of Russian Nihilism, and of the less formidable Anarchism of France and other continental countries. There is, of course, no counterpart in England or America to the Nihilist or Anarchist movements in Russia or other parts of Europe, Belgium furnishing us the last and most aggressive instance.

The conditions of political life in England and the United States, as well as the temperaments of even the boldest revolutionists among us, afford little room here even for burlesquing the incendiary violence which frightens despots and disturbs autocratic governments abroad. For all that, there is a phase of Socialism, neither trivial nor merely ludicrous, which may be called anarchical. The whole purpose and effort of Socialism, whenever it goes beyond peaceable argument, or appeal without argument, for a reform of existing laws and social institutions, is essentially anarchical ; every intentional breaking of the laws of the land or willful violation of its social institutions, however slight, or, it may be, justifiable, being a step in the direction of anarchy.

A memorable instance of this occurred recently in London, when, after a series of harsh dealings by the police and magistrates, all the schools of Socialists forgot their jealousies for the moment and banded together in forcible assertion of their claim to convene and address public meetings in the open street. The result was a series of riots and great destruction of private property.

There is no risk of Anarchical Socialism ever becoming a serious danger among us. The Socialists, even with the recruits from our foreign element, are not numerous enough to indulge in perilous law-breaking, and the temptations to law-breaking by any but offenders who well deserve and will obtain ready punishment for their offenses, are too few and slight. The great body of the workingmen have found that, by means of trades-unionism and the like, they can so much better promote their individual and class interests than by accepting as guides the champions of Socialism, that almost to a man they hold aloof from the movement.

Phalansteries are now out of vogue. Every phalanstery ever started has failed ignominiously, and the Socialists have wisely refrained from making any fresh experiments in that way. The proved futility of any efforts of a small body of enthusiasts, like the associates in Robert Owen's Harmony Hall, to live together in a compact colony or conventual arrangement, where they could frame rules for themselves in accordance with the principles they all professed, and where they might be expected to work amicably and without hinderance for their mutual advantage and the common good, may be taken as evidence that, however admirable may be the Socialist ideal, its attainment is not easy, and, at best, can only be reached by slow stages. The Socialists themselves, on all hands, now admit that they must temporize, and content themselves with securing, step by step, if they can, the objects they have at heart. This is prudent, if somewhat undignified ; but the lack of dignity is chiefly shown in the uncertainties and contradictions of their action and teaching. No one can blame Socialists of different schools for pursuing methods different from one another —some for making whatever they can of Karl Marx's economic theories, others for attempting to revive the original plan of Christianity, others for indulging in æsthetic dreams and hopes, and others, again, if their anarchism is kept under restraint, for being simply rebels against the existing order of things. But they should be consistent, whatever they are, and within whatever opportunist limits they think right and expedient. In other words, assuming that they know what sort of an ideal they set before themselves, they should adopt systematic and coherent ways and means for approaching it.

The condition of affairs in many parts of Europe is very serious, owing to a variety of causes. There is a great stagnation in trade ; mines and large factories have suspended work, as they find no market for their produce. The result has been that hundreds of thousands in England, France, Belgium and other countries are thrown out of employment, and, as the working class are seldom able to lay up much, their resources are soon exhausted and starvation stares them in the face. This leads naturally to meetings for their relief, and when workingmen, under such untoward circumstances, are addressed by plausible and designing socialists, they may easily be made the instruments of an anarchist revolution that would overthrow the most solidly established Government. The Nihilist and Anarchist organization is skillful and widespread ; its machinery effective. The great danger to society is that it will furnish leaders to the discontented masses and use them, not for their own relief, but for general destruction. Hyndman and Burns apparently kept within the pale of the law in their speeches at Trafalgar Square, but there is no doubt but that they are morally responsible for the scenes of violence, destruction and pillage which followed.

The same is the case in Belgium, where the vast body of unemployed are following the lead of anarchists. Mere temporary relief by Government will do little in these cases, while the causes of this frequently recurring state of things remain. The causes and consequences of such unequaled and disproportioned property must be studied, and sound steps taken to prevent the starvation of the masses ; whether agricultural laborers from failure of a vegetable crop, as in Ireland and India, or mechanical operatives from stoppage of works, as in England and Belgium. As long as Governments refuse to study the question and propose remedies, they cannot condemn Socialist writers for bringing forward plan after plan to do away with an existing and recognized evil.

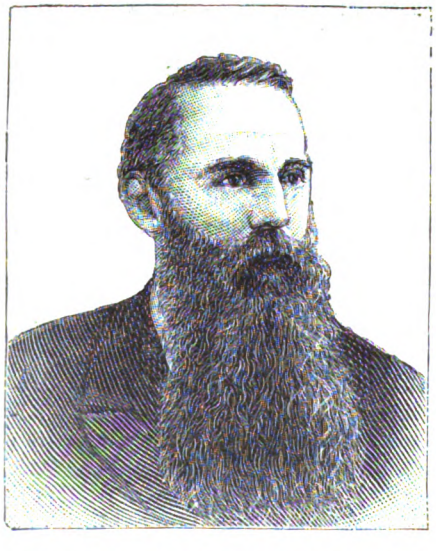
This they scarcely do. Though they profess to follow, in the main, the economic guidance of Karl Marx, with more or less addition or alteration, there are wide divergences of opinion and interminable quarrels among them about details, and much more than details. Their great theoretical controversy is as to the relative merits or demerits, practicabilities or impracticabilities, of collectivism and individualism ; the individualists barely admitting that any check whatever should be put, for the protection or assistance of his neighbors, upon each individual's claim to do just as he likes ; the collectivists barely denying that the ideal state they propose to set up will be a despotism more overwhelming and comprehensive than any autocrat or knot of bureaucrats has ever

been able to procure or maintain.

In the United States the great labor organizations have acquired an immense power, and this they are not likely to yield to any theoretic Socialists. They look less to an ideal than to a present substantial improvement of their condition. Their opposition is mainly to great railroad, telegraph, manufacturing and mining corporations which now control so vast a proportion of the wealth of the country, and whose existence and control suggest problems of which our ancestors a century ago never dreamed. To their mind, the great accumulation of wealth in families by primogeniture was a danger, and they took steps to check it. The East India Company and the Hudson Bay Company were then the only types of great corporations, and neither of them inspired fear. The great corporations in the United States have acquired immense power in all legislative bodies, and workingmen see with alarm the State granting these organizations powers for increasing their wealth, often, as they believe, to the wrong of the working classes.

JOHN MOST, SOCIALIST LEADER.

But the remedy is not in Socialism. The legislative bodies are chosen almost exclusively by the agricultural interest in the country and by the workingmen in the cities and towns. The votes of the capitalists seldom send a member to a legislative body. If the workingmen and farmers are duped by politicians and send representatives who betray their interests, they will soon awake to the fact, and, having the remedy in their own hands, can secure for the workingman every just demand. The workingmen in America look forward individually to the acquisition of property; they seek a competence and means to increase the comforts and pleasures of life. The Socialism and Communism is limited to circles of those who came to this country full of these ideas, which the healthier air of America has not yet dissipated.



H. M. HYNDMAN, ENGLISH SOCIALIST LEADER.

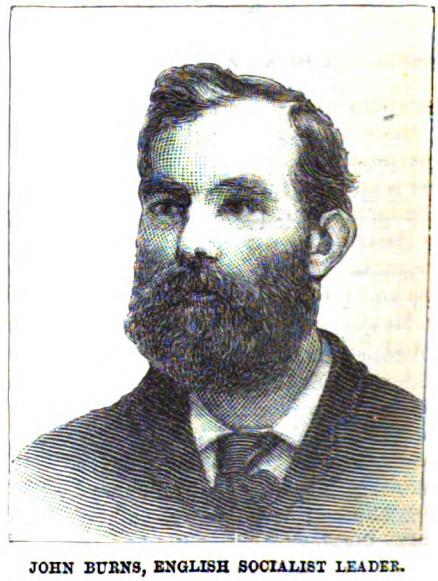
Socialism, therefore, cannot thrive on American soil, although among those brought up abroad under far different circumstances, it may, as a diversion, engage much of their attention.

THE ETNA OF THE ANTILLES.

By Felix L. Oswald.

Geography, like history, repeats itself, and a comparison of the Western Hemisphere with the territories of the Old World offers analogies which have often suggested the topographical nomenclature of our continent. The sea-world, too, abounds in such parallels, the most remarkable of which is, perhaps, that between the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Mexico, the "midland ocean" of the West. Their similar area, their great average depth, the natural division of either sea into two large basins, their volcanic islands, the vicinity of an ocean-dividing isthmus, combine to distinguish the two great gulfs of the Atlantic from all other waters of the globe. Their climate and the ethnological characteristics of their coast-lands afford a further analogy; we need not leave the Monroe side of the Atlantic to hear a Spanish boat-song or see the citrons bloom in midwinter. The shores of our midland sea have their maritime Alps and their Strombolis, eternal snow-fields and perpetual flames, with no lack of earthquakes or traces of their Titanic power.

The Souffrière, or the Infierno de St. Vincent, as the Spaniards call it, is in more than one respect an exceptional volcano. It is the only active burning mountain in East America. Like the crater of Mount Hecla on the solitary island of the Northern Atlantic, the gate of the Infierno seems to constitute the only vent for



JOHN BURNS, ENGLISH SOCIALIST LEADER.

a vast region of subterranean and submarine furnaces. The Volcano of St. Vincent, with its double chimney, its abysmal gorges, hot springs and littoral geysers, forms the focus of all the Plutonic forces that have agitated the Atlantic shore of America from Pernambuco to Cape Hatteras, and one of its eruptions was felt throughout a region whose area exceeds that of the entire Western Continent.

During the month of March, 1812, East America was visited by a flood-tide of successive earth-waves. Missouri, Ohio, Arkansas, Eastern Mexico, the Eastern Antilles, Honduras, Panama and Venezuela were repeatedly, and often simultaneously, shaken by volcanic forces that seemed to struggle for an outlet. The upheaval of the valley of New Madrid deflected the course of the Mississippi, the Cerro de Playa, in the Island of Porto Rico, overwhelmed the coast with an avalanche of rocks, and for three weeks in succession the mountains of Eastern Venezuela were convulsed by daily earthquake shocks. After a short pause, in the first week of April these shocks recommenced with great violence. The City of Caracas was destroyed by an earthquake that was felt all over Venezuela, and the convulsions spread northward to Cuba and the Bahamas, and west over Jamaica and Eastern Mexico to the head-waters of the Trinity River, in Central Texas, but as yet without any actual eruption. The focus of the disturbances was still a mystery.

But before the end of the month, on the evening of April 29th, 1812, the hidden furnace revealed itself. About an hour after the sunset of a sultry day, the citizens of Bridgetown, in the Island of Barbadoes, felt a shock like the explosion of a deep-seated mine, the western sky became lurid and gradually flaming red, and an echo of distant thunder rose to a hissing and rushing noise that was at first mistaken for the approach of a hurricane. But the faint night wind died away, and as the glare and the noise continued, an excited crowd on the terrace of the Governor's villa speculated on the possible cause of the strange phenomenon. Its volcanic origin became more and more evident, but its location seemed wholly inexplicable. The conflagration seemed to rise from the sea, at a distance of twenty or thirty miles due west, but the next land in that direction was the Island of St. Lucia, more than sixty miles from Bridgetown. One of the Governor's guests thought the noise reminded him of the rush of a distant cloud-burst, and the captain of H. M. S. *Galatea* suggested that the glow might be the reflection of a volcanic outbreak on the coast of Central America.

"I have heard and seen the same thing in 1784," said his Mestizo pilot; "it's the Inferno of St. Vincent broke loose again."

St. Vincent, which has, so far as I know, the only volcanic twin peak in the world, is about one hundred and thirty miles west of Barbadoes. The eastern trade winds were prevailing at the time, and a little after midnight a cinereous substance began to fall, and at daybreak the streets of Bridgetown were covered with a four-inch stratum of volcanic ashes. On the second of May, shipload after shipload of terror-stricken fugitives arrived in Barbadoes and Martinique, and the Mestizo's conjecture was then confirmed; the Island of St. Vincent had been reduced to a mass of smoking cinder heaps. After an occlusion of eighteen years the hell-gate of the Souffrière had burst, and forty thousand acres of cultivated lands, twenty-eight hundred houses, including the government buildings of Kingston, and eighteen hundred human beings, had perished in a fire-deluge of lava and burning

SOCIALISTIC MOVEMENTS IN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.—SCENE DURING THE GREAT RAILROAD STRIKE.—SEE PAGE 613.

scoria. The catastrophe which attended the birth of Mount Jorullo in 1759 furnishes the only parallel to the violence of that explosion. There had been an omen of the aproaching event, but, like the smoke column which presaged the fate of Pompeii, the warning had been disregarded or misunderstood. About seven miles northeast of Kingston a spur of the Rabacca Hills projects into the sea in the form of a low reef, with several detached rocks at its eastern extremity. Near one of these rocks, known as the Pointe aux Loutres, or otter cliff, the sea began to heave and toss in a curious way on the afternoon of the 28th of April. Dome-like billows or bubbles rose and fell like the foam of a seething caldron, and the settlers of the eastern shore noticed that the water at the mouth of the Cascade River rose ten or twelve feet above its usual level without any apparent cause. The majority ascribed these phenomena to the influence of the trade winds opposing the current of the river, a few to a subaqueous accumulation of driftwood ; scarcely any of the planters seem to have suspected the real cause; though a local tradition says that one long-headed old Creole rode into Kingston that afternoon for the purpose of selling certain title deeds, and actually succeeded in raising a considerable sum on one of his river farms.

On the following morning the ridge of the Rabacca range and some of the northern mountains were vailed by a slate-colored cloud that gradually spread eastward and downward, while the sky assumed a singular murky hue. A certain plateau of the Cascade Mountains, or northern coast range, was suspected to be the haunt of runaway slaves, and a party of mounted rangers started from Fort Duvernette to stop the progress of what they supposed to be a forest fire. They had already reached the headwaters of the Cascade River when they became cognizant of the fact that their hats and saddle blankets were covered with a thick layer of gritty ashes, and nearly at the same moment they heard from the direction of the fort the boom of a large gun, that was only fired as an alarm signal to rally the militia, or when a ship was in distress. The mist had darkened till it vailed the noontide sun, and, seized by a sudden misgiving, the troopers turned back and had scarcely reached the valley, when the hills behind them echoed the fall of a huge cliff that had descended like an avalanche from the ridge of the upper Sierra. As they galloped toward the fort through the lowering clouds, they met a party of mounted farmers who told them that the city (Kingston) had been shaken by an earthquake, and that a large tidal wave had torn the anchored ships from their moorings.

It is often considered a mooted point, whether there is such a thing as absolute darkness in open air, but the testimony of numerous and intelligent witnesses leaves no doubt that on the afternoon of the 29th of April the Island of St. Vincent was visited by a protracted and total eclipse of all natural light. At 11 A.M., fine whity-brown ashes began to fall in the streets of New Edinburgh, six miles north of Kingston ; at 2 P.M., daylight had waned to a faint gloaming, and two hours later people groped their way from door to door or hurried to and fro with lanterns and tallow-wood torches. The burghers of Kingston lighted a great fire on the wharf to guide the harbor-boats, but its glow was reflected from the ash-clouded air as from a screen, and in the suburbs a man standing in the middle of the street could not distinguish the doors and windows of a cottage from the whitewashed walls. The first subterranean commotion was of that vibratory kind which the Spaniards call *tierra-temblor*, an earthtremor, a faint, jarring reverberation without any perceptible noise ; but after a heavy shock, a little before noon, the concussions became audible, the earth strained and heaved with a hollow sound, like slow-rolling thunder. Toward evening the shocks increased in violence, and about an hour after sunset the foundations of the island seemed to burst with a sudden crash ; the gates of the Infierno had opened, and at the same moment the air resounded with a hissing screech from the mountains, the scream of the rising fire-fiends. The sky turned lurid, and a minute after, the ash-rain changed into a hail of stones mingled with flakes of a flaming bituminous substance. Houses, cattle, and piles of boxes and furniture on the wharf were then abandoned, the burghers rushed to the landing, jostling and trampling each other in the press for precedence, while the terrible voice of the Souffrière drowned the shrieks of the wounded and dying. Taking advantage of the fitful land wind that accompanied the eruption, sixteen or twenty vessels put to sea, most of them keeping a southerly course in the hope of escaping the stone-shower that came like a cannonade from the northern mountains. For many leagues in every direction the sea was lighted up with the reflection of the volcanic fires which at first crowned the summit of a single mountain, but toward midnight a deluge of burning lava rolled over the crater, and, descending in several streams, set the green wood a-fire as a torch would ignite a heap of pitch-fagots. In less than half an hour the densely wooded ridge of the Souffrière was a mass of flames, and no grander beacon ever guided the course of distressed mariners.

There is abundant evidence that the shock of the first eruption was not only felt, but *heard*, at Williamsport, in the Bahama Islands, more than fifteen hundred miles from St. Vincent. In St. Lucia the concussion sounded like a distant bombardment, and here as well as in Fort Antigua and St. Christopher, the troops were under arms all night, supposing from the continued noise that Admiral Duckworth had engaged the French fleet. The earthquake was felt as far to the westward as Cape St. Lucas, on the Gulf of California, and raised a tidal wave which reached to the coast of North Carolina and the estuary of the Francisco River, eighty miles south of Pernambuco. Ships in mid-ocean were strained as if they had struck on a rock. A hundred miles east of the Bermudas the sea rose and fell in mighty waves, though the night was one of the calmest in the year. The area convulsed by that shock has been variously estimated at from two to three million square leagues, considerably more than the surface of the entire Western Continent.

Some six hundred mountain farmers and negroes had reached the harbor too late, and most of the latter perished by following a troop of horses that galloped madly toward the southern end of the island. A few managed to survive the stone-fall in rock-cellars and caves, and even under the ruins of their houses. But, on the last day of April, when the eruption was at its height, the ruinous convulsions on the coast of Venezuela suddenly ceased, and at nearly the same time the earth-waves subsided in Eastern Honduras and in the Valley of the Mississippi. The subterranean furnace had found a vent.

A great majority of the fugitives had put to sea in open boats, but by good fortune the weather was neither stormy nor absolutely calm, and all who had not perished in the first night were either picked up by cruisers and fishing-smacks or reached the neighboring islands in safety. Relief societies were formed in Trinidad, Jamaica, Barbadoes, and even in the French colonies, and in the month of September a British transport ship anchored near the rock that had been the breakwater of Kingston Harbor. According to the first report of the Government Commis-

sioners it seems that they regarded the condition of the island as hopeless. All landmarks had disappeared. Trees, creeks, fields and houses were buried under hillocks of glowing cinders and *rapillo;* the plain of Kingston was a smoking ash-pile. The committee only recommended excavations on the sites of Kingston, St. George and New Edinburgh, in the hope of recovering some undamaged valuables—implying that the rest of the cinder island must be abandoned to its fate. But they had underrated the recuperative vigor of a tropical vegetation. Large tracts of woodland had been buried with their underbrush, rich vegetable mold and hidden springs; the ashes were loosened by rain showers, and before long trees and grasses sprouted up through the fissures of their cinder grave. The creeks, too, reappeared in the steep ravines and widened their channel from day to day, and at the end of the next rainy season it became evident that the mountain forests, coffee gardens, and some other arboreal plantations, would outgrow their crumbling incumbrances. Some forty planters landed with a large force of laborers, and the plurality of the free citizens returned in the course of the next year. Kingston rose from its ashes, not altogether like a phœnix, for the large government buildings have never been restored, and the surviving plants of the Botanic Garden were removed to Barbadoes—but a little town park and a row of comfortable hotels testify to the energy of the burghers and their confidence in the future good behavior of their Infierno. The north coast, however, seemed really irreclaimable. Not ravines and creeks only, but broad valleys, had been buried under the avalanches of *rapillo,* and six or seven large lava streams had spread themselves over the plain and covered the ash-fields with a vitreous crust that resisted the disintegrating influence of heat and moisture for many years. One of these fire rivers had taken a northerly course, overflowed the valley of the Rio Cascadas, and, following the river-bed, finally reached the sea, where it formed a vast reef of solid lava, which remains to this day as a monument of the most dreadful volcanic eruption of our century.

Kingston Harbor can now be reached from New York in six days, and deserves to become a popular rendezvous for naturalists and Winter emigrants. The Volcano of St. Vincent is the West Indian Etna, the ever-burning beacon hill of an island whose plains and table-lands are a favorite playground of the phlegrean Titans. No other volcanic region of our continent unites on the same space so many indications of the restless activity of a subterranean Gehenna. Within an area of one hundred and forty square miles the island can boast of two glowing craters, sixty-eight hot springs, three intermittent geysers, three pitch wells and a great number of *fumaroles,* or smoking fissures in the northern ravines of the Cascade Range. In September, 1880, one of these ravines became the centre of a local disturbance, the fumaroles emitted jets of bituminous fluids, and at the foot of the glen volcanic gases burst from the ground with a noise that was heard at Fort Duvernette on the western shore. At the same time new fissures, some of them of considerable extent, split the trachytic feldspar that forms the surface rock of the Val de Cascadas, and the principal river of that valley disappeared for two days, when it welled up in a dry ravine, in the form of a torrent of steaming mud. The Infierno itself has observed a "menacing neutrality" for the last eight years. Its western cone exploded a quantity of white ashes in 1869, and three years later seemed on the point of resuming business on a large scale, but the islanders got off with a good shaking and a bad scare. Smoke explosions, however, and local *temblors* are of rather frequent occurrence, and at such times the nocturnal sky is often reddened by the reflection of the fire-tide that rises and falls in the spacious crater.

The northern coast mountains connect with the Rabacca Hills by a basaltic range that forms the backbone of the island, and with its serrated crests and deep cañons, recalls the bold outline of the Neptunian Mountains in Western Sicily. According to various reports, this range, known as the Sierra Prieta, or Laurel Ridge, seems to ensconce a third crater, whose precise location has never yet been discovered. The little village of Dorchester, on its southern slope, was repeatedly visited by showers of pumice-stones that could not have emanated from the main Inferno without being noticed on the coast, and one morning the crew of an oyster-smack, dredging near Channel Keys, eighteen miles east of St. Vincent, saw a column of smoke rising from the very centre of the island, while the twin peak of the Souffrière stood clear and cloudless on the northern shore. Some of the minor shocks that visit the island almost every year were felt most distinctly on the southern slope of the Sierra Prieta, and often only in the upper part of the Val de Cañas, near Dorchester. During the progress of an ash-rain that seemed to come from the steep crags of the Upper Sierra, a flock of English ducks which had been domesticated on the creek suddenly rose with loud screams and came flopping and tumbling into the garden of the hotel, apparently frightened out of their wits. A young Mestizo ran out toward the creek to investigate the cause of their alarm, and came back breathless, with the news that "the whole valley was ablaze and steaming like a sugar-mill." It appears that a superheated thermal spring had burst out somewhere on the bottom of the creek and raised the temperature of its waters to the boiling point for a distance of half a mile. The steam clouds soon cleared away, and an hour afterward the creek was scarcely lukewarm, but a mile below the hotel the bars of a flood-gate were clogged for many days with a mass of dead fish, crabs and water insects.

A similar phenomenon has been frequently observed at the mouth of the Rio Tardo, half a league southwest of the above-mentioned lava reef. At ebb-tide, when the sea is low enough to expose a shell-bank near the mouth of the creek, bathers and fishermen have often noticed a curious commotion of the loose sand at the edge of the bank. Shells, sand and water are tossed up in jets, as if moved by an intermittent impulse from below, and at the same time currents of steam and sulphuric acid gas are forced up through the water with a strange sibilant noise. At larger intervals the *borbollones* (boiler bubbles), as the half-Spanish natives have called such eruptions in default of an English word, have assumed more formidable proportions in the deep channel which divides St. Vincent from the northern reefs of the Grenadines, or Bird Islands. Columns of steam foam, true marine geysers, have shot up from a depth of twelve hundred fathoms, and often to an air-height of sixty feet. The Spanish freighting steamer *Matanzas,* which plies between Cuba and the mainland of South America, was drenched and nearly capsized by an explosion of hot water near Castle Island, forty miles south of St. Vincent, and more than once similar eruptions have betrayed themselves by globular clouds of white steam which rose suddenly from a sunlit sea in the neighborhood of the northern Grenadines.

It has been found that the period of these thermal water-spouts generally coincides with symptoms of volcanic activity in one or the other of the eastern Antilles. In Guadaloupe, Martinique, Trinidad, St. Lucia and St. Thomas there are dormant volcanoes which now and then

awaken from their lethargy, and it appears that they are somehow connected with the submarine furnace in the neighborhood of St. Vincent. The entire northern basin of the Caribbean Sea—properly speaking, a branch of the Gulf of Mexico—seems to form the bottom of a volcanic caldron, whose caloric ebullitions radiate from Cuba to Caracas, and whose vents are by no means confined to the land craters. The study of the submarine influence of this furnace might possibly furnish a key to the solution of a problem which has baffled the ingenuity of the ablest geographers and physicists, viz., the origin of the Gulf Stream. It is at least certain that the temperature of that wonderful current is entirely unaccounted for by the caloric resources of a basin whose Summers are, on the whole, more temperate than those of the Indian Ocean, and which receives its main affluents from the colder latitudes of North America.

As a compensation, perhaps, for the explosive character of their mountains, the eastern Antilles have been blest with a most genial climate. There is no Winter in St. Vincent, and the Summer is tempered by the perpetual sea-breeze of the Atlantic. The northeastern trade-winds set in about the end of March and reach the West Indies with all the freshness and moisture of the happiest latitudes. There is but little difference between the mid-summer temperature of the Azores and of the "Windward Islands," as our sailors call the lower Antilles. Some of our earliest banana cargoes come from Kingston harbor. The fruit gardeners of the Vega have two harvests a year; the first in March, two months after the end of the rainy season; and in April, when the grapes ripen and the mangoes and wild tamarinds are in full bloom, the southern terrace-land is a veritable *huerta*, a garden of the Hesperides, swarming with bees and tropical butterflies. Even on the north coast twining evergreens have begun to soften the stern aspect of the lava rocks and volcanic gorges, nay, along the water-courses the lava crust itself is giving way before the steady progress of arboreal vegetation.

THE ETNA OF THE ANTILLES.

The recuperative vigor of a virgin soil is, indeed, wonderful, and only the hand of man, by long-persistent outrages against the vegetable kingdom, could ever permanently mar the work of the Creator and inflict incurable sterility on originally fertile portions of the globe. By misculture and reckless destruction of forests the Turks and some of their Western neighbors have, perhaps for ever, ruined the very garden-spots of the Old World, while the mountain regions of the Greater Antilles, that were depopulated and then left to their fate in the course of the Spanish Conquest, as well as large portions of

Central America, are still as fair and fertile as in the prime of the Juventus Mundi. In St. Vincent, too, wild plums and nut-bearing bushes now cover many of the sugar-plantations that were abandoned during the Franco-British war, and in the uplands a second growth of timber trees has sprung up on the deserted vineyards, and will reclaim the arid slopes before the end of this century. Neglect alone can impair neither the beauty nor the fertility of our mother earth, and even where the tillers of the soil have entirely disappeared, the spontaneous bounty of nature proves that the ax, rather than the sword, has desolated the Eastern Paradise.

A MYSTERY OF MESSINA.

By Norton Rutherford.

I was sweet seventeen on the exquisite June day that saw the passengers of the *Galantuomo* land on the shores of far-famed Sicily. My father had been in delicate health—too much money-spinning — and had been ordered travel, travel far from the madding crowd, out of range of the madding tape and ticker.

My brother, a very troublesome hobbledehoy of fourteen, completed the party.

We had done Venice, when a happy thought suggested Sicily, and to Sicily we wended our way, exclaiming as we traveled, "See Naples and die! See Palermo and live!"

With Palermo this story has nothing whatever to do, and I will bring the reader to Messina and to the Cathedral Santa Maria Nuova. It was a lovely afternoon. All Messina was enjoying the *siesta*. The sky was *the* blue of Italy; a gentle breeze, perfume-laden, stole from the emerald-green waters. I could not sleep. A longing came over me to visit the platform of the Church of San Gregorio.

Most glorious is this view from the terrace overlooking the town with its picturesque variety of roofs and towers, and the deep blue straits up which St. Paul sailed in the *Castor and Pollux*, with the Faro on one side, and on the other the noble rock of Scilla, behind which Aspromonte and the rest of the Italian mountains are bathed in the most delicate amethystine hues.

Wan, brown monks are leaning against the ancient balustrades, or women are resting their huge red-and-green water-jars upon the parapet. An artist could not possibly wish for a more exquisite composition.

I put on my bonnet, and, taking a blood-red umbrella, sauntered forth like some sleeping beauty—I am no beauty—from an enchanted castle, for everybody in the hotel was fast asleep.

The glorious Church of Santa Maria Nuova was founded by the great Count Roge, in 1098. There is little external beauty in the cathedral, except at the west end, which is built of alternate courses of red-and-white marble, and combines well with an ancient allegorical fountain by Montorsole.

The Gothic portals were added under the House of Anjou. The interior, three hundred and five feet in length, is a Latin cross, with three aisles, separated by twenty-six columns of Egyptian granite, said to have been taken from the temple of Neptune at the Faro. They have gilt Corinthian capitals.

The roof is of wood, and is a restoration by King Manfred of an ancient roof burned in 1254 at the funeral of Conrad, son of the Emperor Frederick II., the canopy over the corpse having been so high that the lights by which it was crowned set fire to the rafters, and the body of the prince perished in the flames. In the right aisle a beautiful Gothic monument, with pillars and trefoiled

A MYSTERY OF MESSINA.—"'TAKE IT, MAMIE WILTON,' SAID THE MONK, HIS EYES ALMOST LUMINOUS, 'AND THINK OF CHARLIE HAUGHTON.'"

arches of colored marbles, marks the resting-place of five early archbishops.

I stood in the cool of the cathedral, opposite the gorgeous shrine of the high altar inclosing the famous letter of the Virgin, when a tall monk, in a long brown robe, a cord around his waist, and pale to ghastliness, having made a genuflection, passed me like a spirit.

I turned to look after him. He had disappeared.

Whither?

Into the Gothic monument of the five archbishops?

Impossible!

I crossed over to the monument, and behind a recumbent mitred figure perceived a low doorway. Close to the doorway were steps of stone.

Whither did these steps lead? Ought I to try?

I am not by any means timid. I stroll about our grounds and woods in Connecticut at all hours after dark with never a high-pressure throb beneath my corsets. Once, while on a visit to New York, I "collared" a sneak thief, and held him till assistance arrived, despite a terrific pummeling; consequently, I rate myself "fearless" so far as my experience of myself in critical situations goes.

Should I follow the monk, for doubtless it was down these steps that he had so mysteriously disappeared?

Why not? If I was an intruder I would be turned out. In any case, the descent would prove an experience, and help to "pad" the notes on foreign travel that papa intended to have published at his own expense in Boston on our return home.

I picked up my skirts, and, bending low, descended.

At first the place was dark and I had to grope along the wall. Presently it became more light, or my eyes were accustoming themselves to the surroundings and I left off touching the damp wall; then it became more light, and I found myself in a sort of vaulted chamber.

I must confess that a dead chill passed through me as I perceived that the walls were composed of human skulls and crossbones. The eyeless sockets seemed to glare at me. The toothless gums grinned hideously. Pshaw! had I not done the catacombs at Rome, and what had I to fear?

A clang!

A sudden darkness.

Great Heaven! the door by which I had entered had been closed.

I shall never forget my sensations as I stood there quivering in mortal terror, fancying every skull was mocking me.

All the stories of people buried alive that I ever heard or read of rushed headlong to my memory.

Death by starvation! Death by suffocation! Death by rats! Oh, God! it was horrible, too horrible! For a second I felt my brain reel. I felt as if I should go stark, staring mad.

Reason asserted itself, however, and I rushed up the stone stairs, never ceasing my rush till I came with a hideous thud against the iron-clamped door.

On this I pounded with the handle of my umbrella, my fan, my rings, my feet, feeling all the while as though the skeletons below were clattering up after me; that bony hands were stretching forth to clutch me and drag me down.

I screamed for help—screamed until I was surprised at my own hoarseness.

I stopped crying out and tried to collect my tottering senses.

Where was that brown monk, if he had entered by that door?

Could he have passed me and mercilessly locked me up as a punishment for my audacity in entering these sacred precincts?

"He could *not* have passed me," I reasoned. "He must be still below. I shall descend and search for him."

What would I not have given for one lucifer match? All the wealth of the Vanderbilts ten times told.

I groped my way down in a state of the most fearful tension. As I reached the chamber my hand came in contact with a skull, my fingers went into its eyes.

Faugh!

I now commenced to call, "Fradie! Fradie!" at the top of my strength. I paused. A sound.

Yes, a sound of approaching feet.

Heaven was merciful. A great joy leaped into light in my heart.

The sound came nearer, nearer! A door opened, a flood of dayshine entered, and with it the identical monk whom I had seen passing the altar of the Virgin.

I did not faint. I felt very cold, then in a blaze, then in a tremble.

"My child, what brought you here?" asked the monk, in perfect English.

"I should not have come, sir," I palpitated.

"Curiosity," and he smiled. "It is the old story. You were unwise. That door opens but seldom, and closes with a spring and of itself. Here is our treasure," he added, pointing to several large iron boxes of antique shape, "and it is very lucky for you that I was here on business that necessitated my remaining in the outer chamber. Had it been Pedro or Pasquale, you might have been lost, child"—and he shuddered—"a dismal death, but death only, after all."

"Would you take me out, Fradie?" I said.

"Certainly, child. Allow me one moment."

He went over to one of the boxes, and, opening it with a strange-looking key, took something out. He then relocked the box.

"You see this cross," he observed, showing me a crucifix of gold, the thickness of an inch at least. "It is always used at the weddings of our nobles. The Duke of Benvenuto is to be united this evening to the Princess Maria Felezza. They say that two persons holding it can tell each other's thoughts. Take hold of it."

I drew back. The proposition seemed so strange in such a dreadful place. What could this pale-faced *fradie* mean?

"Take it, Mamie Wilton," said the monk, his eyes almost luminous, "and think of Charlie Haughton."

I started violently. How came this monk to know my name, and the name of the man I loved best in the world?

I was so taken aback that I did not reply.

The monk, turning on his heel, motions me to follow him. I am afraid of him now, and falteringly keep at a little distance.

He opened a door and passed into an outer chamber, then crossing a lot of human bones, which I was obliged to shove aside with my feet, I arrived at another door.

This he opened.

"Ascend those stairs, and you will find yourself at a confessional. Push thrice a black knob on the panel and it will yield. You will then be in the church. Go, child!"

He gave me a gentle push. The door closed on him. I have never seen him since. I have never penetrated the mystery of his knowledge of me and Charlie, who is now my husband.

LIFE TO THE STRONG.

THE swift-winged travelers who skim through air,
The noiseless fish who silent voyage along
The watery twilight, as they trackless fare,
Know but one law: "Life to the strong."

All beasts, both great and small, of every sort,
E'en smallest insects, with their scarce-heard song,
Snakes that on sea or land themselves disport,
To this law bow: "Life to the strong."

The human biped--call him what you wish—
Whether in desert or in city's throng,
Must, as the beast, the snake, the bird, the fish,
To this conform: "Life to the strong."

Still in another world men call their own,
The human world, that knows the right from wrong,
The world that history shows has better grown—
Here, too, the same holds good: "Life to the strong."

Who are the strong, who are the mighty, then,
Whose lives immortal memory shall prolong?
Are Cæsars, popes and soldiers, tyrant men
Lusting for power and blood—are these the strong?

No; Truth and Love and Time shall cast them out,
And hurl them in forgotten hell headlong,
And welcome Freedom with triumphant shout
Of conscious power: "Life to the strong."

Life in our memories, our grateful hearts,
To all upholding right, uprooting wrong,
Firm e'en to death, till glorious life departs,
These shall for ever live: "Life to the strong."

THE HEROINE OF FUTTEHGURH.

FUTTEHGURH, an English station a few miles from the town of Furruckabad, was the scene of one of the many thrilling incidents of the Sepoy insurrection. There was a small fort in the place, and in it, as soon as the mutiny broke out, Colonel George Acklan Smith, who commanded the Tenth Regiment of Native Infantry, shut himself up with his officers, and the Christian people of the place who had not ventured an escape to Cawnpore. The fort was poorly provisioned, and wanting in guns and ammunition. Nevertheless, in it one hundred and fifty Christian people found a refuge, one-fourth of whom were men capable of bearing arms.

With desperate odds against them, our little garrison displayed a sturdy gallantry that could not be surpassed. Day and night they toiled, weary but undaunted, in the batteries. It was no new thing for the people to be driven to use strange ammunition with their artillery, and many fell beneath the fire of English rifles.

Colonel Smith, a noted marksman, picked off the enemy with an amount of skill that would have done credit to the prizemen of Wimbledon. The chaplain, Mr. Frederick Fisher, alternated the duties of a soldier with those of Christian minister. He preached on the text, "What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee," and then went out to face the enemy.

His wife and boy were with him, secure in the residence attached to the Gun-carriage Agency (within the fort), and it is related that little Phil Fisher and the other children were playing and singing as joyously as if nothing were going on out of the common course of events.

The women prayed almost unceasingly for the brave men that were defending them. They bore up bravely in their passiveness, all but one. This was the widow of a sergeant, or conductor, attached to the Clothing Agency, who was shot dead at his post. She was not one to sit down and weep; she went out to work. She took a rifle and posted herself in one of the bastions, whence she is said to have shot down many of the mutineers.

The conflict was most unequal. The chief Mohammedan people joined the rebels, who took to mining operations, and brought to bear all the lessons of warfare they had learned from the English. Bravely the little band of besieged defended themselves against their assailants, and none more gallantly than the chaplain, who, in one of the attacks, shot down the leader with his own hand, causing the enemy to fall back discomfited. In course of time ammunition failed, and it was found that they could no longer remain in the fort, as there was no hope of succor from without.

One night, in the darkness, three boats bore away the Christian people from Futtehgurh. A hundred souls crowded, with what baggage they could collect, into these three boats, and drifted out, they scarcely knew where. It was death to stay, it could only be death to go. A catastrophe soon occurred—one of the boats ran upon a shoal; the villagers were aroused, and poured down in hundreds, firing upon the unprotected occupants of the boat. But five daring officers, trusting to their strong arms and good cause, charged a crowd of some hundreds of the natives and drove them away, while the occupants of the wrecked boat crowded into the two other boats, already too full, and then the voyage down the river was resumed.

But the natives followed them in boats, and lined the sides of the river, and in the midst of the terror another boat grounded. Then came a terribly brutal massacre; the people jumped from the boat, and many were drowned, while others were shot or cut down by the Sepoys.

Among those in the fatal boat was the gallant chaplain, Fisher. When the Sepoys surrounded the boat, he took his child, little Philip, in his arms, and with his wife leapt into the river. The current soon carried her off her legs; he struggled to the death to save her and the child, but in vain. Whether his wife was shot or not he could not tell, but she fell from his grasp, and he only escaped alive. He made for the shore and hid himself, and in the morning joined the only remaining boat that had gone forth from Futtehgurh. Many a heart bled for him when he came on board and, bursting into tears, told the mournful tale: "My poor wife and child were both drowned in my arms!"

There was one splendid instance of heroism in connection with the loss of this second boat. Major Robertson, under whose command it was, received a wound which would have disabled him from reaching the shore, had it not been for the generous aid of a Mr. David Churcher, an indigo-planter, who, seizing an oar, succeeded in supporting himself and the wounded major in the river till night, and then, under cover of the darkness, they crawled ashore and fell in with a villager, whose heart was moved toward them insomuch that he received them into his hut and set food before them.

If they could then push forward through the night, they might both escape; but the major was in such physical and mental torture that to move on was impossible, and Churcher would not leave without him.

He might have escaped if he could have left the major to die alone. But that he could not do; he was too noble to leave him there suffering and helpless; and though it seemed that certain death must befall him, he determined to stay with the wounded officer, and, if need be, die with him.

The major lingered for two months, during which time Churcher was his faithful friend and nurse, and then, placing a mound over the spot where he had buried him, he fled into the jungle, and after passing through wild and terrible adventures, arrived at length in Cawnpore.

The third boat escaped for a while, but when Cawnpore was nearly reached, the place of refuge became the place of death. It was captured by the brutal emissaries of Nana Sahib; the wretched occupants were carried into the presence of that monster of treachery; the men were butchered before him, and the women and children reserved for the slower torture and death which they shared with the other Christians in Cawnpore.

THE HEROINE OF FUTTEHGURH.—"SHE TOOK A RIFLE AND POSTED HERSELF IN ONE OF THE BASTIONS, WHENCE SHE IS SAID TO HAVE SHOT DOWN MANY OF THE MUTINEERS."

OUT OF THE FIRE.—"SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY SHE DRAGGED HERSELF UP TO THE PRAIRIE LEVEL. ALL ABOUT HER LAY A BLACK, SMOKING WASTE."

OUT OF THE FIRE.

By Ellinor Brooke.

"You are quite sure you are not afraid, Alice?"

"Quite sure," with a doubtful little smile.

"Because you know we haven't seen a soul but ourselves for a week"—recapitulating the already well-used arguments—"and we are too far off the regular trail for any one to be likely to come in the next three hours. And I'll have the Morrisons here in that time."

The restless horses plunged forward. Harry Maberly looked back for the last encouraging nod and smile, and Alice sat down upon the low doorstep to watch them as they lessened down the long western trail.

All about her lay the treeless green stretch of prairie. The smooth, irregular swells rose and fell, from her feet out to the very sky-edge. Not a house in sight, not a tree, except the low, dark growth of timber that marked the course of the sluggish little river three miles away. Overhead, a high, blue arch dropped down—a perfect bounding ring as in mid-ocean. Asters and golden-rod and Spanish needles had blossomed themselves into seedy exhaustion long ago. The late October sun lay radiant over all the bronze, brown and yellow shades that Autumn grass can compass. A picture destitute of shadows, and yet in the unblending blaze such a suggestion of space and depth and mystery as the dimmest obscurity never attained.

Miss Maberly felt it, sitting there and watching the

converging lines of the wagon trail that led to the nearest town, twenty miles away. The wagon dipped into a hollow, crested the next rise — dipped again and was gone. By-and-by she would see the Morrisons coming—two deep-chested, clear-voiced girls, good shots, fearless riders, without a fancy or a fidget in their whole healthy make. Meantime there were the light household tasks that Martha had left waiting her.

An hour later she paused a minute, passing the open door, to notice a low, dim cloud across the northern horizon.

"I hope it isn't a norther," anxiously to herself, and then forgot all about it in the interest centering about her cook stove oven.

Three months ago Alice Maberly and her brother had left the restrictions of an eastern city for a year's trial of freedom in the "boundless West." Unclouded sunshine, emancipation from all social demands, unlimited shooting for him, and novel experiences of men and things, made up their vague anticipations of what was before them. The sunshine they had, undoubtedly—it was a dry Summer; and the social freedom—not another soul within five miles. He had his shooting. Prairie chickens and quail started up under his feet; long, wavering lines of ducks dropped into every ravine and water-hole. His days were full of gunpowder, and Alice had ceased hoarding the bright plumage. For her, she had not seen the men, and the novel experience of things consisted in doing without them, mostly. And as to the "boundlessness," long ago she would have dispensed with that for the sake of a little more human nearness. Miss Maberly had to confess herself a good deal less of a barbarian than she had fancied.

They had their log cabin—two rooms below and a loft above, ceiled neatly enough within, and made homelike with soft, tinted chintz and inexpensive carpets. And Martha, having elected herself one of the party, ruled absolute about the cookstove, and kept them in the material comfort of a well-governed community. If Miss Maberly ever thought regretfully of sunshine less fervent and nights less splendid; if, in the full, warm, steady tide of south wind she sometimes sighed regretfully for the dear rasping ocean breaths of home, she never betrayed herself. Harry was growing well and strong, and it was only for a year. At nineteen one is prodigal of years.

By eleven o'clock every single thing was done. Her guests had not arrived, and up along the northern sky the dim, heavy cloud had risen—seemed nearer, somehow, and heavier and duller. Behind her the sunshine lay just as clear and bright; the warm, airy tide came tossing as full and soft as ever.

"All alone here?" somebody asked, suddenly.

Miss Maberly sprang up with a little cry of surprised welcoming to greet their nearest neighbor.

"I just came to tell you that the girls were not at home. I thought you might get lonesome-like, waiting for them. I'll stop and take you back with me to-night if you want to go."

"Why, there's no danger, Mr. Morrison?"

"No, only you might think there was. Has Harry heard anything about the Indian raids?"

"No," faintly. She had a New England woman's horror of Indians.

"Well, the Apaches are out again. We are just a little too near the Reserve for comfort. I'm going over to Sunflower City now, and, if they are heading this way, I'm going to take the women-folks into the town and you had better make up your mind to go with them."

She looked at him, with a cold chill in her blood. He was not a man given to sensations. When Mr. Morrison thought it time for his women-folks to seek the safety of the settlements, it was quite time for them to go, with no hesitation on the order of going. But the Puritan reserve in her blood kept her from any reply. She only said, glancing toward the rising cloud:

"Are we going to have a storm?"

"That?—No; that's a prairie-fire. I've been watching it. If the story's true about the Apaches, they're likely enough to be behind it. It's a big one, but it's the other side of the creek, and the wind is dead against it."

"And if the wind changes?"

"Well, there's Deadwood. It won't be likely to cross. You'll go home with me when I come?"

"Yes," she said, quietly, and Mr. Morrison, used to the demonstrative utterances of his own womenkind, never guessed with what a horrible heart-sinking she saw him go away.

Somehow the solitude seemed to swallow him up bodily and at once. She seated herself on the low step and Alp came and lay down beside her. She put her arm about his neck as he rested his great head on her lap, with a sense of companionship. And then she sat and watched the dull northern sky. Behind her, the sunshine lay warm and bright. There was not the slightest chill in the wind that rushed over her. And still that livid cloud rose higher and higher.

She sat there a long time, looking across the unshaded green distance. How still it was! Only the incessant soft surging of the wind. The loneliness encompassed her like a palpable presence. She fell to peopling the empty world with viewless ghosts. How could one know what intangible essences might fill this great, bare, sunshiny void? Who knew what shadowy feet might tread this unbroken prairie turf.

She was a young woman of active imagination, but it did not keep her awake. In the still afternoon she and Alp slumbered together; only one had gone back to that far-off Atlantic shore where the maples were blazing in such sunshine as the ocean fogs allowed, and the other—the Kansas ravines with their furry people were enough for Alp. He stirred with little convulsive movements and gave small, shrill barks, chasing dream-rabbits in his light slumber.

She woke with a start, broad awake all at once. The day had grown dimmer—a soft, gray haze had sponged up the sunshine. The wind had gone, the airy rush and rustle had ceased, the silence was absolute now. It seemed to pulse about her with rhythmic rise and fall.

"Alp! Alp!—wake up!" A sudden terror seized her—a vague, unreasonable fright. Before her lay the open prairie; behind her, the empty house. She could see all its orderly interior if she turned her head, and she dared not look behind her. With her hands clutched in Alp's shaggy coat, she sat crouching, crying a little, with hard, choking sobs.

And then a faint, chilly tremor crept over her. It roused her. She raised her head. Another puff. The wind had changed, unmistakably, and was rising with every minute.

She sprang to her feet. The vail of smoke was surely rising and darkening. All the stories she had read or heard of prairie-fires rushed to her memory.

"We can't stay here, Alp! We must go!"

The sound of her own voice startled her in the stillness, but she talked on resolutely.

"We'll go over to the Morrisons'. It's better than sitting and waiting and being alone."

Her pony stood calling wistfully beside the rude well-curb. With wholly unaccustomed hands, she saddled and bridled him. A note pinned to the door explained her absence if Mr. Morrison came, and then, with Alp bounding at her side, she put her small steed to his best and was gone.

Two miles north and three west, and a plain trail. But long before the two miles had been passed the cloud had resolved itself into sullen, heavy volumes of smoke. The freshening wind drove them trailing toward her. She smelled the acrid, choking odor, tasted the black, fine ashes that were beginning to fill the air. It seemed to her that she could almost see the leaping flames under the smoke.

She reached the turn in the trail. Beyond that, she was no longer riding toward the fire, but parallel with it. The air grew thicker and thicker. It needed no imagination to tell her that. Her eyes were smarting. Every breath gave her a sense of suffocation.

"It must have crossed the Deadwood," she said, with a dry sob. Alp answered with a low cry. He was loping close beside her without a gambol.

They were in a little hollow—an old waterway, dry now. The smoke had settled in it heavily. Plunging into the smothering depths, Miss Maberly shut her eyes and held her breath. They were out of it again in half a minute, cresting the other bank. She gave a little cry of fear and horror as she looked about her. She could see the red light of the fire as the wind swirled the black eddies apart, and she caught a glimpse of timber beyond the low glare. The fire *had* crossed the Deadwood.

For five minutes she rode desperately. She not only saw the flames now—she felt their heat. The air was hot and sickly, growing hotter as the wind blew more and more fiercely. Past her whirled groups of frightened birds—the grass at her feet seemed full of hurrying, small, wild creatures. Alp never noticed them. With panting breath he kept his place beside her.

And as she rode, down a ravine before her, half a mile away, raced the fire. Something—a deeper and dryer growth, a sharper draught through the slight depression—had favored its progress. Miss Maberly drew rein sharply and sat gazing. The prairie growth was heavy and sapless with the long drought. In an instant the hollow was full to the brim with flames, rolling forward in great billows that seemed to cover rods at a bound.

The roar, the crackle, the whirl of smoke, the surprise of it all, held her motionless for a breath. Then she came back to herself. Her way was cut off. For miles east and west stretched the fiery barrier. She could not ride away from it; she could not cross the smoking track before her even if there had been safety on the other side.

She was standing on the edge of a sharp, steep ravine—an old buffalo trail washed deep by many rushing rains. Its sides were covered with coarse grass and scrub bushes, and at the bottom lay a tiny thread of slowly oozing water. With a sharp turn she urged her horse down the steep bank. He seemed to understand the need, and answered with ready obedience. But there was a stumble or a misstep. The unskillfully fastened saddle gave way, and Miss Maberly lay at the bottom of the gulch half stunned and with a broken arm.

It was only for a little. Alp was whining and licking her face. She roused herself, staggered to her feet and flung herself at last full along in the narrow runlet, her soaked garments covering her face.

She heard the roar and rush above her—felt the horrible, withering heat; was conscious for an instant that she was in the very heart of the furnace, and then swooned quite away.

It was twilight when she came back to life again. The wind had gone down—there was a flush of deep color in the sky above her. She was drenched and shivering and racked with pain. All about her the dead grass was dried and withered, but not burned. The fierce wind had driven the tide of flame over the narrow cleft. Slowly and painfully she dragged herself up to the prairie level. All about her lay a black, smoking waste. All round the sky heavy banks of cloud hung, glowing luridly in the low, red sunset.

She walked a few rods aimlessly. Under her feet the heated turf still smoked. Alp limped after her over the scorching ground. Her own thinly shod feet smarted with pain as she pushed forward. She gave it up at last.

"We shall have to stop. Oh, Alp! Oh, Alp! what shall we do?"

The dog whined and laid his head against her appealingly. Right in their way stood a low hovel. The thatched roof was gone, but the blackened and forlorn walls of heavy, black-walnut logs still stood. It was a shelter, at least, in all that bare, empty abomination of desolation. She went inside and stretched herself out on the floor with Alp beside her.

She was conscious of hunger—of a racking pain in her disabled arm. By-and-by she knew she was talking aloud and hushed herself by a mighty effort, only to begin again. Once she knew that Alp was howling, and tried to quiet him. And so the night went.

An overpowering thirst was on her. There must be water close by. Mechanically she rose and went out to find it. The exertion brought back her wandering wits. It all came back to her—the Indian raid, the prairie-fire, her own flight. She stood looking about her helplessly, and then, over the bare, smooth top of the ridge a mile away, sharply defined against the pink morning sky, came a figure on horseback. Another followed him, another and another. Indians, of course, riding in single file after the custom of the red man.

* * * * * *

A mile away Tom Colburn drew rein, waiting for his companions to come straggling up from the ford below. With the field-glass at his saddle-bow he swept the blackened range of landscape before him.

"Sodom and Gomorrah. Not a live thing in sight!" and then his attention rested on a small, blackened pile on the prairie.

"See what you make of it, Graves," handing him the glass and indicating the spot.

"Somebody's lost a shanty; and—that's a woman or a dog. No, it's a woman *and* a dog, and they're gone into the shanty."

"We'll go down!" And forthwith the whole jingling troop came down at a long lope and pulled up beside Miss Maberly's place of refuge.

And there Tom Colburn found her, prone and senseless, with Alp standing sturdy guard over her, and only to be coaxed away with much diplomatic argument. With torn and sooty garments and crumbling shoes, with blistered hands and arms and singed hair, with a face absolutely black with ashes and dust, Alice Maberly lay like dead, and was carried out in Colburn's strong arms.

* * * * * *

About noon of that day the great covered wagon, Tom Colburn driver, jolting slowly toward the town, halted a rapidly driven light wagon carrying a woman and a man. The situation was explained. Alp put his head out of

the curtains and whimpered confirmation. Martha uttered a New England formula :

"Land ! Sakes alive ! It's Alice, Alice Maberly ! Burned to a crisp and out of her head !" as the unrecognizing eyes opened. "Her brother's broke his leg. Horses ran away going into town yesterday morning, and *he's* laid up in one of these log huts. *She* can't go there. There ain't room for their own folks and *I* can't be in two places at once !" giving a *resumé* of the situation.

And then it came to pass that Tom Colburn, used all his life long to meeting emergencies, and proving himself equal to them, came to a rapid conclusion or two ; gave reasons, proof and argument, and before night Miss Maberly was settled in comfortable lodgings in town with Martha as nurse, while Harry Maberly found Colburn installed as his attendant and having no more sense of strangeness in the turn of affairs than if he had been used to Colburn's face since his babyhood.

Two weeks later, Miss Maberly sat up to receive a visitor. With shorn head and face swathed like a nun, scarred and red with recent burns, muffled from chin to toe-tip in a wrapper of Martha's that covered her bandaged shoulder, Alice Maberly certainly had small claim to be called a beauty. She knew it perfectly well, and felt herself absurdly embarrassed by the fact. The novel aspect of men and things did not commend itself to her now that it presented itself. She found herself dumb where she ought to have been fluent. Something of thanks she managed to utter, and faltered like a school-girl in doing it. Tom Colburn went out, not in the least disconcerted by the interview. Miss Maberly went back to her room and cried :

"Thank goodness ! I shall never see him again ! He's been awfully good to Harry, and let Harry thank him !" with a little touch of spitefulness.

The remembrance of this broad-shouldered Westerner, simple of speech and guiltless of conventionalities, but quite unabashed before this world-wise young lady, was not a thing to be recalled with pleasure.

VERY SERIOUS.

"Hateful thing !"—after the logical feminine fashion. He had seen her at so great a personal disadvantage that she could never forgive him. And Colburn, making his way down the straggling, crowded street, was thinking his own thoughts. One would not have asserted at first sight that Tom Colburn had a romantic vein in him, but certain it is, that every woman was to him a possible goddess. Repeated disillusionments had not cured him. Whatever hope had inspired him, he was smiling to himself as he recalled the interview just passed.

"I haven't found her this time," he soliloquized, cheerfully. "Well, there are more women and more times."

* * *

Something more than a year later Miss Maberly was in Washington. Everybody was making the most of the last few days before Lent.

"My dear Miss Maberly," Mrs. Gilbert whispered, eagerly, "I want you to help me out. He has just come, and I have special orders to honor him and I don't know what in the world to do with him."

"Who is it ?"

"I've forgotten his name, but I'll find out. I do think a Zulu would be a lighter weight, for I shouldn't have to pretend to talk to him. You are going to sing ; may I bring him to you after it ?"

Alice nodded, carelessly. Private theatricals were quite the rage that Winter, and Alice wore her stage dress — that of a marquise of the time of Louis Quatorze. The violet velvet, the diamonds and powdered hair, were extremely effective, and Miss Maberly, swinging her great, painted fan, was serenely conscious of the fact.

She sang Marzial's "Summer Shower," and sang it deliciously. There was quite a genuine ripple of approval through the rooms when she ceased. In the midst of it, Mrs. Gilbert kept her promise.

"Miss Maberly, let me present Mr. Colburn. Mr. Colburn, I am going to leave you to this young lady's tender mercies for a little while."

She knew him in a flash, and it was safe to infer that if nothing intervened Mr. Colburn would not find the young lady's tender mercies particularly soothing. But

THE FRAGRANT BLOSSOMS OF SPRING.— BY GIACOMELLI.

the little air of frozen stateliness with which she acknowledged her friend's introduction was quite lost on its subject. He was regarding her with a puzzled intentness.

"Maberly, Maberly!" reflectively; "are you Alice, Harry's sister?"

And then to Harry's sister's ungracious assent, he put out a brown, muscular, shapely hand and took hers in an exhaustive grasp. Having released her, he calmly proposed that they should go somewhere by themselves while she gave him the latest news about her brother, still searching for health, but this time across the sea.

Something in the frank ignoring of her personality struck Miss Maberly's sense of humor. All the frostwork melted away. She laughed, somewhat to his surprise, as she took his arm.

She gave him one comprehensive look. Colburn's evening clothes did not seem a surprise to him. Among the representatives from every quarter of the habited world that thronged a Washington drawing-room, nobody glanced twice at him because of any peculiarity. And she had to own it to herself, he was handsomer than nine-tenths of the men in the house.

* * * * * *

Three weeks after Miss Maberly was experiencing one of the mortifications of the Lenten season in the shape of a lecture from the man she was going to marry.

Why she had Chosen him for that honor puzzled everybody. Sometimes it puzzled even herself. Ward Ives was twenty years the older, and had scarcely a friend among men or women. Perhaps that was the reason. Miss Maberly, having something of the Quixotic in her nature, chose to find lovable traits in his character. But when, among other engaging qualities, he showed himself jealous as a Turk, it began to dawn on the young lady's mind that possibly there had been a mistake.

"You have been everywhere with him for three weeks."

"Whose fault?" with arched eyebrows. "I certainly haven't been able to plead previous engagements."

"That doesn't matter. I will not have it, Alice," harshly.

"You *will* not!" with a provoking little slide in her voice. "Isn't it a little early for that tone?"

His temper broke out savagely.

"I *will not.* Choose between us if you haven't already done so. I will not have the woman who proposes to take my name known through the town as a common flirt."

She stood looking at him with flaming eyes.

And in that thunder-charged silence a servant drew aside the dropped *portière* and disclosed Tom Colburn.

The well-trained domestic withdrew, with no apparent consciousness of having intruded on the scene. As to Colburn, his face betrayed him. He stood with as guilty a look as if he had been the offender.

The sight of him precipitated an explosion. Ives grasped Miss Maberly's slender wrist.

"Choose!" he almost shouted.

"I do choose," Miss Maberly said, with dangerous smoothness. "Mr. Colburn, may I ask your protection from the insults of this person?"

Colburn took one step forward. It would, perhaps, be unfair to assert that any habit brought from the old life made him more ready to answer Miss Maberly's appeal.

Ives flung the girl's hand from him with a sneer and stalked out of the room.

"I am very sorry to make you a part of a scene like this," she said, with trembling lips.

"I am honored"—gravely—"if you will only abide by your choice," coolly.

"I did not mean—that is, I *had* to say something," she faltered.

* * * * * *

"Perhaps, by-and-by. It is so *sudden,*" Miss Maberly was saying, pleadingly, a few minutes later, when another caller was announced.

But sudden or not, Harry Maberly came home to his sister's wedding in May.

"When a lady chooses you, and right b fore other people, it takes a bolder man than I am to say *no,*" Colburn explained.

THE AMERICAN GOLDSMITH.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

In the town of Scituate, in the County of Plymouth, Massachusetts, stands a rather singular and quite romantic old residence. It is just off the high road or street, and surrounded by trees of various kinds—fruit and other—and has a certain homely and secluded aspect. The dwelling is low and rambling and of but one story, and there is a steep roof with dormers and gables, and in front a hospitable porch. Smoke curls pleasantly in the dreamy Autumn air from the chimney, and on the sturdy building, venerable, but nearly as stout as ever, appear the always interesting marks and stains of time and the weather. Ivy grows along the walls of this ancient and cheery residence, and vines are tangled in straggling profusion about the porch. In the yard, the late flowers are still in bloom, and the grass yet retains that rich hue of green which will be for many years so well-remembered a feature of the Fall of 1885. Over all there is a vague character of age—sylvan quiet and coziness and homely comfort—something, too, of melancholy and picturesque neglect.

The house is very old—even more so than might be judged from the discolorations of the weather and decay—and was for many years the residence of the Woodworth family, connections of whom still occupy it. Here, in Scituate, Walter Woodworth was a Freeman as early as 1635, and, as we learn, "Was the owner of four pieces of land in the township, one of which was thirty rods below Stockbridge mill." Charming the grave homestead looks, this warm Autumn morning, in the still and smoky sunlight. There is the mysterious dreaminess of October in the atmosphere, and everywhere that strange silence and hush which awe the wayfarer. The horizon, with its filmy purple and gold, seems to give glimpses of distant islands in some unknown sea. The colors of the fields, the hedges and the trees are baffling—the scarlets, vivid as the blast of a golden trumpet; the unspeakable yellows, the dazzling greens and the bewildering varieties of russets.

This pretty spot is the scene of one of the most popular and, as many think, most beautiful poems in the English language. For nearly seventy years it has been read and sung and recited wherever that tongue is spoken. Translations of it have been made, and, although the peculiar interest and pathos of the original cannot be reproduced in foreign words, yet even in that imperfect guise something of its sweetness and tenderness may yet be realized. It is essentially a home-poem—one of those few which go directly to every heart. Simpler sentences in verse were never written, and for bright thoughts we con the gentle lines in vain. The images are of the most conventional type, and yet how wonderfully true and vivid the whole picture is! As Sir Walter Scott and

others have pointed out, it is in the exquisite simplicity that the charm lies. There is no ear so dull that it does not catch the low, soft music of those few stanzas, and there are no nerves so obtuse as to feel no thrill under their lowly spell. Gray himself would not have disdained verses as unaffected and true to natnre, if not as dainty and finished, as his own "Elegy."

Samuel Woodworth was born in this old Scituate farmhouse, on the 13th of January, 1785, and here he passed his childhood. He was the youngest of four children. His father, who seemed, like himself, to have entered the world under the rule of an unlucky planet, cultivated the small farm and prospered but little. He was a patriotic old gentleman, however, and did good service in the War of the Revolution. Samuel grew up in a rather straggling way; probably somewhat idle and finding life cheerless and hard. A hundred years ago rural existence, particularly under the depressing conditions of poverty, was in every sense rough. The boy had a great deal of natural intelligence, however, imagination and a sense of beauty. As his poems afterward proved, he was a close observer and possessed both discernment and feeling.

The village school was open only in the Winter months. Samuel attended with assiduity, but at fourteen his education was very slight. He must have improved rapidly, for a year or two later he had already begun to write poetry, and favored friends were permitted glimpses of these productions. The schoolmaster and clergyman of the parish, Rev. Nehemiah Thomas, was charmed. He was never tired of crying up the talents of his favorite pupil, and expressed an enthusiastic confidence in the lad's future. He took him under his own particular care, giving him a home at his house for a whole Winter, and, among other things, led his mind into the beauties and mysteries of the classics. Woodworth was very apt, and, while displaying a taste for general literature, yet retained his old fondness for writing verse. This was, in truth, a passion with him, and his kindly preceptor, believing he would one day be a great poet, did not discourage it. The Rev. Nehemiah, indeed, set about devising ways and means to give the boy what is termed a liberal education: First, a course at college; and then, perhaps, travel. The warmhearted clergyman went among his parishioners to obtain help to carry out this design. With vehement eloquence he spoke of young Woodworth's genius and certain fame in the future. What a shame and sin it would be to allow so fine a mind to wither for want of cultivation! The Scituate folks were, however, incredulous or without a taste for poetry, and listened to this rhapsody coldly. They did not respond and the project was given over. The disappointment was a severe one to Woodworth, who, as is usual with poets, expressed his feelings in verse. The lines give some idea of the quality of his talents at that time, and, although there is nothing particularly striking in them, they are smooth and melodious and not discreditable to a country lad of fifteen:

> "And here the muse bewails her hapless bard
> Whose cruel fate such golden prospects marred;
> For hope once whispered to his ardent breast,
> 'Thy dearest, fondest wish shall be possessed,'
> Unfolded to his view the classic page,
> And all its treasures promised ripening age;
> Shew'd learning's flowery path which led to fame,
> Whose distant temple glittered with his name.
> Illusive all! The phantom all believe,
> Though still we know her promises deceive."

Now came the time when Woodworth must choose some occupation. There was nothing at Scituate to attract a young fellow of his disposition and ambitious views, and he determined to remove to a city. Printing appeared a suitable trade and the one affording the most opportunities, and he betook himself to Boston and bound himself apprentice to Benjamin Russell, Esq., editor and publisher of the *Columbian Centinel.* With this worthy gentleman he remained until his apprenticeship expired, in 1806. During this period the poet contributed a great deal of verse to the periodicals, under the name of "Selim." A fancy for this *nom de plume* clung to him all through his later life, and intimate friends addressed him by it in personal intercourse.

Woodworth has been designated lately, by some one who knew of him, as a "tramp printer"; a somewhat uncomplimentary phrase in its present acceptation, but, in the strict sense, it was not an unjust one. He had a taste for that sentimental vagabondage which was such a passion with Rousseau. He was anxious now to set out upon a wandering tour after the manner of Goldsmith, and to pay his way by writing descriptions of his adventures, but somehow couldn't effect an arrangement to that end. Instead, he began to speculate, and, before he was aware of it, found himself in serious difficulties and obliged to leave Boston abruptly to avoid imprisonment for debt. He started on foot for New York, but want of funds obliged him to stop at New Haven, and here he found employment and remained for nearly a year. His life was a curious and not altogether agreeable one. He was in the service of a Mr. Babcock. As of old, he wrote verses, many of them of an amatory character, as he had now fallen in love, contributing these effusions to the *Weekly Herald.* Finally, he started a paper of his own, and became editor, publisher, printer and carrier of the *Belles Lettres Repository*, dedicated to the ladies, a medium quarto of eight pages. The result was the old story of misfortune. In great dejection of mind he wrote a poem of considerable length, entitled "New Haven," and left the city. This poem, which is now very rare, was exceedingly popular at the time, and it is still for many reasons interesting. It gives a quaint picture of life in the famous Connecticut town to which he was lured, as he states, by the fame of the land of steady habits. Woodworth's bitterness of feeling finds vent in sharp sarcasm and even invective. He directs his satire severely against the blue laws, which were still to some extent in force, and the gossiping propensities of the people, the uncharitable tea-table chat:

> "Ye sprightly fair, New Haven's highest boast,
> Abroad the wonder, and at home the toast,
> Renounce one fault, and lay resistless claim
> To sweet perfection and eternal fame—
> Renounce vile slander, charity pursue,
> And angels may conceive of envy too."

He finds, however, praise for Yale:

> "Magnific pile, where architective grace
> Shines in each fabric that adorns the place;
> But where exterior beauty but enshrines
> Far nobler treasures, learning's mines."

Woodworth now started upon another Goldsmith tour, and in the Summer of 1808 had wandered as far as Baltimore, but there are no other traces than his verses of his residence in that city. The following Spring he went to New York. There, in 1810, he married, which proved a fortunate circumstance in a life remarkable otherwise for ill-luck, since his tendency to romantic vagabondage was now virtually checked.

During the struggle between Great Britain and the

United States, Woodworth conducted a weekly called *The War*, and also a monthly magazine, the rather queer title being, "The Halcyon Luminary and Theological Repository," instituted for the promulgation of the doctrines of the New Jerusalem, of which church he had latterly become a member. Both of these enterprises failed, and, as usual, he was sold out. For a while he was dejected, but soon rallied and took position as foreman in the office of the *Daily Columbian*. Here, with the publisher, Mr. Baldwin, he contracted in March to write a history of the war in the style of a romance, to be entitled "The Champions of Freedom." The composition of this book caused him great distrust. He was quite well known as a poet, but he undertook the construction of a novel with diffidence. The hero is George Washington Willoughby, son of Major Willoughby, who wears a sword given him by Washington, and the heroine a sentimental young lady called Amelia. There is also a mysterious Irish harper who comes and goes. There is plenty of action in the story, and considerable ghostly machinery. The phantom chief is an allegory—the spirit of Washington, as he states in the end. Perhaps it is a little difficult to make out the exact idea of the book; but it was a popular success. The work was done under somewhat singular circumstances, the novelist often giving to the compositors a few dozen lines at a time, acting simultaneously as foreman and proofreader.

An edition of Woodworth's poems was published in 1818, and his character is therein given by Abraham Austin and Matthias Lopez as that of a candid, simple man, a sort of Goldsmith, to whom we have likened him, strong and ardent in his attachments, warm in his resentments, which were, however, but fleeting; moral in his life, chaste in his conversation, and modest and unassuming in manner. They pronounce him "a good citizen, a faithful friend and an honest man." They state that, characteristically, he attached little value to his poetry.

PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL WOODWORTH, "THE AMERICAN GOLDSMITH."

This edition comprises pieces on such subjects as "The Flowers of Life," "Evening," "Autumnal Reflections," "Time," etc. There are many odes to the American victories, and a stanza of one to Perry and

WOODWORTH'S HOUSE AT SCITUATE.

McDonough on the Battle of Erie, will give some idea of his patriotic muse:

"Hail to the day which arises in splendor,
Shedding the lustre of victory far;
Long shall its glory illumine September,
Which here beheld freemen the victors in war.
Roused by the spirit of heaven-born Freedom,
Perry her lightning pours over the lake;
Her falchion a meteor glitters to lead them,
And swift on the foemen in thunders they break.
Loud swells the cannon's roar
Round Erie's sounding shore,
Answered in volleys by musketry's voice,
Till Britain's cross descends
And the haughty foe bends
Victory! Glory! Columbians rejoice!"

A curious poem of Woodworth's is his "Quarter Day," published about this time. It is founded on a custom peculiar to New York city at that period, where rents and leases uniformly commenced on the 1st of May, which was the origin of the universal practice of moving on that date. This work was dedicated to the Hon. De Witt Clinton, Mayor in 1812. It is very severe on the landlords, and the poet evidently speaks from his heart, and perhaps experience. He says:

"Oh! I have seen such curs'd, oppressive acts,
Such merciless deeds of cruelty enforced
By griping landlords, despots of an hour,
As would blushes light on demon's cheek,
And to a seraph's call the pitying tear;
And all for what? A drop of ocean lost!
The wretched pittance of a quarter's rent."

The poem is quite lengthy, and the footnotes speak of notable cases of distress known to the author, and ask the charitable for help. One of these stories is

particularly shocking. In 1803 the yellow fever raged, and everybody who had the means moved to the country. Among those who were compelled to remain were the Smith family, the real name of the unfortunate people. Business languished with the husband, and he was thrown into jail for debt. While he was thus confined his wife and daughters died of the plague, and were buried in Potter's Field. When he was released the knowledge of this terrible affliction, which was broken to him abruptly, nearly drove him distracted. Hungry, suffering, and goaded to desperation, he forged a check on the Manhattan Bank. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to seven years in the State prison. He exulted in his crime, and was often heard to advise people to be criminals rather than debtors, for society furnished the criminal with the necessaries of life, while the debtor starved.

The sacred poems of Woodworth, of which there are not a few, are marked by piety and real feeling. About the best is the following, entitled "Consecration":

"And did I say my lyre should sleep
Because no laurels decked it;
That I no more its chords would sweep
Because its lay is valued cheap,
And all the world neglect it?
I did; but felt not then the flame
Which now within me blazes,
Nor reck'd of His eternal claim
Who gave the lyre to sing His name
And utter forth His praises.

"But now that lyre shall sleep no more,
Nor wake to earthly measures;
But every strain it warbles o'er
Shall that eternal source adore,
Whence flow immortal pleasures.
No more I prostitute its lay
To subjects evanescent;
But sing those scenes of endless day
Where angels' harps in rapture play,
And praises flow incessant."

Woodworth's muse is essentially pastoral, and we find the various editions of his works filled with verses upon such subjects as "The Harvest Home," "The Watermelon," "Sweet Seclusion" and the like. One of the prettiest is "My Father's Farm," of which the following is the last stanza:

"Though fancy's flight may mock the blast,
To seek some distant charm—
How soon her eyes are homeward cast!
She roves awhile, to light at last
Upon my father's farm.
For every native, rural charm,
Adorns my father's farm."

As Gray is associated with the "Elegy," Coleridge with the "Ancient Mariner," Horne with "Orion," so Woodworth, with his "Old Oaken Bucket," has taken his place with the mono-poets. An examination of his works, however, discloses that he had remarkable versatility of talent, and while, perhaps, no other composition of his shows so close an approach to something like genius, there are many of singular merit. He had not a great deal of imagination. The beauty of what he has written lies in its tenderness and simplicity, and he is best, therefore, in homely, natural subjects.

He was not without humor, and had a particularly strong vein of satire. His "Shooting Stars," published originally in the New York *Mirror*, is quite curious. It is a mock tragedy in two acts, and contains many amusing hits at rival literary publications and prominent personages, the point of which is now lost. An exceedingly scarce, and in some respects remarkable, work of the same character, is "Beasts at Law; Or, Zoologian Jurisprudence," a poem in three cantos, translated from the Arabic of "Sampfilius Philoerin," and published in 1811, by J. Harman & Co. This is a satire on William Sampson, a noted New York lawyer, apropos of a famous trial involving the singular question: "Is a whale a fish?" The production describes a trial in which beasts figure—the Beasts *versus* Canis—indictment, assault and battery on Capra—and the jurors are twelve Bulls. Leo is the Vicegerent, and Aper and Tigris the judges. The scene is on the banks of the Missouri. Although the significance of the composition is now lost to us, there is to be perceived real humor in it, and the adherence to character is notable. The dialogue is a little broad for our times. The cross-examinations are quite amusing.

Woodworth was, as we have remarked, a man of quite extraordinary versatility of talent. He could, indeed, turn his hand with success to almost anything, and this gift proved of considerable value to him. He wrote a number of prologues, epilogues, opening addresses and the like, for the theatres. When the New Park was inaugurated, the excellent address he prepared was spoken by Mrs. Barnes, and another of equal merit by Mr. Hamblin, on a benefit to the tragedian Cooper. He also wrote several plays, one of which, "The Forest Rose," is found in all standard editions of American dramatic works. This piece was written for George H. Hill, better known as "Yankee" Hill, an eccentric and talented comedian, and was first produced at the Chatham Theatre, New York, in 1825. Originally, there were many songs, duetts, etc., in the play, and it was a kind of opera, but in course of time the actors cut them all out. The play was performed in England by J. S. Silsbee over one hundred nights, and it formed a feature of the *repertoire* of Mestayer, Locke and others in this country. The theme is rural, and the leading character, *Jonathan*, is very amusing. The author shows a knowledge of dramatic principles and stage effect.

In the edition of Woodworth's poems published for the author in 1830, appear a number of Irish songs after the manner of Moore. Here we find, also, a great many odes to printing, convivial glees and similar reproductions. But, above all, the author was patriotic, as, indeed, were all writers then. The absence of similar sentiment now, in contrast with what was the case at that time, is suggestive. All Woodworth's songs were set to music; "The Old Oaken Bucket" to the air of long ago, "The Flower of Dumblane." The most valuable edition of Woodworth, that containing the specimens of his work he would have most cared to preserve, were the pretty volumes issued in 1861, and edited by his son Frederick. To this a brief biography, written by George P. Morris, was attached.

Morris was the warm admirer of Woodworth and steadily his friend. He says of the poet: "Samuel Woodworth's whole career is full of interest. He has been eulogized by Clinton, Webster, Channing, Everett, Halleck, Pinckney, Irving, Paulding, Griswold, Duykinck, Story, Sir Walter Scott, and other eminent writers. His poems are often credited to Wordsworth and copied generally in England. He was a genuine poet, of nature's own creation. He wrote because he could not help yielding to the impulse of his genius, and all his productions breathe a pure, healthy, benevolent spirit, and are invariably sound in sentiment and musical in expression. In all the relations of life he was most exemplary. His 'Old Oaken Bucket,' will be sung, read

and admired as long as cool water from the well continues to slake the thirst of the weary traveler.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And ev'ry lov'd spot which my infancy knew.
The wide-spreading stream and the mill that stood near it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house by it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

The moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of health overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

How soon from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupi' r sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

There is much dispute as to how the "Old Oaken Bucket" came to be written. A paragraph, published recently in the Hartford *Courant*, states that it was composed just after he had drunk water from a bucket at a well in Cromwell, Conn., which was on the premises of the late Captain James Riley. The poet was then teaching a district school on Prospect Hill, in that town. Another story is given in the *Delaware Express*. Says the writer, Mr. Norwood Bowne: "When a lad, living in New York, we knew Woodworth well, and he was the first person we ever saw "at the case" setting type. He was a man of fine intellectual attainments, a ready writer, poetry being his forte. But, like many another brilliant intellect, he was cursed with an irrepressible thirst for liquor. We have always understood the history of his writing 'The Old Oaken Bucket' to be this, and our impression is formed from early recollections and information: Woodworth at the time worked in a printing-office (where we knew him) in the Bowery, near Pump, now Canal Street. A friend and neighbor from his old home in the East had called on him, and together they repaired to a neighboring tavern, where they imbibed pretty freely. Taking an unemptied glass in his hand, Woodworth extolled the excellence of the liquor, saying it was the best drink of which he had ever partaken. 'No, Sam,' said his companion, 'I think I can call your attention to a drink that far surpassed this. It was the pure, refreshing crystal water that you and I used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in your father's well.' The reference to his old Massachusetts home and surroundings, recalling the days of his freedom from drink, completely broke him down. He at once left the place, and returning to the printing-office, seated himself at a table from which he did not rise till the poem that has become so celebrated was finished."

This is wholly incorrect, besides being unjust to Woodworth's memory. The true story of the origin of the poem is told by Woodworth's son, as follows: "This information," says young Woodworth, "is a condensed private letter received from one whose authority in the matter cannot be questioned. In reference to the period of the production of 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' the writer has this to say: It was written in the Spring or Summer of 1817. The family were living at the time in Duane Street, The poet came home to dinner one very warm day, having walked from his office somewhere near the foot of Wall Street. Being much heated with the exercise, he drank a glass of water—New York pump-water—exclaiming, as he replaced the tumbler on the table, 'That is very refreshing, but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good long draught this warm day from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well at home!' Hearing this, the poet's wife, who was always a suggestive body, said: 'Selim, why wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem!' The poet took the hint, and, under the inspiration of the moment, sat down and poured out from the very depths of his heart the beautiful lines which have immortalized the name of Woodworth."

Of this charming pastoral song, William Leggett, a most discriminating critic, has written: "Its merit consists in the graphic accuracy of the description, the simplicity and naturalness of its sentiments and melodious flow of the versification. It appeals to feelings cherished in every human breast, which, though they may be suppressed for a while, can never be extinguished, but are called up anew by such strains as the one we are speaking of with the train of sweet associations that lift us to Elysium."

George P. Morris says: "Amid the thousand perplexities of business and vexations of life, the mere perusal or accidental hearing of this song, gathering around us the scenes and companions of schoolboy days, creates in our hearts a tide of emotions fresh and pure as the fountain that gushes from the rock in the desert. We hear the splash of the water as it falls down the side of the moss-lined well, we view the dimpling and rippling undulations of the surface below as if sprinkled by the drops dripping upon it; we see on one side the meadow, green with fragrant luxuriance of Summer; and, on the other, the bridge and the cataract and the dairy-house; the coolness of the water is on the lip, familiar noises are sounding in the ear, and, in short, the delightful little poem forms round us with the delusive power of a dream, a chain of heart-hoarded circumstances which can never be united again except by the witchery of the poet, or the wand of fancy, in those still hours when she exerts full influence over our minds."

Six years previous to his death Woodworth had an attack of paralysis, the effect of which he bore with characteristic fortitude and resignation. He breathed his last on December 9th, 1842, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

The resemblance between Woodworth's character and career and that of Oliver Goldsmith is singularly close. Both had the poetical temperament and strong natural gifts; both in early life had the weakness for visionary projects, and the strange taste for wandering in search of the good fortune which was never found; both were pursued by nearly the same curious ill luck. Although Woodworth's gifts were, of course, far below those of the Irish doctor, he possessed much of the same literary readiness and versatility, and composed poetry, novels and plays with equal facility. Both were fond of rural pictures and simple domestic themes. Nor were their general characteristics unlike, both being generous, impulsive,

possessed of little worldly prudence and the victims of disappointment. The amusing vanity of Goldsmith, however, was not found in Woodworth, who was distinguished by an invincible modesty, even after his reputation was established. The impression that Woodworth was an inebriate is altogether unfounded. Although, like Goldsmith, fond of conviviality, in agreeable company, he was, for the customs of his day, a temperate man.

The old Woodworth residence at Scituate is now occupied by Mr. Henry A. Northy, a distant relative of the poet. The dwelling is what is termed a low double house, with an L outback and stands at the end of the street or high road. There are outbuildings, and the pond is surrounded by trees and other growth, but it is not visible from the dwelling as formerly.

The well has at present an old-fashioned well-sweep, and the water is still drawn up in an iron-bound bucket, although, of course, not the same from which Woodworth drank. Here come many visitors in Summer; some from afar, to quaff cool and refeshing draughts of the sweet water, and a book is kept in which these pilgrims inscribe their names.

STONEHENGE AND THE DRUIDS.

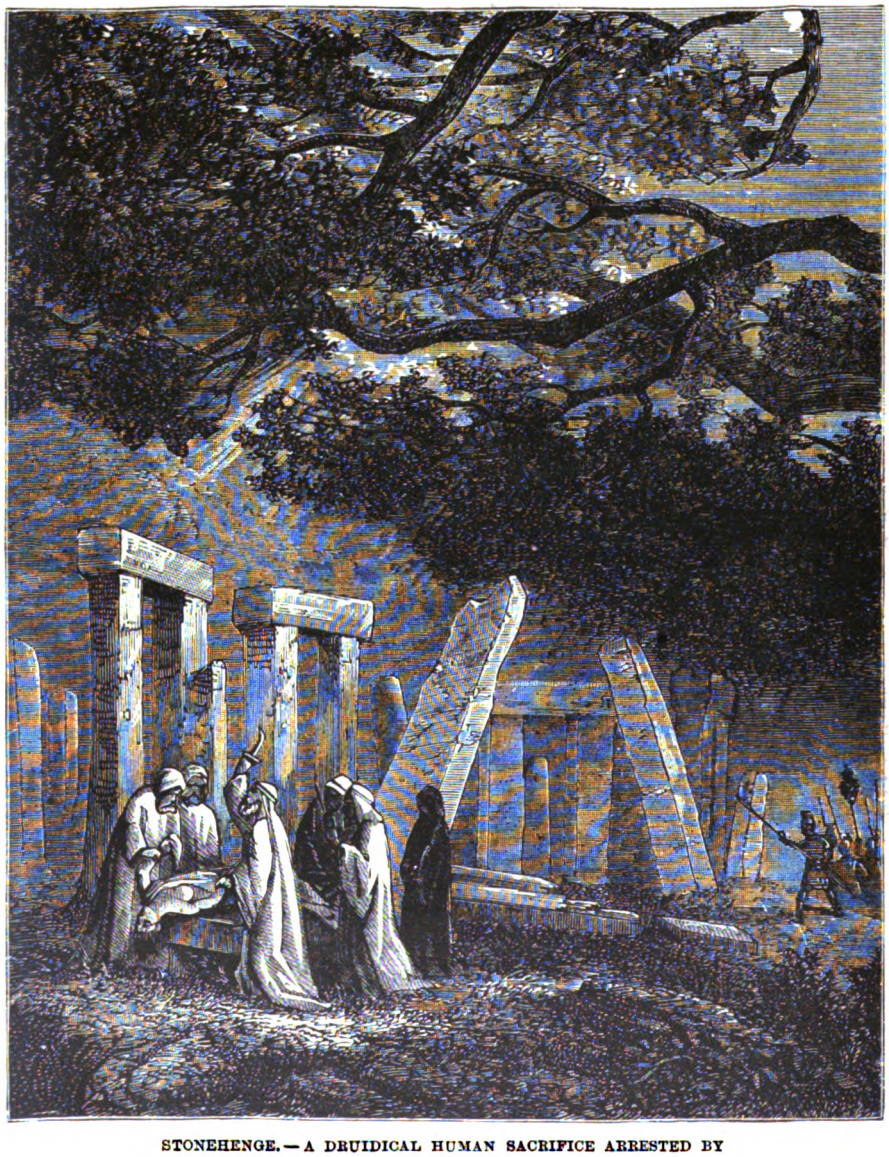
By Sarah K. Bolton.

In visiting Salisbury to see its exquisite cathedral, the "most complete Gothic edifice in England," one should not fail to drive to Stonehenge, nine miles away. The ride through the old town is full of interest; past the quaint inns—"Abel Place," "The Rising Sun," "Black Horse" and "The King's Arms"; past the queer little houses, their upper stories overhanging the lower, looking as though built before the Flood, with tiny windows peeping out of the thatched roofs. Rose-bushes clamber over the mud or stone sides of the houses, and the pink and white blossoms dot the straw of the thatch.

We entered one house, a double structure, each part having only one room below, with a chamber above it. One portion was occupied by a young married couple and their baby; the other, by the parents. The windows of the house were a foot and a half square; the floor, of brick, without carpet; the furniture, a table, two chairs, and an open cupboard with old-fashioned crockery standing upright. The mother, who was very deaf, took us upstairs to show us where she and her husband slept, a paralytic for twelve years. The bed was like a box, with four unpainted posts, and a much-mended coverlet, all scrupulously clean. In the young mother's half of the house, the bare walls had a few colored prints hung upon them, a twenty-five cent mirror set on a pine table, covered with cotton cloth, and a few simple ornaments that told of sweet affection. Here was a fan costing, perhaps, a dime, and a tiny box of shells given her by her young husband before marriage. He worked in a mill near-by, earning three dollars a week, and on this both families subsisted, after paying fifty cents per week for rent. Both women were gentle in speech, and cheerfully gathered for us, from their tiny gardens, blue-bells, forget-me-nots, columbines, and pink roses.

Along the road, after leaving this house, we met a farm-hand, dressed in a corduroy suit, who looked overworked and underfed. In talking with him, he said:

"I earns ten shillings ($2.50) a week. I gets up at five and hoes my garden. The master rents us so many lugs (a piece of ground twelve feet square) for four pence a lug. I goes to work at seven, has a hour at noon, stays at work till half-past five, and



STONEHENGE.—A DRUIDICAL HUMAN SACRIFICE ARRESTED BY THE ROMANS.

A DRUIDESS WITH THE SACRED MISTLETOE.

comes home to work in my garden. . . For meals, I eats a bit of bread and tea in the morning, and, if I goes home at noon, sometimes a bit o' bacon, and at supper bread and tea again."

"Do you have meat every day?" asked one of the company.

"Oh, no. You see, when one pays a shilling for the rent, and has only nine shillings left to buy clothes for hisself, his wife, and maybe six or seven children, he can't ha' meat much. I should think the gentlefolks spends for two dinners what would last us a week. We sometimes earns a little besides in harvest-time. We gets up at four o'clock and works on an extra piece o' land."

"Can you all read?"

"Most of us can, but not some. One man can't read nor count. One time, just for fun, I gives him some money in half-crowns, shillings and sixpences, and he was a day a-counting it, and then couldn't get it right. You know we likes a bit o' fun now and then, and we has it with him."

Driving on, we soon reach old Sarum, an ancient fortress of the Britons, and a stronghold of the Romans under Cæsar; the battlefield of five nations. Here the Saxon Alfred the Great defeated the Britons. Here the Father of Canute of Denmark defeated the Saxons. Here, in 1006, all the states of the kingdom were summoned to do homage to the Norman Conqueror, William. The old walls, twelve feet thick, tell of royal prisoners, and that "might has made right" in all the world's history.

The scenery on this Mayday is charming. The fields are blue and golden with wild flowers, and the hedges white and purple and yellow with hawthorn, lilac and laburnum.

And now we are at Stonehenge, the place we have wished, all our lives, to see. In a great plain, extending as far as the eye can reach, is this strange monument of antiquity, one of the most mysterious of the world. We drive slowly up what was once a broad avenue, one-third of a mile long, with a bank on either side, and a ditch out of which the earth was thrown, now, of course, overgrown with sod. At the end is a monolith rising sixteen feet, and beyond it a prostrate slab bearing the marks of tools, called the "slaughtering stone," as here, it is supposed, the victims were offered to the gods.

Beyond these are two great circles of upright stones from eighteen to twenty-six feet high, some weighing, it is estimated, thirty tons apiece. The outer circle is three hundred feet in circumference. On the tops of these huge pillars are laid other stones, which formerly touched, so as to make a continuous circle. Not half of the ancient one hundred and forty stones are now standing. Inside these circles are two ovals, and innermost of all, an "altar-stone," in the sacred place of this temple, built open to heaven like the Pantheon. Surrounding these circles of stones are acres of small burial-mounds, where the early chiefs of Britain were interred. Some skeletons have been found with the knees gathered up to the head, some extended at full length, and others burned to ashes and collected in urns. Half a mile to the north lies the "cursus" or race-course, three hundred and thirty feet broad, and over a mile long, between two parallel banks. It is believed by some that the goods of the deceased were run for here, at the time of burial. Such pleasure-courses were usually placed near the religious centres, so that they might be made available for the great feast-days.

Who built this mysterious temple and others somewhat like it in Great Britain? And what was the worship in which tens of thousands joined with the most elaborate ceremonies, even offering up of human sacrifices? Without doubt the Druids, one of the most interesting and singular sects of the world.

When Julius Cæsar came over to these islands in the sea to make conquests, about 55 B.C., he found a brave, warlike people, the early Britons, who lived, some in caves, some in huts like beehives, without windows or chimneys. The people wore coats of skin, or painted their naked bodies blue with woad. They understood working in iron, brass and tin, and could make wheeled chariots, basket-work and good wooden boats. In battle they put great scythes upon their wheels and rode through their enemies, mowing them down.

As a rule, they had great respect for women, many of the warlike tribes, says Aristotle, being governed by them. Some of the people held marriage sacred. Cæsar, however, declares that many practiced polygamy, the woman having ten or more husbands; the first husband possessing some special privileges, and the children being brought up in common.

The religion was something like Brahminism, with, possibly, some Jewish ideas intermingled. They believed in one Supreme Being, in the immortality of the soul, and in a future state of rewards and punishments. The wicked passed into the bodies of lower animals for many generations, till at last they were purified and saved. They had many lesser gods, like the sun, the emblem of the deity, the moon, planets, the sea and groves. To these deities they offered animals, and sometimes human beings if a great battle was to be fought, or in case of dire calamity like famine. These were usually convicts, who were incased in figures of basket-work and then consumed by fire; but Diodorus Siculus mentions a case where thirty helpless children were sacrificed together. A white heifer was offered to the celestial deities, a black to the infernal, and a brown to the terrestrial. They also sacrificed horses, pigs, goats and sheep. Their sacred animals, which they never ate nor offered to the gods, were the hare, hen and goose.

The Druids, or priests, presided at these dreadful ceremonies, standing on the altar-stones, looking toward the rising sun. "They wore on their heads," says Pliny, "a chaplet of oak-leaves, because this tree was regarded sacred; a white tunic about their bodies, and an egg suspended by a string from their necks. This egg was supposed to be obtained from a great number of serpents, who, twisted together in Summer, would throw it off from their mouths as they hissed. A horseman would catch it in his cloak before it touched the ground, and fly as fast as possible toward a river, that the snakes might not overtake him." This seems very absurd, but very absurd things are believed, even in the nineteenth century. Serpents have often been venerated. At present in Dahomey, in Africa, thousands of snakes are worshiped, said to be descendants from the great primeval serpent. The Druids were men of unusual learning, with a good knowledge of astronomy, mechanics and medicine. They dwelt in oak forests, where they might more privately consult the Divine Will. From this sacred relation, they came to have almost regal power. They presided in all cases of law, and there was no appeal from their decision. If the contestants did not submit to the Arch-Druid, they were excommunicated and became outcasts. They taught the people in verse, and were obliged to study for twenty years before they could learn all that they were to teach orally. The Arch-Druid in his robes of office was imposing. He wore a robe of white, fastened by a golden girdle. "Round his neck was the breastplate of judg-

ment, said to possess the salutary but uncomfortable property of squeezing the neck on the utterance of a corrupt judgment." On his head was a tiara of gold. He wore two rings on his right hand—one plain, the other for divination. The priests made amber beads for warriors to carry as charms in battle, and no doubt realized a good sum of money from this source. They gathered marsh-wort with the left hand, turning the head aside, lest the plant would lose its medicinal virtues, and the hedge-hyssop after offerings of bread and wine. The mistletoe was especially sacred, as, depending upon the oak, it represented man's dependence upon the Supreme One, Beal. "It was principally sought for," says Pliny, "about Christmas, when their New Year began. The priests assembled in large companies with the people, and shouting in their language, 'New All-heal! New All-heal!' they went out to find the precious plant. When found in the groves, the highest priest ascended, and with a golden knife cut it from the branches, when it was caught by those below in a large white linen cloth. Two white bulls were at once sacrificed, and the mistletoe was carried home with prayers and hymns. Then followed a general religious feast, to which tens of thousands gathered, as at Stonehenge. Three other times each year—in May, August and November—they held these great feasts, building sacred fires on the hill-tops, at which the people lighted their brands and carried them home to rekindle the domestic hearth. Women, also, like the vestal virgins of Rome, held an important part in this religion. They were usually unmarried, or, if married, allowed to visit their husbands but once a year. They had great influence with the people, by whom they were consulted in all the affairs of life. Their favorite resort was the Island of Iona, where, once every year, they pulled down and rebuilt the roof of their temple, between sunrise and sunset; if by any chance one let fall a particle of the sacred material, she was torn in pieces amid frantic dances."

Such were the people whom Cæsar came to conquer. When the Roman legions appeared off Dover, the cliffs were bristling with the tall, red-haired Britons. When Cæsar attempted to land at Deal, the Britons rushed into the water and fought hand to hand. The Romans wavered, till the Standard-bearer of the Tenth Legion, invoking the gods for success, leaped into the sea, shouting, "Follow me, soldiers, unless you will betray the Roman eagle into the hands of the enemy. For my part, I am resolved to discharge my duty to Cæsar and the Commonwealth!" The soldiers followed, and the islanders were routed at first; but their method of fighting with scythes and darts, together with a heavy storm, decided Cæsar's return to Rome. The next year, however, he came again to Britain, with stronger forces, and compelled her to pay tribute.

For a century the island remained unmolested, when finally Claudius determined to subjugate them, which he succeeded in doing. Caractacus, a brave British general, after a nine years' warfare, surrendered; yet so heroic had been his conduct that he was not put to death, but allowed to live with his family in honorable captivity.

The laws against the Druids now became severe, because their influence among the people was so great in keeping up a patriotic spirit. Suetonius Paulinus finally decided to annihilate it. He penetrated to the sacred Island of Mona (Anglesea) the centre of Druidism. The shores were thronged with armed men and black-robed sibylline woman, who ran to and fro among their countrymen bearing torches aloft, and urging them to defend their altars. But the Romans fought fiercely, killing priests and priestesses, and throwing them upon their own burning altars. After the battle they cut down the sacred groves, and destroyed every vestige of the faith.

About this time a rebellion broke out in the eastern part of the island. The tyranny of the Romans had become unbearable. The best young men of Britain were drafted into the armies of their oppressors; heavy taxes were imposed, and money loaned to the people by such rich speculators as Seneca were recovered by the stern Roman law without mercy.

Prasutagus, King of the Iceni, hoping to appease the domineering Romans, at his death made Nero joint-heir to the kingdom, with his two daughters, under his widow, Boadicea. Instead, however, of receiving kindness from the Romans, the Queen Boadicea was publicly scourged by the centurions, and her daughters outraged by the camp. Thus easily does power madden the hearts of men.

Roused by this dreadful treatment, the Iceni rushed to arms. Boadicea, dressed in a rich plaid with a golden girdle about her neck, a spear in her hand, and her golden hair floating to her waist, rode in her chariot, inciting her people to action. Her eloquence seemed as from one inspired. Her two hundred thousand men hastened to the Roman colonies in London and elsewhere, laid them in ashes, and slew seventy thousand. Then Suetonius Paulinus met her in battle near St. Albans. He slaughtered eighty thousand, sparing neither women nor children, and completely conquered the Iceni. Boadicea poisoned herself rather than fall into the hands of her captors.

With the Druids dead, and the people subjugated, great temples like Stonehenge were no longer needed for worship. Occasionally they seem to have been used for political or general purposes, in the following centuries. In the fifth century, when the power of Rome had declined and the Picts and Scots were overrunning the island, Vortigern, a British King, hired the Saxon chiefs, Hengist and Horsa, to help drive out the invaders, promising to pay them in land. It is said that the Saxons showed their craftiness by bargaining for as much land as an ox-hide would cover, and then cut the hide into narrow strips, and thus inclosed a great tract.

Vortigern fell in love with Hengist's beautiful daughter Rowena, and, in consequence, gave the Kingdom of Kent to him. This angered the British, who rose against Vortigern, led by his own son Vortimer. The Saxons were defeated and driven from the island, and Horsa was killed. Rowena soon poisoned Vortimer, and brought back her countrymen.

Hengist now determined to punish the Britons by strategy. He made a great feast for three hundred British leaders at Stonehenge, and arranged that, for the sake of friendliness, every other seat at the feast should be occupied by a Saxon. After much mead had been drunk, the Saxons being told to keep sober, the preconcerted signal was given, "Saxons, seize your swords!" and every man save Vortigern was slain upon the spot. His life was spared only that it might be ransomed by his giving up the provinces of Sussex and Essex. For these crimes toward his country, Vortigern is said to have drawn upon himself the anger of God and St. Germanus, and was at last destroyed by fire from heaven. Hengist was afterward defeated and put to death, about 467, by a leading British King, Aurelius Ambrosius.

Some historians have supposed that Stonehenge was erected to commemorate this slaughter of the Britons, but most concur in the belief that it was built by the

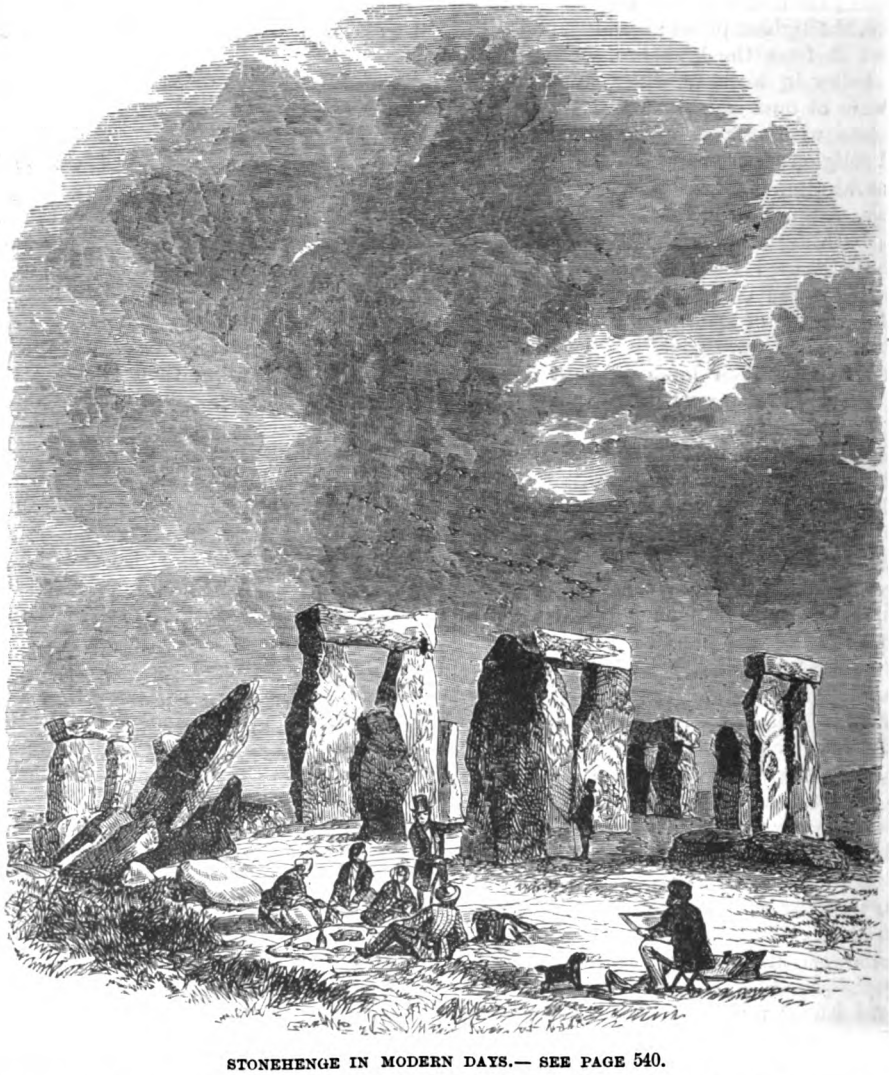
Druids from a century to five centuries before Christ. More than five hundred generations have come and gone since the sacred mistletoe was gathered, and the great sacrifices were offered on Salisbury Plain. One seems to hear again the tramp of those tens of thousands, marching with banners around this open temple ; to hear again the incantations of the Druids as they offered up their bloody sacrifices, with their faces turned toward the sun, the unchanging emblem of their unknown God.

CURIOUS SUICIDES.

THE world often hears of suicides through love. Two young people meet and admire each other, then admiration is succeeded by passion, and, hey presto! unless they wed, all the world seems awry, and they take poison or go, like *Ophelia*, "to heaven by water," as the old song puts it. But, happily, though this silly act is growing less common than it used to be, there has lately been a slight increase in the number of suicides through fear of marriage.

In London the other day, a tradesman of mature age—he was thirty-five—was about to be married, and everything had been arranged for the marriage. He was in comfortable circumstances, the proposed match met with the approval of all his friends, the lady was all that could be desired and the sun—if there chanced to be one seen on the morn of the happy day—bade fair to shine on as well-mated a couple as any in London town. Suddenly the bridegroom-elect started off to a drug-shop, bought poison, and a few hours before the time fixed for the marriage was found lying dead, having evidently taken his life through fear of marriage.

More than one case of this kind has appeared in the public prints lately, and were there not a solemn side to the question of such wicked folly and loss of life, cynical bachelors might take heart of grace, and point to such terrible tragedies as reasons for their preferring their existing state.



STONEHENGE IN MODERN DAYS.— SEE PAGE 540.

EXPERIENCES.

TO SOME the experiences they pass through are like beads upon a string, and, when the thread of life is cut, they simply roll away out of sight and out of mind. A new business here, and new friendship there ; here a lucky accident, there a disastrous failure ; here a birth and rejoicing, there a death and mourning ; and, as the mind recalls them, it finds no special meaning attached to them and no connection between them, except that of time or place. Another person comes out of each one stronger, wiser than before. A serious illness has led him to study the laws of his physical nature, and taught him how to secure health for himself, his family, and those whom he may influence. A disaster in business is sifted to the bottom, and new light is thrown on future plans. Or a great happiness comes to him, and he hastens to share it with others, or learns from it how he may bless others. He is accumulating experience, not simply to count it over and recall its pleasure or its pain, but to develop out of it all power and wisdom by which his own life and the lives of all who approach him may be rendered better and happier.

THE faculty of genius is the power of lighting its own fire. As an instance of this, reader : Poverty saw a poor barber in his shop at Preston, in Lancashire ; but, in a comparatively short time, Perseverance made him Sir Richard Arkwright.

A BEAUTIFUL SINNER.—" 'I AM AFRAID OF THOSE PINES, DORIS. I ALWAYS SEE THE FIGURE OF A MAN RIDING ALONG THAT GLOOMY ROAD—A YOUNG MAN, WITH HIS HANDS TIED BEHIND HIM. OH, DORIS, DO YOU SEE HIM?"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE BLUE JAY.

By Don Piatt.

The little scamp, I hear his shriek of warning
That tells his blue police the foe is nigh—
A goggle-eyed old owl, caught out by morning,
So dazed by light he cannot fight or fly.
From field and forest, haystack, fence and thicket,
Shrieking like fiends, they swiftly gather in;
There's no pursuit of gain, or grain, but quick it
Drops a bit for duty in the den.

The night assassin sees, in grotesque wonder,
Blue streaks about his horned noddle dart;
From side to side they flash—now o'er, now under—
And every prick but makes him snap and start.
Ah, have a care! most noble, daring captain—
A clutch, a snap, a shriek of wild despair!
There's one brave jay beyond the need of chaplain—
A cloud of feathers flashes on the air.

Then comes the blessed silence of a minute—
For death's grim presence even chills a jay—
Brief space for grief, the shrieks again begin it;
Anon the woods are ringing for the fray.
The downy-pinioned thief, night's dark marauder,
Feels all the anguish of a hopeless fight
With foes despised; and so, in grave disorder,
He spreads his wings and fairly takes to flight.

How like a dream he floats o'er field and meadow,
Fast followed by his foe's victorious cries,
To where the burr-oak glen, with trees bent head low,
Dims the fierce light for better use of eyes.

The little scamps accept the situation,
And leave their foe his fortress to command;
They quick disperse with shrill congratulation
To thieve like Satan over all the land.

The feathered Frenchman of the fields and wildwood,
The dashing, daring, handsome cavalier;
Dearest companion of my dreamy childhood,
Of all the birds the boldest buccaneer,
Nest-robber, orchard-thief, round stack and garden,
Busy as sin, with such a business air,
On scarecrow's very hat, with corn-grain hard in
His little claw, he cracks without a care.

When storm-clouds gather in the Fall's dark session,
And rain makes music on my maple-trees;
While other birds are hushed in damp depression,
The clear "clil-ick" floats upon the breeze.
Snow cannot cow, nor bitter Winter boss 'em;
No want nor hunger may their spirits tame;
In Spring with blue they shade the apple-blossom,
And Summer finds them shrieking all the same.

And how I sing, in lofty condescension,
Of this fair vagrant's wayward little life,
It seems so small, yet I forget the tension
That makes a misery of our larger strife.
Our larger strife? Ah! most vociferous neighbor,
I wish my grandeur something more or less;
That I, like thee, might live content to labor,
And so escape my sense of nothingness.

A BEAUTIFUL SINNER.

By Inde.

In the past it must have been a fine place. In the present it was a great, ghostly, empty mansion, grown hoary and weather-beaten as much from neglect as lapse of time. The gardens flanking it had once been terraced and trimmed by a skilled hand, though now unheeded and unappreciated. However remote this part of Virginia might be, I had never fairly comprehended loneliness until I reached Hidden-Hall. Gusts of wind swept showers of dried leaves past as I descended from the carriage and lifted the brazen knocker. An elderly mulatto woman received me with a pleasant, "It's Miss Doris Gray, ole master's cousin. 'Twa'n't long ago as Miss Anne said you'd soon be here." She led the way up the broad, creaking steps, to an airy, old-fashioned chamber. "Shall I unpack your trunks?" she asked, deftly removing my hat and wraps. "Miss Anne will be in the drawing-room in an hour. She's been 'spectin' you. I hope you can cheer her up a bit, miss—po' Miss Anne," added the woman, with a sigh.

"Is Mrs. Hatherton in bad health?" I inquired, feeling rather curious of these unknown relatives.

"Oh, no, miss, her health has always been good. I was her nurse—she was never ailin'—no, miss, it's not that."

My eyes may have interrogated the maid, for she shook her head and added:

"I dunno, miss—none of us dunno. Shall I come for you presently, Miss Doris?"

"Yes."

"Malie is my name; I'm Miss Anne's maid," supplemented the servant. "I'll tell her as you're here. She'll be glad—leastways, it'll give her summut pleasant to think about. Marse Jasper's gone out wid dogs en gun. He goes every day, en ole marse ain't lef his chur sence dinner. You'll see 'em to-night, miss, en"—the woman stopped and looked fixedly at me—"whatever you see, missie, as seems odd to you, don't say nothin'. This is a queer family, but it's yo' own flesh en blood."

The apologetic caution was uttered with visible hesitation. The dark countenance assumed an expression of sharp anxiety. She watched me all the more keenly for the perplexity which must have been in mine. My toilet, at its best, was too simple to be either troublesome or tedious. I had time to speculate as to these Hathertons. Everybody agreed that they were very rich. Certainly I was very poor. When my mother died they had written to offer me a home at Hidden Hall, adding thereto a half-scornful apology for the seclusion I must expect. Their hospitality was accepted for the brief space between this December and Spring. What I meant to do then my relatives were not informed, but I knew that in the early Spring my handsome lover, Bernard Blair, would be my husband. Half resentfully I thought of Bernard, and contrasted his polished grace of manner and cleverness with what I must find here among my doubtless rustic relations. Jasper Hatherton was, of course, an ardent sportsman—Malie had said as much. I pictured to myself a well-fed country gentleman, red-faced and coarse-bearded, averse to business and books, loud-voiced in eternal talk of horse and hound. This was my cousin, Major Jasper Hatherton. As for his wife—the "Miss Anne" of whom the servant spoke in such compassionate terms—she would, perhaps, prove a vivacious person, ambitious of doing her little part in society, and pining from sheer lack of companionship. I had quite arranged the family status by the time Malie came to conduct me

down through the great hall, with its antlers and fowling pieces, dimly traceable in the lamplight. The drawing-room glowed with the cheerful blaze of a wood fire. The same rule predominated here—severe plainness of fitting and vast space.

"These Hathertons prefer great, unlovely rooms," was my dejected conclusion; "they are evidently dull bovines, caring only to eat and sleep."

My drear forebodings ended abruptly. Malie threw open the door.

"Miss Anne," she announced, sending the same swift glance of intense anxiety into my eyes.

An instant later, my gaze seemed held by the startling beauty of the woman crossing the great room with a poetic grace of motion. She held out her white, slender hand, and smiled a sweet, caressing smile, fading swiftly away, as if the gladness had been mechanical.

"You are Jasper's cousin—he has so few," she said, a subtle, musical melancholy in the cadences of her voice.

The soft, dark eyes studied my face in intent interest, then she sank slowly into the depths of an armchair.

"Sit down, Doris. It cheers me to have you so near. You look kind-hearted, and you are Jasper's cousin."

"Yes, and these are my only relatives. I seem quite alone in the universe."

Anne Hatherton stretched out her jeweled hand and laid it gently on mine. A world of compassionate friendliness was conveyed in the light touch. Its magnetism drew the warm love of my bereaved heart to this beautiful creature. Her toilet would have been magnificent in a city brownstone mansion. In this drear country house it seemed a vision of loveliness. The firelight sparkled on the jewels around her white throat and exquisite arms. Her brown velvet robe fell about her in undulating folds, unattainable to a less perfect figure.

"Quite alone, Doris," she repeated; "perhaps it is better. If Providence had only been merciful enough to create all our sex without hearts. Yes," she added, with a short, little laugh, "we are always lost through our hearts. Perhaps you will care for me, Doris—nobody does. Ah, there is the first tea-bell."

An expression of acute, breathless expectancy came into her face. She bent her head slightly toward the door. The expectant look became almost feverish as a step sounded in the hall.

"Only Uncle Hatherton," she said, in a tone of accentuated disappointment. "You know I am a niece of Jasper's mother—not really related to Uncle Hatherton."

The explanation was rapidly and eagerly given, just as the "old squire," as the few tenants termed him, entered the room. No one could fail to be pleased with the courtly, kindly old man.

"My dear Doris, you are welcome to Hidden Hall," he said, heartily. "Remember, it is your home as long as you can endure it."

"Why should I not endure it as well as you all do?" I rejoined, delighted at the goodness of my relative.

"It don't signify about us. We can never face the world again," was the response, in a perceptibly altered tone. "We shall endure it to the end, without a desire of change," he added, suppressing a faint sigh, while giving me a seat, and for the first time seemed to notice Anne, by a slight inclination of the fine white head.

His salutation was distant and formal. She returned it in visible fear and reluctance; then apparently shrank away from his observation into the obscurities of her great chair and the shifting firelight.

The old squire made polite inquiries about my journey and its incidents. He had been a traveler, and talked well. Nevertheless, I saw Anne suddenly sit upright. The same agony of expectation came into her beautiful face. She pressed her slim hands together passionately, as a firm step echoed in the hall, and an impetuous hand flung open the door.

"Ah, Jasper," said his father glancing up; "this is your cousin Doris."

I had been amazed by the loveliness of Anne. The splendid appearance of Major Hatherton actually confounded me. A blonde of the finest type, tall, strong, athletic and magnificent, with a tint of complexion and golden glint upon his hair which were incomparable. His eyes were of deepest blue, brightening with the flash of the ready smile under his thick yellow mustache. He was a man for women to love and admire. He, too, recognized Anne by a chilling bow, then turned away, utterly oblivious of the unconcealed hope of something more from him.

A passionate entreaty seemed to break into the soft splendor of her dark eyes. A mute, beseeching petition traced itself upon the faultless lineaments. Neither Jasper nor his father evinced the least consciousness of the beautiful woman, who had evidently made careful toilet for one at least of these two Hathertons. They were more than indifferent.

As the evening wore on, I became aware that Major Hatherton shunned his wife, so pointedly as to evince aversion. His glance never encountered hers. His tones became icy and severe when some question or remark compelled him to speak to her.

"My dear Doris," the old squire said, when we went into tea, "you must preside over the tea-urn. It will be a luxury for Jasper and myself to have our tea from a fair hand again."

Embarrassed by the strange request, I stopped, and stammered, awkwardly:

"I—I can never fill the place as well as my Cousin Anne."

"Anne?" exclaimed both gentlemen, an inexplicable accent, almost horror, in the tone.

"'Anne never takes that seat," Jasper went on, without seeing the pleading look in her flexile countenance.

"Do you wish me to take your place, Anne?" I inquired. Some impulse of compassion for the woman, set aside without ruth or remorse, prompted me to turn to her.

Anne shivered, and made an ineffectual effort to speak.

"Yes," she said, presently, in a broken, faint voice. "Jasper wishes it."

Major Hatherton gave no heed to her answer, but placed me in the seat behind the dainty tea-tray.

Indignation and pity for his beautiful, neglected wife failed to lessen the charm of Jasper's pleasant, gallant ways, and *débonnaire* manners. She watched him with always that pleading expression in her soft eyes. He averted his gaze—the subtle avoidance of one who knows that it will rest upon some terrible thing close at hand. Anne's every thought plainly concentred upon him. Just as plainly Jasper rejected in savage contempt everything concerning her.

We returned to the drawing-room after tea. Both Jasper and his father stood before the fire. That they meditated flight to their own quarters was very evident.

The squire walked to the window, glanced out at the blackness of the night, and returned to the rug.

"I think there is a storm brewing," he remarked.

"I hope our storms will come early in the month, and give us a fair Christmas," was my heedless response. "What do you always do at Christmas?"

The old squire and his son looked down at me in a kindly, compassionate regret.

"Poor child, you will find Hidden Hall unbearable," answered the elder of the two. "The holiday season makes no change in our dreary monotony. One day is like another. It can never be different. For one so young and pretty it must be tiresome indeed."

My eyes traveled involuntarily to Anne. In years she scarcely outnumbered mine. In beauty she eclipsed me a thousand-fold. Notwithstanding these facts, patent to the most casual glance, neither Major Hatherton nor his father paid the smallest heed to her claims. Indeed, both seemed to consider Anne out of every question whatever.

"Good-night, Doris, my child." The old squire patted my cheek affectionately, then took up his cane, and with the faintest possible nod to Anne, left the room.

"Have you no neighbors?" asked I, turning to my cousin Jasper, and thinking what a handsome man he was.

"Yes, there are some who have the gift, I may say, not only of tolerating this region, but preferring it. I never see our neighbors."

"Jasper!" Anne's sweet, low tones became more touchingly plaintive when she addressed him. "Could they not come to see Doris? She will be lonely and go away. They shall not see me. Will you let them come to visit Doris?"

"No." The stern negative fell sharply, almost roughly, after her gentle voice. It was uncompromising and inflexible in its cold brevity.

"Sara Morris lives in this part of Virginia," I ventured, in some trepidation. "We were schoolmates. I should like to see Sara."

"They live at the opposite end of the county. You shall go and see them whenever you like, Doris. We never have guests at Hidden Hall."

The reply was courteous, but decided.

"Good-night, Doris," he said, more mildly. "Try to endure our stupidity. It never varies—never will vary! Good-night, Doris!"

"Jasper!" entreated Anne, rising from her seat, "will you not stay with us? It is so long until bedtime! Will you stay?"

She advanced a step toward him. He recoiled with something so like barbaric hatred in his face that she retreated.

For the first time that evening his glance gleamed upon her — a swift look, unappeased by her pathetic loveliness.

"How dare you make a request of me!" he retorted, angrily. "Doris, good-evening!"

The door shut behind him. His firm tread died away down the dismal, dreary hall, with its antlers and mask of hapless red fox.

"Doris, do you think me pretty?"

Anne staggered toward me, and waited in pitiful suspense for my reply. Holding one arm around the matchless form, I drew her to the sofa beside me.

"You are the most beautiful woman I ever beheld. No one can think anything else."

My assurance failed of giving comfort. Anne shook her head, hopelessly.

"Jasper thought so once, long ago, but he cannot endure to look at me now—neither Jasper nor his father. They loathe my face. It is the face of Satan to them!"

THE BLUE JAY.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 546.

The temptation to sift this mystery almost brought me to direct question; however, Malie's warning arrested the words before they were voiced:

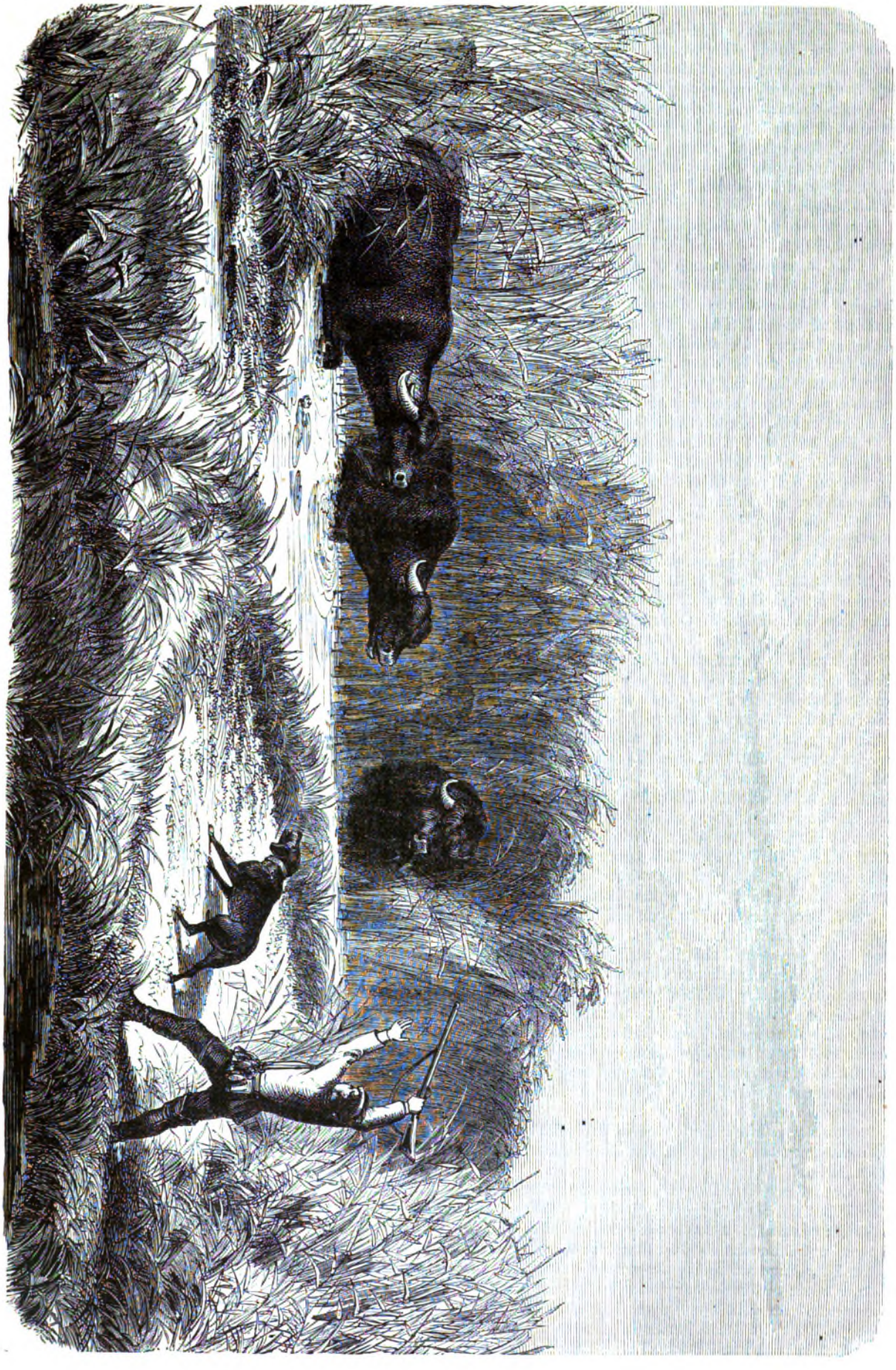
"It is too hard!" I rejoined. "Who could believe the Hathertons capable of such unkindness? Cousin Jasper is so handsome, too!"

A pleased smile curved the pretty lips.

"Yes, I was sure you would think so. Handsome enough to adore, and not unkind. The Hathertons are not unkind. They are warm-hearted and generous to everybody except to me," was the strange response. "Doris, it is no fault of theirs. It is mine," she went on, sadly. "If you loved—no, if you adored—your husband, and had done something he could not forgive, that his family could not forgive—something to cause them to cast you off and loathe you, but still something you did for love of him, Doris—what could comfort you, then?"

"There is no sin too great for repentance. What can any of us do but repent and ask forgiveness? God Himself does not reject that prayer. He forgives a repentant sin."

The assertion, half resentful, half sympathetic, gave



HUNTING THE AFRICAN BUFFALO.—"AS I PAUSED FOR A MOMENT, THREE BUFFALOES DASHED OUT OF THIS MARSH TOWARD ME."—SEE PAGE 555.

only a thin, distressing resonance, like the empty sophistries of condolence. She had said the Hathertons were not unkind and I believed her. Every phase of appearance and manner, except that shown this beautiful Anne, gave evidence of generous natures.

"A repentant sin!" she repeated. "I have not repented. I have begged for forgiveness, but I can never repent. Repentance cannot undo what is once done. It may have been the act of Satan, but certainly I did it for love of Jasper, and now I cannot undo it. Life is so long, too!"

The sweet voice dropped into a sigh of the most utter dejection.

"You must have change of scene, and visit——"

"Change?—visit?" Anne cried out, in terror. "I visit, Doris? I do not want a change. You frighten me! I will go off the plantation only once, I hope, when all is done, and then," she added, with quivering lips, "Jasper may not hate me so bitterly."

"There is nothing you could have done to set him against you in such merciless hatred," I persisted, obstinately, while I kissed the velvet cheek.

"Yes, he is just. I did something to make both Uncle Hatherton and Jasper loathe and hate me!"

"When did you do it?" I found myself asking, in disregard of all caution.

"Six years ago."

"Six years!"

The unbounded amazement of my exclamation brought a feeble smile. The dimples coming about her mouth, seemed a faint shadow of her radiant beauty before this evil fate cast its blight upon her.

"A short happiness," continued Anne, with a shiver, "and then the long, scorching suffering overtook me, but I did it because I loved Jasper better than life—because I adored my Jasper, and now he will not look at me! He loathes my existence!"

In my room, an hour later, a meditative review summed up my own affairs to perfect satisfaction. It left the affairs of everybody else in a chaotic confusion, for which no solution offered itself. That every member of the Hatherton family was miserably unhappy, was a foregone conclusion. In all its bearings, the situation confounded and baffled my efforts to comprehend it. I still pondered the painful enigma, when Malie came to extinguish the light and tuck in my blankets.

"I'm late, miss, but I'se been wid Miss Anne—po' Miss Anne!" she said, in a low voice.

"How beautiful she is, and how exquisitely she dresses!" My remark was more to draw comment than to compliment my cousin's lovely wife.

"She do dress sweet—Miss Anne do; but I tells you, Miss Doris, what I never tells Miss Anne. She may dress and dress, but ole marse en young marse won't nebber look at her no mo'. Theys done fo'sook her—po' little mist'is'!" And Malie shook her head in gloomy prognostication.

"Don't you know the cause of it, Malie? Did anything happen to estrange them? You have always lived with Anne."

"Yes, Miss Doris, always. I nussed en brung her up, she hadn't nobody else; but I dunno what happened her, nigh six years ago. A letter come one mo'nin', fotched by a man unbeknownst to us. It wur in de war time, soon atter Miss Anne en Marse Jasper were married. Marse Jasper come out 'n de libry atter he done read de letter, pale as deff, en shut hissef up wid Miss Anne. He done lock de do', but I heard her cryin' en beggin' en moanin' pitiful. He look like de debbil hissef when he come out, en sent to de stable fo' his horse. Marse Jasper rid away dat mo'nin', en nebber set foot in this house tell de war was over; but he ain't nebber lef' it sence. That's all I knows, Miss. Nobody ebber comes, en happens dey do, Marse Jasper won't 'low Miss Anne to see nor speak wid 'em."

"And she submits to this tyranny?" I broke out, in fierce indignation.

"Seems like she mus'. Marse Jasper has only to say, 'You forget,' en she tu'ns white, and trimbles all over wid scare. I dunno what's come to 'em—nobody dunno—po', pretty Miss Anne." Malie summed the strangest aspect of affairs, when, in her own homely phrase, she said, "Nobody dunno."

Nobody did, and, in all probability, nobody ever would know. As time went on this conviction gained ground with me. Their secret, whatever it might be, apparently was held under the lock and key of watchful reticence. The storm predicted by the old squire failed to come. The air, clear and frosty, brought a taste of Winter in its vivifying rigor. The expectation of Bernard's very first letter maintained a certain pleasurable excitement, which counteracted the pained anxiety I felt for my relatives. Despite the warm affection springing up between Anne and myself, every effort to induce her to accompany me in my walks proved unavailing. Jasper seldom came into the drawing-room, but I sometimes found him sitting with his father in the library. They accorded me a warmly kind welcome when I ventured into their retreat.

"Come when you wish, my child," the old squire urged. "It is pleasant to have our dingy quarters brightened by your young presence. We rarely enter the drawing-room. You must come here sometimes when you are very lonesome, which you are safe to become—in time."

"Not yet; I am not lonesome yet, and Christmas is only a fortnight off," I laughingly replied.

"A fortnight?" he echoed, sinking back in his chair with a deep sigh. "Six years the night of the 24th of December, and we still live. With guilt and treachery under our roof we still live. Yes, we are attainted," he groaned, apparently forgetful of a third party, "accursed. The blood of the innocent is upon us."

"Father," interrupted Jasper, in a tone of intense feeling; "there are no more of us. The family is extinct when we are gone."

Jasper perhaps proffered a consolation fitting the case; but it struck me as grim comfort to offer. Strangest of all, it was evident that the extinction of the family did seem a sort of forlorn hope, toward which they turned longing eyes.

Jasper paced slowly the length of the room, and then went out. The look on his handsome face was not good to see—the look of savagery I had defined that first night I reached Hidden Hall.

"There are no more of us. Jasper will be the last. God! If there were more I should go mad." The old squire passed his hand over his white hair rapidly, as if he dreaded going mad at any rate, then looked at me with a despondent smile. "Doris, my child, pray forgive my apparent rudeness. The truth is, that the night before Christmas is a most unhappy era in our lives—the era of a crime for which there is no atonement; but it is not right to darken the life of a fair little girl like you with our sins or wrongs, whichever they may be. Run out into the garden, Doris. It was beautiful once, but not now, and it don't matter."

Forgetting my shyness, I involuntarily stooped down

and kissed the white head, then ran away to my own room, in search of hat and wraps.

"Anne," I said, opening the door as I returned, equipped for a Winter walk, "do come with me. It is fresh and bracing to-day; do come. It is so stupid to walk alone."

She was sitting listlessly before the fire. Her folded hands were white as alabaster.

"I never walk. I am bound by an iron compact not to leave the grounds," was the enigmatical answer.

"Are you excluded from the garden? Are you always to live in this way?" I demanded.

The splendid soft eyes lifted slowly from their gaze into the fire. The sweet, flexible lips trembled.

"Always. Jasper will never relent. I may go into the garden, Doris, but not beyond," replied Anne, in, it seemed to me, the resignation of one who lived in this way by sufferance, and dreaded some worse fate.

"Very well; come, then."

The fur of the costly walking-dress seemed to bring out her exquisite tints. The frosty air tinged her beautiful cheek with a glow of color. Never had I seen a fairer picture than this shunned, half-imprisoned Anne. We rambled from terrace to terrace in the weird old garden until we reached the lower terrace. Here Anne stopped short.

"I never go there, Doris."

"Why?"

"Because I am afraid," she answered, turning very pale; "I am afraid of those pines, Doris. I always see the figure of a man riding along that gloomy road—a young man, with his hands tied behind him. Oh, Doris, do you see him?"

"Anne? How shocking?" and in spite of myself I involuntarily retreated a step or two. "It does appear a dismal place," I added, after a swift, frightened look at the disused road through the dense body of pines.

Not a ray of sunlight crept down between the gray and grizzled trunks. The shadow under the heavy sombre crests never lifted nor lightened. Through the opaque gloom the narrow road appeared a ghostly vaulted catacomb, swallowed up in a deeper darkness beyond.

"It is a place for blood," returned Anne, shuddering as if an ague had seized her. "The horrible crime. Oh! Doris, do you see him—the man riding into the pines with his hands tied behind him, a victim—a sacrifice? Take me away, Doris, or I shall die!"

Her horror and dreadful suggestions afflicted me with the same affright. The grim obscurities of the pines assumed spectral shapes. Their silence was stealthy and mysterious.

Anne gave one unwilling glance at the spot, then fled precipitately. She ran with such frantic speed that I soon relaxed all effort to overtake her. I resolved to mention this horrible fancy of hers to Jasper.

Continuous solitude, and her inexplicable family relations, possibly rendered Anne imaginative. Her mind pictured painful horrors because of her own melancholy.

Instead of following Anne up-stairs, I turned to the library. The tri-weekly mail had just arrived. Jasper rested his arm on the mantel, indifferently watching the old squire assort letters and papers.

"Here, Doris, are two letters for you. I have only letters from agents. Jasper has dropped his friends," observed the squire, handing me the two letters.

I knew that one of them was from Bernard. Dropping it into my pocket, with an air of carelessness, I blundered at once into what I had meant to be diplomatic in approaching.

"Anne has been frightened," I went on, impetuously. "On the lower terrace Anne declared that she saw the figure of a man riding into the pines—a young man with his arms tied behind him."

"Silence, Doris!" shouted Jasper, in a high, clear tone, cutting the air like an edged blade.

"God have pity," groaned the old squire, falling heavily back into his chair.

Both faces startled me by the shocked pain flashing into them. The face of the younger might have been termed Satanic in its commingled passions. Its hue became an ashen pallor. Its expression almost murderous. The older lineaments reflected the bitterest grief and horror.

"I—I did not intend—please forgive me."

My faltering apology was interrupted by the old squire. "How could she know, poor child!" he began, without removing the hand from over his eyes.

"It is best never to know," supplemented Jasper; "best for you, child, only never speak to us of—this, or of Anne."

The tears filling my eyes may have softened his tone. It was not so coldly severe, but the conviction gained with me, as I ascended the steps, that whatever it might be, laid to Anne's charge, these two men would never pardon it.

"Doris!" Anne's door unclosed noiselessly, and Anne looked out. "Dear Doris, you will not be angry at my desertion? I was afraid."

The pleading look came upon the beautiful lineaments, almost as it did when she gazed at Jasper.

"I am never angry with you. I love you too well for that," I assured her.

"You will hate me some day. Jasper does, but I did it for love of him—only for him, she reiterated. "For love of Jasper!"

My letter from Bernard set my nerves in a quiver. He had accepted an invitation from Jack Morris to visit him "on the 18th." Would I come there? As if I would refuse to go anywhere to see Bernard! The other letter was from Sara. She urged me to "come on the 18th."

* * * * * *

The 18th found me safely within the Morris mansion. Sara welcomed me in gushing enthusiasm, which grated, as a trifle hoydenish, after the polished repose of the Hatherton manner; however, I felt in no critical mood, for Bernard was there, and my happiness seemed unalloyed.

"You look wonderfully well, Doris, in spite of all," Sara suddenly and ambiguously remarked as we lounged in the drawing-room, waiting for the gentlemen to leave the after-dinner wine.

"Why do you say 'in spite of all,' Sara?" I questioned.

"Being shut up with those mysterious people," she replied, bluntly.

"Do you think them queer?" I asked.

"Yes; they are beautiful people, and shun society to maintain some profound and terrible secret. Yes, I call it more than odd, if all reports from Hidden Hall are true."

"What are you saying of Hidden Hall?"

Bernard was the first of the gentlemen to desert the wine and follow us to the drawing-room. Sara's last words arrested his attention.

"I am saying that a mystery or cloud rests upon Hidden Hall, and I fear it will envelop Doris," retorted Sara, laughingly.

Bernard turned to me with an interrogative gravity in his countenance, which, for the nonce, bore a strange

resemblance to Jasper A resemblance subtle, complex and undefinable. Possibly because they were [the two pleasantest men I ever knew—they each suggested the other. Something, not in feature nor physique, something indescribable, had at times recalled Bernard while I talked to Jasper, and now I minded me of Jasper while I listened to Bernard.

"How can there be a mystery at Hidden Hall?" he demanded. "The Hatherton is a matter-of-fact, well-known family. It is not possible for them to have a damaging secret."

Bernard dismissed the idea in some scorn.

"Do you know them, Bernard?' I inquired.

He twisted his mustache absently, as if trying to remember.

"Yes, I knew them once—long ago—which is not strange, seeing that they are my relations," Bernard informed me.

"That accounts, then, for a faint resemblance to Jasper. It has perplexed me perpetually since I first met my cousin, but why did you not mention it, Bernard?"

I spoke rather reproachfully, perhaps, for he smiled, and Bernard's smile was beautiful.

"That accounts for it, if a resemblance exists," he replied. "As it has been some years since I knew anything of the Hidden Hall family I preferred discovering whether or not they remembered my existence."

"In other words, you decline to force a relationship upon the Hathertons," laughed Sara, as she searched for her embroidery, and, not finding it, went to her room.

"You are like Jasper," I could not help saying again when the door closed, "only——"

"Only not so good-looking," he added, smiling once more. "I have learned that long ago, dear. I don't take it to mean that I am so repulsively ugly, but that Jasper is so superbly handsome."

"Oh, Bernard, you are not ugly! I never meant that!" I cried out, resentfully. "Jasper is cold and severe——"

"He never was cold and severe!" objected Bernard, in visible surprise.

"Poor Anne——" I began. Then stopped, in awkward reluctance to betray the private affairs of my relative.

"Poor Anne!" echoed Bernard. "My darling, why do you say that? I remember that, years ago, she was the most radiantly beautiful and joyous being in existence. The very sunshine loved to beam upon her. She must have changed, indeed!"

"I fear she has changed," was all the answer I could find, without saying too much.

"Now that you are at Hidden Hall, I am safe to renew my acquaintance with the family," Bernard went on, carelessly; then more soberly added: "Does the old squire ever speak of his other son?"

"Was there ever another son?" My eyes must have opened wide with bewildered amazement, for Bernard laughed. "Where is he?—where can he be?" I asked, breathlessly.

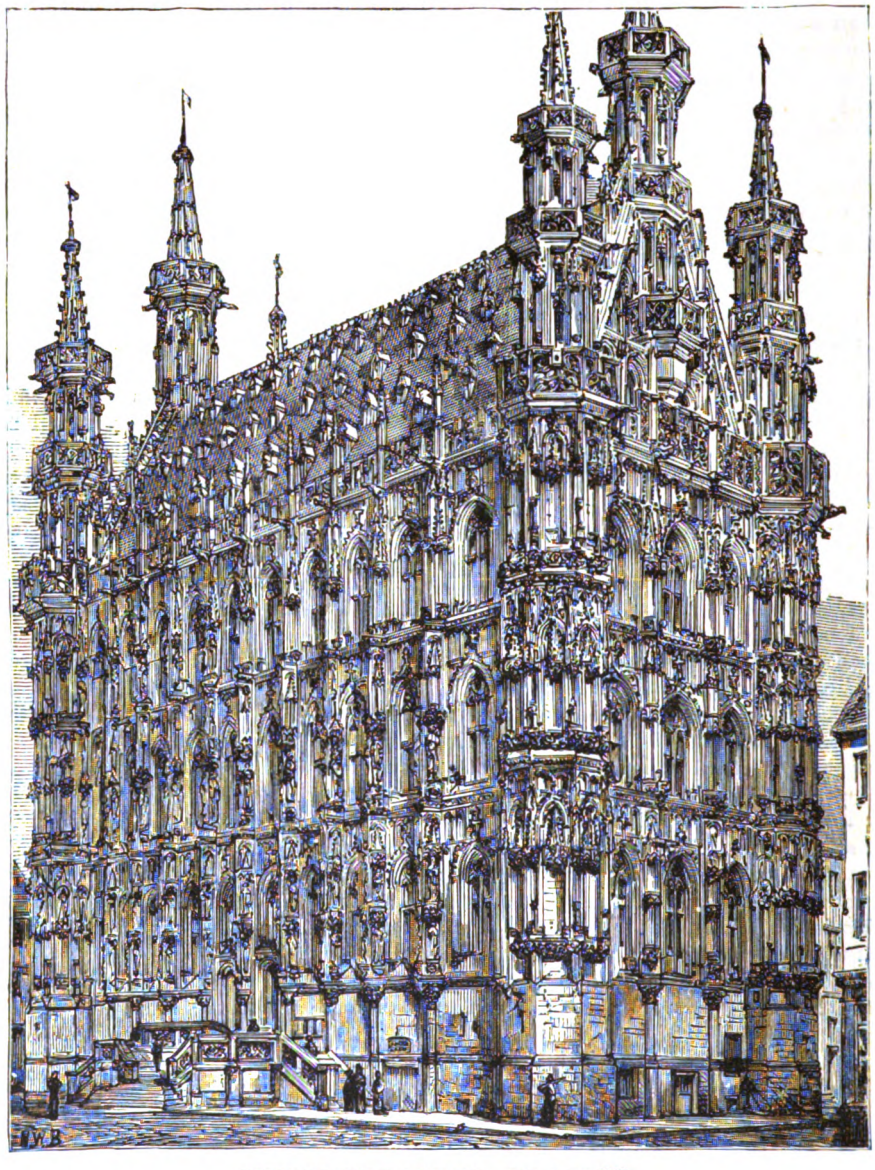
"My dearest, that is just what I am asking. They must some time have spoken of him, if he is living."

"No, never. Are you sure that Jasper ever had a brother?" I persisted, skeptically.

"Quite sure; a younger son—merely an ordinary person—very like the old squire, and, by reason of being several years Jasper's junior, he was an object of the most devoted attachment, both from the old squire and Jasper. They fairly idolized the boy, who was well enough in his way, but never comparable to Jasper. It is surprising that you never heard of him," concluded Bernard.

"He cannot be living—that must be the mystery."

"The mystery?" Bernard took up the inadvertent word, curiously. "What can be mysterious about Hid-



HOTEL DE VILLE, LOUVAIN.—SEE PAGE 555.

den Hall, or the younger son? He was a warm-hearted, commonplace youth, probably dead, or come to naught. I'll inquire about him, when I pay my respects to the Hathertons and beautiful Anne, with her unconcealed adoration of Jasper. I hope you may imitate her in that!"

"Oh, Bernard, I hope you may not turn against me, as Jasper has against Anne!"

I crept a trifle closer. The thought of such change in my Bernard sent a chill through me.

His countenance brightened. His voice mellowed into deeper tenderness.

"Have no fear, my dear one, of any such change! On the contrary, my purpose is to have my little Doris as soon after Christmas as she can let me take her away," was his light retort; adding, in that pleasantly positive way of his: "We will call that settled. It is a matter of infinite import to me, and I am selfishly inclined to think of myself first."

The days traveled in the wake of each other with lightning celerity. Nothing could be more delightful than visiting Sara, especially when Bernard was there.

He had, as usual, his own will about our wedding-day. My objection resolved itself into acquiescence on every point. The dull wintry skies and raw atmosphere preluded a bleak, inclement Christmas to weatherwise observers. Never had weather affected me less. It harmonized with our hopes, and saved a world of harmless finesse, for the weather was too "beastly," Jack Morris said, for the shooting, and Bernard was detained within doors. Three days before Christmas the leaden clouds seemed gradually growing more and more opaque. The gentlemen did not linger afield. The game was shy, and the wind icy. I congratulated myself on the blazing fire, the pleasant, luxurious drawing-room, and Bernard. Wholly in vain. Before luncheon Malie herself put a dainty billet in my hands. The billet was from Anne, brief enough, but oddly pathetic. "Doris," the billet said, "day after to-morrow is the 24th of December, and I am afraid."

LOUIS XIV. IN BALLET COSTUME.

POETIC DANCING.— LOUIS XIV. AS "THE SUN." SEE PAGE 556.

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No one was astir. The miserable weather laid an embargo upon outdoor venture. Snow pattered stealthily against the window-panes. A roaring fire crackled and flamed on the hearth. The short, tempestuous Winter day faded into the long, dense, stormy Winter night. It was the 24th of December. "Peace and good will on earth," chimed throughout the land, but its echoes never reached Hidden Hall. A vague dread of something undefinable and terrible clung to me with such unpleasant tenacity that I descended to the drawing-room. The hope of companionship was realized. Five minutes later Anne came in, visibly with the same motive.

Her beautiful face wore that look of passionate entreaty. Her lips quivered at every attempt to speak. The sweet musical voice was painfully tremulous and difficult of command. Her black velvet robe enhanced her deadly pallor.

"Doris, may I sit close to you this awful night? I am afraid—so afraid!"

She drew her chair near mine, and looked at me with such piteous appeal that my heart misgave me that this terrible, unfathomable something was more than she could bear.

"What do you fear, Anne?" I questioned, with intense compassion.

"It is the 24th of December!—it is the 24th of December!" she whispered, shuddering under this nameless terror,

"Christmas Eve?—Ah, that is a joyous time!" I remarked.

"Not for me! Oh, Doris, I will tell you what I did. You will hate me, like all the rest, but I must speak!" She folded her white hands across the velvet folds of her robe, and gazed into my eyes with the patient endurance of one who expected no mercy or kindness. "Six years ago," she began, nervously, "I was Uncle Hatherton's ward. Everybody loved me then, just as everybody hates me now. I adored Jasper then, as always since. There were two of them, Doris—two brothers; my Jasper and his brother 'Major.' They called him 'Major,' in jesting allusion to his absolute sway over his father and older brother. 'Major' was several years younger than Jasper, and I think that was why both uncle and Jasper loved him above all else. He was a splendid, warm-hearted, gifted youth, but never handsome and grand like his brother. When the war came, Jasper went away to the army and became Major Hatherton. He was so brave and gallant, Doris, until I did what broke his spirit. We were to be married in the Winter, as soon as he could get a furlough. Poor 'Major' had been dangerously ill of a low fever, which prevented his going into the army. I think Uncle Hatherton and Jasper both agreed, after he became convalescent, that it was good fortune to have him still in the safety of home. They were so devoted to this youngest of the family.

"While Jasper was away for months fighting with Stuart, 'Major' slowly recovered his strength, and then, Doris, he began to love me quite madly, in spite of my approaching marriage. He was four or five years older than myself, but I always thought of and treated him like a boy. 'Major' seemed such a mere youth beside Jasper; still it grieved me to see him unhappy.

"'The Winter came on. 'Major' would be strong enough to go out in the Spring campaign. Just before Christmas, Jasper made a dashing raid upon the enemy; so swift and daring as to surprise them beyond all expectation. When the enemy recovered they pursued him hotly, but Jasper cared nothing for it—he was a gallant soldier, my Jasper was, and he knew every bridle-path of the country. The 24th of December came around—the terrible 24th! It was a day like this—sombre, cold, and mingled rain and snow—too raw and inclement for 'Major' to venture out. The day began with the promise of glowing happiness. The day closed with a reality of bitter calamity. Late in the afternoon Jasper and half a dozen of his men came in by the road through the pines. He looked a magnificent soldier, full of strength and life, when he sprang from his horse and shook the snow from his great military coat.

"'Keep a vigilant guard, boys,' he said, with a careless laugh; 'they are not far off!'

"'Where are they, Jasper,' I asked, in alarm.

"'In pursuit of our cavalry, my dear girl. I have slipped by them for a glimpse of my pretty Anne before we are married, two weeks from this. I would rather die than be captured now,' Jasper assured me, when I put my arms around his neck, and let him kiss my lips and cheek.

"He was to be my husband in a fortnight, and he thought me beautiful then, Doris. Afterward I heard him tell Uncle Hatherton that it would go hard with him if overtaken here at the Hall; that the enemy had declared they would kill him before he escaped back to the security of the army. The rain ceased, and clouds drifted away. 'Major,' quite overcome by the excitement, went to rest on the sofa in the library, when, suddenly, hundreds, it seemed to me, of blue-coated troopers galloped across the fields—through the shrubbery, in front and rear of the house, everywhere—everywhere. We were surrounded, and Jasper was in the house. Uncle Hatherton called to Jasper:

"'The wine-vaults?'

"In a moment the two disappeared, and in a moment the enemy thundered at the doors. Doris, I thought only of Jasper; not a scintillation of fear for myself; not a breath of anxiety for any one else found room in my breast that awful evening, when the riotous, excited, angered soldiery burst furiously in at every door. Their threats were murderous—their looks equally sinister. They thronged around me in brutal roughness.

"'Where is Major Hatherton? We mean to have Major Hatherton!' they clamored, rudely leveling their pistols at me, in ruthless effort to affright me.

"I faced the cordon of black muzzles in trembling horror; but not for myself—only for my Jasper.

"'We will burn the house down, young lady, rather than not take him. We have no time to lose, and we know he is here,' the commanding officer said.

"A sickening despair inspired the terrible subterfuge. I adored my Jasper. Oh, Doris, I cared only for him. I knew they would find him. It was all for love of him. I walked straight to the library and threw the door wide open. Poor 'Major' was sleeping on the sofa, with Jasper's heavy military coat thrown over him.

"'There is Major Hatherton,' I deliberately informed them.

"Oh, Doris, it was all for love of Jasper. I did it to save Jasper. They leaped upon him like tigers, and tearing him from the sofa, bound his arms behind him with the swiftness of merciless rage.

"'A spy! He is not in uniform!" echoed on every side.'"

Anne shuddered, and spread her white hands over a whiter face; then, with a gasp and a sob, went on:

"They hurried him into the saddle, Doris, through the gathering dusks. I saw him riding into those dismal pines with head bare and hands tied behind him, and that fierce guard around him—this slender, delicate youth, too tender to brave the raw atmosphere. If I had not given them 'Major' they must have found my Jasper, then he would have been the prisoner, with hands tied, and head bared to the icy wind. I do not repent; but, oh, Doris, it was hard that they failed to discover their mistake. No one heard me deliver the younger to save the older brother. There was no reproach, then, in the anguish of Uncle Hatherton and Jasper. They dreaded having their beloved 'Major' immured in prison—they dreaded a thousand accidents, but in all the flights of alarm, they never pictured what did happen. Jasper, with a mad daring which availed him nothing, attempted recapture. Uncle grieved and hoped, and strove to discover the prison to which 'Major' had been consigned. Jasper came home on furlough. We were married. He loved me, and I was happy—intensely happy. Two weeks after we were married a man came to Uncle Hatherton with a letter. My heart misgave me when I saw the man. I recognized him as one of Jasper's troopers, captured with 'Major.' My evil augury gave no false alarm. The letter was from 'Major,' written the night of the 24th of December, while waiting for the dawn, to die ignominiously as a spy. 'Tell Anne that I have not undeceived them. She has saved Jasper but sacrificed me," was the one sentence betraying my guilt. Jasper demanded the truth. I confessed it. Oh, Doris, you see the rest," she added, sorrowfully.

"From that day uncle and Jasper have never endured my presence. From that day I have been cast out from love or even humanity. Jasper let me stay here, upon

the condition of absolute seclusion. He would not permit a murderess to be at large upon society, he said. I promised—oh, Doris, I promised, all to be allowed to stay near him. I implored forgiveness, but he refused it, six years ago, just as he does now, and will twenty years hence—if I am living. Do you think he may forgive me when I die, Doris ?"

Before I could answer, the second tea-bell rang. The expression of pitiful misery in the beautiful countenance changed to one of entreaty and wild expectancy. Footsteps approached along the hall. Jasper and his father entered the room together. An added severity legibly imprinted itself upon countenance and manner of both. Evidently they bore in relentless memory this terrible anniversary. Neither glanced toward Anne, nor even smiled upon me. Their stern gravity was glacial and freezing.

The butler unclosed the tea-room door just as Malie opened the opposite door. She looked at Anne, and then at the old squire, in suppressed excitement, as a tall, strange form loomed behind her.

It was my Bernard.

The butler's announcement broke suddenly off. A dark flush rushed into Jasper's face. The old squire started forward in agonized amazement. Anne had risen from the chair. With eyes distended, and head bent forward she gazed breathlessly at the bold intruder. Bernard smiled his own beautiful smile.

"Major ! Major !" she shrieked, rushing frantically forward.

"My boy ! My boy !" The old squire stretched out his arms, with a thrilling, yearning tenderness, and enfolded my Bernard therein.

* * * * * *

When the first wild outburst of joy had somewhat subsided, we clamored for an explanation.

"I was not executed, as you perceive," Bernard said, lightly. "The blunder was discovered in time. One of the Northern officers had been my college chum, and recognized me, of course. I was sent to a fort, and remained there until after the war. I comprehended that Anne expected to gain time for Jasper by this ruse, and that she supposed they would liberate me when my identity was proven."

"Yes, yes, I did ! Oh, I did, indeed, Major !" softly interjected Anne.

"Nevertheless, I was infatuated with my beautiful cousin in those youthful days," confesses Bernard, glancing at me rather uneasily, "and it wounded me mortally that she loved Jasper so well, and was so indifferent to my weal or woe. Therefore, after gaining my freedom, I wandered to Mexico to forget Anne. You all believed me dead, and well—— I felt that I could not see Anne until my boyish folly, prolonged by prison monotony, had been cured. Doris is the healer. Doris has promised to be my wife in January. I don't think she doubts my affection in the smallest degree. Do you all forgive me ?" asked Bernard, with that resistless smile. "Dear Anne, your stratagem saved Jasper, and perhaps saved me as well."

Anne clasped her hands, and raised her splendid eyes to greet Jasper's willing gaze.

He went straight over to her, and clasped her to his breast, kissing lips and cheeks, as in the old, loving days.

"My beautiful wife," he said, almost tremulously, the life and brilliance seeming to flash back into his countenance.

The old squire rang the bell loudly.

"Give everybody a holiday," he ordered, "a holiday until my son 'Major' is married. Give them as much egg-nogg and apple-toddy as they can drink, for my boy 'Major' has come home, and my boy 'Major' will have a wedding as soon as the New Year comes in."

And we did.

THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT LOUVAIN, BELGIUM.

The Hotel de Ville at Louvain, Belgium, consists of a rectangular building 150 ft. long, 100 high, and 50 wide ; it possesses no tower, but has instead six magnificent pinnacles, two of which reach to the height of 150 feet. The details of this building are the richest of all found in secular edifices of the Middle Ages in the North of Europe. The ancient statues with which it was adorned have disappeared, but are now being replaced by modern ones of good execution. The bracket supporting the niches of the cornices are a mass of delicate sculpture, chiefly representing subjects taken from the Old Testament. This noble building was erected between the years 1448 and 1463, and cost only 32,786 florins.

HUNTING THE AFRICAN BUFFALO.

The African buffalo (*Bos Caffer*) has broad, massive, curved, sharp-pointed horns, that cover the entire forehead, with the exception of a small triangular space, the apex of which is directed upward between their bases. They are huge, ponderous animals, measuring about nine feet in length, exclusive of the tail, which is three feet long, and terminates in a large tuft of coarse black hair. They often exceed 700 pounds in weight when in good condition, but their flesh is coarse and tough. They are generally found in families of about twenty, although in certain seasons several families will herd together, and as many as a couple of hundred have been seen at a time.

During the heat of the day the African buffaloes, like the Indian variety, frequent pools or bends in the river where the current is not very strong, and immerse themselves until only their heads appear above the surface, thus freeing themselves from the stinging flies that otherwise would allow them no respite. If water is unobtainable, they roll in the mud until a crust impervious to stinging insects is formed over their body, when, after exposure to the sun's rays, they look like hideous clay images, such as are represented in Hindoo temples.

The buffalo has been reported by some writers to be a timid, inoffensive animal ; but my own experience has proved them to be quite the reverse, and I think a wounded bull buffalo is one of the most cunning, malignant and revengeful brutes in creation, as the following incident will show. I was on a hunting expedition with Captain Stevenson and a Dutch colonist named Van Jansen in the Notoanist district, and a party were following up an old elephant-trail that led through the thick bush down a rather steep incline, when all at once I perceived a herd of about a dozen buffalo making their way up the same track we were going down.

As a string of natives carrying our baggage was following us in Indian file, I shouted so as to try and scare the animals, and make them break back, and both Stevenson and Van Jansen joined me ; but our shouts produced no effect, and the herd continued to ascend the slope in a most defiant manner, a sturdy old bull leading. Passing

the word to our carrier in the rear "to look out for squalls, and take refuge behind trees," Stevenson, Van Jansen and I prepared for offensive operations; for the elephant-track was not much more than four feet wide, and the bush on either side was almost impenetrable from dense undergrowth and wait-a-bit thorns. Van Jansen fired first from his roah, which carried a three-ounce ball and struck the leading bull clean between the eyes, bringing him down to his knees; but in an instant he sprang again to his feet, and shaking his head in a threatening manner, continued his course up the hill in our direction. Stevenson now let drive, and his first shot went crashing through the bull's nose and entered the chest, rolling him over; while with his second barrel he severely wounded a second bull, that, after plunging heavily about a few moments, tore his way through the bush, where we heard him fall. In spite of the discomfiture of the two leaders, the remainder of the herd did not seem inclined to yield the right of way, and I brought down two more of their number with my heavy 8-gauge rifle, which carried the largest-size Jacob's shells, before they thought of beating a retreat. The first shell, which I fired at less than sixty yards' range, burst in the chest of a malignant-looking old cow, who was pawing up the ground with her feet and making hostile demonstrations, and finished her career; while the second just escaped the horns of a young bull, and entered the nape of the neck, where it exploded and shattered the vertebra, causing immediate death.

Having cleared the way, we advanced, and were examining the horns and massive proportions of the big bull first shot at, when shouts and yells were heard in our rear, and all our carriers came rushing down the hill in a body without their loads, having been charged by the bull wounded by Stevenson. We made way back, but I got separated and found myself on a point of land jutting out into a muddy pool, beyond which was a marshy tract full of grass and reeds. As I paused for a moment, three buffaloes dashed out of this marsh toward me. I shouted to try to turn them back, but, maddened by wounds, they came on. I let drive at the nearest, and ran to reach a coigne of vantage for a shot at the others as they came on. Fortunately my comrades joined me, and the two buffaloes that reached the point were at once dispatched.

POETIC DANCING.

Dancing, considered in the light of its best characteristics, is both ancient and honorable. It holds such a well-defined place among the fine arts to-day, that a short chapter devoted to it has no need of an apologetic preface going back to the dances and dancers of Bible history, or quoting the example of the ancient Greeks, who taught dancing to their children as we teach spelling to ours. Dancing has ever been the refined expression of the poetry of the human body in motion; and the true principles of the art survive today in the stage ballet rather than in the society ball-room.

MLLE. SALLÉ, A CELEBRATED FRENCH DANCER.— FROM THE WORK OF LANCRET.

The ballet proper, distinguished by its alleged inventress, the Duchesse du Maine, as the *ballet d'action*, has come down to us from the court of Louis XIV., whose passionate devotion to dancing began when he was a boy of thirteen. In the year 1661, the Grand Monarque gathered about him the most celebrated masters of the time, and founded an *Académie royale de danse*, with the object of carrying the art to its highest perfection. The young King figured personally in numerous ballets composed for his diversion and in his honor. The favorite one of these represented "Night," Louis XIV. appearing as "the rising sun," darting his rays through the surrounding obscurity.

It is said that Louis XIV. gave up ballet-dancing after having witnessed a representation of Racine's tragedy of "Britannicus," wherein the portraiture of *Nero* conveyed a rebuke in the following lines:

"Pour toute ambition, pour vertu singulière,
Il excelle à conduire un char dans la carrière,
A disputer des prix indignes de ses mains,
A se donner lui-même en spectacle aux Romains,
A venir prodiguer sa voix sur un théâtre,
A réciter des chants qu'il veut qu'on idolâtre."

But, while renouncing personal participation in these amusements, the King continued to patronize them, and his court was the scene of continual ballets, *divertissements*, and masques. In some of these, Molière took part; and the great dramatist has introduced ballets in most of his comedies.

During the eighteenth century, the ballet grew in popularity, not only in France, but throughout Europe. It was elevated and improved by Noverre, whom Garrick dubbed "the Shakespeare of the Dance," and who became chief ballet-master of the Royal Academy of Music in Paris. Noverre's idea of a ballet perfect in all its parts was, "a picture, drawn from life, of the manners, dresses, ceremonies and customs of all nations. It must be a complete pantomime, and ought, as far as possible, to be under the general rules of the drama. If it does not point out, with perspicuity and without the aid of a programme, the passions and incidents it is intended to describe, it is a mere *divertissement*, or succession of dances."

Two of the most famous dancers of the eighteenth century were Mlles. Camargo and Sallé. Voltaire has immortalized them in epigrammatic couplets:

"Ah! Camargo, que vous êtes brillante!
Mais que Sallé, grands dieux! est ravissante.
Que vos pas sont légers, et que les siens sont doux!
Elle est inimitable, et vous êtes nouvelle:
Les Nymphes sautent comme vous,
Et les Grâces dansent comme elle."

The Vestris family, originally from Florence, also furnished several ballet stars to the European stages during the latter part of the last century and the beginning of the present one.

Mademoiselle Sallé introduced the ballet in England in 1734, appearing at Covent Garden in the *ballet d'action* of "Pygmalion and Galatea." Her success amounted to a *furore*, and she made a fortune. Twenty years later, Garrick brought over a troupe of French dancers—probably inferior ones—to Drury Lane, but the London public would not have them. Indignant patriotism ran so high, indeed, that the theatre narrowly escaped being demolished in a riot.

TRAGEDY QUEEN AND PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE.

It was not until toward the end of the first quarter of the present century that a decided attempt was made to naturalize the ballet in London. Ebers, the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, undertook to import some French operatic dancers, academically trained in Paris, and under the control of a Minister. But there was no Free Trade, not even in art, in those days, and the Minister refused to allow his charges to quit the country. Of such importance were Mr. Ebers's negotiations considered that they were conducted through the medium of the English Ambassador. Every difficulty was thrown in the way, and as much delicate diplomacy was required to secure the services of a couple of dancers, one male and one female, named Albert and Noblet, at £50 a night each, for two months, as though it had been a national

question. Five others, male and female, were engaged at enormous terms—or what then seemed so—to support these stars. Noblet's reception was overwhelming: the aristocracy literally worshiped her, a carriage was placed at her disposal by the Earl of Fife, and dinners given every Sunday at the first houses in her honor. So *fêted* and adored was she, that when the permitted time of her stay expired, she had no inclination to return to *La Belle France.* Paris was in an uproar, shrieks were raised against perfidious Albion, which, not content with Waterloo, now desired to deprive France of her dancers; and a special envoy was sent over to London to insist upon the return of the traitors. Finally it was arranged that two first and two second class dancers should be permitted to come over to London each season for two months, and this treaty was signed, sealed and ratified in the most solemn manner. While the expenses for the opera that season amounted to under nine thousand pounds, those for the ballet reached nearly eleven thousand.

But the enthusiasm for this species of amusement had not yet reached its climax. Two dancers, who were destined to eclipse all other stars in the realms of the twinkling feet were preparing to make their *débuts* in Western Europe, One was Maria Taglioni, born of Italian and Swedish parents in Stockholm in 1804. The other was Fanny Elssler, a Viennese, who was born in 1811. The former made her first appearance in London in 1831, the latter in 1833. The ideal grace of the one and the marvelous variety and fascination of the other have probably never been equaled; and it is generally conceded that Fanny Elssler was the finest *ballerina* that ever embodied the inspiration of the dance. The latter's visit to the United States in 1841, in company with her almost equally gifted sister Therese, is an event of history, and a landmark in the recollections of Terpsichorean devotees. The divine Fanny danced for the benefit of the Bunker Hill Monument, and drew hosts of distinguished admirers literally to her feet. The old story of the impression she made upon Boston transcendentalism is so good, that it ought to be true, if it is not. Emerson and Margaret Fuller, we are told, gazed in rapt admiration upon the sylph-like flittings of the fair dancer, until finally the philosopher said:

"Margaret, that is poetry."

"Waldo," came the enthusiastic reply, "it is religion!"

One of the most famous events in the whole history of the ballet, took place in London, in 1845. It was a grand *pas de quatre,* four of the greatest danseuses of the day—Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, Cerito and Lucille Grahn—appearing in one *divertissement.* It was the one absorbing topic of conversation in society, great and small, and not only in England, but on the Continent. The newspapers were full of it, and foreign ambassadors half filled their dispatches to the different courts with accounts of its marvels. The four stars, however, were not brought into conjunction without an incalculable amount of managerial diplomacy. Every twinkle of each foot in each *pas* had to be nicely weighed in the balance, so that not the least preponderance should be given to the others. This was accomplished to general satisfaction, yet at the last moment, on the very morning of the momentous night, the whole arrangement would have collapsed but for the ready wit of Manager Lumley. The last *pas* being the place of honor, was ceded by right to Taglioni; but when the order in which the other three should be given came to be attempted, nobody would consent to be first. The ballet master was frantic, wept, implored, tore his hair: all in vain, they were immovable. "Let the *oldest* be the last of the three," said the manager, when consulted. The judgment of Paris was nothing to this, for now each lady was eager to be first.

Two years later (in 1847), Taglioni, having married a title, left the stage. In her Venetian palace, or her villa on Lake Como, she lived to a ripe and honored old age, her death having occurred toward the latter part of 1885. Fanny Elssler, who had also retired rich in 1851, died only a few months before her old rival.

For a time the ballet almost overshadowed the opera itself in importance, and this in the days when Grisi, Lablache, Mario and Tamburini were among the singers. It enlisted the services of great composers, and even of poets. Pugini, who made ballet music his specialty, wrote some highly rhythmical and graceful melodies for Carlotta Grisi's favorite dance, "Esmeralda," which was itself based upon Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris." Heinrich Heine once wrote a ballet-libretto expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, London, of which Mr. Lumley was manager. This strange production, written out in great detail, is to be found in Heine's complete works. The subject is the temptation of *Faust* by a female *Mephistopheles.* In one of the principal scenes of "Mephistophela," the temptress exhibits to her victim the most celebrated dancers of antiquity, including Salome, the daughter of Herodias. The work was pronounced unfitted for the English stage, and Mr. Lumley, though he duly paid for it, never produced it. Probably the most notable ballet ever produced was "Giselle," for which the subject was furnished by Heine, the *scenario* by Theophile Gautier, and the music by Adolphe Adam.

Beethoven's "Prometheus" is a ballet which is sometimes performed entire in the concert-room for the sake of the music alone. The ballet airs from Auber's "Gustave" and Rossini's "William Tell" occasionally appear on concert programmes; and those in Schubert's "Rosamunde," Gounod's "Reine de Saba," and Rubinstein's "Feramors" have immortalized operas which failed on the stage. But it is rarely that a dancer appears for whom a Heine, a Gautier and an Adam are inspired to work in collaboration; and there has never yet been a second "Giselle."

During the last quarter of a century, perhaps, the opera ballet has undergone a decline; while the introduction of *divertissements* into melodramas and spectacles, such as "The Black Crook," "Enchantment," "Excelsior," "Sieba," Zalma," and others of the same order, employs, somewhat unworthily, most of the eminent *danseuses* of the present time. These exhibitions, which, in a strict sense, are not ballets at all, together with the battalions of insufficiently clad young women who figure in burlesque opera under that name, have detracted from the estimation in which stage dancing is held. This remark applies particularly to the United States, where the true *ballet d'action* is almost unknown. Nevertheless, we have had Italian opera with choreographic accompaniment, more or less appropriate, for half a century; and it has not failed to present some examples of first-class individual excellence. The most conspicuous of these recently, on account of her position as *première danseuse* in Mr. Mapleson's company, is Madame Cavalazzi. This lady, who upholds the dignity of her profession, socially as well as artistically, has an international reputation. She is, in fact, one of the foremost living representatives of the classic school of dancing, of which Milan and Paris have been, of late years, the chief conservators. In an opera like "Roberto," for instance, which gives scope to her abilities, Madame Cavalazzi is a marvel of refinement, grace and poetic suggestiveness.

But one artiste does not make a ballet. There must be a permanent school, filled with well-chosen recruits, conducted with patience and an artistic purpose, before there can be achievements of real æsthetic value and national significance. It takes five years to educate even a good *coryphée*. Such a school has been founded by the new American Opera Company; and, while time alone can truly test its system, the brilliant results already obtained are of good augury for seasons to come.

Every one who has heard "opera sung by Americans" at the New York Academy of Music during the past Winter, has also seen ballet danced—with judicious foreign intermixture—by Americans, with extraordinary grace, picturesqueness and wealth of accessories. This feature of the performances has been, from the outset, not a mere crude experiment, but a distinct success. We must not claim too much, however. It was obviously impracticable, in the beginning, to make the ballet as exclusively American as the rest of the opera; and to insure success, a number of first dancers, such as Gillert, Carrozzi and Vio, together with several of secondary rank, and twenty-four *coryphées*, were engaged abroad. But a score or so of *coryphées* and about fifty *figurantes* were taken, at the very start, from the ballet school of the American Opera Company, and the proportion has since been increased. They have acquitted themselves admirably; and the superb dances, marches, processions and groupings introduced in the representation of "Orpheus and Eurydice" will not soon be forgotten. Fair, graceful girls, clad in robes of classic beauty, represented the *Graces*, *Amours* and *Bacchantes* to admiration; and the most fastidious taste found here, at least, beautiful spectacular effect without a shadow of offense against modesty, in either costume or action.

The ballet classes are under the direction of an experienced teacher, M. Bibeyran, whose methods of instruction are drawn from both the Italian and the French schools, with an admixture of steps and movements taken from ancient classic dances. The ages of pupils range from seven to eighteen years. Every week-day the classes assemble in a large hall, to be drilled with military precision, though not to soldier-like stiffness. They are neat, bright-eyed schoolgirls, of American, French, Italian, German, Irish, Swedish and Israelitish parentage, representing the composite character of New York's population.

A glimpse of the school in session is interesting and instructive. Elasticity of the legs is the first thing to be developed in the pupils; and the preliminary steps are a series of sidewise kicks, to the right and left alternately, the whole class moving together like automatons, keeping perfect time to the measured notes of the teacher's violin. This exercise is continued fully twenty minutes. A brief rest is allowed, and then, at the order "Arabesque!" the body is inclined to the left side, the arms are waved to the right and left above the head. "Across!" brings the body forward, turning on one heel, with one foot to the rear, the arms still above the head. Then there are the "four positions," which are graceful elementary poses, continually utilized as starting-points and finishes in the various dances. The *entrechat*, *pointe* and *ballon* movements, familiar to all who have studied the operatic *divertissement*, are executed by these beginners with surprising skill. They spring in the air and cross their feet three times before alighting. Under the direction of a lady teacher, they also practice a series of aerial kicks and leg-gymnastics, which requires them to keep their equilibrium by a firm grasp, with one hand, upon the springy bar of hickory wood which runs around the room, close to the wall, and three or four feet above the floor.

The discipline is perfect, and everything is as decorous as in a public school. The exercises, not always beautiful in themselves, develop the utmost grace in pupils chosen for their aptitude for the art; and does not Mr. Dodworth, in his recent charming book on "Dancing," tell us, out of his practical experience as a teacher, that outward grace tends to inward loveliness?

ROSE AND BUTTERFLY.

A BUTTERFLY flew to the heart of a rose,
Ah! more than he longed for the flower will yield!
Soft fans of Ariel close, unclose,
Unknowing how long he may dwell in our field

He is here! he is yonder! the rose will weep,
"If you may not abide with us, child of air.
For ever enfolded in memory sleep,
Here in the heart of me, oh, my fair!"

Chill wind breathes, with a mist and a rain,
Shedding the sweet petal, every one;
Now where is the heart of the flower so fain,
And the winged blue Summer elf, where is he gone?

Rose-lover, remember, though delicate wings,
Deep-dyed in a wonderful azure of heaven,
Be turned into dust of inanimate things,
Very soon from your own life you will be forgiven!

A SCRAP OF CARPET HISTORY.

IN 1735 English Axminsters were first made. But it was not until 1749 that a loom was constructed which would produce a Brussels carpet, and just here is an exceedingly interesting anecdote, which has been handed down from father to son as an inviolable truth. During 1730 and 1735 John Broom traveled through Tournay and Brussels studying the stitch which was then known as Brussels stitch. In Brussels, particularly, weavers were at that time making a carpet named after the town—the Brussels carpet. Broom studied with much earnestness the mystery of the manufacture, and finally made the acquaintance in Tournay of a weaver understanding the secret. He and this weaver immediately repaired to England, and near Mount Skipet, Kidderminster, they put up the first Brussels loom, 1749. They operated in absolute secrecy, but in time their *modus operandi* was exposed. Broom and his Belgian workman labored night and day, and it being well known where their operations were conducted, some enterprising fellow climbed to the window, and night after night, from his perilous perch outside, he studied the operations of the mechanism within, until he was able to carry away in his mind a model of the Brussels loom.

HOW TO CLEAN A BOOK WITHOUT INJURY.

AN adept in the art of washing or cleansing dirty books sends to the *Publisher's Circular* a few plain directions to be followed by those who wish to cleanse their soiled volumes. The amateur book-cleaner had better begin to practice on some worthless volume, until he acquires the necessary skill. All traces of lime, acid, etc, used in the cleaning process must be removed from the book, else, in time, it may be completely destroyed.

The first thing to be done in a book that wants washing

is to cut the stitches and separate the work into sheets. Then a glance may be taken for the separation of those leaves, or sheets, which are dirty from those which have stains of ink or oil. The dirty leaves are now placed in a bath composed of a quarter of a pound of chloride of lime and the same quantity of soda to about a quart of water. These are left to soak until the paper has regained its proper tint. The pages are now lifted out tenderly into a second bath of cold, and, if possible, running water, where they are left at least six hours. This removes all traces of lime. The paper, when thoroughly dried by exposure, must be dipped into a third bath of size and water, and again laid out to dry. This restores the consistency of the paper. Pressure between printers' glazed boards will then restore smoothness to the leaves.

The toning of the washed leaves, in accordance with the rest of the book, is a delicate process, which requires some experience. Some shag tobacco steeped in hot water will usually give the necessary coloring matter, and a bath in this liquid the necessary tone.

The process described above may do for water-stains; but if the pages are dirtied by grease, oil, coffee, candle-droppings, or ink, different treatment will be required. Dilute spirits of salt with five times its bulk of water, and let the oil-stained pages lie in the liquid for *four minutes*—not longer; then remove and wash, as before, in cold water. To remove ink, a solution of oxalic, citric or tartaric acid should be used, but care must be taken in the washing and sizing. If the grease is a spot in the middle of a page, place between two sheets of blotting-paper, or cover it with powdered French chalk (the blotting-paper is preferable), and pass a hot iron over the place. This will melt the grease, which is soaked up by the chalk or paper.

For dirty finger-marks, the following is recommended: Cover the mark with a piece of clean yellow soap for two or three hours, then wash with a sponge and hot water, and dip the page in weak acid and water. Give another bath of hot water, and then thoroughly cleanse with cold water.

To remove ink-stains: Dip the page in a strong solution of oxalic acid, then in a solution of one part hydrochloric acid and six parts of water; then bathe in cold water and allow to dry slowly. Vellum covers which require cleaning may be made almost equal to new by washing with weak salts of lemon; or if not much soiled, warm soap and water. Grease may be removed from the covers of bound books by scraping a little pipeclay, French chalk, or magnesia, over the place, and then ironing with an iron not too hot, else it will discolor the leather.

COOL COURAGE OF LIEUT. O'BRIEN.

When the British ship *Edgar* was blown up at Spithead, Jack O'Brien, then a lieutenant, had been standing on a gun-carriage, just abaft the gangway, and over the magazine. He afterward had a faint recollection of an explosion of some sort—a shock—a rumble—then a crash—and a hoist—and then, of a sense as if he were sailing away through the air, and of falling in the water, where he splashed and struggled until a boat, which had been hurriedly sent out for that purpose, picked him up. It was a boat from the flagship, and when he was carried on board, and landed upon the quarter-deck, the old admiral was there to receive him. By this time Jack had regained his senses so far that he fully realized the situation. He looked down at his torn and dripping garments; saw the soot upon his hands; and wiped the blood from a slight wound upon his blackened brow; and then, to the old chief, with a polite bow, he said, quietly:

COOL COURAGE OF LIEUT. O'BRIEN.—"'REALLY, ADMIRAL, I HOPE YOU'LL EXCUSE MY UNOFFICERLIKE APPEARANCE.'"

"Really, admiral, I hope you'll excuse my unofficer-like appearance. I left my ship in so great a hurry that I had no time for dressing!"

The admiral enjoyed a hearty laugh; and being well assured that the lieutenant was always as cool and collected in the face of danger as he appeared on that occasion, he warmly recommended him for promotion. And it is needless to add that when Jack O'Brien next sailed, it was as commander.

THEIR DIARIES.

The following are extracts from the diaries kept by a young man and a young lady. The young man is a captain in the Thirtieth Hussars, and the young lady is the daughter of a wealthy railway contractor. The captain follows his regiment, and therefore lives nowhere in particular. The young lady lives at Duncombe Priory, only a few miles distant from the garrison town.

THEIR DIARIES.—"I HAVE ALWAYS KEPT A DIARY SINCE I LEFT MRS. APPLEBY."

THEIR DIARIES.—"I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND ABOUT IT. IT'S A BIG FENCE; BUT IT'S A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY ON THE OTHER SIDE. YET THE FILLY MIGHT REFUSE."

HIS.

Sept. 19th.—Want a horse badly for hounds, and to do as second charger. Found an attractive one in Sir Thomas Lennard's catalogue: "Scaramouch, brown, six years old, by Arthur, bold fencer, fast, good manners, has carried a lady, up to thirteen stone." Decided to go and see him.

Sept. 20th.—Went down to Belhus. Scaramouch would suit me exactly, as far as I can tell. Seems willing to face any jump, has a light mouth, capital legs and a clever head. Feel inclined to go up to a century for him, or even a hundred and twenty. On my way back, finding the only first-class smoking-carriage full of ruffians, got into one where there were two ladies—an elderly mother, who looked rather cross, and a filly, rising seventeen or thereabouts. Chestnut—I mean fair—healthy and bright-looking, and *such* eyes! I could not take mine off her till they asked for tickets. A splendid mane, too, and well-bred, I bet a monkey.

HERS.

Sept. 20th.—I have always kept a diary since I left Mrs. Appleby. She

said it would keep up my English, which might become slipshod when she would no longer be able to correct it. Keeping a diary is a great deal more amusing than translating "Télémaque" into English prose. But things refuse to happen, so it is not always easy to fill up a page. To-day we went to Aunt Sophy's place in Essex. I played with my cousins and roamed all over the fields with Tom. Tom is not a bad boy for fifteen, but he's dreadfully shy. On our way back a gentleman got in at Rainham, who looked awfully cross because he could not smoke; he had a cigar in his hand. I saw it and smelt it till it went out, and a little time after the gentleman looked at me very hard—in fact, he almost stared. I did not look back at him, of course; but I think he was rather nice-looking, and seemed very good-natured when he left off being cross about the smoke. He had a black mustache, and was certainly good style. Mamma smelt the cigar, too, and said he was horrid. A fast man, she was sure. Why does mamma object to fast men?

HIS.

Sept. 24th.—At the Belhus sale. Bought Scaramouch for seventy-five pounds—very cheap. Looked out for the chestnut girl, but could not find her anywhere. Suppose it was a mere chance journey. Wonder where she lives, and who she is when she's at home?

Sept. 26th.—Back at Cranborough. Shall be glad when hunting begins, for it is not a lively place. Stables and guard and parade, and an occasional escort, are not always entertaining. Scaramouch arrived last night, and looks as fit as a fiddle to-day.

HERS.

Sept. 24th.—Papa says Nellie must not carry me to hounds next season. I am afraid he is right about her legs, for she has stumbled more than once lately, though, of course, I would not tell. But papa is so good; he says he will look out for another horse for me.

Sept. 26th.—Papa came back from town in great spirits. It seems he met an old friend of his in the train—a colonel whom he had known years ago in India, before I was born; and he says the colonel's regiment is "quartered" at Cranborough.

HIS.

Sept. 29th.—Jogging along the London road on Scaramouch to-day, whom should I meet but the chestnut filly! She was with a comfortable-looking squire, whom I believe to be old Heavytoft, a magistrate and local swell, and a small boy on a short-legged pony, and there was a respectable-looking groom behind them. I did not much like the looks of the mare she was riding, though as they cantered past us I had not a chance of seeing much of her. She seemed groggy about her fore-legs—no action; I should say she was about done—the mare I mean, not the girl. At mess I tried to find out who she is. Nobody was able to tell me; they say there are a lot of fair-haired girls about, and I'm sure she is not one of those they mentioned. *She* is not a baker's daughter, nor the vet.'s young wife, nor a young lady connected with the stage. The idea! And yet that is what the fellows suggested. "Must be one of that lot," they said; "all fair, all rather good-looking, and all ride old screws. In fact, they all ride the same old screw, hired from Fetlock." No, they're wrong.

HERS.

Sept. 29th.—Frank and I went out riding with Mr. Heavytoft. Nellie *is* getting very bad; even poor old stupid Heavytoft said she was scarcely safe. We met the young man who got into our carriage when mamma and I were coming back from Aunt Sophy's. He looked very well on horseback—not at all cross. He had, oh! such a pretty horse; and pulled up sharp to look at us. Perhaps it was rude; but he did not stare in a rude way. I wonder who he is?

Sept. 30th.—Papa has asked his friend, the colonel, to dinner next Wednesday. We are not to have a party, as they are such old friends. My birthday is October 4th, and papa says he will find me a new horse by that time. He won't let me go cub-hunting on Nellie.

HIS.

Oct. 1st.—Scaramouch is improving every day. I never rode a horse I liked better. He jumps like a cat, too, and is handy as a glove. Went out cubbing to-day, and jumped him over a couple of nasty blind places, just to see what he was like.

Oct. 2d.—Met the chestnut filly again. She was coming out of Jones's, the draper's, in the High Street, as I passed by with Donovan. Donovan's a good fellow, but he need not have shouted out loud, "What a deuced pretty girl!" She looked up and blushed scarlet, thinking us, no doubt, a couple of infernal cads. I'm sure I blushed as red as she. The old lady came out behind her, and looked as if she would eat us. They got into a very neat turn-out—a sort of landau. She is certainly a most lovely girl, and I *must* find her out. Donovan says we're sure to see her somewhere in the course of the Winter, as if I could wait all the Winter on the chance. I'll put Jenkins on the scent; he'll certainly run her to earth if any one can.

HERS.

Oct. 2d.—We were shopping at Cranborough to-day and went into Jones's. I came out first and almost knocked up against the same gentleman again—the one that got into the carriage at Rainham. He was walking with another man, who said quite loud, "What a (naughty word) pretty girl!" I could not help looking up. My old friend was scarlet, evidently ashamed of his companion's remark. He looked so much the more gentlemanly of the two. I wonder if I *am* pretty! Mamma said: "There are two of these horrid officers. Whatever you do, child, don't marry an army man." As if I were likely to marry any one, and leave dear papa! But why does mamma dislike officers?

Oct. 3d.—The colonel dined with us to-day. He is rather an old twaddler; at least, I don't suppose he is very old, but he twaddles all the same. At dessert papa told him that he was looking out for a horse for me. "Perhaps you know of one, colonel," suggested my darling papa; "there must always be one or other going among your officers. I have not been able to find a horse quite to suit Kate (that's me). I want a made hunter, quiet, clever, with good action, and fairly young." "I know the very horse for Miss Lee," replied the old colonel, "but I doubt whether he is for sale. He belongs to one of my captains. I will ask him." After all I am not sure that the colonel is an old bore, as I at first thought. At any rate, he is very good to look out for a horse for me. It would be dreadful not to have one before the regular season begins; it's bad enough to lose the cubbing.

HIS.

Oct. 3d.—This morning I summoned Jenkins after stables. "Jenkins," I said, "I've seen a young lady about, and I want you to find out where she lives, and what her name is." Jenkins winked. "You need not wink, Jenkins; it *is* a lady this time." "Very well, sir," answered Jenkins, as grave as a judge. I must admit

that he has sometimes had to find out the names and addresses of ladies whom he would simply term "young persons." I went on to describe the carriage my chestnut charmer drives in—a dark-blue landau, picked out with red, two powerful roans drawing it, a spotted dog behind, a fat coachman and a thin footman in neat liveries on the box. Then I told him of the mare she rode and of the small boy on a short-legged bay pony who rode with her. Jenkins asked leave for the day, and I found him in my room after mess to report progress. The beggar had found out all about her. After all, these fellows do more in a day than we could in a month; however, he did not boast of his success. It seems that he had waited all the morning and had discovered nothing; but this afternoon, loafing along the parade, what should he see but the landau, the roans, and the spotted dog. There was no young lady in it, only an old one and a small boy. Jenkins can run like a lamp-lighter, and he followed the trap at a respectful distance till it stopped at a shop. As soon as it had gone on again he asked the shopman who his customers were. According to his own account, he did not ask plump out, but first bought two yards of red ribbon for his sweetheart; he could not think of anything else to buy in a ladies' shop. Of course, I paid for the ribbon. And then he was told that the lady was the rich Mrs. Lee of Duncombe Priory, and that little boy was her only son, and that she had a girl besides, a "sweet, pretty girl," the shopman said, and "very civil and nice-spoken." They thought Mr. Lee had something to do with railways, but they did not know precisely. Jenkins seems to have had a good gossip. At any rate, he has found out all about it, and now it is my business to get asked to Duncombe Priory. That is certainly a most charming girl; I never saw a better seat on horseback in my life. I knew it could not be the baker's daughter, nor the vet.'s wife, nor any other "young person." She must be thoroughbred. What tiny, beautiful hands she has, to be sure.

Oct. 4th.—This morning after stables the colonel asked me whether I wanted to part with Scaramouch. Of course I said I did not. "Well," said the colonel, "would you not even sell him to a very pretty girl?" "No," I calmly replied, "not even to a pretty girl." "That is a pity," the colonel went on, "for I had hoped to oblige my old friend Lee. He wants a really first-class hunter for his daughter, and I think Scaramouch would just suit her. However, do not let us say any more about it." I pricked up my ears when he mentioned "his old friend Lee." "Is that Mr. Lee of Duncombe Priory, colonel?" I asked. "Yes," he replied; "do you know him? He's a real good fellow; he helped us all through the cholera when I was with the Thirty-sixth Lancers at Serungabad." "I do not know Mr. Lee; but to oblige you, colonel, I do not mind his having Scaramouch, if the horse is likely to suit his daughter." "Thank you, Belvoir," said the colonel, apparently quite touched at what after all was a piece of hypocrisy on my part. "You're very good. I will tell him about the horse; if Miss Lee likes him, you may depend upon getting any price you ask." What a delightful opportunity to approach that lovely girl. But how can I sell her the horse? I could not take money from *her*. And yet I can't make her a present of him; she would not accept him. It is awkward.

HERS.

Oct. 4th.—This afternoon (my birthday) the colonel called. Mamma and I were at home, papa had gone to town. He said he had called so soon in order to tell me that the officer he had spoken of would part with the horse, and would send it up for me to try. How nice of him! I told papa about it in the evening. The old dear said that he knew the colonel would not recommend anything but a first-rate horse, and I might buy this one if I liked him; he would leave it all to me when the veterinary surgeon had certified him as sound. And before I went up-stairs he gave me a check for a hundred and twenty, and told me to see whether I could get the horse for the money. I wanted papa to stop here and see him; but he has to go to France on business, and won't be back for a week, so I have to look out for myself. Mamma declares she does not know anything about horses.

HIS.

Oct. 5th.—Scaramouch was advertised as "carrying a lady." But I don't always believe in horses' characters when they are printed in catalogues; so, after parade today, I got Jenkins to ride him in the school with a rug round his waist. Scaramouch went quite quietly. But still I had a misgiving. He might fidget, or shy, and throw the lovely girl. So I had a side-saddle put on him, and fastened a rug round my waist, and got on him myself. It was very uncomfortable, and I never cease wondering how women manage to ride at all in such an unnatural position. In the middle of my exercise Donovan came in and burst out laughing. I certainly must have looked awfully ridiculous. However, in the afternoon I started Jenkins off to lead Scaramouch over to Duncombe Priory (it's only three miles), and then got on old Peony myself to meet him there. It's a fine old place, in the middle of a large park, beautifully kept. I sent my card in, and was at once shown into a room all paneled in oak, and looking very snug and comfortable. Before I had time to look about much the old lady walked in, with my card in her hand. She looked as stiff as a poker, and bowed ceremoniously. "May I ask what has procured me the honor?" she inquired, as if she did not care about visitors. I felt rather a fool. "I have come about a horse for Miss Lee," I stammered. "Oh, I am sure we are much obliged to you. Pray sit down; my daughter will be in directly.' And the next moment the girl came in, looking as majestic as a princess, and as graceful as a nymph. "This is Lord Belvoir," said the mother, "of whom Colonel Bruce spoke. He has been good enough to come about the horse for you." I never felt such a fool in my life. As far as my experience goes, mothers generally run after a fellow, particularly if he has a handle to his name, and girls are ready to be made love to. But Mrs. Lee almost snubbed me, and her daughter only bowed and blushed most becomingly. I said the most stupid thing I possibly could have said. "I think that I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Lee before." The mother pricked up her ears like an old hunter when he hears the hounds. "Where?" she asked, quite sharply, while Miss Lee blushed more than ever. "You never told me, Kate." I murmured that I had only met Miss Lee on the London road, when out riding, but the old woman looked suspicious, and evidently thought we had had a flirtation somewhere. I only wish I had had the chance! I don't know how I got on, because somehow every word seemed to stick in my throat, though I am not generally shy with girls. But I could not take my eyes off Kate. Her voice was soft and musical, and I hate a woman with a loud or gruff voice. Her every movement was graceful, and the little struggle she had to conceal her impatience under company manners was pretty to behold. At

last I made her understand that I had brought Scaramouch for her to look at. "How good of you!" she said. "Mamma, I'll go and see him at once." Off we went, and I am thankful to say left the old lady behind. She was afraid of the damp Autumn air. Miss Lee sent for the old coachman, and petted Scaramouch and gave him sugar, and called him a dear pet, till I wished that I could change places with him. Jenkins clumsily put in a good word for me. "He will carry a lady beautiful, miss," said my batman. "His lordship rode him in the school for an hour to-day with a rug round his waist to try." Stupid ass! Of course she said, "Oh, how kind of you, Lord Belvoir!" but I know she thought what a fool I must have looked in a lady's saddle with a great rug hanging down. I asked her to keep Scaramouch for two or three days on trial, and, if she liked him, to keep him altogether. It was all arranged, and we seemed to be getting on capitally, when Mrs. Lee appeared with her head wrapped up in a shawl. Her daughter told her how delighted she was with Scaramouch and what we had arranged. "Well," said Mrs. Lee, "I don't know anything about horses, and you had better settle it as you please with Lord Belvoir; but what is the horse to cost?" I had forgotten all about the money, and so, it appears, had she. Kate turned to me and said, in a hesitating sort of voice, "I am dreadfully stupid! Of course, I ought to have asked first. Scaramouch must be a very expensive horse, I am sure." "Oh," I replied, "I can settle that with Mr. Lee. "No," she said; "papa has given me a check for one hundred and twenty pounds, and I am to do everything. I hope that is enough." "A great deal too much," I answered. "The horse cost only seventy-five pounds, and I shall be delighted if you will take him at that price." But I am sure he is worth more," said Mrs. Lee, gazing at him through her glasses, "though I am not a judge." "I think that is his full value," I repeated; "and he is not up to my weight (an awful story); he will be much happier here than with me." At last I went away, not having been able to find anything to talk about except snaffles and martingales, and how much hay and oats he ought to have. I never was half so stupid before.

THE RETURNED SOLDIER—A GROUP IN MARBLE.—BY MEADE.

HERS.

Oct. 5th.—I have seen him. It is the same man—the very one we met in the train and on the road at Jones's! And he is nicer to talk to than look at—much nicer. He brought over the horse for me to see, and I saw his card; his name is Belvoir—Lord Belvoir. Mamma does not like lords, and can't bear officers, and I don't think I should like a nasty man simply because he was a lord; but if he is a nice man I don't see why his being a lord should make me dislike him; and I always rather liked officers. Anyhow, this one was very kind and charming, and I think, I really think, that he is selling his horse only to please poor little me. It is a most delightful horse; I shall ride him to-morrow. Lord Belvoir was so thoughtful, and did not say anything that mamma would not have liked. But mamma has been puzzling all the evening as to where we met him before; she does not remember seeing him when we went to Aunt Sophy's.

Oct. 6th.—This morning I rode Scaramouch; he is such a darling! A baby could manage him, and he seems to understand exactly what I want. So safe and pleasant, too. I am to keep him for a few days.

Oct. 9th.—Papa arrived this morning, and looked at Scaramouch. He thinks him too cheap. The colonel called in the afternoon, and they talked it over. The colonel said that Lord Belvoir is very well off, and certainly will not take more than the price he mentioned. The colonel says we had better return the politeness by asking the young man to dinner. A very poor return, I think; but I hope he will come. Mamma did not seem to care much about inviting him; she says she can't bear soldiers, and a man who is a soldier and a lord as well is sure to give himself airs. We will see.

Oct. 11th.—He has accepted. I am afraid they are going to have a big party to meet him. What a pity!

HIS.

Oct. 11th.—They have asked me to dinner, and I am

ART CRITICS.

going. But I fear it will simply be a big spread. Never mind, it will be a chance of knowing her better, and of making arrangements for seeing her oftener in future.

HERS.

Oct. 18th.—He came last night. Mamma would insist on having fifteen people to dinner. She had arranged that he was to take in Lady Clanronald, because she is pretty and lively, and recently married, and a swell; but he had the cheek to say that he would rather take *me* in to dinner, and he *did*. Mamma was awfully angry, but she could not say anything to him; and papa was so pleased with him that it was of no use talking against him. I was very glad. He is nicer and nicer. He can play and sing as well as ride. We are to go out cubbing together; but of course Frank will come, too, and the coachman.

Oct. 19th.—Mamma says she won't let me go, and considers my hunting altogether improper. She never objected to cubbing or anything before. I said I would write and tell him I could not come, but mamma declared she would do it herself. And then, after all, she gave in, though she grumbled a good deal, and told me to be very careful. As if I should fall on Scaramouch! Is it likely?

HIS.

Oct. 18th.—She is the prettiest girl, with the best manners, I have ever met. Not a bit of nonsense about her. Open as the day, straight as a die, simple and unspoiled. What next? It was a very good dinner, I believe; but I paid more attention to her than to the grub. The old woman wanted to shunt me with that flirt, Gerty Clanronald. No, it was not good enough! Going cubbing with her and her little brother on Wednesday. She is very kind to the little devil.

Oct. 20th—Called to-day as a *visite de digestion*. Could not decently go sooner, though I would have liked to turn up the very next morning. The old lady does not like me at all. She asked me what church I went to, and whether I took a class at the Sunday-school. It is not in my line—never was. I respect the people who do, but cannot do it myself, and would rather not learn. Felt more stupid than ever. Mrs. Lee would talk a lot of things I don't understand, and never gave me a chance of a word with Kate. She is going to keep the horse, of course; I found that much out, at any rate. Settled to go cubbing on Wednesday, though the old woman tried to make out that her daughter had a cold, and that it was not safe, and that they were engaged elsewhere, and all sorts of rubbish.

HERS.

Oct. 20th.—He called to-day, and I almost think he looks as nice in morning dress ("mufti," he calls it) as in uniform. Mamma worried him about church matters, and I think he was wonderfully patient; answered all her questions, and looked quite good. When he was gone, mamma said, "I don't trust that young man. He has the eyes of an unbeliever." I do not know whether unbelievers have bright brown eyes that look right through one, but if so I would almost learn to like them. Why should he be an unbeliever?

HIS.

Oct. 21st.—I can't make up my mind about it. It's a big fence, but it's a beautiful country the other side. Yet the filly might refuse. She is so awfully straightforward and nice, and not a bit of a flirt. She might not really like me a bit. And the old woman does not, I am sure. Shall I face the fence and go at it?

HERS.

Oct. 22d.—We went cubbing this morning. Somehow, we lost George and the coachman in Beechwood, and he actually asked me to be his wife! It was very sudden after so short an acquaintance. I said I must think it over. I wanted to ask papa.

HIS.

Oct. 22d.—I went at it, but I rode as clumsily as possible. Heavy lands, no doubt, and went too fast. Nothing is worse than rushing. She asked for time. What does she mean? Is there another fellow in the hunt, or does the *mater* object?

HERS.

Oct. 23d.—I never said a word to mamma, but went straight to papa. He kissed me, and said I was a good girl and he would find out whether Lord Belvoir was worthy of such a prize. Worthy, indeed, of poor little me! He is a great deal too good for me. I said so, and I think I cried a little, but papa told me to dry my tears and to keep my own counsel, and then he went off to Cranborough; and he did not come back till tea, and he and mamma have been having a long private talk. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I am afraid she won't let me.

THEIRS.

Oct. 24th.—We are engaged, and quite happy. We have been reading each other's diaries. Even mamma approves, and there is nothing more to be said.

FOOTPRINTS.

One of the most striking incidents in the story of "Robinson Crusoe" was his finding a strange human footprint on the beach of his lonely island. This incident excited his imagination, and opened up to him a whole world of vague possibilities. He knew that he was no longer the only dweller in his island home; and he had an uncomfortable feeling that the magic circle of his solitude might at any moment be invaded.

In a similar way the imagination of the scientific man is ever and anon startled by the discovery of one of those literal "footprints on the sands of time," which have not unfrequently been left behind by the former life of the globe. There is a mystery about it which opens up à vista into a new and larger world of suggestion. The naturalist is familiar with the tracks on sandstone and other slabs, such as those found in the quarries of Connecticut, which form one of the most interesting features in every geological museum. The material on which these curious relics of the past have been impressed is remarkable for the paucity of its fossil remains; but while it has allowed the substantial forms of the creatures themselves to disappear, it has carefully preserved the more shadowy and incidental memorials of their life, the mere impressions produced by their feet on the soft primeval mud. As the savage can tell not only that an elk or a bison has passed by from the traces of its hoofs on the prairie, but also the hour when it passed by; as the Arab can determine from the camel's track in the desert whether it was heavily or lightly laden, whether it was fresh or fatigued, lame or sound—so the geologist can inform us, from the footmarks on the thin layer of unctuous clay between the slabs of sandstone, not only that the animal which produced them belonged to an extinct tortoise family, but also that it was walking on the beach of the sea in a westerly direction when the tide was receding. No relic of the bodies of these an-

cient tortoises has been discovered. But in the case of the peculiar hand-like footprints on some slab-surfaces of the same formation, which attracted attention some years afterward, a few teeth and fragments of the bones of the animal that produced them were found soon after to verify the conclusion to which naturalists had previously come—that the colossal creature was intermediate between a frog and a crocodile. In this country, in a formation earlier than any in which traces of birds have been discovered in Europe, slabs have been found having impressed upon them footprints of such a nature as to indicate the existence of a bird twice the size of an ostrich. These ephemeral impressions of obscure creatures that perished untold ages ago, have been preserved as distinct as the track of the passing animal upon the recent snow, while every vestige of the course of ancient armies that ravaged the earth has disappeared.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"When Dr. Johnson's Dictionary was on the eve of publication," says Boswell, "Lord Chesterfield, who, it is said, had flattered himself with expectations that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, attempted, in a courtly manner, to soothe and insinuate himself with the Sage, conscious, as it should seem, of the cold indifference with which he had treated its learned author."

The doctor, however, refused to do so, and wrote the following letter to his lordship.

"*February 7th*, 1755.

"My Lord—I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *La vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;* that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending. But I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your doors, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

"The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed, though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long awakened from a dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant. Sam. Johnson."

When the will is ready the foot is light.

BY THE SHORE AT SUNSET.

I.

'Tis eve; slow sinks day's monarch in the deep:
The gentle murmur of the fragrant blast
Is hushed amid the blossomed trees at last
Whose branches overhead rich odors weep.
Beyond the shore the white-winged vessels sleep,
With pinions idle as a sea-mew dreaming,
Fixed to their shadows in the azure deep,
Bright through the deathlike calm in sunset gleaming.
But there is nothing in thy face of death,
The soul that fires thy features mocks its power;
And if the stillness of the evening hour
Enchain thee, from thine eyes a spirit saith—
Thy life is not the life of mortal breath,
That springeth up to fade as doth a flower.

II.

Lift the long lashes of thy deep, dark eyes,
That I may see my features mirror'd there!
While stream the sunbright tangles of thy hair
Back from thy brow, as clouds when daylight dies.
For, gazing on the many-colored skies,
And wrapt in contemplation of their glory,
A goddess to my side from out them flies
As was their wont to do in classic story!
I feel a joy, deep-seated in my breast,
When thou art near, no troubled dream can mar;
Fairer to me than fairest fancies are.
This calm reality of perfect rest—
A moment's rapture borrowed from the Blest,
A moment's truce in life's increasing war.

III.

On no material harp thy fingers play,
Thy touch divine upon the heart's own chords
Awake a wordless song more sweet than words;
A song whose meaning words cannot convey,
Like angel voices at the death of day,
O'er time for ever fled, a requiem singing,
Heard of the soul alone, it dies away
In ecstasy of echoes sweetly ringing.
And now the sun is sunken, and its light
Pales on the western wave and on the world;
The halls of heaven that glowed with red and gold,
Dim clouds, like sorrow, rise and shut from sight,
While dark-descending on the waters, night
Broods o'er the face of nature, gray and cold.

FAMILY ANECDOTES.

There is probably scarcely a single ancient or noble family—the terms are not quite synonymous—which does not possess a muniment-room, the contents of which have never been edited or calendared, and it fairly makes the mouth of the historical student water to think what treasures of history and of antiquarian gossip lie thus buried. Now and again a noble lord graciously puts his name to a small compilation, or permits some laborious antiquarian to rummage amongst his family archives, and the little that is given to the world in this way creates an irresistible longing for more. One such volume was prepared some sixty years ago for the gratification of the then Earl of Bridgewater. Only a small number of copies were printed; the book itself was never published, and in its present form it naturally belongs to the category of *libri rarissimi*. If any member of the house of Egerton could be induced to reprint it, and to add to it from the stores of family papers preserved at Worsley, he would do a service to literature and to the public generally, the value of which it would not be easy to overestimate. In the meantime it may be worth while to pick from this book of "Family Anecdotes" a few of the more striking.

The Egerton family, as every one who is well up in his

A STROLL IN OLD YEDDO.—CROWDS IN A SAKÉ SHOP ON A HOLIDAY.—SEE PAGE 571.

EXORCISING A DOMESTIC DEMON—"DEVILS, OUT!—LUCK, IN!"—THE BATTLE OF THE BEANS.

Burke or Debrett ought to know, has intermarried with about half the peerage, and has alliances with every one of those great governing families, whose predominance has given such strength to the nation in times of political storm and stress. Amongst those families, that of Churchill is not the least distinguished; but it is curious that the family traditions preserved by the Earl of Bridgewater chiefly relate to the avarice of the great Duke of Marlborough. The following anecdotes on this point will probably be new to most readers, though the second, with considerable variations of detail, has already found its way into print. When, in the early years of the eighteenth century, the Earl of Peterborough was in command of the English forces in Spain and Portugal, he found great difficulty in obtaining the necessary supplies. In order to rectify matters he returned home; but on application at headquarters he found all his demands held over for further consideration, whilst the Duke of Malborough obtained all he wanted without the smallest difficulty. "Much disgusted withal," says Lord Bridgewater, "he threw himself into a sedan-chair, and drew the curtains at the sides as well as at the front, that he might not be known or seen. The populace took up an idea that the person in the chair was the Duke of Marlborough; they gathered round it. 'God bless the Duke of Marlborough! God bless the Duke of Marlborough!' 'Gentlemen,' said Lord Peterborough, pushing down one of the windows, 'I am not the Duke of Marlborough.' 'Oh, yes,' said a spokesman of the multitude, 'you are the Duke of Marlborough; we know you well enough.' 'Gentlemen,' said Lord Peterborough, 'I am not the Duke of Marlborough, I tell you, and I will give you two convincing proofs I am not. One is that I have but a single guinea,' and he turned his pockets inside out; 'the other is that I give it to you,' and he threw it among them."

The other story turns also upon the Duke's parsimony. On the eve of a great pitched battle, which was to be fought under the joint command of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy, the latter waited upon the Duke after dinner to settle the plan of action for the following day. "The Duke had taken up his headquarters at a small house, which had a little garden before it, and a coach-road. Prince Eugene was received in great state. In driving out of the coach-road it struck Prince Eugene that there was one manœuvre which he had not notified to the Duke. 'Drive me back again!' He skipped nimbly into the house; and in the drawing-room where he had been received he found the Duke of Marlborough perched upon a chair, with his handkerchief under his shoes, and whiffing out the candles of the middle piece of lustre."

A STROLL IN OLD YEDDO.—STREET PROCESSION ON A JAPANESE HOLIDAY.—SEE PAGE 571.

Of the first Duke of Bridgewater, Francis Egerton, the friend of Brindley, and the father of inland navigation, we have, as might be expected, several anecdotes. One is very characteristic. He would never allow any one to come to him, though he would readily pay visits; and he explained his conduct in this respect by saying: "If they come to me, they stay as long as they please; if I go to them, I can stay as long as I please." Of his thorough independence we get a curious illustration. "One morning," says the Earl, "when the Duke and I were at Ashridge together, and standing at one of the windows after breakfast, a hack-chaise drove into the park across the lawn in front of the house. 'What is that?' said the Duke. 'It is a post-chaise,' replied one of the servants, 'which Lord Dartmouth has sent for Plinkey to take him to the King's kitchen.' 'Then bid

Plinkey,' said the Duke, 'stay at Ashridge, dress my dinner, and not go to the King;" and, in fact, the carriage went back empty. The Earl of Dartmouth was at that time master of the household. The Duke wrote to him the following letter:

"'My Lord—I like my cook; I will keep him. No endeavors would have been made to take him from me if . . . .'"

"We tried," the Earl goes on, "to prevent the Duke from sending the above letter. He replied, 'Lord Dartmouth may interpret the "if" as he pleases."'

In the time of the great French war, when every nerve was strained, and when the condition of the country was such that appeals were made to the patriotism of the nation to supplement the taxation by voluntary contributions, the Duke of Bridgewater behaved splendidly. Not merely did he pay willingly every tax that could possibly be demanded of him, and even more, but he subscribed as much as one hundred thousand pounds to the Loyalty Load, and cordially supported Mr. Pitt and his government. Once, indeed, he opposed Mr. Pitt, and defeated him; but the question—the Fustian Tax—was not one of much moment. Although, however, he thus aided the Government by every means in his power, he would not receive Mr. Pitt as his guest in Lancashire and Cheshire, always replying to every offer of the great minister with the most courtly phrases and the most plausible excuses. "He will see," said the Duke to the writer of the volume, as he went in his boat along the navigation, "how rich the country is, and will find out something in which he may think it will bear additional taxing."

Here is another anecdote of a stingy peer: "One day," says Lord Bridgewater, "when we were at dinner at Himley, the conversation turned upon an anecdote that was current about old Lord Foley. It was said that a servant of his had found concealed in one of the books of the library an India bond for £1,000, which had been hidden there, but forgotten by old Mr. Foley" (in favor of whose son the ancient peerage had been revived). "Instantly this servant brought the bond to my lord, delivered it to him as his property (a trover), upon which Lord Foley gave him half-a-crown. 'He could not,' said Lord Dudley, 'give him more.' We all stared. 'He could not,' said Lord Dudley, 'for the soul of him.'"

Turning the page, we come upon a pleasant story of two peers of the realm playing the noble game of "brag." The Earl of Breadalbane and the Duke of Rutland were on terms of great intimacy. One day when they were together at Belvoir, the duke said, "It is so long a journey to Taymouth, and you stay there till just the meeting of Parliament. I wish your estates were in my county." "I should be very sorry," replied Lord Breadalbane; "my estates would almost cover the whole county of Rutland. I fear your grace would not have many acres left for yourself."

Lord Bath is also the subject of many excellent anecdotes. A saying of his concerning the duties of Ministers and the Opposition deserves to be recorded: "When one is in Opposition," said he, "it is very easy indeed to know what to say; but it is difficult when one is Minister to know what *not* to say." It is possible, we may remark, in passing, that some people will say that there are Ministers whose easy talking in Opposition makes their speeches in office matters of no inconsiderable difficulty. This same nobleman appears to have been pretty much of the opinion of Shenstone, who always found "his warmest welcome in an inn." One day when he was going to Longleat, the Earl of Bridgewater tells us, he mentioned the place where he should sleep on the road. "You will not be so well there as at home." "Yes," said Lord Bath; "but I like an inn." "How can you, master of Longleat, and with your house in Arlington Street, like an inn?" "Yes," said Lord Bath; "I like an inn because they always seem glad to see me." Lord Bath was not, we learn, an early riser, but he used, in return, to sit up very late. Lord Loughborough (Wedderburn), who was Chancellor in the same Administration with him, was wont to say, "I never knew Lord Bath," and to explain the remark by saying that he "used to go to bed before twelve, and Lord Bath never was himself—that is, in the plenitude of his faculties and gayety—until after midnight."

Of Lord Loughborough himself Lord Bridgewater tells a couple of stories which are not to be found in Campbell's biography of that eminent mediocrity. In his capacity as Chancellor he was, of course, judge of the sanity of suspected lunatics. The heirs of a gentleman of fortune wished to take out a statute of lunacy against him, whereupon Lord Loughborough had him brought up for examination. A long conversation took place, during which the gentleman answered so pertinently and spoke so well that the Chancellor was almost convinced of his sanity. Toward the end of the examination a slip of paper was thrust into his hand, bearing the single word "Ezekiel." This was quite enough for Lord Loughborough, who at once began to speak about the Hebrew prophets. "What fine poetry," said he, "there is in Isaiah?" "Very fine," replied the patient; "especially when read in the original Hebrew." "And how well Jeremiah wrote?" "Surely," was the reply. "And Ezekiel, too; what a genius was Ezekiel!" "Do you like him?" said the man. "I'll tell you a secret; I am Ezekiel."

The other story is, perhaps, better. The Earl of Bradford was brought before him for the same purpose, and a conversation followed, in which the Chancellor was completely puzzled. At last he asked, "How many legs has a sheep?" "Does your lordship mean," asked Lord Bradford, "a live sheep or a dead sheep?" "Is it not the same thing?" said the Chancellor. "No, my lord," said Lord Bradford; "there is much difference. A live sheep may have four legs; a dead sheep has only two. The two fore-legs are shoulders, but there are but two legs of mutton."

His residence in the country afforded Lord Bridgewater matter for occasional jesting. One of his anecdotes is of a "fat, puffy, big-wigged little chap," who got into the desk to read prayers. The prayer-book was dilapidated, and some leaves were altogether missing. After hunting about for some time, the "little chap" leaned over into the clerk's pew, and asked, in a very audible voice, "John, John! what has become of 'Almighty and most merciful Father?' I can't find him." In another place he tells a story of his father, who declared that he knew the length of an old woman's conscience. An old woman, who was one of the weeders in the garden, accosted him one morning and said, "My lord, there is a great deal of red tape in the garden-house; may I take some of it?" "Yes, good woman, certainly," replied he; "take enough in conscience." The head-gardener, who afterward had occasion for some tape, finding but little left, measured the remainder, and found that the old woman had taken about thirty yards and a half.

The last anecdote we propose to cite illustrates very forcibly the remark with which we set out as to the value of family papers for the elucidation of history. Lord Campbell, in his "Life of Lord Thurlow," attributes his fall

in 1792, in the main justly, to his opposition to Mr. Pitt's Bill for establishing a sinking fund for the redemption of the National Debt. On the day following the violent speech in which he had opposed the great Minister, Thurlow received from him a letter, in which he explained that, being convinced of the impossibility of His Majesty's service being any longer carried on to advantage while Thurlow and himself remained in their present situations, he had addressed the King to that effect. The King at once yielded to Mr. Pitt's wishes, and caused an intimation to be conveyed to Lord Thurlow that His Majesty had no longer any occasion for his services. He was, however, retained in office, as Lord Thurlow states, until the end of the session, during the whole of which time he devoted himself to the task of opposing the Government even in such measures as those for the abolition of the slave-trade and the relaxation of the law of libel. To his action with regard to the latter proposal Lord Campbell attributes his immediate disgrace. Lord Bridgewater, however, traces it to a violent speech which he delivered on the Hampshire Forest Bill —a measure for encouraging the growth of timber in the New Forest—which Thurlow chose to make a matter of controversy and an excuse for a most virulent attack upon Ministers. His account of the business is really interesting. "The Hampshire Forest Bill was brought in by the Administration: Lord Chancellor Thurlow went down to the House of Lords, there he found it, and violently opposed one particular clause. At dinner afterward he alleged that he did not know Ministers countenanced the Bill; he had never seen it. It was proved to him that it was sent to him three days ago. The real fact was that he went to the House, fretting and fuming; he had just been apprised that his natural daughter (Miss Thurlow) had eloped with and married Mr. Brown. Very grumpy was he; nothing could please him. The next day Lord Bath was the person pitched upon to signify to him that His Majesty had no further occasion for his services as Chancellor. Lord Thurlow was, as it were, thunderstruck. He said little, but he made a point of this: 'I desire a copy,' said he, 'of that paper,' pointing to the paper in Lord Bath's hand."

A STROLL IN OLD YEDDO.

BUSINESS, PLEASURE AND RELIGION IN JAPAN.

By William Elliot Griffis.

In Chinese Asia, to accept the calendar made at Pekin is a token of loyalty to the dynasty ruling the Middle Kingdom. The nations which have long been pupils or vassals to the Flowery Land thus signify their adherence to Chinese civilization. In 1870 Japan broke away from Asiatic traditions by adopting the Gregorian or European calendar. The wrath of the Chinese at Yokohama knew no bounds of tongue-abuse. In China the long series of reforms, beginning with the acceptance of western chronology, looked upon with suspicious hatred, has been almost a cause of war between the rival nations.

The real meaning of the name Japan, which, in the pure native tongue, is literally *Hi-no Moto*, is the Beginning of Day. Japan is the land where the day begins.

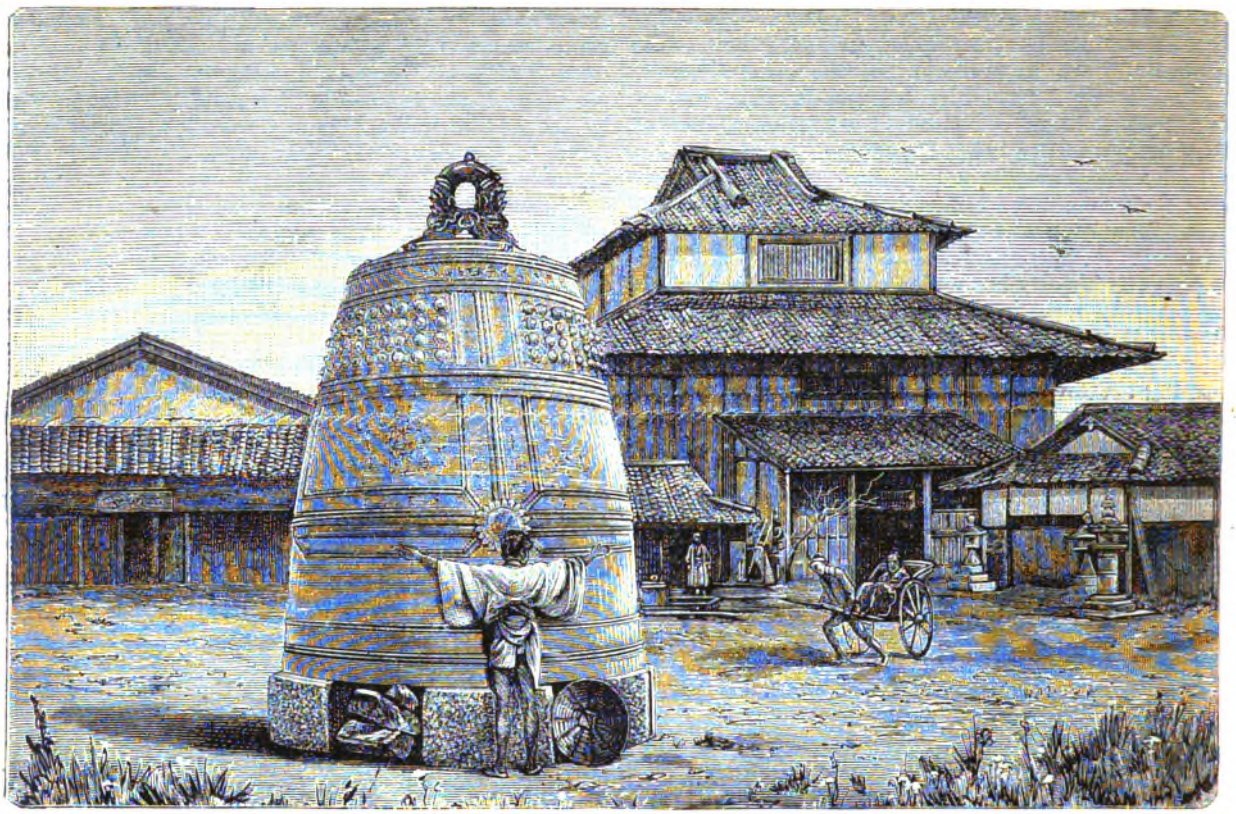
In Chinese eyes the New Year, which now in Japan falls on January 1st, is about six weeks ahead of time. In the Chinese Asia it comes at the end of the twelfth lunar month, or about February 1st. In the old days the joyful festival came at the blossoming of the dwarf plum trees. Their white petals, so beloved of the Japanese, wake "the shower which does not fall from the skies."

Ganjitsu, as the natives call it, is a season, the only one in the year, of absolute rest from toil, accompanied with revels, merry-making, feasting and visiting. In the fleeting days of the old year every one contrives to get his debts paid. The farmer, whose annual wardrobe costs four or five dollars, buys a new robe for himself, and new hairpin or girdle for his wife. The city streets are full of booths for the sale of greenery and emblems. Every one seems to be homeward bound with bundles; and to get properly ready for the day of all days tremendous exertions are necessary. To see these, let us stroll down the city streets, which are always full of interesting sights and amusing episodes.

The ruling idea of the housekeeper is to get thoroughly cleaned and dusted out. Vivid are the remembrances of the writer, who made a pedestrian trip across Japan during the end of January, when all womenkind seemed in a delirium of house cleaning. The beating of mats, scouring of pots and pans, and scrubbing of woodwork, went on for a week. This exorcises the demon of dirt. The next idea is to purge out the devils and welcome the gods of prosperity. Japanese *oni* or imps are red-headed, rough-hided, Caliban-like fellows. They have only three toes and four fingers on each extremity respectively. If they have horns they are small affairs, in a state of arrested development. Their teeth are their strong points, being many and well-whetted. They are capable of reducing bad boys to mince-meat in short order. To exorcise the *oni*, which are supposed to lurk in the ceiling, floor, shelves, closets and other coignes of vantage all through the house, beans or peas are provided. These projectiles are put in a rice measure and set on a tray. After duly arraying himself in *kam-shimo* (shoulder and leg dress) the master of the house seizes the tray and forthwith crying, "Devils, *out*—luck, *in*," begins the fusillade. He showers the mimic canister shot at door-posts, partitions, ceilings, alcoves, and wherever the devils may find a roosting-place. By the time the battle is over the floor is well-sprinkled. The hailstorm spent, a few sprigs of thorn-bush, like our holly, which was originally used for the same purpose, are stuck in the lintels of the door to keep out the *oni*. By this time two at least of the seven gods of good fortune, have come in to stay. One is Ebisu, the provider of daily food. He has a good fat *tai* fish and a kettle of wine ready. Daikoku, the god of wealth, with his full bag of money and hammer—symbol of the reward of honest labor—is about to take a loving cup with Ebisu.

The Winter chill is taken off the indoor atmosphere by braziers, in which glows ruddily the charcoal. For select occasions, balls made of clay and pulverized coal furnish a steady, uncrackling heat, with the white ashes which speak of refinement or economy.

Outdoors, the front of the dwelling is gay with symbols of highly poetic and mirthful suggestion. Between an evergreen tree on one side the door, and a feathery bamboo on the other, a rope of twisted fresh green rice-straw keeps off evil influences. Above the centre of this rope, looped against the house, over the doorway, are attached a



THE BELL OF KIOTO.

ARMOR AND BRONZE SHOPS.

boiled lobster, a piece of charcoal, a mountain orange, a dried and sugared persimmon, a frond of fern, a leaf of oak, and a strip of seaweed. These are tastefully arranged, and have the following symbolical meanings:

The fin and bamboo are emblems of long life. A lobster is a type of hale old age. On one's birthday a friend will send you a lobster, meaning thereby to wish that you may live until your back is like the lobster's, bent with age. The charcoal, which never decays, is a symbol of immortality. The orange suggests a pun on the phrase *dai-dai*, which means "from generation to generation," which also is the name of the fruit. As this orange hangs longer on the tree than any other, it is also a token of longevity. The persimmon represents the sweetness of conjugal love, because, though old and lasting, it is very sweet. The fern keeps its greenery a long time. The oak-leaf is believed not to fall until the young leaf appears, and so prefigures the desire in families that the parents will not die until the children are grown up. The name of the seaweed is another pun on part of the Japanese word which means happy. These all hang up until the seventh day of the New Year. They are then taken down, and on the fourteenth day are ceremoniously consumed by fire, as an offering to the god of the roads.

THE BAPTISM OF BUDDHA.

Outdoors, besides the kite-flyers and battledore-players, the merrymakers go round in curious umbrella-shaped hats of straw, and in long, fringed aprons. They beat their clack-sticks, joke, dance and wish ten thousand congratulations in front of shop and house. In the old days of perforated cast iron and brass "cash," the coins were kept on a skewer ready for these visitors. Now all the brand-new coins from the mint at Osaka are stamped and milled like our own. Whether paid in old or new copper, the trivial fee may be either an index of æsthetic appreciation or as a hint to move on. In Japan, as in other countries, fashions easily degenerate into nuisances when prosecuted "for revenue only."

The saké or rice-beer shops do a rousing business in holiday and festival times. The one pictured with this text stood near the writer's former residence in Tokio, as the capital is now called. The fun becomes fast and furious late at night, when lanterns within and without, suspended or on standards carried in the hand or swung on poles, are numbered by thousands. Every one is compelled by law to carry a lantern after sundown, and the variety of color, decoration, design and armorial blazonry on the paper is endless in variety.

Over and on the great cornucopia of fresh Higo rice straw, 20 feet long, are ranged the New Year's symbols. Underneath, the shouting, dancing and singing of the laborers, the peddlers crying their wares, the bearers of palanquins hurrying on, and the bustle and chatter of the eating and drinking crowd within, make joyful hilarity rarely equaled. Seldom do these scenes degenerate into disorder; for Japanese saké, brewed from rice, is but mildly alcoholic. By distillation, it may be made as strong as brandy, but its average strength is less than that of sherry wine. It is not encouraging to the lovers of temperance and morals to learn a certain item of statistics: Whereas there were in Old Japan but thirty-three drinks of all kinds

—from rice, grain, or potatoes—there are now on sale among the Japanese nearly two hundred of the foreign and native sorts.

While every one in the wealthy or middle classes seems to be out shopping and spending money on the 29th and 30th days of the last month, the common laborers must work till dark of New Year's Eve to complete chores or deliver purchases. Let us turn down into one of the old manufacturing streets—one of our favorite walks when in the Japanese capital, from 1871 to 1874. Here at once we see a picture from life, drawn by a native artist of the Hokusai school, though the details of composition were manipulated by Aimé Humbert's French artists. On the left is a saddle and armor shop. The banto, or clerk, is just unlooping the sun-curtains which adorn the front of Japanese shops, and are hung up and unhooked every day. Gilded saddle-flaps and housings, and gorgeous crimson bridles and tassels, are there. A Japanese horse, when fully caparisoned, is fearfully and wonderfully arrayed. The mane and crest are done up into pompons, the hoofs are scraped and varnished black, while the tail is done up in an embroidered silk bag! Rows of saddle-boards, boxes of coats-of-mail, with one specimen suit made of steel and hide, laced with silk and garnished with chased metal, await buyers. Within, the proprietor is balancing his ledger.

Next door, on the right, is a bronze-caster's warehouse. See his attractive shop-sign—symbol of his craft—a board decorated with those ornamental nail-heads for which Japan is famous. Inside, a customer is talking over a bargain. He turns his head to listen to the shouts of the cartmen who go thundering by. No one who hears for the first time the weird guttural cry, "Hai, hai, ho, huida wa ho!" of these fellows, who seem to have throats of bronze, can easily forget it.

The other man in the store calmly blows his nose on his paper handkerchief; while the servant, as is the rule in native bargaining, brings the purchaser a steaming cup of freshly made tea. Another, in the background, is deftly plying his duster of paper strips in hopes of soon being at home toasting rice-pastry.

Does it look incongruous, after noticing the well-clothed shop-folk, to see cartmen in Winter nudity? They are dressed chiefly in cuticle sandals and pipe, with only a fig-leaf of a belt. A handkerchief, thrown over the shoulder, to wipe off perspiration, completes their outfit, though not their wardrobe. Even modern laws and regulations cannot enforce—in the rural districts, at least—the law of clothes. "Man is the chief of naked insects," even yet, in Japan.

Only one man at the cross-bar wears his cotton coat; with two fellows at the shafts, two or three more pulling tandem, and two supplying the *vis a tergo*, move the heavily laden cart. Yet these toiling men will make a detour, at the risk of straining their backs, rather than run over a mangy cur or lazy chicken. They are good Buddhists, and do not care to risk crushing out the soul of some transmigrating ancestor. A merchant's errand-boy, vexed at a moment's delay, chaffs the charioteers with a little ironical banter. He cries out, as very polite people do to a friend about leaving, "O shidzukani!" (Do go slowly, so as not to fatigue yourself on the journey!) The end man sees the fun, and retorts in kind. Japanese laborers are jolly fellows, and always enjoy a joke. They earn but twenty or thirty cents a day.

Their burden is a big bell, with which in some Buddhist temple is to ring out the old year and ring in the new. Note the curious way the native wheelwright has made the felloe of the wheel. It is of tire-less wood, without a scrap of metal in it. The segments are mortised together, and the resulting circumference will last many years.

Large or small bells like our own, with a clapper inside, are unknown in the Mikado's empire. House bells, hung or moved by wire, are equally absent. A little gong, or tongueless bell, with a small wooden hammer suspended near by, takes the place of our knob. No wonder that my friend from Tokio, on visiting me in Philadelphia, worked all the knobs on doors and lintel round and round, but never thought of pulling one outward. Less wonder that he did not get in for many minutes, or until Bridget sallied out to inquire into the unusual racket among the doorway hardware.

The large cupola-shaped bells are hung in belfries built outside the temple on stone mounds or platforms, over which are highly picturesque roofs. The eye or yoke is invariably made of two dragon-heads. Inscriptions, either engraved, cut intaglio, or cast in bass-relief, are found near the top or base, with, perhaps, several rows of ripple-like elevations. These are emblematic of the snails on Buddha's bare head, which once kept his shaven cranium moist and saved him from sunstroke. An oscillating beam or log of wood hangs two feet or so from the bell.

The timber mass, swung back, is let fly at the round or flower-shaped boss (just over the man's head in the picture). An inundation of sweet cadences fills the air—the flood of liquid melody will roll on the wind twenty miles away. The bell in the picture is a famous one, but rests as yet unhung, in Kioto. It stands near a noted temple. The now ubiquitous *tin-ri-ki-sha* (man-power carriage) or "Pull-man car" of Japan, shows the new and old, cheek by jowl. A world of poetry, legends and associations clusters around the temple bell. Its monody foretells to the farmer, by the clear or muffled tone of vibrations, changes of weather. "To the old folks, listening to its peal from early infancy to green old age, its voice spoke hopefully in youth, encouragingly at man's estate, solemnly in life's decline." One of the three great bells of Japan, that of Zozoji, at Shiba, in Tokio, the famous burial-place of the Tycoons, shared with the temple itself the ordeal of fire on the eve of New Year's, 1874.

One must witness a festival procession, to see the genuine Japanese let loose, and popular hilarity at its height. Then, as history and dogma, myth and science, modern and ancient, European and Asiatic, jostle each other, the spirits of the populace flow without stint or check. The artist has represented one of these bacchanalian occasions in Benten Dori, Yokohama, or the Avenue of the Queen of the Sea.

In the background, on the left, is the Consulate of the United States, which stands on a portion of the old Perry Treaty ground of 1854. The stars and stripes float gracefully from the flagpole. In the central background is the Town Hall, one of Japan's westernized public buildings, with clock, weather-vane, electric-lights and "modern conveniences." To the right, are rows of fire-proof storehouses, belonging to native merchants. They are now gayly decked with the national flag—a red sun on a white field. Policemen, in French uniform, keep order in the crowd. With them we leave behind us modern history.

Let us now glance at antiquity. On the platform of the great oxen-drawn Phœnix cart, a band of musicians with three sizes of drums, clack-sticks, flute and vocal extravaganza, make what answers on the Japanese tympanum for music. One fellow dressed up as *kitsune*, or

the fox, and another at the side make pantomimic gestures. All except the flute-men are yelling at the top and from the bottom of their throats. So far, the lower crust, or plebeian part.

On the next tier above, we have the Goddess of War, Queen Jingu, who invaded and conquered Corea. Historically, the wide-robed lady holding a bow and a fan was a famous Amazonian warrior. Of her husband, it might be said, anent her restless activity, "He couldn't keep up," and so, died. Her prime minister, Také-nouchi, who kneels behind her, is the Japanese Methuselah, and a familiar character in art and legend. With his royal mistress, he is deified and worshiped. Hachiman, the God of War, at whose shrine Japanese soldiers still worship, and in whose caps a tiny image of the god will often be found, was the son of Jingu. Without intention of punning, Jingu is the representative of Japanese Jingoism, or the filibustering spirit.

To watch a procession, and see all the prominent deities in the native Pantheon, is exceedingly interesting to the foreigner who is conversant with Japanese history. To the people, these oscillating figures, high in air, and usually arrayed in correct historical costumes, are gods, or, at least, deified spirits. To the critical student, they are resurrections from history.

Back of the Phœnix car, in long perspective, we see other holy carts, on whose lofty platforms quiver other images of gods and goddesses. The figures, in features and costume, are fine works of art. Down to the left, with hideous demon mask, horns, tusks, and brimstone eyes, walks a representation of the thunder-god—in tights. Rar-den is a hairy imp, who usually sits on the storm-cloud, and beats his nine drums most lustily. To-day he walks on foot. Firemen with their jingling staves surmounted with iron rings, their foreheads bound with gay kerchiefs, or men with decorated "roofs" (hats) and enormous fans, join in the din.

In the gayest of calico coats, and with *uchiwa* or flat fans, they advertise their respective fire-machines, or the saké of some rich brewer or merchant, and shout whatever song they know. The heaviest topers sling round their necks a keg of rice-spirit, and by night they are flushed and full. To the credit of the Mikado's government, the obscene symbols—relics of nature-worship—once so common in these processions, are no longer permitted. One of the greatest celebrations of the sort, pictured on page 569, was on the occasion of the opening of the railroad between Tokio and Yokohama, in 1872.

Of the two old religions in Japan—for Christianity is now not only nominally, but actually, one of the religions of New Japan—Buddhism was, and is, the most popular. Famous carvers of statues of Shakee or Shakya Muni, the India sage, have employed their genius and deft hands on these objects of adoration. Some of the renowned images were brought from Corea or carved as early as the seventh century. The most ancient have the most sanctity, and receive the greater attention from pilgrims. One which stood a notable test of fire centuries ago has since been found, it is reported, made of platinum.

At some shrines, a day is set apart for the baptism of Buddha. Then dippers are kept busy from rosy morn to dewy eve. Babies, children, women, and shaven pates, take part, with seemingly as much merriment as reverence. Buddhist temples are usually gay with flowers, gilt, color, and all the splendor and luxury of decorative art. Indeed, the cult imported from India has been the foster-mother of Japanese art, which might never have reached its inimitable height but for the patronage and stimulus of the temples.

A Shinto shrine displays characteristics the very reverse. Its virgin wood must not be defiled by paint, lacquer, gilt or metal nails. Its curtains are of plain bamboo, and the interior is as austerely simple as a Greek fane. Only the sacred mirror, emblem of purity, hangs in the centre, with leaves and flowers of a certain tree and notched strips of white paper, on which abide the presence of the spirits of earth and heaven. The offerings, on unvarnished wood trays, are of the fruits of the soil and the fish of the sea. In some shrines of the stricter variety of Shinto, the priests bind a strip of paper over their mouths while officiating, lest their breath defile the offerings.

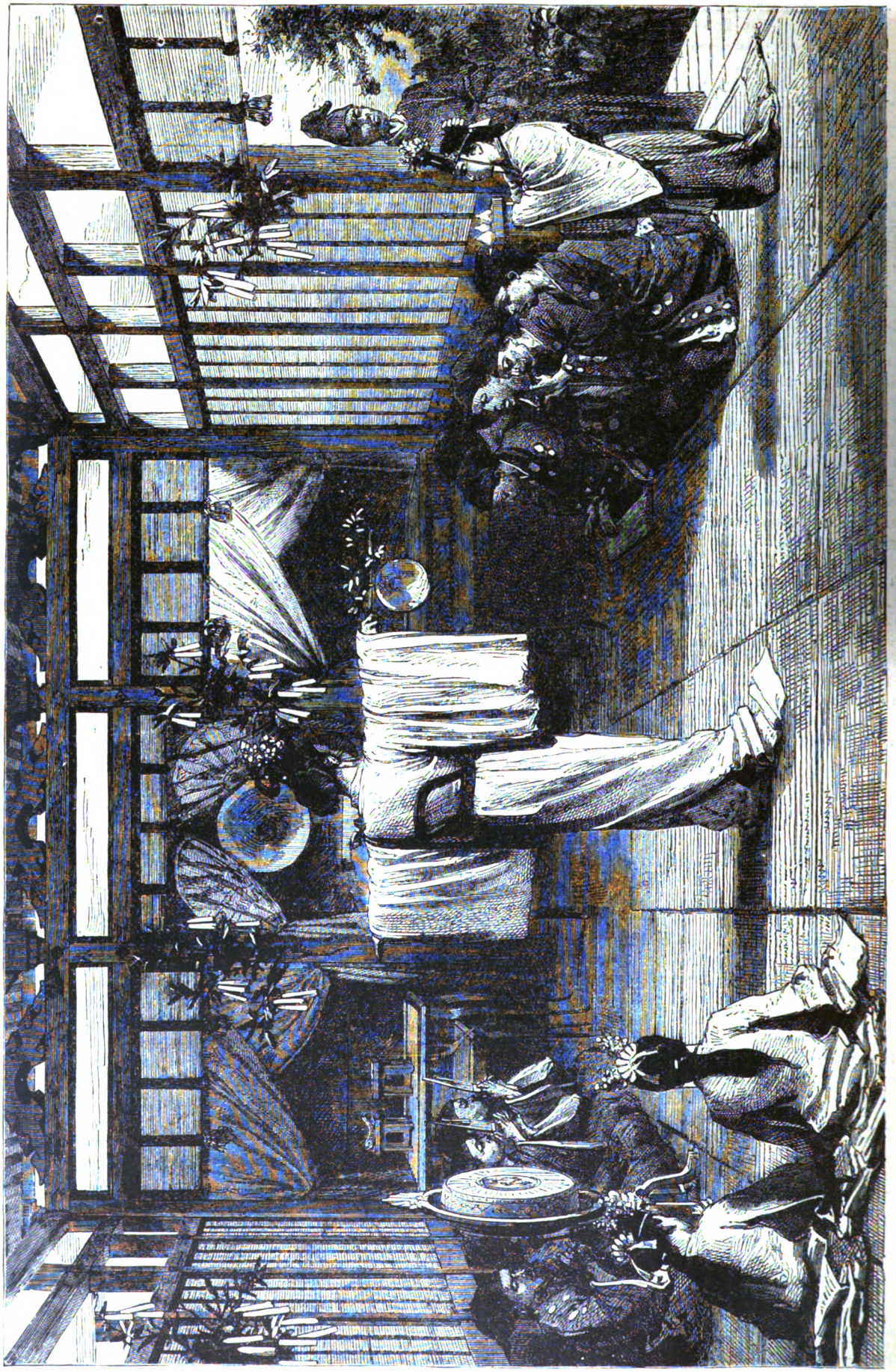
In or near the sacred edifice are held the holy dances called *No*, and are chanted the ancient liturgies called *Norito*. See the dancer robed in white, with long sleeves, vastly long trail, and a skirt-holder at the back of the belt which looks like, and is, literally, a shirt-holder. His head is dressed in ancient-styled capillary architecture, and garnished with flowers. Fronting his ears are symbols of attentive listening to the commands of the gods. A common Shinto prayer ends with the petition that the devotee may hear "with the sharp-earedness of the forth-galloping colt."

In his right hand is the mirror, hung on the flower-decked wand, for the dancer is enacting a tableau. While one on the right chants the text or story of the *No*, and the Mikado's band makes weird musical accompaniment with instruments of wind, string and percussion, the solitary dancer acts out in pantomime the events of the drama. A page waits at the right to present an offering at the right time. The *No* may be described as a species of Japanese sacred opera.

The piece rendered in the present instance rests on the following legend in the native mythology: "In the early ages of the world and universe, the Sun Goddess, vexed by the evil pranks of her brother, who was ruler of the moon, retired into a cave, and heaven and earth were plunged into darkness. A council of all the gods was held in the dry bed of the River of Heaven (the Milky Way) to take proper means to entice her out of the cave. It was resolved that a looking-glass should be made, to tempt her to gaze at her own beauty, and that tricks should be played to arouse her curiosity to see what was going on outside. Accordingly fires were built, cocks set crowing, and Uzumé, the Goddess of Fun, began to dance while the orchestra of the gods made music. As she danced Uzumé jingled bells, waved her wand and sang. Behaving very foolishly, the gods laughed so heartily that the heavens shook as with claps of thunder. Meanwhile, the God of Strong Hands stood near the rock door ready to pull it open, while the doubly beautiful goddess held up the mirror. All this was too much for the curiosity of the far-shining Goddess of the Sun. Peeping forth to see what was going on, the mirror enticed her further, and the Strong-handed God pulled away the rock door, seized her by the hand and dragged her forth. Instantly heaven and earth were lightened, gloom fled from all eyes, and everybody was 'white-faced.'"

This was the origin of the arts of the jeweler, mirror-maker, weaver, carpenter and metal-worker, and of music and dancing. The "comedy which makes the gods laugh," or "Dai Kagura," is still played in every Japanese village. In more stately and dignified form, musical, literary and dramatic, it becomes part of the Shinto ritual.

In common language, whatever is amusing, pleasant and of delightful association is *omo shiroi*—"white face"



SHINTO SACRED OPERA.—ENTICING THE SUN-GODDESS OUT OF HER CAVE.

ARRAYED FOR THE JUVENILE BALL.

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN.

BY

ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED).

ESTHER found Aunt Debbie in the old, familiar living-room, taking an inventory of the dead light-keeper's possessions, with which the apartment was bestrewn. At sight of Esther in the open door the old spinster uttered a groan.

"Oh, you wicked, ungrateful girl!" she began, shrilly; "you ran away from him, and now he's good for sharks and dog-fish, and I've got to leave the Rock, where I've lived this seventeen year and more; and, oh, Lord! we've had nothing but bad luck since that Canadian deceiver first set his foot on the island. Have you brought your marriage lines with you?"

"Yes," answered Esther, and whipped from her pocket a paper in the Rev. David Lane's own handwriting. "Read for yourself, Aunt Deb."

Aunt Deb read, then looked critically at her niece.

"You're awfully peaked," she sneered, "and as white as a ghost. What do you s'pose this slip of paper amounts to?" snapping her bony fingers contemptuously at the certificate. "He's deserted you a-ready, I hear—cleared out as soon as the first week of his honeymoon was over. More than likely he's got a wife in Canady—there's plenty of sich men a-going now-a-days—you can't take up a newspaper but that you read of 'em. Sure as you're born, Esther, that man ain't your lawful husband."

"Oh, don't say such dreadful things to me!" shuddered Esther; "you will drive me mad!"

"Serves you right!" cried Aunt Deb, viciously; "why did you go and run off from your gran'ther and me, that has slaved late and early for you ever since the time your ma died and left you, a miserable, week-old baby. It's a judgment, Essie, and you can jest take it as sich! And whatever Jim Hart, your pa, will say, when he hears how you've thrown yourself away on a stranger, after all the money he's spent on your clothes and board and eddication, I, for one, don't know!"

"Aunt Deb," said Esther, regaining her self-possession instantly, and flashing lightning upon the old spinster from her black eyes, "I went away with my husband because I loved him, and believed—yes, *knew* that he was worthy of my love. You are beside yourself when you tell me that I am not his wife. His mother was dying. It was right that he should go to her, and alone. Everything is right"—defiantly. "I would have nothing different—nothing! I love him, I trust him as I trust Heaven, and he loves me."

Aunt Deb smiled scornfully.

"Maybe, Essie, maybe. I reckon you're a right-down happy bride, eh!"

"I am unspeakably happy!" cried Esther, fiercely.

Up rose Aunt Deb, sniffing wrathfully.

"Look here, Esther Hart, you're a precious hypocrite, that's what you are! But you don't deceive me. *I* can read you without spectacles, and your heart's a-busting this very minute! Oh, I wish to mercy your pa would come home! Have you heard from him lately?"

"I received a letter to-day," acknowledged Esther, with pale lips, "and destroyed it unread."

"Gracious goodness! why did you do that? There may have been news in it."

"Perhaps. I do not know nor care," cried Esther, wildly. "Tell me about my father, Aunt Deb. Is he a *good* man? Does any cause exist for me, his daughter, to be ashamed of him, or for others to despise him? Why did he go West? Had he ever—ever—done anything wrong *here?*"

Aunt Deb stared.

Esther was leaning toward her with pale, parted lips, and an air of feverish eagerness.

"Goodness me!" cried the old woman; "whatever put such notions in your head? Jim went West to git money, as most men go. He never did anything wrong that *I* know of, except to marry a silly chit of sixteen—Drusie Runnel, your mother—and at her death leave his young one for gran'ther and me to bring up. He come of rich folks in Massachusetts, did Jim. They didn't like his marriage with Drusie, and there was trouble. We never knew much about it. Jim was mighty close-mouthed regarding his folks; but he was well-born, and he'd been to college. No, Esther Hart, you've no reason to be ashamed of your pa. I reckon he's worked hard out there in the Colorado silver mines, for he's sent us a good deal of money, first and last—Jim was always generous with his money. I don't want to hear anybody," and Aunt Deb bristled like an indignant hen, "talking against Jim where *I* am."

Strange, nameless fears had been tugging, of late, at Esther's heart. The relief which she experienced from this speech of Aunt Deb's brought the tears of relief to her eyes.

"Oh, I'm glad—so glad!" she gasped. "I thought somebody at Cinderville had been slandering my father to—to— But no matter. Now that gran'ther is dead, Aunt Deb, what will you do?"

"I'm going over to live on the mainland," answered Aunt Deb, with decision. "I can't abide this Rock any longer. Moreover, there'll be a new appointment, and I shouldn't be allowed to stay, anyway. Gran'ther has left a little property—I shall take charge of it till I hear from your pa. I was only a stepdarter, but I ought to have my share," whining. "You see his belongings, Esther," waving her bony hand toward the medley of things which she had collected in the kitchen—articles of clothing, fish-nets, spy-glasses, foreign curiosities of all kinds, for Joe Runnel had been a sailor in his youth. "If you see anything here," said Aunt Deb, with great generosity, "that you'd like to have for a keepsake, Esther—a remembrancer of your poor drowned gran'ther, you may take it."

Esther looked around on the garments once worn by the dead—on odd shells from tropic islands, lovely bits of Chinese handiwork, ivory and corals, and silver filigree from India. What arch-fiend stood behind her, to prompt the selection which she finally made? There were the old glasses, through which she had watched the wild sea and the distant tints so many times, but she passed them by, and, from the dead man's possessions, took up a small silver-mounted revolver.

"Oh, lor', you don't want *that*, Esther!" cried Aunt Deb.

Guy Fleetwood's wife put the weapon quietly in her pocket.

"Yes, I do," she answered. "I will keep this to remember gran'ther by."

"Maybe you mean to kill yourself, if the man you think you've married don't come back to you," said Aunt Deb, suspiciously. "How long be you agoing to stay over there at Cinderville tavern, waiting for him?"

Esther blazed up again like a firebrand.

"A lifetime, if need be!"

Aunt Deb groaned.

"You always was a headstrong piece, Esther. Thank the Lord, no man ever came coaxing *me* to run away with him afore I had known him a week. Too much beauty is worse than none. Now you may as well make up your mind to the worst. He's surely got another wife somewhere—perhaps two or three. I writ to your pa the very morning after you eloped with the Canadian, and told him what you had done."

"I do not care," answered Esther Fleetwood, wearily; "I am no longer under my father's control—I belong not to him now, but to my husband. We will talk no more of this matter, Aunt Deb—I cannot bear it!" throwing out her hands with a wild gesture.

Aunt Deb wisely relapsed into silence.

Esther Fleetwood remained at the Rock that day and the night following; then she returned to the inn at Cinderville.

No message had arrived in her absence—no letters. Sick at heart, she ascended to her lonely chamber. The sun was setting on the sea. A schooner lay at the old wharf, bathed in a splendor of gold and purple light. Happy voices arose from the beach. The peace and quiet of the scene filled this forsaken bride with a sort of dumb anguish. She flung the silver-mounted revolver, that "remembrancer" of Gran'ther Joe, which she had brought from the Rock, into a drawer of her old-fashioned bureau. Her last hope died, and a desperate determination took possession of her.

"I will stay here no longer!" she said to herself. "Anything is better than suspense. I must find him—I must know the worst—it is my right. This very night I will start for Canada. I will stand face to face with him once more. And if he is, indeed, false; if he has deceived me; if he has ceased to love me, it will be time for me to die!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

VENGEANCE.

An old-fashioned, imposing, Canadian house, with roomy out-buildings, and a tall iron gateway, on the further side of which ran the post-road to Quebec, with a telegraph wire following its long and lonely track. In the silent garden a tame doe was feeding on the short, sweet turf. Not far away ran a broad river, full of foaming rapids, with the clustered roofs of mills upon its bank. An avenue of tamarack trees, dripping now in a dreary drizzle of rain, led up to the porch. The shutters were closed along the front of the house, and a funereal gloom and stillness reigned about it—indeed, the mistress of the mansion had but just been carried forth to her long home, and the shadow of death seemed yet to linger about her late earthly habitation.

A woman stood at the iron gate and looked over at the sombre entrance of Tamarack Hall. She was dressed in

black and closely vailed; but her handsome figure betrayed youth and strength, and two luminous eyes, like moons, shone through the tissue that covered her face.

"This is the place," she said to herself, then went boldly up the wet avenue under the tamaracks, stepped into the porch and raised the brass knocker. A middle-aged servant appeared in answer to the call. "I wish to see Mr. Fleetwood," said the visitor, in a low, firm voice.

"He is gone to ride with Miss Loftus, ma'am," replied the woman.

The lady in black gave a slight start.

"Beg pardon," she murmured, behind her vail, "I did not hear the name."

"Miss Loftus," repeated the domestic, raising her voice a little, "Mr. Fleetwood's cousin—the young lady that he's going to marry soon."

She stood like a graven image. The tame doe lifted a gentle head and looked at her with wondering eyes. From the tall tamaracks the rain dripped like tears.

"Ah, yes—I understand," said the vailed lady. "I have come a long way to see Mr. Fleetwood. My business with him is of great importance. Permit me to wait here till he returns."

The low, sweet voice won its way to the servant's heart.

"Certainly," she said; "Mr. Fleetwood will soon be back. He's gone down to the mills on the river. Come in. The library is the cheerfulest just now, ma'am," beckoning the stranger to a door on one side of the wide hall. "There was a funeral here last week, and it seems as though the house was full of it still."

"Then Mrs. Fleetwood is dead?" murmured the vailed visitor.

"Yes, ma'am, dead and buried. Of course you're some friend of the family. Mr. Fleetwood's aunt is in her room above-stairs. Would you like to have me call her?"

"No," answered the other, quickly; "I do not know the family—I do not wish to see any one but Mr. Fleetwood."

The servant looked vaguely surprised, but she conducted the visitor into Guy Fleetwood's library, and there left her.

It was a handsome room, furnished in oak. Heavy curtains draped the long windows. Family portraits and oaken shelves crowded with books covered the warm-tinted walls. On the tiled hearth a jovial wood fire was burning away the dampness of the atmosphere. The place had been recently vacated. On a low easy-chair—a woman's chair—lay a piece of Kensington needle-work, and on the floor below was a handkerchief of cobweb texture, dropped plainly from some fair hand.

Esther Fleetwood, the forsaken bride, flung back her vail and stood for a moment gazing around the apartment. She was deadly pale, and her black eyes shone like some wild hawk's. This was her husband's home—this room was his private library—then, to whom could these feminine trifles belong? With feverish haste she snatched up the handkerchief, faintly scented with heliotrope. In one corner a name was embroidered—"*Maud.*"

Her rival!—the cousin to whom Guy Fleetwood, according to the statement of his own servant, was about to marry. Great Heaven! Then was she, Esther Hart, his lawful wife, or only the victim of a gross deceit? And if the former, how dared he talk, or even think, of marriage with another woman?

She sank into a chair—this forsaken girl who had crept by stealth into the home of her husband. A black gulf of doubt and despair opened at her feet. Over the mantel hung a portrait of Fleetwood himself. Oh, that handsome blonde face, with the bold eyes and the smiling lips, how it mocked her now, as it looked down from the high wall! Maud, the cousin, held his faithless heart, and she, Esther, was scorned, betrayed, deserted. Ah, would she tamely submit to this great wrong?

The fire snapped cheerily on the hearth. Now and then a step went by in the hall outside. She waited with such patience as she could command, and presently her strained ears caught the sound of approaching wheels. Yes, a carriage, drawn by a pair of handsome Canadian horses, had just turned through the iron gateway—it was moving up the avenue of tamaracks. Quick as lightning Esther Hart darted to the nearest window, and slipped behind the heavy curtain.

A sound of feet in the porch, voices in the hall—one too familiar, alas!—and the library-door flew back, and in swept Maud Loftus, fat and fair, her blonde comeliness set off to the best advantage by decorous mourning. At her heels followed Guy Fleetwood.

"I am quite chilled," she exclaimed, advancing to the fire, with hands outstretched to the warmth; "either by the weather or your moods, Guy. Do you know that you are quite dreadful to-day? You ought to kiss my hand, and apologize humbly for all your sins of omission and commission?"

Never dreaming of the hawk eyes that watched him behind the heavy curtain, he bent and lightly touched his lips to the pretty, plump hand outstretched to the fire. He looked very grave and pale, but not particularly unhappy.

"I kiss your hand, cousin," he answered, in the light, drawling tone which the concealed watcher remembered only too well, "and I crave forgiveness for all my sins. In what have I particularly offended?"

"Oh, you are distrait and gloomy, and altogether horrid, Guy! I hope you will not indulge in such freaks of temper after we are married. I should detest a husband of that sort. A woman only has the right to be a creature of moods. There are wrinkles over your classic nose—you seem to be lost in gloomy perplexities. Really, I do not know what to make of you."

She tossed off her hat and wraps. Her black dress made her look exquisitely fair, and her blonde hair, ruffled into little damp curls about her mischievous eyes, gave her a charming childish expression. Fleetwood stood on the hearth, looking down at her with a sombre, unsmiling face.

"Perhaps it is this dark, dreary house that affects you so unpleasantly, Guy," she went on. "I feel its uncanny influence myself—indeed, I am sadly homesick for my dear friend Mignon Vye, and all the delightful people that I left at Rookwood. When we are married you must tear down this ancient barrack, and build a nice Queen Anne villa."

"Don't be absurd, Maud!" he muttered, biting his lip. She tapped the hearth petulantly with her little foot.

"You address the future partner of your life in a passionately fond way, dear! Don't be absurd! No, I will not; but I will be honest and bold enough to ask you a few questions. First of all, are you in secret trouble?"

"No," he answered, sharply; "certainly not!"

"Are you angry with me, Guy?"

"No—no."

"I fear that your mysteriously absorbed sojourn at Cinderville was not good for you. I find you greatly changed—indeed, you are not the same cousin Guy that

I knew six months ago. If you are not angry with me, take me in your arms."

He did so mechanically.

"Now do you love me, sir? Can you take your solemn oath that I am dearer to you than all the rest of the world?"

"Maud! Maud!"

"A direct reply, if you please!"

"Maud——"

"No evasions, sir—yes or no."

"Yes," he answered, whimsically, but at the same time pushed her straight back from him.

It was that movement which saved her life. Both heard a slight sound at the other end of the room—both turned simultaneously, and saw the heavy curtain flung back from the window, and the figure of a woman bursting out of ambush there, like a comet from a cloud.

Nemesis, child of Nox and goddess of vengeance, whose statue Phidias carved, could not have worn a grander aspect! Her tragic face was like gray stone, her eyes were coals of fire. Oh, the fury and the reproach in those eyes! Would Guy Fleetwood ever forget them, as they transfixed him with their accusing gaze. Surely the spirit of her fierce robber father was there! Here was the true daughter of that Western outlaw who had never felt pity or mercy.

"Esther! My God!" cried out Guy Fleetwood.

She tore something from beneath her shawl.

"*Traitor!*" she answered. Then there was a flash, a report, one awful shriek from Maud Loftus, and Guy Fleetwood staggered, and with the blood streaming down his face fell forward, prone upon his own hearth, and lay there, motionless.

When the startled servants came rushing upon the scene, they found Maud Loftus swooning in the nearest chair. On the floor lay a silver-mounted revolver, which had once been the property of the light-keeper at Porgy Island. A window facing the garden stood wide open, but the murderess was nowhere to be seen. Black Dave's daughter had avenged her wrongs, and also made good her escape from Tamarack Hall.

CHAPTER XIX.

A NEW ARRIVAL.

Aunt Deb shook the scanty soil of Porgy Island from her feet, and leaving the lighthouse-tower and the cottage to strangers, moved across the hungry sea to Cinderville, and took up her abode in a little cottage that stood in a straggling by-way of that fishy hamlet. The first thing she did after settling herself in this new home was to plod up to the inn and ask for Esther. The girl was not there. She had left the place--gone off alone in the Barton stage several days before, the inn-folks said.

"Whither?" the old woman asked, but no one could tell her.

Aunt Deb meandered back to her new quarters and sat down in loneliness to wait. Day after day passed, but Esther came not. The old woman, who had grown more scraggy and dolorous than ever, stood in her cottage-door and watched in vain for her lost niece.

"More than likely she's killed herself with that pistol I gave her at the lighthouse," moaned Aunt Deb. "Misfortunes never come singly, they pour in galloping torrents. Wherever am I to look for that unhappy child, and what sort of an account am I to give of her to Jim Hart, her father?"

One week and then another passed away. It was a threatening night in early Autumn. The wind swept in wild gusts over the sea, and the salt waves raced wrathfully up and down the beach. Concordia Tempest sat in her Cinderville cottage, sewing by the light of a kerosene lamp. She had put on a black dress in memory of the old light-keeper, and her fox-colored hair was screwed into a shrewish knot at the top of her head.

"Such a sputtering and muttering as is in that fire to-night!" soliloquized Aunt Deb, with a frightened look at her little stove, wherein a modest blaze flickered, for at this season the Cinderville climate was decidedly chilly; such a racketing and bellowing as that wind makes out on the sea! Seems as if 'twas footsteps hurrying this way; or maybe, Esther's dead, and her speerit has come back to haunt her poor old aunt."

She turned up the kerosene lamp hurriedly, and cast a trembling glance around the room. Aunt Deb was not timorous by nature, but to-night old memories had got possession of her, and some sharp pangs of conscience made her wince.

"Oh, gracious goodness!" she continued. "I did the best I could for Esther always. We've all sinned and fallen short—I," bracing up suddenly, "no more than another, as I know. What I did for the girl was for her good. Oh, Lord! that *is* her ghost, sure!" as a great gust of wind tore round the cottage, and died away in a plaintive wail upon the beach. At the same moment came a sound of hurrying feet on the path of cobble-stones outside the house. The door flew open, and on the threshold, white, awful, spirit-like indeed, stood Esther herself.

Aunt Deb, in mortal terror, dropped her sewing, and fell on her knees.

"Lord have mercy!" she screamed. "It wasn't I that did it, Esther—'twas Father Joe. He planned the whole thing, from first to last. I only helped him carry it out. I hope to goodness I h'ain't got to answer for *his* sins! Didn't we treat you well? Didn't you have your own way always, and a headstrong one it was. 'Hark from the tombs a doleful sound'—'All flesh is grass,' and 'dust we are, and unto dust we——' Now, look here, Esther, is it really you, or only your ghost?"

The apparition on the threshold entered quickly, and closed the door after her.

"It is I, myself," she answered. "Have you gone crazy, Aunt Deb?"

Aunt Deb arose in some confusion.

"For pity's sake, where do you come from, Esther Hart?" she cried.

"Canada," answered Esther.

"And what have you been doing this last fortnight?"

"Hiding."

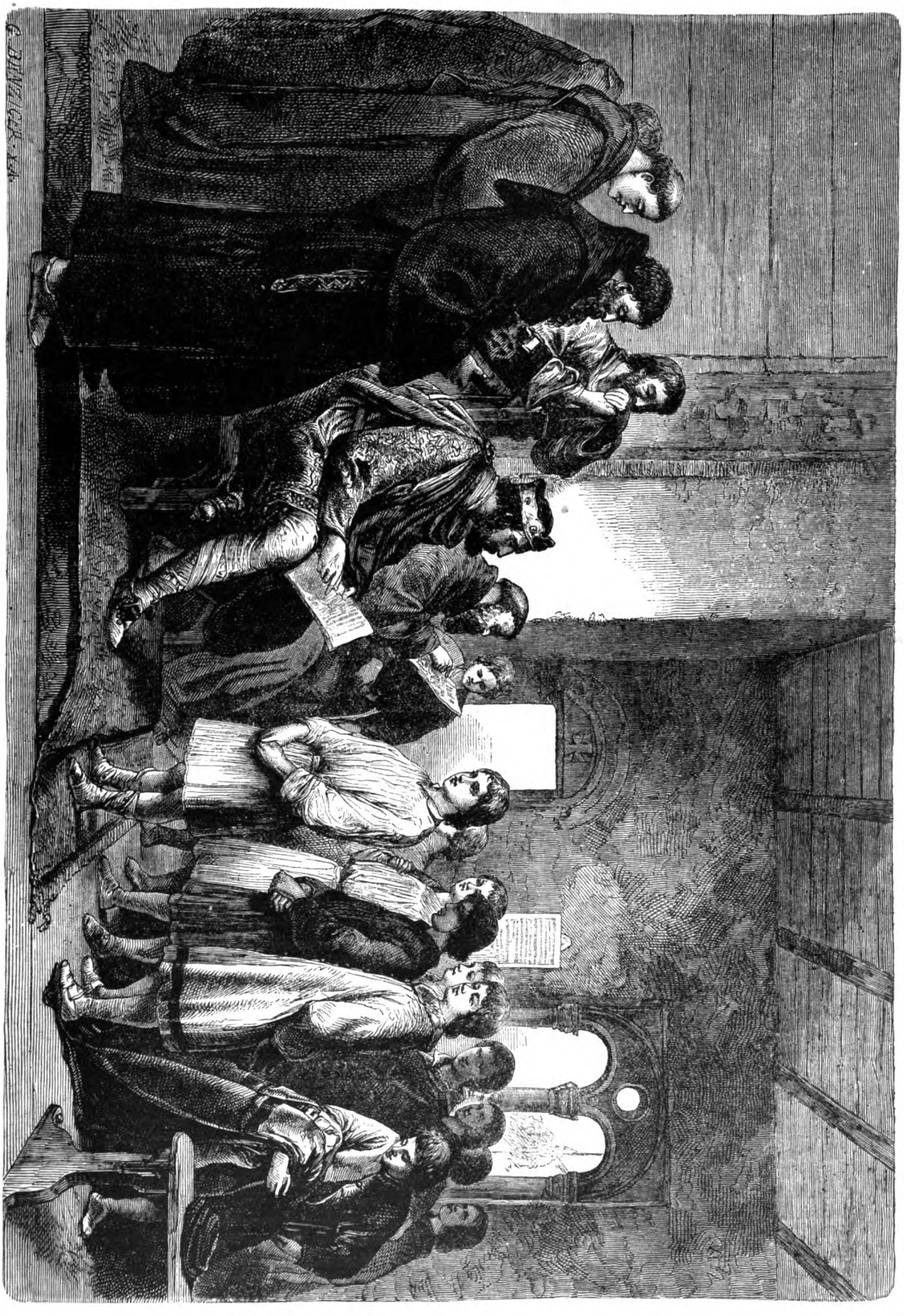
"Hiding!" gasped Aunt Deb; "from what?"

"The officers of the law." The girl looked around the cottage, but with no sign of alarm. "I think I am pursued. There was a strange man in the Barton stage to-night. He followed me over the beach. I stopped at the inn to ask about you—he stopped, also. I left him there, but he will come here—he is pursuing me—I feel it!"

Aunt Deb forced her niece down into a chair, and took off her hat and shawl. A startling change had come to the girl. In dress, she looked disordered, neglected. There were hollows under her queenly eyes, and her lovely tragic face was wasted and colorless. All the old symptoms of life had faded out of it.

"Esther Hart, what has happened to you?" cried Aunt Deb, aghast.

"Much—oh, so much!" answered the returned wanderer, wearily. "First, of all, he is dead, and I am a widow."



KING ALFRED VISITING A SCHOOL KEPT BY THE MONKS.

"I don't know as I'm sorry to hear that," said Aunt Deb. "How did he die?"

"I killed him!"

The old woman recoiled with a scream.

"Lord help us! You don't mean that, Essie—your mind is wandering. You look sick enough to be in bed this very minute. I'll warrant, soothingly, "that you haven't had a bite of supper, poor child. Wait a minute, and I'll get something ready for you."

She ran to her cupboard for a pot of tea, set forth bread and meat and other eatables upon the table and forced Esther to partake. The girl did as she was urged, but in a listless, unconscious way.

"When I came to think over the matter," quavered Aunt Deb, "I was sorry I give you that pistol of granther's, Essie! Sich weapons are dangerous for women to carry. You might have shot yourself with it."

"I shot him instead," said Esther. "I went to Canada to do it—to his own house."

There was something frightful in her dull, unmoved voice.

Aunt Deb jumped nervously.

"Don't talk like that, Essie," pleaded the frightened old woman, "I don't believe it—I won't believe it! You're clean demented. And if anybody comes a-looking for you here, they ain't a-going to find you—not if I know myself."

Esther's limp hands fell drearily to her side.

"What do I care?" she answered, hoarsely; "life is over—happiness is over. At first I was afraid. I assumed a false name; I hid myself in a miserable lodging-house in the most obscure quarter of Quebec. I pretended that I was a nursery governess seeking employment. For days I watched the daily newspapers, but, strange to say, found no mention of the murder in them. Then, of a sudden, all fear left me. I determined to return to you boldly. I have had my vengeance. Should I live a century, there could be nothing more for me in life. I am ready to give myself up. I wish they would come and take me now. He was false, Aunt Deb—he was going to marry his cousin. I saw her with him; I heard him tell her that he loved her. Do you wonder that I killed him?"

"Oh," cried Aunt Deb, in distraction, "it's just what I expected! One foot on the land and one on the sea, the deceiver, to one thing constant never. Hark! there's somebody coming up the path, as sure as you're born! Now, where be I going to conceal you, Esther Hart?"

She ran and drew the bolt of the cottage-door, but the girl by the table did not stir or change countenance.

"You will not conceal me anywhere, Aunt Deb," she answered, listlessly. "I shall not move from this room."

A heavy step crunched along the cobble-stone walk. A loud rap fell on the cottage-door, then a hand attempted to push it open.

"For the Lord's sake," implored Aunt Deb, in abject terror, "be quick! There's an oak press in my bedroom, let me lock you into it. They'll hang you if they catch you!" Esther smiled drearily.

"A life for a life! That is Bible law, Aunt Deb—that is as it should be."

The knocks on the door redoubled.

"Open inside there!" cried a man's voice; "open, Concordia Tempest."

"Somebody is calling me by name," said Aunt Deb, in amazement.

Esther started up from her chair, and sweeping to the door, threw it back before Aunt Deb could put out a hand to stop her.

"Enter!" she cried, in a voice like a bugle; "enter, whoever you may be—I am here!"

From the windy darkness a man stepped promptly into the room—the very person that Esther Hart had seen in the Barton stage—the very person that had followed her over the beach that night to the Cinderville inn.

He was in the prime of life, tall, handsome, imposing—sunburned of face, but as faultless in dress as though he had just emerged from a tailor's shop.

"By my soul!" said the stranger, looking hard at Esther Hart, "I have seen this face once before to-night! Thanks for your welcome! I am very glad you *are* here, my dear. How d'ye do, Concordia?" advancing suddenly to dumbfounded Aunt Deb, and holding out his hand; "you haven't changed much in eighteen years—no more has Cinderville. Come, don't you know *me?*"

Something in the ring of that voice stirred the chords of memory in her breast. She snatched the kerosene lamp from the table, and lifted it up to his sunburned face.

"Can I believe my eyes?" she said, slowly.

"I think you can," he answered. "Look again, Concordia. Do you see anything familiar?"

"Yes, I do," she replied; "I see Jim Hart come back to us arter long years—come back at the minute when we need him most. Esther! Esther!" raising her voice to a shrill scream, "it's no officer of the law, but your own father, from Leadville mines! He'll save you—go to him—you're his own flesh and blood—go to him, I say!"

She stood, for a moment, like a statue—she had never known the love or care of parent in her life. In this fearful crisis, this hour of peril and despair, lo! here was the face of a father looking upon her—the hand of a father outstretched to claim her. With a cry, she cast herself at his feet, and clasped him wildly about the knees.

"Father, father!" she sobbed; "take me away—oh, take me away where I can never, never be found—where nobody that I have ever known will see me more!"

CHAPTER XX.

TWO IN ONE.

JIM HART raised his daughter from the floor of Aunt Deb's cottage.

"What does all this mean?" he demanded, with a man's natural antipathy to scenes.

"Let me lock the door, Jim," quavered Aunt Deb. "Esther's in trouble; somebody may step in unawares. You see we were expecting something unpleasant when you appeared."

"Trouble?—what kind of trouble?" cried the newcomer.

"Jim's a gentleman!" had always been Aunt Deb's favorite boast concerning her brother-in-law. It did not seem a vain one. He was somewhat brown and weather-beaten, as a Western miner should be, but extremely good-looking and extremely well dressed. He had a quiet, courteous manner, and a well-bred—yes, *distingué* air. A hawk-like keenness in his face added to its attractiveness. Plainly Esther's father was no ordinary individual.

"You must tell him the story, Esther," groaned Aunt Deb; "I can't. What with this girl's troubles, and such sudden comings and goings, I'm all struck up in a heap," and she dropped helplessly into a chair. "You might have written, Jim, for us to expect you."

"And so I did," he answered, sharply. "In my last letter to Esther, I told you I was coming."

The girl by this time had recovered her self-control. She stood up, tall, white, rigid, before this stranger-father and said:

"One day, when I was in great distress—you won't understand how I could do it, but I destroyed your letter, unread. That is why you took us by surprise just now."

He turned her to the light and looked at her long and critically. She bore the inspection without flinching.

"You are a handsome girl!" he said, at last; "I am not ashamed of you. You do me credit. Have I been a good father to you, while I was West and you East? Have you had all you needed in the way of fine clothes, and trinkets and education? Have you lacked anything?"

"I have had everything—I have lacked nothing," she answered, in a dreary, joyless way.

"You do not look in the least as I expected to see you," keeping his hawk eyes fastened in amaze upon her. "You are far handsomer than your mother ever was, though she passed for a pretty girl in Cinderville, twenty years ago. And you have been happy with the old folks—your grandfather and Concordia, I mean?"

"Yes," she answered, mechanically.

"Now make a clean breast of it!" he commanded. "I am waiting—tell me everything."

She told her story with dry, burning eyes and colorless lips. He heard how Guy Fleetwood had come to Cinderville searching for a woman called Concordia Tempest—of the wooing at Porgy Rock, the flight and the marriage—of the scene on the beach, where the bride had flung her ornaments into the sea—of Fleetwood's desertion of her, and the vengeance she had wreaked upon him; and lastly, of how she had been hiding from justice for two terrible weeks.

He did not move or speak throughout the narrative. He sat with chin dropped forward, and eyes fixed on the floor. Whether or no he was affected by his daughter's wrongs and crime, neither of the others could tell.

"I killed him, father!" gasped Esther, tragically. "I saw him fall, covered with blood, on the floor of that room. I killed him!"

He started as though coming out of sleep.

"Let me see," he mused; "Guy Fleetwood, a young Canadian—seems to me that name has a familiar ring! He tells you himself that he was visiting in Colorado not many months ago—hum! He returns from that region with a burning curiosity to find a certain Concordia Tempest. He falls in love with you and coaxes you into an elopement; and then the ring and the trinkets I sent you turn his heart from you, eh? The ring! Yes, I see the connection with tolerable clearness. By my soul! things happen oddly in this world. There are so many events that the wisest of men cannot foresee!" He laughed, but his eyes flashed fire. "Esther, I acknowledge you as my very own! my seal, so to speak, is upon you! You have acted grandly; you have done the right thing in the right place. This curious seeker after women with strange names; this fastidious husband, who will not allow his wife to wear her father's gifts; this fine gentleman who can cast off a bride one week, and woo another the next—my dear, he deserved all that he got. It is a clear case of righteous retribution. I should have killed him if you had not. You spared me the task, that is all."

By some strange revulsion of feeling known only to a woman's heart, Esther shuddered away from her father.

"Don't say that!" she sobbed, with the inconsistency of her sex. "I would give my own life to bring his back. I shall deliver myself up to the proper authorities. I am a murderess—a wicked, desperate murderess—let them hang me as such. I loved him, and I killed him! Smite me, curse me, disown me, father, but do not praise me for what I have done!"

"Heaven above!" cried Aunt Deb, in terror; "don't let her be hung, Jim! She was mad with jealousy—she wasn't responsible. You'll save your own child, won't you?"

"Has there been much hue and cry after her?" he asked, gloomily.

"None that I know of. She hid in Canada two weeks, as she just told you. Nobody followed her there, she says, or spoke of the murder in her hearing."

"Didn't the affair get into the newspapers?"

"I don't know," answered Esther, wildly; "I saw no newspapers."

"Nor I," added Aunt Deb.

"Faugh!" cried Jim Hart, in sudden, disgusted conviction; "you may be sure that you didn't kill the scoundrel—wounded him, perhaps, but nothing more. The fuss that is made over the shooting of a man in these parts is something sickening, and you wouldn't have escaped like this if he had met his just desert. Mr. Guy Fleetwood bears a charmed life. Well, it may be my good luck to meet him later. Come!" his voice growing stern, almost brutal; "face the situation, girl, and prove yourself game! It won't do to show the white feather now, or to talk about love, or the giving up of yourself to the authorities." Then, bringing his hand savagely down on the table, "I arrived here to-night, it seems, in time to prevent you from making a fool of yourself!"

But Esther slipped forward and lay groveling on the floor before him.

"He is dead!" repeated the unreasonable young creature. "I saw him fall. He is dead, and it matters nothing what becomes of me now! Oh, Guy! Oh, Guy! My love—my love!"

As he looked down upon her, moaning there on the floor, with her face in the dust, it seemed as though he was about to spurn her with his foot. He checked himself, however, and turned to poor Aunt Deb.

"Leave her to come out of this tantrum at her leisure," he said. "Have you anything in the larder, Concordia? A piece of Cinderville hake or haddock, or any similar trifle? Your salt air revives my old taste for such fare. Hark!" lifting his head with evident pleasure; "that's the sound of the sea on the rocks, isn't it? Many a year has come and gone since I heard it last."

Aunt Deb, with her anxious eyes on the prostrate, motionless Esther, answered:

"Yes, I remember well the time you came, a stranger, to Cinderville, and fell in love with our Drusie, and married her against the will of your people, as you yourself said. I guess the tea is still hot in the pot, and by good luck, there's fish in the cupboard. I'll get you a bite directly. The world seems to have gone well with you, Jim—I s'pose you've made a mint of money in them mines. You've got the look of a prosperous man."

"I have prospered fairly well," answered the returned wanderer, his eyes following her as she began to bring forth such cheer as she had from her cupboard, and arrange the dishes on the table. "Esther has been amply provided for, and you well paid for all your trouble with her, eh?"

"Yes," she acknowledged.

"Why the deuce didn't you keep her out of this marriage muddle, Concordia?"

"I couldn't, Jim; 'twas all done unbeknown to me. She's headstrong—would have her own way in everything.

Mr. Fleetwood asked gran'ther and me for Essie, and we said No, and much good *that* did! I wish she had been in the West with you."

He laughed.

"With me? You are what you always was—a simpleton, Concordia. What could I do with such a girl in the West? She seems to be a whole handful even here."

Aunt Deb regarded him doubtfully.

"I s'pose you've come East for good, Jim?"

"No," he answered; "I shall remain but a few days. Ah, your supper is ready—I will move up."

Jim Hart, born gentleman, returned miner, drew his chair to the table, and proceeded to partake of the fare which Aunt Deb had spread thereon. All the time Esther was lying face downward on the floor. Her father paid no more heed to her than if she had been a dog. Absence, doubtless, had dulled his paternal affection. He had not seen this child since her babyhood, and a Western mining region is scarcely the place in which to cultivate the finer feelings of a man's nature. He ate very slowly, then moved leisurely back from the table.

"Your Cinderville fish has lost its flavor," he said; "it does not taste as it used to in the years gone by, Concordia; or, perhaps, I have outgrown my love for it." Suddenly he bent and touched the girl on the floor. "Get up!" he said, in a tone that made Aunt Deb jump, so stern it was and pitiless; "I've something to say to you!"

A shiver crept over the lovely, prostrate figure; then, as if conscious that she had met her master, she struggled to her feet.

"I am going to take you away from Cinderville," he began; "now—this very night."

"Whither?" she queried, impassively.

"That question involves some explanations. Sit down. You look like a ghost rather than a live woman standing there—you make me vastly uncomfortable," waving his hand with impatience.

She sat down.

"You have never known your father's people, Esther, but they exist in another State, and the time has come for you to make their acquaintance. I must now take you from Concordia here, and carry you away to my own kindred."

She answered not a word—only looked at him with woful, despairing eyes.

"They are an aristocratic lot," he said, with a shrug of the shoulders. "My marriage with your mother offended them deeply. After her death I went West, as you know, and there, as you do *not* know, I contracted a second marriage, and became the father of another daughter."

"Jim Hart!" gasped Aunt Deb, in utter astonishment; "you never mean it?"

"Don't interrupt, Concordia—I must make this story short. After a few happy years—Great God!" passionately, "they *were* happy, indeed!—I was forced to send wife and child to the East. My wife died; my little girl has remained ever since in the care of her personal relatives. It is to this sister that I now mean to take Esther."

"A sister—have I a sister?" she muttered, in bewilderment.

"Yes, and it is time, I dare say, that you made her acquaintance. But wait! you are going to people of high social position, full of pride and prejudice. You are to keep your lips sealed about your past. No one must know of the little accident which lately befell Mr. Fleetwood."

She shuddered, but bowed her handsome head. He smiled, grimly.

"That is good. I like to be strictly obeyed in all things. And now this brings me to the verge of another confession. Many years ago—yes, before my first marriage—I found it necessary to change my name. I had made my father angry by some wild college scrapes—I was under ban—so I dropped the name that he charged me with having disgraced, and assumed that of Jim Hart, and as Jim Hart I married Drusie Runnel. Now don't stare, Concordia," and he gave an exasperating laugh; "it's not to be expected that you should know everything about the stranger who wooed your sister in his wild youth."

"For goodness' sake," burst out Aunt Deb, "have I lived nineteen years since Drusie's marriage, only to hear that you ain't yourself, Jim Hart, but somebody else?"

"Exactly."

"And perhaps you ain't come from the mines of Leadville, either?" with growing suspicion.

"Sharp Concordia! I have not. I was never a miner. Be calm; don't let such a small matter ruffle your temper. It is kindness, sometimes, to deceive our nearest friends. My real name is Gilbert Vye. I am a Colorado cattle-king, and a person of vast resources," and he laughed again, in a mirthless, unpleasant way. "Hark! I hear the rumbling of the last stage for Barton. Make haste, Esther. You are now the elder Miss Vye, and if you possess common discretion, your honorable relatives will scarcely be able to find fault with you. Come, girl! you have made a failure of yourself—now I will start you upon a new track. Put on your shawl and bonnet and let us be gone."

CHAPTER XXI.

ESTHER AT ROOKWOOD.

TWILIGHT had fallen in the drawing-room at Rookwood—a September twilight, full of cold, creeping mist and dashes of rain. Mignon, flitting like some bright bird from window to window, saw the river blotted out in a chilly shroud; but beyond its dark, sinuous line lights were shining in Lispenard's tower.

She went back to a wood fire burning on the hearth. Before it two persons were seated—Victor Shirlaw, who had dined this day at Rookwood, and meek, pale Elinor Vye, the latter busy, as usual, with her embroidery.

"I feel as if something was about to happen," said Mignon, dropping upon a tiger-skin rug at the feet of Elinor Vye, where the red fire shone full upon her yellow hair, and her dinner-dress of wine-dark silk.

"My dear?' said Aunt Elinor, in meek interrogation.

"Some coming event is casting its shadow over me." explained Mignon; "news from papa, maybe. It is very, very odd that he has never answered my last letter."

"Possibly its contents displeased him," murmured Shirlaw, gazing fondly down into the uplifted brown eyes.

She shook her head.

"I think not. He would not show displeasure in that way. I fear he did not receive it, or," sinking her voice to a shy whisper, "perhaps he cannot quite make up his mind how to dispose of his daughter and heiress."

In the absence of Cyril Vye life at Rookwood had flowed very peacefully for the last few weeks. Shirlaw was constantly there, hovering about Mignon; but Philip Vye seemed to suspect nothing, and treated Lispenard's kinsman with studied politeness. Aunt Elinor saw all, but uttered no word, made no sign.

HER FIRST LOVE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY H. PLATHNER.

There was now but one drawback to Mignon's happiness—no reply had yet come from Gilbert Vye, no paternal sanction to her engagement. What could his silence mean?

"I hope to Heaven that we shall not meet with any opposition from *him!*" said Shirlaw. "My darling, I wonder if you would give me up at his bidding?"

She shivered.

"I love him so much, Victor! It would break my heart to disobey papa; but," trying to smile, "we need not talk like this. His silence does not, cannot, mean disapproval. To-morrow we may hear something favorable from dear, far-away Happy Valley. Yes—surely—by to-morrow!"

Elinor Vye had turned her face—she always appeared oblivious to the lovers, and their low murmurs. She was now looking away to a window opposite the fireplace.

"Lispenard's lights are shining brightly to-night," she said.

"I fear the old chap has something on his mind," answered Shirlaw, carelessly. "He seems strangely *distrait* of late—quite unlike himself. Maybe the family tragedy weighs on his spirits."

"Ah, poor fellow!" murmured Aunt Elinor.

The gas had not been lighted in the room, nor the curtains drawn. Suddenly they all heard a slight sound outside the window; looking, they saw a man standing there, his face pressed to the glass, his figure looming up, supernaturally dark and tall, against the background of misty twilight. The moment he found himself observed, up went the sash—he leaped into the drawing-room of Rookwood with a free-and-easy air.

"I trust I am as welcome by the window as the door," he said.

Mignon sprang up from the tiger-skin. A look—a cry—a breathless rush past Shirlaw, who had risen, indignant and astonished, from his chair, and she was in the arms of the intruder.

"Papa! papa!" she cried, wildly; "it is papa!"

Yes, his majesty the cattle-king had, indeed, come. Gilbert Vye stood again under the family roof-tree, in the home of the old judges and magistrates and famous lawyers of his race. Long-parted father and child were clasped in a close embrace. What were Gilbert Vye's thoughts, as he held to his bold, bad heart this innocent young creature—this beautiful, high-bred girl who had been reared far from him, and in a manner befitting the daughter of the ancient, aristocratic Vyes?

"Mignon—my darling!" He pressed her to his heart, he kissed her again and again—he held her from him, and looked at her with wild, glad eyes—in all the world she was the only thing that he loved, and he *did* love her—whatever his sins might be, Gilbert Vye loved his daughter.

"You have become a fine woman, but you are still my little Mignon," he said, fondly. "I should have known you anywhere."

"Oh, papa," she gasped, "this is why you did not answer my letter!"

"Yes; I concluded to give you a little surprise, instead."

He turned, bold and imposing, to Shirlaw and Aunt Elinor, who were both standing silent in the background. He shook hands with his sister-in-law.

"I am unspeakably glad that you are here, Gilbert!" she cried, fervently.

And then Mignon led him to her lover.

"Victor," she stammered, in happy confusion, "this is papa—you two must be friends."

A most curious sensation shot through Shirlaw as his hand met that of the cattle-king. He stood like a man dazed.

"I hope at a later date to cultivate Captain Shirlaw's acquaintance," said Gilbert Vye, politely. "Now, where is my brother Philip? I have taken the liberty to bring a second guest to his house——"

Even as he spoke, the drawing-room door flew open, and Philip Vye, drawn from his library by the cries and confusion, appeared on the threshold.

"My God!" he cried, starting back a step at sight of his visitor. Gilbert Vye smiled, with the same *sang froid* that he had displayed in Concordia Tempest's cottage.

"My dear Philip, do you invoke the Deity in joy or dismay? I hope I have not upset you. It is my way to swoop down upon my friends—and enemies, also—suddenly. Bless me! how old you have grown, Philip! You are as gray as a rat. Well, I myself am no longer a boy—the years leave their mark on all of us."

Philip Vye regained his self-possession immediately.

"Of course, I am delighted to see you, Gilbert," he answered; "only do not say that you are here to take Mignon from us—our lovely Mignon, as dear to us as our own flesh."

"No," replied Gilbert Vye, "I do not come to carry Mignon away—on the contrary, Philip, I have brought to you my other daughter."

A blank silence fell in the drawing-room. It was broken by Mignon's astonished voice.

"Papa! what *do* you mean?"

"Let me tell you a family secret, my dear," said the cattle-king, drawing her fondly to him. "I was a widower when I married your mother, and the father of a daughter who had been left in the Far East, with her mother's people. Owing to her humble station my first wife did not quite meet the approval of my kindred"—with a mocking bow to his brother; "indeed, she was the bone of contention which finally drove me to the frontier. I have never spoken to you of the matter, Mignon, because, heretofore, I could see no necessity for doing so; but your sister is now homeless, and in great trouble from the loss of her maternal relatives, and so, to make the story brief, she is now waiting at the gate of Rookwood."

Whatever Philip Vye may have thought of this sudden resurrection of an old and obnoxious family affair, his mask-like face betrayed nothing.

"You are rich in surprises, Gilbert," he said, dryly; but Mignon, now in a state of wild excitement, interrupted:

"How strange, how delightful, papa! Let me see my sister at once! It was very good of you to bring her here to-night that she might share in your own welcome. I promise to love her with my whole heart."

"And I also," said Elinor Vye, firmly. For once she seemed to forget her husband's presence. "Do not keep her waiting another moment, Gilbert; she will think us unkind, inhospitable."

"Very true," chimed in Philip, vivaciously; "bring her in."

The cattle-king walked leisurely out of the drawing-room and down into the driveway, where a close carriage stood waiting. He threw back the door and said, briefly, "Come!"

Esther alighted. Gilbert Vye thrust some money into the hand of the driver, and the vehicle rolled away, leaving the two together at the entrance of Rookwood.

"Your kindred will receive you properly, Esther," said Gilbert Vye. "Mind that you say nothing about

your late troubles. You have left your past behind you —your very name is now changed. All that happened to you among your mother's relatives you must forget."

She nodded, but did not speak. He pushed her almost rudely toward the door.

"You are to begin a new life here. No whining, remember, and no more devilish nonsense, girl! Both you and your sister ought to marry men of wealth and position; you have each a powerful share of good looks. Now courage—here we go!"

The next moment Esther was standing in the Rookwood drawing-room, face to face with the strange kindred whose existence had been unknown to her one week before—a grand, pale vision, dressed in plainest black, but of a beauty so startling that everybody stared in amazement. Mignon was the first to recover her wits. She rushed forward and caught the impressive creature in her arms.

"So you are my sister?" she cried; "and I never dreamed till to-night that I possessed such a treasure. Oh, we ought to have known and loved each other long ago!"

In Esther's big, woful eyes a suspicious moisture gathered, then Aunt Elinor embraced her and said, boldly:

"Welcome to Rookwood—to your father's birthplace, my dear! I thank Gilbert for bringing you here."

With a shrug Philip extended his finger-tips to the newcomer.

"Miss Vye, I fear you are even handsomer than your sister Mignon," he said, lightly. "As guardian of two such girls, my brother has surely a great responsibility resting upon his shoulders."

Shirlaw was the last to be presented. He looked like a man suddenly bereft of his senses. He mumbled a few incoherent words. Esther simply inclined her handsome head in silence, and Philip Vye, heeding neither, turned to his brother, and put a hand on Gilbert's shoulder.

"Well, what does all this mean?" he said, impatiently. "Surely, Gilbert, you did not leave your herds and ranges for no other purpose than to give us this surprise?"

"True," replied the other, "I heard of Mignon's engagement to this gentleman," nodding toward Shirlaw, "and I started East to make his acquaintance."

"Mignon engaged!" Philip Vye turned like lightning on his niece, gave Shirlaw a piercing, unpleasant look, then smiled. "Ah, Mignon is a sly puss, and the captain, I acknowledge, has stolen a march on me! Very well. I forgive them both, of course. Quite right, Elinor," as Mrs. Vye swept up to Mignon and kissed her. Is the matter settled?"

Gilbert Vye looked at his daughter's lover.

"If Captain Shirlaw should be at leisure in the morning," he said, politely, "I beg permission to talk with him in private."

"I am at your service, at any hour you may name," said Shirlaw.

Elinor Vye had drawn Esther down to a seat, and was taking off her wraps. The grand, white creature sat voiceless and statue-like in the midst of the company. Shirlaw tried to look away from her, but could not. He was certainly losing his wits. At last he managed to whisper to Mignon:

"You must have a great deal to say to your father, of course. He has the right to monopolize you to-night. I am *de trop* here."

And he made a hasty exit. Down to the landing he went, jumped into a skiff, and started for the opposite river-bank. Half way across the current he bent suddenly, and dashed a handful of the cold water to his forehead.

"I must be going mad!" he said to himself.

He found Abel Lispenard pacing his terrace in the gathering gloom, with a half-dozen hounds at his heels—a square, powerful figure, absorbed in deep thought, and looking odd and uncanny enough in that uncertain light. At sight of Shirlaw the dwarf paused.

"Good Heaven! You look as though you had lost your wits, Victor!" he cried.

Shirlaw tried to laugh.

"Perhaps I have. Don't mind me. I bring you news, old man. Gilbert Vye has arrived at Rookwood."

"Ah!"

"And brought with him another daughter—the child of a first marriage. It seems that the man has had two wives."

Lispenard's pale, dark face remained perfectly impassive.

"Well," he said, simply, "what is Gilbert Vye like?"

"When you meet him, you will doubtless be impressed with his fine physique and good-breeding."

"Then he has preserved the habits of civilized society, in spite of his long sojourn with cowboys and half-breeds? Evil communication has not corrupted his good manners, eh?"

"No. One might say that he has preserved them to a wonderful degree," answered Shirlaw, dryly. "I am to go over there in the morning, to be properly examined by his majesty regarding my merits as a prospective son-in-law. Don't look at me like that, Lispenard. I have received a curious shock, you see—some strange, I may say, infernal delusions have got possession of me to-night; but," with a ghastly smile, "they will be gone by morning."

"Delusions—concerning Gilbert Vye?"

"Yes, by Jove! yes. He reminds me of a—a—person that I once encountered in the West, under abominably unpleasant circumstances, but I cannot speak of it, even to you."

"And the daughter?" said Lispenard, calmly.

A strange look appeared on Shirlaw's handsome, careless face.

"No words of mine can describe the daughter!" he answered, in a low voice.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile, in the Rookwood drawing-room, Esther Vye arose from the midst of her new-found kindred, and said to Aunt Elinor:

"May I ask to be shown to my room?"

The chamber recently vacated by Maud Loftus was assigned to her. Mignon followed her thither.

"Strange that papa never told us of each other!" purred the latter, sweetly, "and all my life I have longed so much for a sister! Dearest Esther, I shall be very, very proud to present you to our Dale friends."

The island girl stood in the charming room as insensible to its luxury as though she had been at Porgy Light.

"Do not present me to anybody," she answered, in a stifled voice; "do not let it be known that I am here."

Mignon stared and smiled.

"Oh, but I must! We could not conceal you if we would, and we would not if we could. Why, you have the beauty of a Cleopatra—you were never born for seclusion. A kind Providence surely sent you to fill the vacuum made by a schoolmate of mine who lately occupied this room, but was suddenly called to Canada by the death of a relative. Ah, is it not delightful that papa

has come from the West at last? Of course, he is even more of a stranger to you than to me. We are both motherless, and both have lived, I suspect, lonely lives. I am sure that, like myself, you have longed unspeakably for papa."

Esther's face changed. Had not this father deceived her continuously concerning his station, his occupation—even his name? Had he not drawn a sharp line of difference betwixt her and the child of his second marriage?

"No," she answered, sternly, "he is, indeed, a stranger to me. I never knew him and I never loved him!"

"Oh, you cannot mean that!" said Mignon, greatly shocked.

"I do—I do!" protested Esther, gloomily. "You are sweet and gentle and amiable; but I, by nature, am a wicked, heartless creature. Don't start. I shall not harm *you*. Neither," with a half-sob, "could I dislike you, if I tried."

Mignon went straight up to the handsome, desolate creature and kissed her.

"You will have to *love* me, Esther—I shall give you no peace till you do." Then she ran and drew the curtains across the windows, and arranged the night-lamp. "I must say no more to you to-night, dear, because you are tired and homesick and out of spirits. My room is next to yours. Maud Loftus liked to be near me even when sleeping—perhaps you may like it, too."

Esther grew rigid from head to foot

"What name is that?" she gasped. "Of whom are you talking?"

"The Canadian schoolmate that I mentioned just now," answered Mignon; "Maud Loftus, my dearest friend. She spent several weeks at Rookwood after we graduated together."

Esther cast a wild, hunted look around the chamber.

"What! she has been here—*here!* And he—her lover——" She paused as if choking.

"I have never met Mr. Fleetwood," cried Mignon, in amazement. "Yes, he is her lover—they have been engaged since childhood. She is to marry him at Tamarack Hall. Dearest Esther, is it possible that *you* know Maud? No, that cannot be; but do not answer—you are frightfully pale—go at once to bed. You can explain all this some other time."

So here, in this strange, far-off Rookwood, her ghastly sin, her unspeakable sorrow leaped up fresh before her. At sound of Fleetwood's name, her heart seemed to stop beating. She stared at Mignon, with a face like death.

"Oh, my hands!" she screamed out, suddenly. "Look at my hands! They are red—red with blood!"

And, swaying helplessly backward, Esther fell, senseless as stone, to the floor of the chamber.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BROTHERS.

An outcry from the chamber overhead reached Aunt Elinor's ears. She glided from the drawing-room, leaving Philip Vye and the cattle-king together.

They stood face to face on the firelit hearth. Over their heads hung a portrait, by Copley, of a certain Judge Vye, in lace ruffles and peruke, haughty and uncompromising of face; a stern, inflexible Puritan, renowned in his day for his wise administration of justice, and his unswerving integrity. Philip Vye made a slight gesture toward this portrait, and said:

"Your grandfather and mine!"

"Yes," was the cattle-king's answer, with supreme indifference.

"He is said to have been a remarkably upright and honorable old fellow," remarked Philip, watching his brother with queer intentness; "I wonder what he thinks of his descendants—that is, you and me, Gilbert—as we stand here on the family hearth of Rookwood to-night?"

Gilbert Vye set his back to the portrait and looked only at his brother.

"Men have changed since Judge Vye's day," he answered, dryly.

"And not for the better."

"Possibly. You, at least, Philip, have followed in his footsteps—you have preserved his old home," glancing around the handsome room, "and won fame and money in the profession so dearly loved by our judicial ancestor."

"Unfortunate investments have crippled me sadly, of late," corrected Philip Vye; "Rookwood is mortgaged for its full value to a neighbor of mine across the river. Its real owner to-day is not Philip Vye, but Abel Lispenard."

"That is bad."

"Very. I consider it a great misfortune, Gilbert, that you did not remain in the East and stick to law. You were full of inherited talent—indeed, you might have been a judge yourself to-day, if you had walked in the ways of your fathers. It was you, the younger son, who should have sustained the reputation of our family."

A queer expression passed over the bronzed face of the cattle-king. He threw back his broad shoulders, as though he did not breathe quite freely.

"The East! I am strangling here already! God knows it might have been better for me and for Mignon, if I had been content years ago with my law-books; but—I was born for other ends. There was a restless devil here," striking his breast, savagely, "that drove me—that has been driving me ever since, to perdition—ah, pardon!—I should have said to fresh fields and pastures new! Well, what I wish to ask, Philip—what I came East to discover is this—who is the Captain Shirlaw that wants to marry Mignon?"

Philip Vye took up a pair of tongs, and threw a fallen brand back upon the fire.

"An officer and a gentleman," he answered, "and the heir-apparent of Lispenard, my rich neighbor across the river."

"Ha! You consider him a good match, then?"

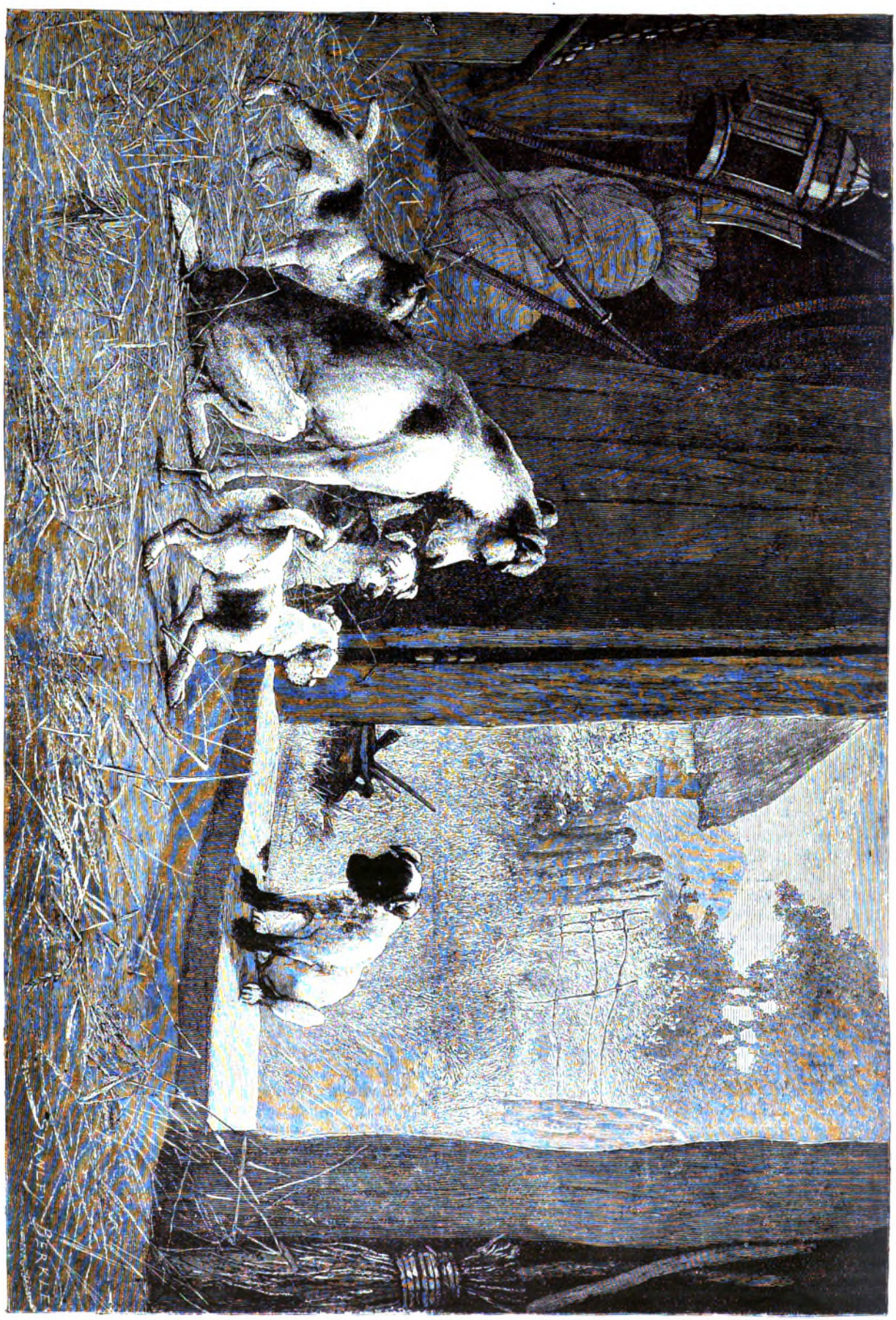
"Most certainly."

The cattle-king took a few impatient strides around the room, then came back and stood by his slight, gray brother.

"I owe you many thanks, Philip, for your kindness to Mignon during her long stay in the East, but she seems to have met with some unpleasant things at Rookwood—the child has no secrets from her father, you know. Where is that cub Cyril, who insists upon marrying my daughter, whether she will or not?"

Philip Vye's pale face remained as placid as a Summer morning.

"Cyril is at present in New York," he replied. "It is true that he has long cherished a foolish passion for his cousin; but her engagement with Shirlaw must necessarily end all that. If he has annoyed her, his youth and naturally impetuous temperament must be his excuse. For reasons of my own, I am very glad that Mignon rejected my son. Cyril must marry an heiress, and somehow, Gilbert," looking steadily at his brother, "I have an impression that you are not a rich man." Gilbert frowned. "Then, too, it seems that you have another



A DISGRACE TO HIS FAMILY.—FROM THE PICTURE BY STANLEY BERKELEY.

daughter to provide for—the child of that early *mésalliance* which so sorely wounded the pride of the Vyes. She is a startlingly handsome creature, but I have not yet forgotten the tempest which the accidental discovery of your secret marriage with her mother once raised at Rookwood."

"No more have I," said Gilbert Vye, gloomily; "it was the unpleasantness resulting from it which finally drove me West, and out of it grew a chain of circumstances that marred my whole life. Yes, I have two daughters to provide for, certainly. Every nature, however strong, has some vulnerable point—mine is a weakness for my own offspring. My little Mignon is the only thing I ever really loved in life!"

"We are wandering from our subject," said Philip Vye, coldly.

"True. You wish to discover if I am a rich man—is that it?"

"Yes."

Gilbert Vye's face was as unreadable as stone. He leaned on the carved mantel, under the very nose of the bewigged and belaced judge, and looked squarely into his brother's cold gray eyes.

"It is probable that your ideas of wealth differ from mine, Philip. A good horse and a wide range are enough to satisfy me. Yes, decidedly; I know of no man richer than I!"

"That being the case," replied Philip Vye, "how did you come to part with Happy Valley Ranch?"

The cattle-king started back a step, and his face changed.

"In God's name, who told you that?" he demanded, roughly.

The elder man smiled, and gave the fire a second poke.

"Never mind. I frequently pick up bits of information in odd ways."

"Have you *dared* to tell Mignon?"

"Not a syllable, my dear Gilbert! Don't look so angry—you always had the devil's own temper. Quite by accident, I learned of the sale of your ranch to an English capitalist. I have mentioned the matter to no one, being confident that you would explain everything satisfactorily in your own time."

Gilbert Vye looked half relieved, half suspicious.

"Greatly obliged, I'm sure. I fell into money embarrassments, and was forced to part with the ranch. It was Mignon's birthplace—she had a foolish fondness for it, so I could not tell her, you see."

"Yes, I see. You chose to deceive us all instead. Quite proper, I dare say. Where and how have you been living, Gilbert, since you left Happy Valley?"

"Upon a new range, wider far and richer than the other. Come!" with a sudden burst of pent-up fury, "what prying fool has been meddling in my affairs, Philip. If I had him for a few minutes beyond the Mississippi, I would teach him better manners."

Philip smiled warily.

"Nobody has been prying—certainly not! Of course, I must, as your brother, feel a keen interest in your welfare. May I ask where your new range is located?"

Gilbert's face showed dark impatience and wrathful scorn.

"Your knowledge of Western geography is necessarily limited, Philip. I will find a map, while I am at Rookwood, and mark the boundaries of my possessions upon it." He took another restless turn about the room. "I choke—I stifle!" he cried, vehemently; "already I feel my strength and courage waning in this atmosphere. I long for a good horse and the free air of the Rockies again. Verily, my place is there, not here! As for my daughters, Mignon's happiness seems assured, but Esther—well, I do not know about Esther. If I leave her with you, Philip, you will find her the very deuce to manage!"

"I can believe that," replied Philip, looking fixedly up at the old portrait of Judge Vye. "The blood of her fisher-mother does not blend well with that of the Vyes. Heaven save us! Gilbert, what a race you have run in your day, to be sure! You broke your father's heart, you squandered your share of the family fortune, you flung away all your golden chances of success at the bar, you made the most absurd marriages that a man was ever guilty of—one wife was an ignorant fisher-girl, the other the daughter of a common *ranchero*—and you have become the father of two daughters handsome enough," with an odd laugh, "to make men forgive all the follies and sins of their sire!"

"Anything more?" chafed the cattle-king.

"Yes; I dare say there is yet a great deal in the background. By-the-way, Gilbert, do you remember a college class-mate of yours, named Martin—a rather insignificant, second-rate sort of fellow?"

"I have some faint remembrance of such a party," answered Gilbert Vye, coldly.

"Did you ever chance to encounter him in the West? He has lately been traveling there."

Their eyes met—wary, gray, steely, inflexible blue. The latter seemed to say: "You dare not press me too far! We are brothers, and my disgrace must, in a measure, be yours also."

"Never!" answered Gilbert Vye. "It is a score of years, at least, since I last saw Martin."

The door opened, and Mignon peeped in.

"Papa," she said, "Esther is ill. She has fainted."

He drew her quickly up to him.

"Never mind Esther—she will recover sooner if left to herself. Tell me, my darling! do you really love this Captain Shirlaw, to whom you have promised yourself?"

She colored under Philip Vye's keen, gray look, but answered, firmly:

"Yes, papa."

"Then you shall have him," declared Gilbert Vye, with a sombre smile, "and I will hie back to my free ranges again."

"Surely you will take me with you, papa!" she pleaded. "You will not ask me to longer endure separation from you?"

A shadow crossed his face.

"The West is no place for you now, Mignon. Are you not happy here?"

"Happy, parted from you, papa?—No, no!"

"You have your lover—he will comfort you."

She clasped her lovely arms around his bronzed neck.

"Papa, I will hold you here until you consent! I will never, never let you return to Colorado without me."

"Hush, my darling!" said Gilbert Vye, sternly; "you do not know what you say. It was madness for me to come East at all—no man ever did a more reckless thing; but my desire to see you once more was too strong to resist—so here I am. You are not to keep me at Rookwood, dear child—neither must you think for a moment of returning to Colorado, for it cannot be—it cannot be!"

Something in his tone awed and frightened her. She hid her fair face on his breast.

"Oh, the dear old ranch!" she sobbed. "Am I never to see it again, papa?—the place where you and I once were so happy together?"

Like a fox Philip Vye stood on the hearth, watching father and daughter—drinking in every word they uttered. But the cattle-king, never heeding his brother, clasped the girl suddenly to his heart. A dark remorse—a passionate despair, filled his sombre eyes.

"God have mercy on us both!" he muttered, in a shaken voice. "No, my darling! no, my little Mignon, you will never in this life see happy Valley Ranch again."

(To be continued).

THE ORIGIN OF WIGS.

THE patron saint of all wigmakers is St. Louis of France, who, through the ingenuity of his mother, Queen Blanche of Castile, wore the first wig that ever graced the head of mortal man or woman. The story goes that when King Louis returned from a crusade to the Holy Land his mother was shocked at seeing that the hardships of the journey, together with the hot climate of Palestine, had robbed her son of all his hair. But, besides being a most devoted mother, Queen Blanche was an ingenious woman, who soon found a way out of her difficulty. Each knight at court, the color of whose hair had even the slightest resemblance to her son's, was bereft of one lock, which, deftly joined, became an ornamental covering for her son's bald head. The honor of being made the patron saint to wigmakers ought, therefore, by rights to have been conferred on the mother instead of the son; but there is some consolation in the fact that after a lapse of six centuries Queen Blanche's ghost arises, pointing out that, in spite of all sayings to the contrary, not only in the nineteenth century women may be inventors, but that even at the dawn of the Middle Ages a woman founded an industry by which thousands at present earn their daily bread.

ANECDOTE OF VERNET.

THE following anecdote is told of Horace Vernet, the French historical painter. The artist was coming from Versailles to the city in the train. Despite his very eccentric attire, he fancied, as usual, that he was unobserved. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before but who evidently were acquainted with him, and who commented upon his personal appearance rather too freely. The painter was annoyed. As the train passed under the tunnel of St. Cloud, the three travelers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth, and kissed it twice, violently. On emerging from obscurity he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him, and were accusing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark. As they arrived at Paris, Vernet, on leaving them, said: "Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry, which of these two ladies was it that kissed me?"

COPY OF A HANDBILL PICKED UP NEAR PETERBOROUGH, ENGLAND, 1784.—"Wanted, for a sober family, a man of light weight, who fears the Lord and can drive a pair of horses. He must occasionally wait at table, join in the household prayer, look after the horses, and read a chapter in the Bible. He must, God willing, rise at seven in the morning, obey his master and mistress in all lawful commands. If he can dress hair, sing psalms, and play at cribbage, the more agreeable. Wages, fifteen guineas a year."

THAT'S WHY I MARRIED HER.

THE following charming anecdote is told of Lord Lawrence, and is eminently characteristic of the man, who was as strong in his affection as in his will: He was sitting in his drawing-room at Southgate with his sister and others of the family; all were engaged in reading. Looking up from his book, in which he had been engrossed, he discovered that his wife had left the room.

"Where's mother?" said he, to one of the daughters.

"She's up-stairs," replied the girl.

He returned to his book, and, looking up again a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter, and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading; once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. His sister broke in: "Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on for five minutes without your wife."

"That's why I married her," he replied.

QU'APPELLE RIVER—MANITOBA.

THE name Qu'Appelle, given to the river, charming valley, and village in eastern Assiniboia, long-ago settled by half-breeds, and now one of the most productive districts in the Northwest, is literally "Who calls?" It is French for an old Cree appellation, *Kateépwa*, referring to the curious calling or talking noises heard there in Winter from beneath the ice. These sounds are most noticeable among the deep coulés near Fort Qu'Appelle, some fifteen miles north of the railway station. The Crees had a separate name, however, for the locality of the Hudson Bay Company's trading fort, *Kipâyikinik*, meaning "closed gates" and referring to an aboriginal fish-dam at that point. The word "Manitoba" (which is *not* pronounced Manitobá) signifies "spirit voices," and was given to the lake by the Indians on account of the remarkable susceptibility to echoes possessed by the flinty cliffs of its largest island, an echo, to all aboriginal minds, being the mocking answer of some mischievous spirit.

COLERIDGE was a remarkably awkward horseman, so much so as generally to attract notice. He was once riding along the turnpike road, in the County of Durham, when a wag, approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and, quite mistaking his man, thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport, when, as he drew near, he thus accosted Mr. C.: "I say, young man, did you meet a *tailor* on the road?" "Yes," replied Mr. C., who was never at a loss for a rejoinder, "I did; and he told me, if I went a little further, I should meet a *goose!*" The assailant was struck dumb, while the traveler jogged on.

LADY SPELLERS OF A PAST DAY.—Mr. Foote, the celebrated wit, used to tell the following story, which (if he did not invent it from his love of fun) does not speak very well for the spelling powers of the women of a past day. The Ladies Cheere, Fielding, and Hill, were amusing themselves by playing at the children's game of "I love my love with a letter." Lady Cheere began and said, "I love my love with an N, because he is a Night (knight). Lady Fielding followed with "I love my love with a G, because he is a Gustus' (justice). And "I love my love with an F," said Lady Hill, "because he is a 'Fizishun'" (physician).

THE highest point outward things can bring unto is the contentment of the mind, with which no estate can be poor; without which all estates would be miserable.

EVEN-SONG.

SAFE in its earth nest lying,
  The bird is closing its eyes:
Dream!—while the wind is flying
  From its lair in the lofty skies!
Sweet in its earth nest lying,
  The flower is sinking to sleep:
Dream!—while the waves are crying
  On shores of the mighty deep!

For, dearest, thine eyelid closes,
  Safe as the bird's in the bower;
Thy golden brow reposes,
  Sweet as the head of the flower.
Night wind, murmur yonder!
  Sea-wave, break and scream!
Your voices can never wonder
  To the beautiful shores of Dream!

STONEKILL GLEN.—"AMY HAD INSTINCTIVELY THROWN HER ARMS ABOUT HIM, AND AS HE RODE HE COULD FEEL HER WARM BREATH FANNING HIS CHEEK, AND THE QUICK BEATING OF HER HEART AGAINST HIS BREAST."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

STONEKILL GLEN.

By Charles L. Hildreth.

The City of Merlinford is furnished with an abundant supply of water from an artificial lake, twenty-five miles distant. This reservoir, a mile in length and three-quarters in width, was created by throwing a dam of heavy masonry across the river, where it debouches from the uplands in a series of leaps and plunges among the rocks which gave it its name. The Stonekill, fifty years ago, was a stream of respectable size, flowing between wooded banks and smooth, sloping lawns, or precipitous bluffs where the water, always in shadow, whisked by like a green serpent seeking its den among the marshes in the valley below. But the necessities of man, ever at war with natural beauty, have changed all this. Instead of a broad current with picturesque pools and rapids, known to enthusiastic trout-fishermen, a petulant little brook murmurs along the bottom of the glen, spanned here and there by small foot-bridges, a single plank wide, and buried from sight at midsummer by the luxuriant growth of flags and rushes.

The old river bottom has been converted into arable land, and where the salmon once turned his shining sides to the sun, houses and barns are built. One of the most pretentious of these, at the period of this history, was owned and occupied by Abiah Suthern, his family and a dozen boarders from Merlinford. Mr. Suthern was, to use his own modest description of himself, "a pretty considerable genius," with a turn for most things likely to yield a profit; uniting in his own proper person the several characters of farmer, boarding-house keeper, wheelwright, deacon of the church and inspector of the dam, which latter was something more than half a mile distant from his dwelling.

The most onerous duty connected with his inspectorship was the monthly journey to Merlinford for the purpose of drawing his salary; for he rarely troubled himself about the dam, confining his office to a perfunctory visit once or twice a year. His indifference, however, was that of pure faith; he had as much confidence in the dam as he had in himself, which is a metaphor for infallibility.

The deacon—he preferred that one of his many titles—professed to have studied human nature and to know a thing or two about it. When Summer boarders had been decided upon, he immediately set about securing them upon sound philosophical principles.

"Find out a pretty girl and her ma," he said to his wife, "and the thing is done."

And it *was* done. The pretty girl and her ma were discovered, and presently the deacon's diplomacy began to bear fruit. Several young men, known to the aforesaid pretty girl, happened along—quite by accident, of course—were immeasurably surprised to meet a city friend in that out-of-the-way region, and, detecting hitherto unsuspected sanitary virtues in the air and water of the district, concluded to stop a while. A number of acquaintances and relatives followed in turn, and the deacon's house was full to overflowing.

"Human natur' is human natur'," observed Abiah, sententiously; "the same as it was, wife, when I went sneakin' round after you, thirty years ago."

The pretty girl in question was Miss Amy Fawcett, another example of the deacon's judgment. For she was a *very* pretty girl, indeed; a slender, flower-like creature, just within the debatable land of immature womanhood, with the stateliness of a budding goddess and the affectionate gentleness of a child. A trifle of a flirt she was, perhaps, but only as an innocent girl may be to whom passion is yet but a rumor, and the solemn mysteries of the heart a book in an unknown tongue. Miss Amy had ideas, nevertheless, and was pragmatical on questions of morals and manners; but if her views were not very deep or original, her way of expressing them was delightfully piquant, so that nothing was lost in the end.

Among her little court of admirers at the farmhouse, there was at least one who was frankly in love with her. Stanley Parr, with characteristic impetuosity, had already offered himself to her after a three weeks' acquaintance, and had been informed that his proposal was regarded as an impertinence.

Utterly abashed and miserable, Stanley had resolved first, to join the Army and get himself killed by the Indians, leaving behind a letter upbraiding her with his premature decease; next, to go to sea as a common sailor, and wait until one day when she would be crossing the ocean in a storm, obligingly sent for the purpose, he would rescue her from a watery grave and die with her name upon his lips, and finally—to light a pipe, sit down and think it over coolly.

The result of his meditations was that he had acted like a fool in trying to win such a girl by a *coup de main*—a dash and scramble worthy of a clown—and that he had only received his just deserts. The shock of her refusal had taught him that he did love her seriously and earnestly, and that, though she was far too good for him, he could never be happy without her. He determined to make a prudent and manful fight for her and to commit no more blunders.

He had thereupon assumed a diplomatically penitent air, begged her pardon and, since she was really not very angry with him, been received into favor again as a friend.

He was a tall, muscular fellow, with a handsome, boyish face, honest gray eyes, incapable of concealing or disguising his least emotion; an innocent, useless, generous lad, heavily handicapped by a large fortune in his own right, with no natural abilities or tastes, except, it might be, for athletics, in which he excelled. He could row, ride, cricket, run, swim like an otter and box like a pugilist.

"But you don't remember a single Latin verb," objected Amy, to whom he had recited the catalogue of his acquirements one afternoon at the farmhouse. "You don't know the name of the commonest botanical plant, and you have never read Emerson."

"Well, I never had a head for such things," replied Stanley, argumentatively. "Heads are as different as legs and arms. Now, the professor couldn't lift a hundred pounds, whereas I could lift twice that with the professor upon it to boot. Don't you see?"

"That is mere brute strength," said Amy, disdainfully. "A horse is as much stronger than you are——"

"As I am stronger than the professor," interjected Stanley, jealously; "that's true, but I would rather be a horse than that hollow-chested, chalk-faced creature, with his drivel about the conduct of the crustiores and secondary strata."

"The professor is a friend of mine," answered Amy, with dignity; "you appear to forget. I consider your remarks in very bad taste, besides showing that you are quite incapable of appreciating the moral and intellectual worth of a man like Professor Waldruff."

"Which you are, no doubt," retorted Stanley, satirically. "But let me give you one bit of advice, Amy. When you go botanizing with him again, take care not to fall into the brook, for the best he could do would be to put up his glasses and look at you, as he does at one of his specimens, and say, 'How very remarkable!'"

"I think," said Amy, with indignant emphasis, "that we had better not converse on this subject any longer. Our minds are of so different a cast that we cannot by any possibility understand each other."

"You mean, in plain terms, that I am a fool, don't you?" asked Stanley, sorrowfully. "You are right, and I know it only too well. I wish I were the kind of a man you approve of, Amy. I would even change places with the professor for your sake. You know what I mean by talking as I do. I am jealous, miserably, shamefully jealous, and that is the truth."

"You have no right to be," answered Amy, sharply, while a faint blush rose to her cheek.

"I know that," admitted Stanley, "but I can't help it. I love you so that I am jealous of the very air that stirs your hair, of the flower you wear at your breast. It is in me; it has become a part of my life, and you might as well forbid me to breathe as forbid me to love you."

If he had been a more artful suitor, he would have paused there and allowed his words to take effect, but he was too clumsy and too much in love.

"I don't wonder," he added, while she sat silent, with averted face, "that you prefer the professor to me, since it is the brain that makes the man, after all. But fool as I am, there is more real love in my little finger than there could by any possibility be in his whole body."

She arose and turned away.

"I took you for a man of your word, Mr. Parr," she said, haughtily, "when you assured me that you would not refer to the subject of your—your affections again. I accepted you back as a friend on that one condition. I perceive that you are not to be trusted. I shall know how to guard myself from a repetition of this scene."

Poor Stanley sat looking after her, as she walked slowly away, with a mournful expression.

"I was a fool to hope," he muttered, dejectedly. "She will never care for me as I care for her. I am not her equal, and that is a fact. They say a woman must respect a man before she loves him, and what is there to respect in me? I have made the best mile running; I pulled stroke in the winning crew at Yale; I have won three prizes in succession for a hundred miles on the wheel. But what is all that to her? If I could talk Herbert Spencer to her as the professor does—curse the professor!" he added, savagely. "I would like to take a round out of him without gloves; I'd mix up his confounded strata for him."

His bicycle—for poor Stanley, unfortunate in love, was the admiration of all adepts in "wheeling" whatsoever—stood against a neighboring tree. He sprang upon it and grimly trundled off up the road toward the dam for his regular afternoon spin around the reservoir.

He was in no mood for the exercise to-day, however, and, arrived at the dam, he dismounted, and threw himself upon the sod in the shadow of the huge wall.

"Why *am* I such an utterly good-for-nothing fellow?" he said, scanning the structure discontentedly. "Why couldn't I even have built such a thing as *that?* Some one was proud of it, I suppose, though it is an ugly, commonplace heap of stones at best." He arose and walked to the foot of the wall. "And leaks, too," he added, examining a dozen little jets of water, which were spouting viciously through the masonry. "That can't be right, I am sure. What was that problem they used to give us about the detrition of water against stone? I never got the answer, I remember. No doubt the professor could give the figures to an ounce in weight and a second in time."

He went and threw himself upon the grass again and remained buried in moody reflection until near sunset. Then he arose and cast another glance at the wall. He was considerably startled to observe that the jets of water had increased in number, and that some of them had grown in size to the thickness of his wrist. A deep crack, which he had not noticed before, had opened perpendicularly in the face of the wall, and small pebbles and particles of mortar were dropping down. He could feel a perceptible tremor in the ponderous stonework, and he fancied that he could hear a low, threatening sound, like the muttering of an angry voice, arising from the depths of the foundation.

"I will swear *that* is not right," he said, with a sensation of terror, looking up at the mighty structure confining thousands of tons of water, for ever struggling to escape, like a chained giant. There had been a series of heavy rains of late, and the reservoir was full to overflowing. "I will speak to the deacon about it to-night."

He mentioned his discovery at the tea-table to the no small amusement of the worthy inspector.

"That dam was put there to stay," he said; "and you can't knock it down with a pea-shooter, young man."

"But the leaks enlarged while I sat looking at them," insisted Stanley; "and I felt the wall shake."

"I have examined the dam," observed the professor, with calm certainty. "It is built upon sound scientific principles. The angle of resistance is geometrically correct, and the base lines——"

"I don't care for angles and base lines," retorted Stanley, with the anger which the professor's pleasant allowance for his ignorance always roused in him; "that dam is unsafe, and as this house is directly in the old path of the river, I think it ought to be looked to."

"The law of resisting angles is very simple," replied the professor, gently. "I could give you the equation, Mr. Parr—that is, if you could understand it."

Stanley would have insisted, but he saw that Amy was looking at him compassionately, and he remained indignantly silent.

"She thinks I am displaying my stupidity before the professor," he said to himself, and his fingers itched to pitch the learned gentleman out of the window.

But though silenced, he was by no means convinced. For once in his life he passed a restless night. Many times the stir of the wind among the trees sent him to the window with a bound; and—it was not fancy either—there were odd, unaccustomed moanings and sighings in the air, inarticulate voices of warning proceeding from the direction of the dam. The house-dogs went whining and pattering about the door-yard, and the cattle stamped uneasily in the sheds with the instinctive foreknowledge of danger which man in his wisdom has lost.

The rising sun partly dissipated his fears. With the placid glory of the morning flooding the lawns and meadows, and the soft wind breathing perfume in at his window, danger and death seemed the unhealthy fancies of a dream. Somewhat reassured, therefore, he submitted to the deacon's bantering on the subject with perfect good-humor. But he resolved, notwithstanding, to satisfy himself by another visit to the dam.

In truth, in the present state of his affairs, he had need of something, however unimportant, to distract his thoughts. He had tried to make peace with Amy, but

without avail. He had offended her too deeply. He had spoken disparagingly of the man she loved; for it was plain enough to him now that the professor had won the place in her heart which he would have given ten years of his life to have occupied.

It was a terrible blow, for, until now, he had preserved a spark of hope under all his discouragement; but that last spark was dead finally, and, as if it had been the sun itself, the world was all dark and cold to his eyes. But his heavy affliction did not embitter or distort the genuine goodness and generosity of his nature.

"Poor little girl!" he said; "she is right, after all. It wouldn't do. I am jealous of the professor, of course, but there must be something in him or she wouldn't like him. But I don't see how I am going to stand it." His eyes filled with tears and his lips quivered: "I'll go away somewhere; I don't much care where. I must make sure about that dam first, though."

THE SLEEPING PAIR.

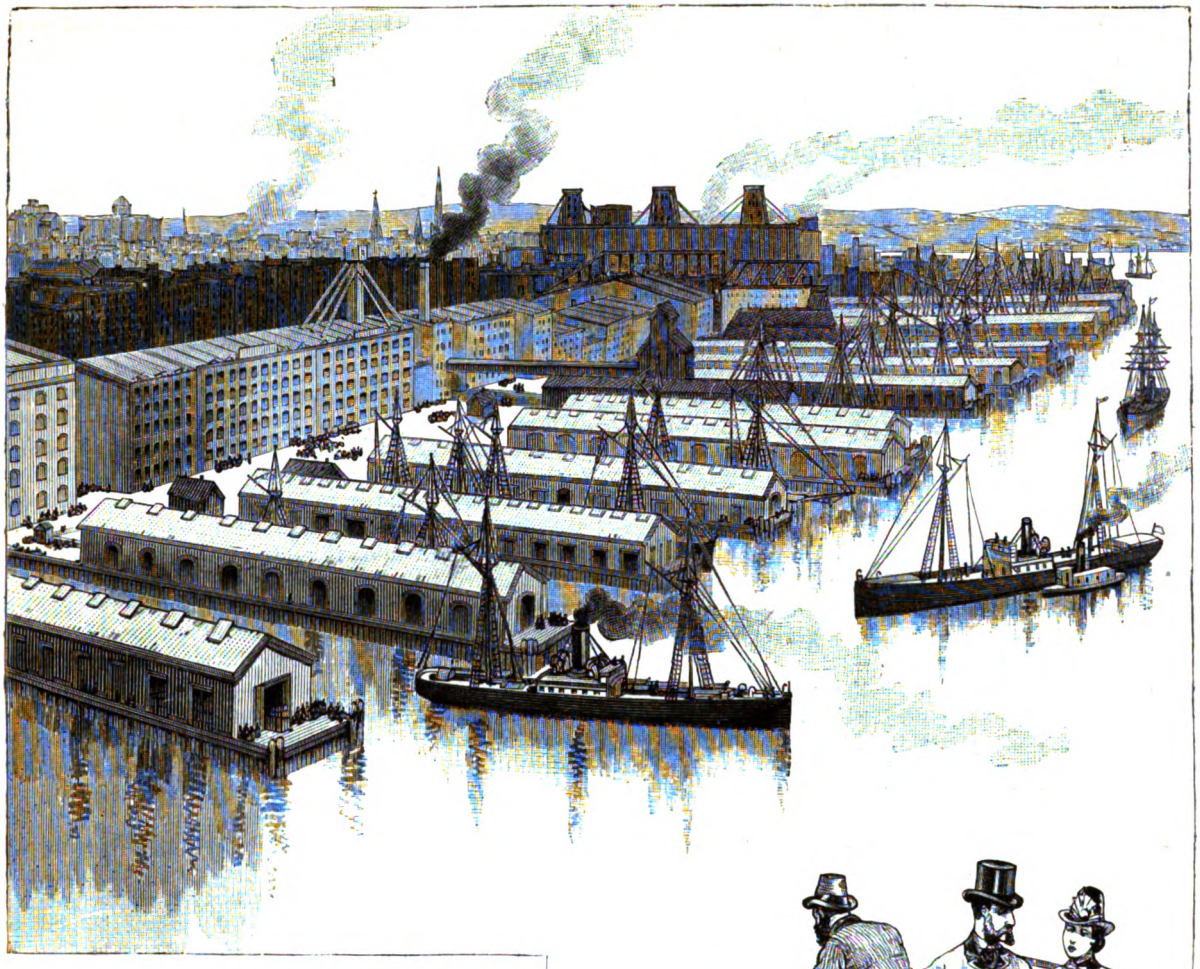
Toward four o'clock he mounted his bicycle and rode toward the reservoir. On crossing the brook, near the house, he was startled to discover that the water had risen during the night, so that the footbridge was submerged and a swift, muddy current, ten yards wide, was boiling along the valley where a tiny stream had trickled before. Even as he stood looking at it, it seemed to increase in volume and a number of planks dislodged from the fences and clumps of uprooted willows swept by.

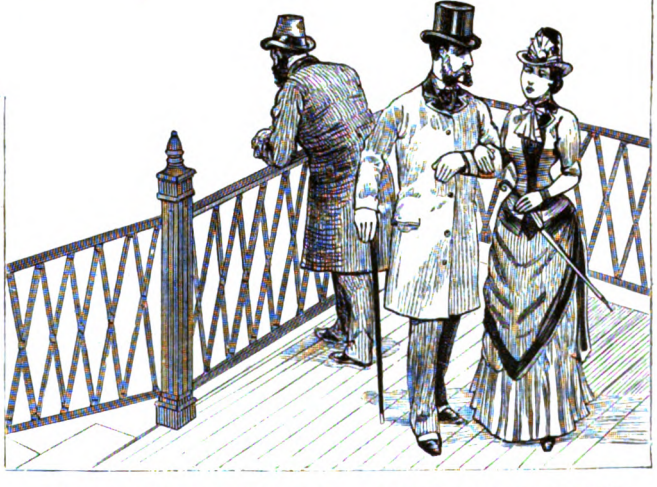
As he hurriedly remounted his bicycle, a roar like distant thunder came through the woods from the direction of the dam, followed by a series of smaller detonations. He hesitated an instant, undecided as to whether he had better return to the house at once and give warning, or proceed to the dam and ascertain the exact state of affairs. He finally decided upon the latter course, and set out at a rapid rate toward the spot where the reports were growing louder and more continuous every instant.

Arrived at the base of the dam, he uttered an irrepressible cry of terror at the scene of destruction which met his gaze. The small streams which he had noticed on the previous day had enlarged into torrents. All along the face of the stonework appeared jagged cracks, widening visibly and emitting hundreds of foaming jets, while pieces of rock and fragments of cement fell in an uninterrupted shower. At intervals, sections of masonry toppled down with a crash, flinging up fountains of spray.

In spite of the inspector's blind faith and the professor's infallible figures, the dam was doomed, and its total overthrow was a question of only a few hours, perhaps even moments. Stanley shuddered as he thought of the hideous ruin which must follow upon the unchaining of that mighty volume of water, and for a moment he stood aghast and confounded, with a sickening sense of helplessness upon him. How his strength, above that of ordinary men, shriveled into pitiful nothingness in the presence of this awful portent of nature—implacable, resistless, devouring!

Shaking off the trance of terror which benumbed him; terror not for himself, but for the incredulous and unconscious occupants of the farmhouse; for Amy; he tried to think clearly what he ought first to do. The deacon's dwelling, though in a line with the course the liberated flood would take and certain to be swept away, was fortunately but a few hundred feet distant from the high ground where all would find safety. Casting a final glance at the crumbling structure, Stanley saw that he must act promptly. A new crack had opened diagonally through the wall from top to bottom with a sharp report, and the huge fragment was swaying to its fall. When this gave way, the whole lake would instantly precipitate itself into the valley below. He sprang upon his bicycle and started down the road, riding as he had never ridden before, even upon the racecourse, with the eyes of breathless thousands upon him. Trees, rocks and fences





THE FRUIT-SHIPS AT NEW YORK.— FRUITERS ARRIVING AT THE WAREHOUSES, BROOKLYN.— SEE PAGE 599.

whirled by in a confused phantasm; the wheel bounded beneath him like a spirited horse touched with the spur. His heart swelled with an emotion of pride; though Amy despised him she would owe her life to his foresight and devotion.

His shout brought Abiah, the professor and one or two of the boarders to the door. Amy was nowhere in sight.

"The dam, the dam!" he cried; "the dam is going! Run for your lives!"

"Come, come," said the deacon, still obstinately incredulous; "no insinuations ag'in' that dam, young man!"

"Professor Waldruff," said Stanley, turning to him with impressive calmness, "on my honor, as a gentleman, the dam is falling! I have seen it going under my very eyes. Take the women and make for the high ground yonder. Don't wait to look after your baggage, but get out! You haven't ten minutes to spare!"

"The angle of incidence ——" murmured the professor, with a white face.

He was interrupted by a terrific crash which shook the very earth.

"Hark!" said Stanley; "if you won't believe me, will you believe *that?*"

By this time the tenants of the farmhouse had congregated in the door-yard, breathless and bewildered with terror. Stanley ran his eye over them, and turned, with a startled cry, to the professor, who, with the now wholly converted deacon, was preparing to head the flight toward the high ground.

"Where is Amy?" he demanded, sharply.

"I believe she went to the brook to gather some specimens of mallow," answered the *savant*, with an expression of real distress.

"Take care of yourself," exclaimed Stanley, seeing that he was making a feeble and indeterminate movement in the direction indicated; "I will look after her."

Stanley sprang to the saddle again, and spun down the path toward the bottom of the glen with fire in his eyes and despair at his heart. There was something of the knight in poor, dull Stanley, and his act of devotion seemed as natural as drawing his breath. Not one throb

of selfish fear was blent with the agony of terror he felt for the girl he was going to rescue or perish with. He rode on over ground surely never attempted by bicyclist before, among rocks and moist earth, bounding and staggering headlong down precipitous places at the risk of his neck.

The brook had become a broad, impetuous river, pouring over ground which had been cultivated meadows an hour before. He glanced anxiously over the foaming expanse with a shuddering dread that he was already too late. But no, at the further side of the stream he discovered a little, white-robed figure composedly picking its way, with raised skirts and delicate tread, across the muddy flat. He sprang from the wheel, and dragging it after him, waded through the water waist deep.

Amy looked up inquiringly as she saw him approach, livid, soaked with perspiration, and dripping with the foul slime of the river.

"Isn't it singular?" she said, with a puzzled smile, "the brook has risen so rapidly that I had to run, and I have wet my feet as it is."

And she exhibited a dainty kid boot and stocking, soiled with mire. But Stanley, with unappreciative haste, seized her by the arm.

"On, on!" he cried, "we must get out of this at once. The dam is broken."

"But both the deacon and the professor said you were very wrong," she objected, shyly. "The professor ought to know, don't you think?"

"Confound the professor," ejaculated Stanley, explosively. "It is his fault, with his infernal sines and angles, that you are in danger now."

"You are very rude," she said, with dignity. "Leave me by myself, please; I don't wish to be under any obligation to you."

"Amy," he answered, earnestly, "I know that you despise and dislike me, and I don't say that you are wrong. I've been thinking it all over, and I see that I had no right to make love to you or to hope that you would care for me. That is all over now. All I ask is the privilege of placing you in safety. After that I am going away, so that you won't even have to feel under obligation to me."

"Going away," she repeated, turning about suddenly, with a troubled expression which certainly had no relation to their danger. But Stanley did not observe it.

"For Heaven's sake don't let us waste valuable time. I swear to you we haven't an instant to spare, if it isn't too late already."

"And the people at the house?" she inquired, still hesitating.

"I have warned them, and they are safe by this. Don't be afraid," he said, with a suppressed sigh. "I saw the professor start with them."

"Very well; let us go, then," she replied, moving away with a deliberate step, and with due care of her skirts.

Stanley followed, looking about him inquiringly. Upon the opposite side of the stream a hundred yards of climbing would have taken them clear of the danger, but the flood was now impassable, at least for her. Upon the higher shore extended a broad, flat plain, formerly the basin of an expanse in the river. When the full volume of the liberated water should come down it would convert the flat into a raging sea, from which nothing living could escape. The nearest high ground on that side was quite half a mile distant, and at the rate at which they were now proceeding it would require fully twenty minutes to reach it. The road which crossed the plain, a little elevated, was still dry, and upon his bicycle he could easily have done it in an eighth of the time.

Still somewhat incredulous as to the actual and immediate danger, Amy persisted in walking at a quiet pace, casting demure glances now and then at Stanley's anxious and absorbed face. And, indeed, the young man himself was beginning to hope that he had exaggerated the situation, when, as they stepped through the hedge upon the road, a phenomenon met their gaze which struck them both motionless with horror. A huge wall of water, of a deep, livid green, bearing upon its crest *débris* of trees, fences and out-buildings, was rolling toward them with a hoarse, deadly sound, cutting down everything in its path as the mower's scythe cuts the grain.

Stanley threw a wild, shuddering glance around him.

"Yes, yes," he groaned, answering her mute, beseeching look, "poor little girl, I will save you, or——" his eyes fell upon the bicycle resting against his knee, and uttering a cry of hope and joy, he seized the shrinking girl about the waist, flung her upon the saddle, and crowded himself upon it behind her. The wheel rocked from side to side in gyrating curves, and but for his wonderful skill would have lost its balance entirely. He had but two inches of seat, and from Amy's position could devote but one hand to the steering-gear and one foot to the treadles. But he had not won his prizes for nothing; and was he not riding now for a prize dearer than life—the safety of the woman he loved? So after an instant of terrific struggle and doubt, he gained control of the machine and set off down the road with the speed of the wind.

With the flood foaming and bellowing behind him, he labored on, his teeth clinched, his eyes blazing and every muscle in his vigorous young body quivering like the flanks of a horse at a gallop. Amy had instinctively thrown her arms about him, and as he rode he could feel her warm breath fanning his cheek and the quick beating of her heart against his breast. And it seemed to inspire him with the strength and courage of ten men. He looked down at her, meeting her startled gaze with a yearning tenderness which he had no thought of disguising.

"Another minute, oh God!" he whispered; "one minute more!"

But it was not granted him. A few turns of the wheel, a hasty scramble up the side of the bluff and they would have been safe; but now the waters were upon them; first in a blinding dash of spray, then in a mountainous billow, which overturned, caught them up, still clinging to each other, and whirled them away like straws. But Stanley, ignorant of sines and cosines, was a powerful swimmer, and, after the first bewildering concussion, he shook the water from his eyes, and, lifting the girl's head clear of the torrent, struck out for the shore.

It seemed wellnigh hopeless—that mad battle with the implacable element in the name of love. Alone and unencumbered, the young man would have regarded his chance of life as of the smallest, but, supporting the girl in her heavy, clinging garments, a dead weight upon his left arm, it could be at best only a mere parley with destruction. The shore was not more than a dozen yards distant, but no human power could have reached it across that frightful current. The utmost that he could do was to keep her head and his own above the water and to avoid the fragments of rubbish which at every moment threatened them with annihilation.

But after ten minutes' of desperate effort, Stanley discovered that they were drawing diagonally toward the

bank. With his eyes glazed, and his breath coming in thick, choking gasps, he swam painfully on, and presently he dimly perceived that they were floating beneath a clump of willows still firmly rooted in the soil. With a final effort of his expiring strength, he pushed her up the slope.

"Climb, climb!" he panted, and saw that she obeyed him and was safe. "The professor's trigonometry could not have done that!" he said, smiling with cold, blue lips.

Then, in the midst of his exultation, while she stood stretching out her hands to him from the bank, there came a sudden, sharp, universal sound, a sense of violent pain, and he dropped back and floated away into darkness and silence.

His next impression was of a faint, far-off voice, speaking his name, and of a light, warm touch upon his aching forehead. He lay still with closed eyes until, to his clearing senses, the warm touch resolved itself into a palpable pair of lips and the far-away sound, now close at his ear, into Amy's voice. He raised himself and looked vaguely around. Kneeling beside him on the moist earth, drenched and shivering, but with flowing tears of pity and joy, he beheld Amy herself.

"Are you better, dear?" she asked, hesitating a little over the tender epithet; then, as he put his hand confusedly to his brow, she drew his head to her breast and burst out sobbing again. "It is all cut and bleeding!" she said. "It was a plank that struck you there, just as you had helped me ashore. And oh, when I saw you close your eyes and float away, I remembered how shamefully I had treated you, and I was going to throw myself into the river and die, too. But the water washed you ashore, and I got you out. And now I am so happy, and you are going to live and forgive me, Stanley, are you not?"

"Bless your little heart!" answered Stanley, sitting upright and looking at her wistfully, "I have nothing to forgive!"

"Yes, you have!" replied Amy, determinedly; "I lied to you—yes, it was a lie!"

"Oh, Amy!"

"Yes, I did, when"—she averted her face from his eager gaze—"when I made you believe I did not care for you!"

"Things are all sixes and sevens with me just now," said Stanley, "so I suppose I am dreaming and shall awake presently and wish I had been drowned. For, in very truth, Amy, if you do not love me I might as well be dead!"

"I think you had better make up your mind to live, then," she answered, demurely.

"But I don't understand," said Stanley; "the professor, you know——"

"Do you know what a flirt is, Stanley?" she asked, soberly. "Well, I will tell you. A flirt—that is not a really wicked, selfish flirt—is only a foolish, petulant girl, vain and affected, craving for admiration and amusement; till one day something terrible happens which compels her to pause and reflect; then she learns that she has a heart, and that it is overflowing with love for somebody. And oh, Stanley, if I had lost you what should I have done?"

Though his reply was of the inarticulate sort, it is to be presumed that Stanley was convinced. Furthermore, it is in evidence that an ill wind may blow somebody good, and a treacherous dam, semi-destructive of the property of an incorrigible deacon and wholly so of the incipient hopes of an estimable *savant*, may send, in the black right hand of ostensible death, the new-blossomed flower of joy-in-love to a tender-hearted flirt, "not really selfish or wicked," and a brave and devoted young man, hazy as to sines and tangents.

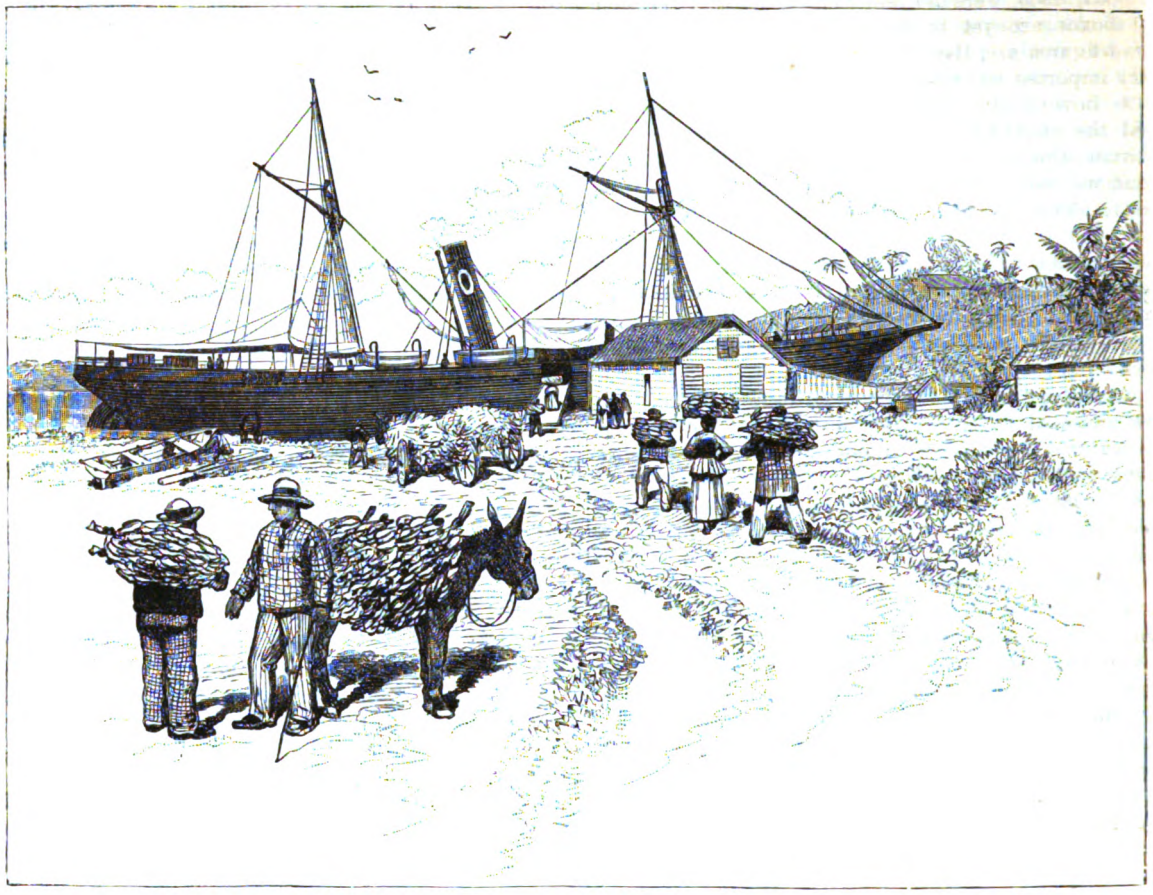
THE FRUIT-SHIPS AT NEW YORK.

By Oscar Willoughby Riggs.

A peculiar interest attaches to the foreign fruit trade of the metropolis. The great steamers looming up at the crowded wharves on the East and North Rivers, or over at the vast warehouses on the Brooklyn shore, bring precious cargoes from lands of which little is really known in this part of the world. They come from the Orient and from tropical countries which, though nearer at home, from the laxity of their civilization seem as strange as the antipodes. In the fruit trade of this country New York holds the commanding position. Most of the fruit-ships come here, where they find the readiest market.

Layer raisins come in boxes of three sizes, weighing 5½, 11 and 22 pounds net. Only the top of the box is arranged in layers. What are termed London layers are nicely packed throughout the box with beautiful satin-finished paper between the layers. They are known as the "Queen of the Fruit," and are packed in London with especial care. The raisins shipped to London from the distributing markets in Spain are sent to the great warehouses of the business centre of the world—to some of the great, gloomy warehouses that look so forbidding when night settles down on "London town"—and there hundreds of persons especially skillful in this work, carefully separate the poor fruit from the good, the small from the large, and then it is packed with particular care, and ultimately sent in steamers and sailing-vessels to all parts of the world. Loose Muscatel are packed in boxes of 22 pounds, loosely, as the term implies. They are, as a wholesale dealer said, "thrown in any way, stems and all, though the top layer is plaited; that is, the twigs are intertwined, so that, when taken from the box, they are miniature bouquets of fruit. Some," he added, "consider these raisins the sweetest in market." The Spanish and Portuguese call them Moscatel, and we have old-fashioned names for them, such as Muscadel, Muscadine and Muscat; but these terms are now as quaint and foreign-looking as the Spanish term itself, or the strange inscriptions on the boxes and the ornamented paper inclosing the fruit. Muscadel also refers to the wine made from that variety of grapes. Dehesa raisins are also received here. Dehesa in Spanish means a plain.

"A number of years ago," said an old fruit-broker, who knows almost as much about raisins as the Spaniards do themselves; "a number of years ago, in the interior of Spain, there was a vast and hitherto uncultivated plain of particularly favorable soil. Capitalists ascertained that its soil was rich, and believing it to be a promising field for the raisin-culture, cut it up into sections of so many acres each, planted the entire tract, and from that time to this connoisseurs at home and abroad have considered the Dehesa raisin the richest and fruitiest sent to market. They come in boxes of 22½ pounds. Valencia



PORT ANTONIO—LOADING BANANAS.

raisins, which form such an important factor in the raisin trade, were at one time mostly packed loosely, much the same as Muscatel. They were simply thrown into boxes containing from 28 to 56 pounds, but for the last two years they have been packed in layers."

The Sultana raisins are small and without seeds, and come packed in boxes of 20 pounds. The black Smyrna raisins are also small, but have very large seeds, and are generally free from the sugary coating which detracts from the value of some Spanish raisins. They come from Smyrna, in Turkey. "Twenty-five years ago," said an old merchant in the trade, "there were only two kinds of raisins. They were supposed to be packed in boxes holding 25 pounds. At first this system of packing was honestly adhered to, but the raisins becoming such a favorite, the packers, like the manufacturers of certain brands of cigars, soon began to impose upon the public. Boxes supposed to weigh 25 pounds ran down to 20 pounds, then to 18, and finally even to 16 pounds. Then arose a tremendous outcry from merchants in England and this country. An indignation meeting was held.

"A uniform weight of 22 pounds was demanded. The wily Spaniards couldn't understand why we were so particular. They seemed to think it was a small matter, or they pretended to think so, but their moral sense on this question was pegged up a little higher by that indignation meeting a few years ago. They have never recovered from the fright that gave them. They have more respect for us than formerly. They half suspect now that we do know a raisin when we see it, and that we even know what a pound means."

ARRANGING DRIED FRUIT-SAMPLES.

Raisins are now much more carefully packed than in the days of our grandfathers, when they came in kegs and frails—rush buckets used for packing figs as well as raisins—and when dirt and gravel were so bountifully intermixed with the fruit of the Spanish vineyards as a substantial addition to the weight. Thrifty housewives of former days always had to wash the raisins before they became part of those wonderful pies, cakes and puddings which, we are told, were better in old times than now, when the housewife is apt to delegate the performance of culinary rites to a French *chef* or a lady from over the sea, who has kindly consented, for a liberal consideration, to officiate in the kitchen as the "help," the main stay of the household.

Every branch of the raisin commerce is profitable. Even so apparently small a matter as the boxes, is really a weighty consideration in the trade. The pine wood for these boxes is obtained from Norway, Sweden and Portugal; it is shipped in deals to Malaga, which has a monopoly in the manufacture of the boxes.

"To show the extent of the trade with the United States," a merchant said to the writer, "I would say that the importations from September 1st, 1884, when the season opened, up to

April 30th, 1885, were no less than 563,054 boxes, and 50,000 boxes are yet to be received. And yet, large as these figures are, they indicate a poor season. This country imported last season 786,324 boxes; in 1882–83, 893,379 boxes; in 1881–82, 907,570 boxes, and in 1880–81 the quantity ran up to not far from one million boxes—the exact total being 987,378 boxes. The exportations from Malaga to all countries from September 1st, 1884, to April 30th, 1885, were 1,149,900 boxes against 1,614,500 in the season of 1883–84; 1,739,100 in 1882–83, 1,629,000 in 1881–82, and 1,843,000 in 1880–81. We take, on an average, 50 per cent. of the Spanish crop; our purchases sometimes reach 60 per cent. We are a great people for raisins. The Spaniards know it, too, and are careful not to resort to the tricks which made so much noise at one time. The trickery in the trade is now attended to exclusively by dealers on this side of the water."

Valencia raisins are becoming quite popular in this country. Thus far this season the importations have reached 700,000 boxes, and even these are much smaller than last year, because the crop is short in Valencia. This country used to take only 10 per cent. of that crop, but now it takes 50 per cent. This is due to the fact that the Malaga crop has been growing smaller and smaller every year through the ravages of the *phylloxera*. For this reason the Malaga crop is 500,000 boxes below the average of former years.

London layer, layer, loose Muscatel and Dehesa raisins all come from Malaga, in Spain. Valencia raisins come from Denia, and Sultana, as we have seen, from Smyrna.

Malaga raisins are dried in the sun; these are the layer and loose Muscatel; Valencia, in pot-lye. The "sun raisins," from Malaga, are dried upon the vines, as, unlike most fruits, the grape does not drop when ripe. When ripe, the stem of each bunch is twisted or partly severed, and the shriveled grapes become sweeter by the concentration of the pulp produced by the evaporation of the water they contain. As soon as the bunches are dried they are taken off, and carefully packed in boxes with sheets of paper separating the layers. These "sun raisins" retain the freshness and bloom of the fruit better than any other description; they have not so much of that sugary coating often noticed on other varieties. The commoner sorts—like the Valencia, for example—are prepared by drying the ripe grapes after they are picked, either in the sun or in heated rooms, and while they are drying they are dipped in lye.

Raisins come, for the most part, from Europe. Our native grapes do not afford raisins suitable for commerce, though experiments with two varieties encourage the hope that marketable raisins from native fruit will yet be produced in this country. The European grape, however, is extensively cultivated in California with entire success, and the production of raisins there from these grapes is large enough to supply the home demand there. The total importations of raisins into this country, last year, were 56,676,657 pounds, worth $3,543,916.

The cargoes of raisins brought here in steamers which discharge at some one of the bustling wharves either in New York or Brooklyn, and generally at what is known as the Mediterranean Pier on Furman Street, in the latter city, range from 40,000 to 120,000 boxes, containing on an average about 22 pounds each.

Turkish prunes are mostly packed in casks, containing from 1,200 to 1,600 pounds, though some come in bags

A FRUIT AUCTION.

holding 100 pounds. We import in all about 40,000 casks every year, from Bosnia, Servia, Bohemia and Hungary, the two first-named provinces sending the most. In Bohemia, by-the-way, prunes are a staple article of food. The peasantry are very poor and meat is too costly. To thousands of these down-trodden tillers of the soil, prunes are bread and meat. A broker in prunes here said: "The dainty French prunes, packed in exquisite boxes, come from Bordeaux. They come in boxes containing from 25 to 50 pounds, with from 40 to 120 prunes to the pound. The small boxes used by the confectioners containing—say, a quarter to half a pound, are repacked here. The confectioners are careful to have their boxes decorated with pretty ribbons and poor French. They are sweetened up, and with the Vassar, New York and Boston girls are preferred to some of the highly colored and poisonous candies. These are the sugar-plums extolled by Thackeray."

Prunes belong to the plum family, and are mainly used for dessert. A kind of dried prune is prepared at Brignoles in France, which bears the name of the place. It has the skin removed before drying, and the stone afterward. In the south of France a spirit is obtained from prunes, that is, from the bruised pulp of prunes, and the kernels fermented with honey and flour, the mass being distilled. In France, several kinds of plums are raised, to manufacture into prunes. Prunes are to plums what raisins are to grapes—namely, the dried fruit. The kinds raised in France are the quetsche, or German prune, St. Catharine and Brignoles, not to mention others. The plums are gathered after the dews have been dried off by the sun. The laborers, in blue blouse and wooden sabots, are then seen in the great orchards busily picking the plums by hand and spreading them in shallow baskets, which are kept in a cool, dry place. When they become soft they are placed in tight spent ovens and left for a day. Then they are removed and put back after the ovens have been slightly reheated. On the following day they are again taken out and turned by gently shaking the sieves on which they are placed. Then the ovens are heated again, and they are put in a third time. They are allowed to remain a day, and are then removed and left to get quite cold. After some further manipulation, such as being submitted to the heat of the ovens several times more, they are put into jars and boxes, and are ready for sale. This careful and laborious treatment is only given to the finer kinds of prunes. The common sorts are shaken from the trees, dried with less care, and then packed in casks, and it is in this way that the Turkish prunes are prepared for market. This latter kind of prunes is still called Turkish, because once the provinces of Servia and Bosnia belonged to the Turkish Empire; but now the region in which most of the so-called Turkish prunes are prepared belongs to Austria. The imports of plums and prunes into this country, last year, reached a total of 61,028,461 pounds, the bulk being prunes. The total valuation was $2,712,964. The big steamers from the Mediterranean sometimes bring as many as 3,000 casks of prunes at a time.

Almonds are quite an important item in the trade in foreign fruits at New York. The almond-tree is a native of Barbary, but abounds in the south of Europe and in temperate parts of Asia. It is nearly allied to the peach. It is cultivated in England for the beauty of its foliage; the fruit will not ripen so far north. The sweet almond is a favorite article for dessert, though it is the bane of the dyspeptic. It is also extensively used by confectioners. It yields considerable oil, a hundred pounds of almonds giving fifty pounds of oil. It seems singular that the fruit of the almond-tree can be consumed with such entire impunity.

Unshelled almonds pay a duty in this country of 5 cents a pound; 3,057,968 pounds were imported last year, and were valued at $342,317. The shelled almonds are taxed 7½ cents a pound; but, nevertheless, last year the imports were 1,478,666 pounds, worth $287,049. They come in bales weighing 300 pounds, or in bags weighing from 110 to 125 pounds, and a steamer will bring from 1,000 to 5,000 bags at a time; the cargo generally including other fruit, besides some wine from Tarragona, the large Spanish port whence a considerable portion of our supply of almonds is received. Ivica almonds come from a port of that name in Spain. They are not so valuable in the market as those from France; they have more shell than the French almonds, but they are popular in this country, especially with the interior dealers, who purchase them because they are cheaper than the French, and fill up the measure very easily. The Languedoc almonds are raised in France, and are shipped to this country in considerable quantities from Bordeaux. The Princess paper-shell almonds also come from France. Then there are the shelled almonds, which come from Sicily, some in 25 pound boxes for confectioners, and the celebrated Jordan-shelled nuts which are raised in Spain, and which are sent to New York from Malaga. They are the most valuable in the market. The steamers coming from most of the ports mentioned make the voyage in about thirty days; that is to say, those from Bordeaux, Ivica and Tarragona. There are no sailing-vessels in the trade.

The foreign currants are brought to New York in steamers, usually bringing other fruit at the same time. They bring from 5,000 to 10,000 barrels, which weigh 280 pounds each. One steamer was on the way hither laden entirely with currants; she had a capacity of 1,000 tons. They come from Patras, Zante and Cephalonia in the Grecian Archipelago. They are from twenty-five to forty days coming to New York, the time depending greatly on the number of stoppages made.

The so-called dried currants of commerce are really very small-sized grapes. They were formerly called corinths and are mentioned in ancient books as currans. They are extensively cultivated at Patras, in Zante, Ithaca and Cephalonia, and in the Grecian Archipelago generally. These grapes are, by a popular misunderstanding in this country, supposed to be common currants, preserved in some manner. The grapes are only about the size of peas, and the bunches not more than three inches long. They are dried in the sun, and then stored in great quantities; they thus become so compact from the sugar which escapes from them, that they are dug apart with shovels when they are wanted for packing; then they are placed in casks, and the brown-faced descendants of Grecian heroes dancing in these casks tread the currants into a solid mass. The magnitude of our trade in foreign currants may be gathered from the fact that the imports into the United States, last year, were 32,743,712 pounds.

Most of our figs come from Smyrna, in Turkey, by steamers *viâ* England. The trip to New York takes forty days. The figs are packed in boxes containing 4 to 12 pounds, and these, in turn, are packed in cases containing about 300 pounds. In some years about 10,000 cases are shipped to the United States. They do not come in whole cargoes, as a rule, but as parts of cargoes, in great ocean steamers.

The fig-tree, it may be of interest to note, is a native of Asia and Barbary. It is frequently mentioned in Scrip-

ture, and is one of the oldest fruit-trees known. It attains a height of about 20 feet, and, in countries where it is indigenous, it looks not unlike an apple-tree, but in northern climates it is seldom more than a large shrub, unless when trained under glass. It was common in Greece in the time of Plato, and was early introduced into Italy, Spain and Gaul. Charlemagne ordered its cultivation in Central Europe. It once succeeded even in England, but it is really adapted only to warm climates. Even in Florida, where it has been introduced, the unprotected trees are destroyed by cold weather; it finds a more congenial climate on the Pacific Coast. The so-called Eleme figs are supposed to be "hand-picked," as the Turkish word implies. These, of course, are in the dried state. Fresh figs are so sweet that they cloy on the taste of many, and the trade is mainly in the dried fruit. In Turkey and in Asia, along the shores of the Levant, dried figs are a staple article of food, just as dried prunes are largely consumed by the peasants of the prune-growing provinces of Austria. They are packed in what is termed the natural state, when they are not compressed in the packing; they are known as pulled figs, when they are made readily manageable by kneading after they have been thoroughly dried; then they are packed by pressure into drums and boxes. In hot climates it is the second crop—two being raised yearly—which is the most prolific and valuable. Smyrna is the great port of shipment in Turkey for the foreign trade. The value of the exports thence to London in a single year approximates $1,200,000. Last year this country imported no less than 7,840,634 pounds of figs, valued at $504,532.

Most of our supply of figs comes in October, November and December. The fruit brokers seen by the writer had advices that a vessel was on the way to New York, loaded entirely with figs. The figs are often sent from Smyrna to New York by way of Liverpool; that is, one of the Mediterranean steamers goes to Liverpool, and transfers its cargo of fruit to one of the fast English steamers trading with New York, and in this way, large quantities of figs have at times been sent from the distant Turkish port to this city in twenty-five days; whereas, if sent by one of the steamers that stops at various ports along the Mediterranean, and then comes to New York, it would take forty or forty-five days.

Steamers bring 500 boxes of dates at a time to New York. The boxes contain 50 pounds each. Few sailing-vessels are now engaged in the trade, but occasionally a bark arrives laden with 6,000 frails of dates, each frail weighing 200 pounds. In a single year, sometimes as much as 25,000 frails are brought to New York. Our dates come mostly from Bussorah and Muscat, two ports in the Persian Gulf. It takes sailing-vessels one hundred days to come to New York; steamers come in sixty days, even making an allowance for a stop at London. Of course these vessels all come through the Suez Canal. Dates are sold very largely in this country, though not so extensively as in some other parts of the world, where this fruit is of really great value.

The wonderful date-tree is abundant in Egypt, Arabia, Persia and the neighboring countries, and is a valuable source of revenue to the inhabitants. It is a lofty palm, and is one of the most valuable trees on the globe; it furnishes food to millions. It is from thirty to sixty feet high. A single tree bears from 100 to 300 pounds of dates in a season. On the northern coast of Africa, in Persia and in Arabia, dates are a chief article of food. They are prepared for market by pounding and pressing them into a solid mass. The tree serves many purposes. Camels are fed upon the abortive fruit and the ground date-stones. In Northern Africa, the roasted seeds are used for coffee; from the seeds is also expressed an oil, the remains of which is a paste, used as food for cattle. Baskets, bags, couches, mats and brushes are made from the leaves and leaf-stalks. The young shoots, delicate as asparagus, are eaten. Ropes and rigging are made from the fibrous parts of the leaves, and finally, as man, by some mysterious fatality, is apt to turn good into evil, an ardent spirit is obtained from dates in Persia. Wine and vinegar are also obtained from them by fermentation, the liquor being the sap, of which a tree yields three or four quarts daily for about a fortnight. Last year the importations of dates into this country were no less than 10,237,618 pounds, worth $382,267.

Our imports of filberts, mostly from Barcelona, for the year 1885, reached 9,451,849 pounds. The Germans call it the "beard nut." It is extensively raised in England for the London market. We received 92,000 pounds of tamarinds. The tree is a native of Africa and Southern Asia. In India, Arabia and Africa, the tamarind is a valuable article of food. We import large quantities of citron from Leghorn, in Italy. Sometimes a citron, of which the rind only is used, is nine inches long and 20 pounds in weight.

Our supply of walnuts is brought here mostly in the French steamers trading between New York, Bordeaux and Marseilles, though a considerable quantity are exported to this country by way of England, this latter often being the quicker way. These nuts come usually as parts of large cargoes of various kinds of fruits. The Grenoble and Marbot are among the most valuable of French walnuts, and there is considerable trade in those brought from Naples. They come in bags and bales, and a steamer will bring from 100 to 1,000 packages at a time. They arrive most freely in November and December. When the nuts are fresh, there is more or less shrinkage in weight during the voyage. The walnut-tree is a native of Persia, but has been cultivated in Europe since 1562. The fruit is also called the Madeira nut. The ancients called it the "royal nut"; also "Jove's food." When young and unripe, but tender enough to be readily perforated with a needle, walnuts are used for catsups, soys and other sauces, as well as pickled.

An important feature of the fruit trade is the importations of Brazil nuts, which last year were valued at $245,619. Brazil nuts come from Para, in Brazil. The tree is a beautiful one, which attains a height of 100 feet or more; is found in the northern parts of Brazil and along the banks of the Orinoco; it bears a pericarp or spherical case, nearly as large as a man's head, and this contains from 24 to 32 Brazil nuts of the well-known triangular shape; the white kernel is very agreeable to the taste when fresh. The Brazil nut, besides being much prized as a dessert, is also valuable for the large quantity of oil which it yields, and which is used in Brazil for burning in lamps. The nuts contain so much oil that they soon become rancid. For many years the Portuguese carried on a very large trade in these nuts, but in these modern days there is no monopoly. They come to this country on the steamers from Para, which also bring india-rubber, annatto, balsam copaiba and other merchandise. The trade at New York is controlled by the house of which Mayor William R. Grace is the head. Brazil nuts are brought here in bulk; the cargoes are reckoned in hectolitres, according to the French system, but are equal to from 1,250 to 8,500 bushels, the quantity depending, of course, on the size of the vessel. Whole cargoes are now not so often brought as formerly. This year, most of the trade has been done by steamers of from

RAISINS IN BULK.

1,000 to 1,200 tons; formerly, three-masted schooners, of from 500 to 600 tons, had a large share in the carrying traffic. The nuts are stored in one great warehouse in Brooklyn, where the supply is sometimes as large as 20,000 bags, averaging 175 pounds each.

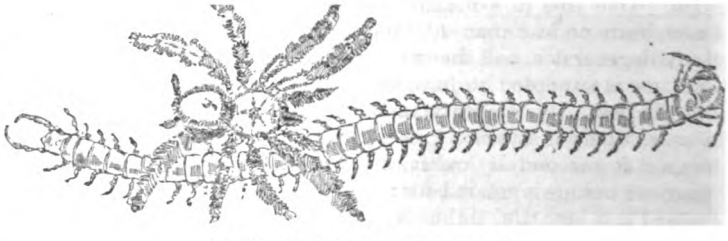
REMOVING PARASITES FROM ORANGES AND LEMONS.

Pineapples come to New York in considerable quantities from numerous ports in the West Indies. The best are from Cuba, and are known as Havana pineapples. Last year the total importations at New York were, 3,301,696 pineapples, besides 515,880 cans of the fruit received from Nassau. Southern Florida and the Bahamas are well adapted to the culture of pineapples. The tree is a native of tropical America. It is a delicious fruit when properly cultivated; otherwise it is tough and indigestible. From the fibre of the leaves is made the very costly fabric known as pina muslin, which comes from Manilla; it is of a delicate yellow tint, extremely beautiful and transparent, yet durable, and is used for ladies' dresses and handkerchiefs. The sailing-vessels bringing pineapples to New York come in from seven to ten days; these are mostly schooners, of from 90 to 175 tons. The big steamers make the trip from Havana in four days. The sailing-vessels bring from 7,000 to 12,000 dozen pineapples at a time; the cargoes of these vessels are always reckoned in this way. A steamer from Havana will bring from 1,000 to 2,000 barrels of pineapples, each barrel holding about four dozen.

Foreign grapes are rather extensively imported, the value of the imports last year reaching $442,882. They come mainly from Spain, and are known in the trade as Almeria or Malaga grapes. The quantity imported in 1884 was 57,500 barrels, a decrease of 50,400 barrels compared with the imports of 1883. The average loss on the voyage was 20 per cent. They come mostly from Almeria, a Spanish seaport and capital of a province of that name in Andalusia, where the climate is very warm and the soil fertile; the whole region is renowned in song and story; the mere mention of Andalusia, with its lofty sierras, its strange, picturesque life, carries the mind back a thousand years to the days of the Moors, and to their expulsion by the Kings of Castile.

In some years our importations of lemons are very large; in one year they reached 1,861,205 boxes, valued at $2,530,492. Last year the arrivals here were 1,316,863 boxes. A curious fact is, that the lemons are counted; the number imported at New York was 263,372,600; the loss by decay was 17 per cent. It is of interest to learn that the lemon-tree, like so many others, is of East Indian origin. Arabians introduced the tree into Europe. It is more susceptible to cold than the orange, but belongs to the same botanical family. The young shoots are of a dull purple tint; the flower is, externally, purplish, and internally, white; the foliage is not so dense nor of so dark a green as in the orange-tree; it is paler and more scanty, but having a notable feature in the translucent dots which distinguish the leaves, which, when held between the eye and the light, look like pictures; these being the air glands which give such a delicate perfume to the tree. Some varieties of lemons are sweetish; generally, however, the fruit is sharply acid. The lemon-tree is generally cultivated on the coast of the Mediterranean, be-

COCOANUT IN SHOCK AND BLOSSOM.

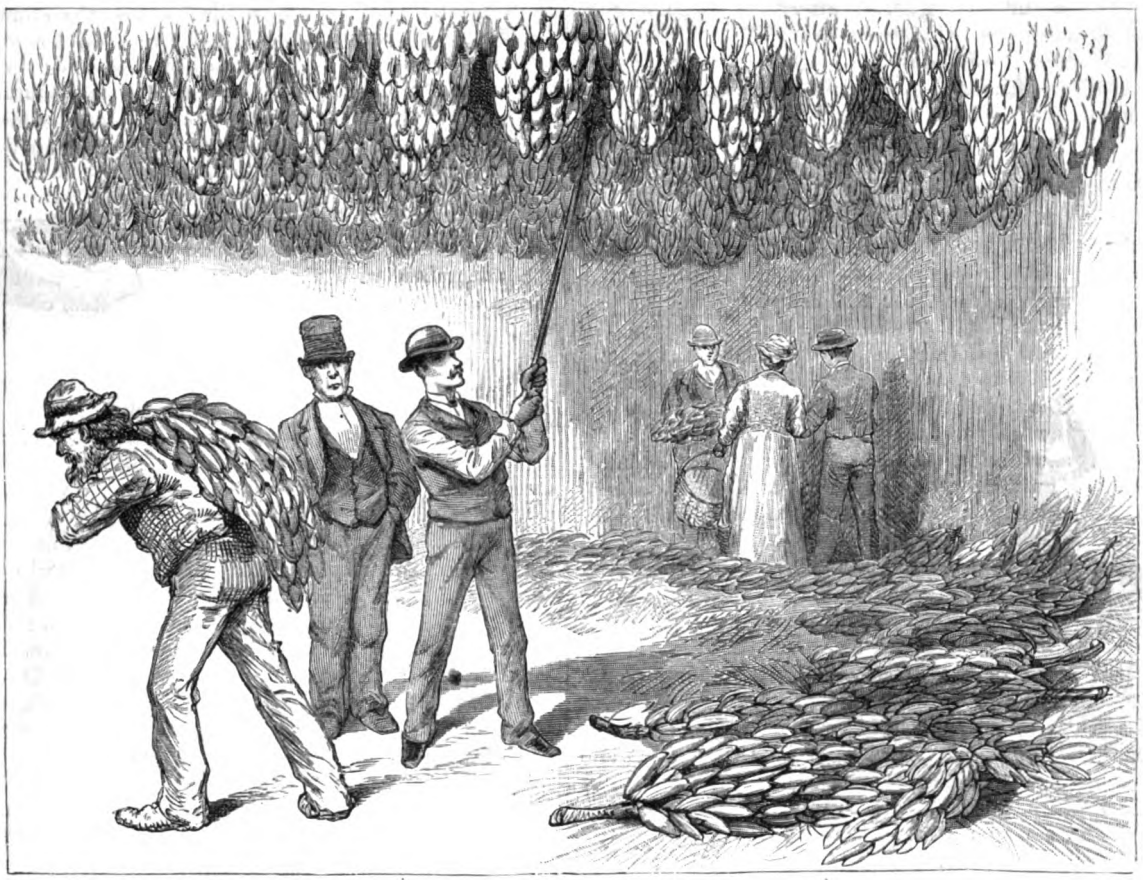


FOUND IN A BUNCH OF BANANAS.

tween Nice and Genoa, in Calabria, Sicily and elsewhere. It has few rivals in point of beauty; its showy and fragrant flowers, its spreading pale-green foliage, blending harmoniously in its delicate tint with the equally delicate yellow of the fruit in various degrees of ripeness, make a picture to touch the sensibilities of an artist, or of any one else with feeling enough to appreciate the beautiful in nature.

The total importations of oranges into the United States in the last fiscal year were 1,356,375 boxes, valued at $1,693,390. In the last calendar year New York received 942,841 boxes, containing 228,654,860 oranges, mostly from Sicily. The loss through decay was 37½ per cent. In addition this country received, last year, about 107,000 barrels of oranges, and 140,016 packages of various sorts from West India and South and Central America. In a single year New York has received from those parts 35,439,000 oranges. Most of the oranges imported, however, come from Sicily, and are known as Palermo or Messina oranges, from the ports whence they are received; others come from Italian ports on the Adriatic Sea; others from Cuba and Porto Rico. They are also obtainable in Malta, Spain, the Azores and Portugal. One tree in especially favorable localities sometimes bears no less than 20,000 oranges. The fruit very easily degenerates, and the trees are not raised from seed. The tree is supposed to have originated in China or the East Indies. It is an exotic, and thrives only in a warm climate, where it attains a great age. In Florida and California it is successfully cultivated, and the quality of the American orange is much better than formerly. An orange orchard is a beautiful sight. The golden fruit, contrasted with the dark, rich green of the fragrant foliage, makes a most agreeable picture, and the effect is greatly heightened by the beautiful, pure white flowers that load the air with a perfume which, though grateful at a little distance, becomes oppressive on nearer approach.

The number of cocoanuts imported last year at New York, it is of interest to note, reached 17,211,880. The loss through decay was 8 per cent., which is considered small by the fruit-dealers, who say that cocoanuts are the safest fruit to deal in of anything that comes here. It takes some years for what is termed a cocoanut "walk" to reach the bearing point; but after that the cultivators find the business very remunerative. The vessels arriving here with cocoanut cargoes come not only from Baracoa and San Blas, but from San Andrews, Barcelona, Jamaica and St. Jago, from Aspinwall, Mayaguez, Port Spain, Kingston, Trindad, La Guayra, and other places in Central or South America. Last year—to show the magnitude of the trade—no less than 164 sailing-vessels and 120 steamers arrived, with either whole cargoes or parts of cargoes. The sailing-vessels bring hither cargoes of from 100,000 to 400,000 cocoanuts at a time, generally to wharves on the East River front. The steamers do not usually bring more than 100,000 at a time, as they have other freight. The sailing-vessels are mostly schooners, though occasionally a brig arrives.



A BANANA-WAREHOUSE.

Last year we imported 607,756 bunches of red bananas, on which the loss by decay was twenty-five per cent.; of yellow bananas, 1,824,491 bunches came, of which 291,918 were lost on the voyage through decay, or equal to sixteen per cent. In addition, thirty-nine cargoes from Aspinwall were received, comprising 273,000 bunches, on which the loss was nineteen per cent. The grand total of the importations of bananas, red and yellow, at New

York in a single year was thus no less than 2,705,741 bunches. This showed a large increase in the trade; the bananas came as whole cargoes, or parts of cargoes, in two hundred and five steamers and eighty-seven sailing-vessels. One great drawback in the banana trade is the heavy losses through the decay of the fruit, either on the voyage or here, in case the market is overstocked. The steamers are slow and ill-contrived; there is not enough ventilation, and in the hot holds where the bananas are stowed decay is apt to spread rapidly. There has, nevertheless, been quite an improvement in the condition of the fruit received here since steamers became an important factor in the trade. But the passage through the Gulf Stream is, as may be inferred, very injurious to the fruit; green bunches are likely to become "cooked." To remedy this evil, improved facilities for ventilation are now being introduced, and as the voyage between the West Indies and New York might easily be shortened, faster steamers are being built.

The average cargo of bananas brought here by steamer is 10,000 bunches, but a steamer has been known to bring as many as 24,000 bunches in a single cargo. It came from Port Limon, near Aspinwall, the shipping port on the Isthmus of Panama, which received its name from a well-known New York merchant. The steamers come from Aspinwall and Port Limon in nine days, from Jamaica in six days, and from Baracoa, on the Island of Cuba, in about the same time. Though large steamers are mostly relied upon for the carrying trade in this branch of business, there are some sailing-craft still engaged. They are from 150 to 250 tons in size, and bring from two to three thousand bunches at a time. They trade, however, entirely with the West Indies, and their day is nearly over.

Limes, shaddocks, tangerines, mangoes, plantains, star apples, custard apples, prickly pears, guavas, sapodillas, pomegranates, avocado pears, pawpaws and bread-fruit, are also received in moderate quantities, and sometimes apples come from Belgium and Nova Scotia. It is worthy of note, that the total value of the various kinds of dutiable fruits imported into this country last year was no less than $16,500,858, on which the Government collected a tax of $4,420,556. This total, however, includes comfits, sweetmeats and jellies. The total value of the fruits admitted free of duty, including bananas, olives, pineapples, plantains, tamarinds, cocoanuts and Brazil nuts, was $3,487,052, making a grand total of nearly $20,000,000 that this country spends for these luxuries in a single year.

But it is of interest to visit the water front and see some of the vessels engaged in this interesting branch of commerce. Here, at the foot of Old Slip, on the East River front, is the British steamer *Elsa*. She stretches along the big wharf for 215 feet, and is of 525 tons net capacity; she is painted a slate-color, and, although a comparatively new steamer, having been built in 1882, she looks rather dingy; she belongs in Glasgow, and is one of a fleet of eight steamers chartered by a firm in Baracoa to engage in the fruit trade. This steamer has heretofore been occupied in bringing red bananas from Baracoa; but this time she has come from St. Ann, a port on the northern coast of Jamaica. Her cargo of 475 barrels of oranges and 12,000 bunches of yellow bananas has already been sold. She has been seven days making the trip up to New York. The barrels of oranges are all punctured with holes about the size of a silver quarter-dollar, in order to prevent rotting as much as possible. There are about 330 oranges to each barrel; the calculation is usually 1,000 to three barrels. Seventy-five men have been at work, at twenty-five cents an hour, unloading the steamer this morning, and they have now finished. Some of the crew are shoveling decayed bananas over the sides of the steamer upon the wharf, others are scrubbing the bulwarks, and a tall negro, who looks like a native of Jamaica, is cleaning the deck with a stream from a hose-pipe. The crew of eighteen men is largely made up of Englishmen and Scotchmen. The steamer has not brought so large a cargo as she might, because the shipping season is now about over. It will begin again in March, and then she can trade either with Baracoa or with other ports in the West Indies. On the dock is a young man in his shirt-sleeves, who has been overseeing the 'longshoremen while the vessel was being unloaded. He drives away the urchins who are hunting for presentable fruit in the pile of stalks, skins and other banana refuse on the dock. Trucks from various parts of the city rumble up to where the barrels of oranges are standing, and are soon loaded, and go creaking along the wharf and out upon noisy South Street, bound, perhaps, for the other side of the city. The young man in the shirt-sleeves points with pride to one of these trucks, and to a painted device on an elaborate oak sign on each side of the good-sized vehicle, portraying a solemn-faced monkey peeling a yellow banana plucked from a green bunch lying beside a pineapple. The fruit is quite realistically painted, and the young man explains that the two signs together, with their elaborate gilt lettering, the unusually broad oak slabs and the pictures, cost $130, while the truck itself cost $550. It would carry 60 barrels of oranges or 250 bunches of bananas, but only about 80 bunches were usually carried for fear of bruising the fruit. On the other side of the same wharf is the British schooner *W. & H. Wotherspoon*, a trim, neat-looking craft of 190 tons. She had arrived some days before with a cargo of 300,000 cocoanuts from Ruatan. This is one of the Bay Islands, belonging to Honduras. It is thirty miles long, eight miles wide, and has a population of only 3,000 persons, mostly negroes. This schooner will be six days unloading. It is a hot day. Bare-headed men in shirt-sleeves hand up baskets of the brown nuts from the stifling hold to men on the deck; these throw into a separate pile any of the nuts that are split or decayed, and from the pile of sound fruit they load baskets, which are handed up to the men immediately above them on the busy wharf. These have a pile of coarse canvas bags, which they are filling with the nuts, each bag holding about 100. A man with a thick band of twine around his waist, and a long, coarse needle, quickly sews up the bag when it is filled, and then it is handed to still other men on a truck close at hand. This schooner, which looks so attractive with her tawny masts, her black ratlines, neatly furled sails and cozy cabin, painted a light yellow on the top, had been sixteen days coming from Ruatan.

Over on the Brooklyn shore the French steamers may be seen unloading their costly cargoes. There are four large steamers regularly engaged in the fruit trade with Bordeaux. These are from 4,000 to 4,200 tons each, and they bring over large cargoes of general French merchandise; besides prunes, almonds and walnuts; for instance, they bring preserved peaches, oranges, pears, cherries, figs, nuts, plums, apricots, syrup in the natural juice and in brandy; they bring the well-known French peas—*petits pois*—artichokes, cepes, mushrooms, macedoines—mixed vegetables or fruits—haricots verts or French string-beans, flageolets or small Lima beans; truffles, olives, olive oil, capers, *pâtés de foie gras*, anchovies and sardines. The list of good things brought to New York by these stately steamers is enough to make

an epicure's mouth water. There are five steamers, each capable of carrying 2,800 tons of freight, engaged in what is termed the Marseilles trade. They go from New York to Genoa, then to Marseilles, then to Messina, Sorrento, Catania, Palermo, and lastly to Naples. These are the chief trading ports in the Spring and Summer. In the Fall and Winter they also stop at Malaga and Denia for raisins, and sometimes at Cadiz for wine. At the Italian ports they take on board lemons, oranges and other merchandise; at Marseilles, prunes, almonds, walnuts, olive oil and fancy canned fruits and vegetables, destined for Delmonico's and the tables of the wealthy; besides such fine herbs as thyme, sweet marjoram, sage, summer savory and mixed herbs for soups and the dressing of fish and poultry. The scene on the Brooklyn wharf, where they unload, is full of bustle and interest. What is known as the Italian line of steamers—Navigazione Générale Italiana—unload at the Mediterranean Pier in Brooklyn, a little south of the Brooklyn landing of the Wall Street Ferry. It is a region of vast, chilly warehouses, stored with merchandise from every clime, of great ships unloading valuable cargoes, of long wharves, and a swarming multitude of busy men. The company mentioned has fifteen steamers engaged in the fruit trade between Mediterranean ports and New York, have crews of from 30 to 75 men, mostly Italians and Englishmen; the Italians work for little pay and the officers are usually Englishmen. A steamer arrives about once a week. One may start from Smyrna, in Turkey, taking a certain quantity of figs, and go down to the Grecian Archipelago, where, at such ports as Patras, Zante, Cephalonia and Katakolo, she will load dried currants; then, sailing along the placid Mediterranean, she may stop at a number of Sicilian ports—that is, Palermo, Messina, Milazzo, Syracuse, Catania, Licata and Girgenti.

At most of these ports in Sicily, she would receive lemons and oranges. Early in the year, of some 35,000 boxes taken on board, three-quarters would be oranges, and later the proportion would be reversed; but the steamers also get brimstone, sumac, wine and other merchandise at these ports. Sometimes as much as 3,000 tons of brimstone are loaded at Girgenti and Licata together, and as it is very valuable, it is an illustration of the fact that good may come of evil—of the evil of volcanoes which produce it. A large quantity of sumac may be taken on board at some of the other ports, and sometimes a hundred casks, containing sixty gallons each, of a rather poor red wine, resembling a low grade of port. Then the steamer moves out into the blue Mediterranean again, and does not stop till it reaches Spain. Raisins, grapes, filberts and almonds are now loaded at such ports as Malaga, Valencia, Denia, Almeria, Carthagena, Tarragona, Barcelona, Javia and Gibraltar. Most of the fruit consists of raisins and grapes. Now comes the homeward trip. None of these Italian steamers go to London; they come directly to New York, and make the trip from Gibraltar, the last port at which they stop, in from eleven to eighteen days. The total time occupied in the voyage has been from thirty to forty days, according to the speed of the various steamers of the line. It takes sometimes only twenty-four hours to unload these steamers at the Brooklyn pier when the cargo is not so large as usual, but at other times it takes perhaps five days. As many as one hundred and twenty-five men may be engaged in unloading one of the large cargoes. We have referred to the voyage of a steamer starting from Smyrna. Others, however, start from Trieste. They also go to some one, if not all, of the ports in Greece, Sicily and Spain already mentioned, and bring large cargoes of fruit to the Mediterranean Pier in Brooklyn.

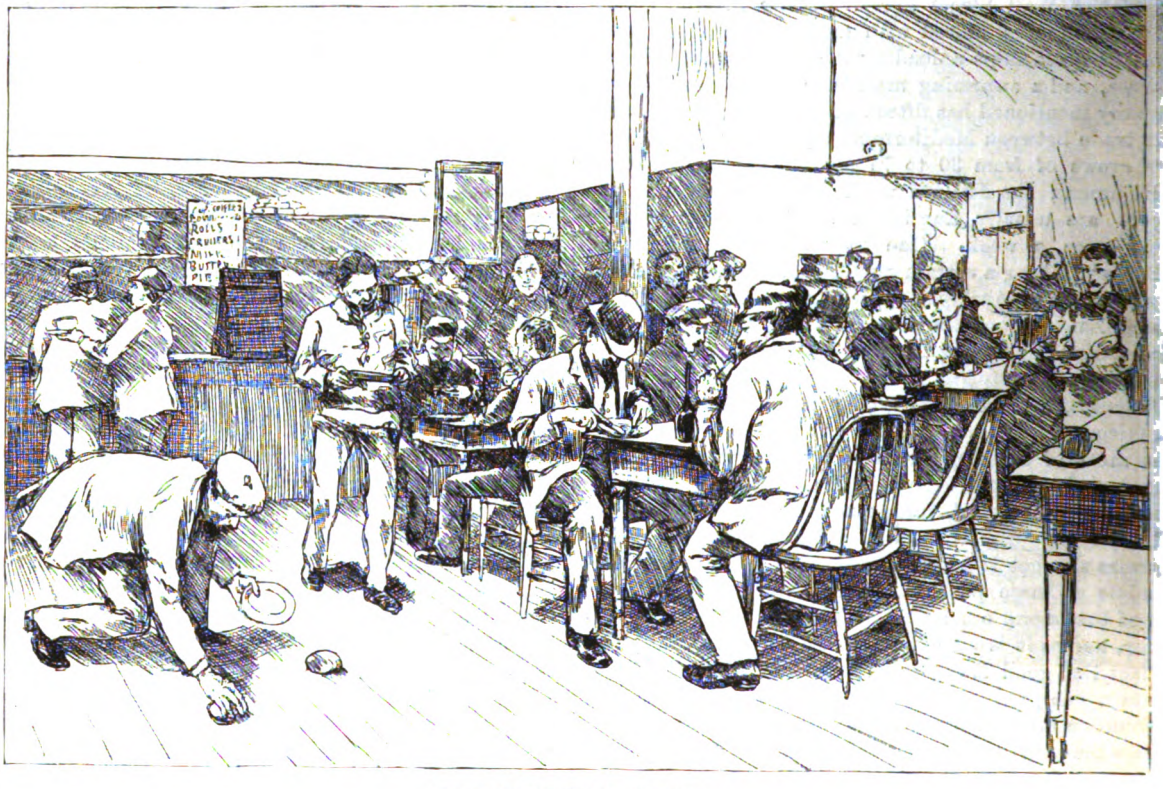
The Anchor line of ocean steamers also trade with the Mediterranean ports through a distinct branch of the service. These steamers bring from 20,000 to 23,000 boxes altogether of lemons and oranges at a time, besides olive oil, argols, sumac, citron, fancy soap, black marble statuary and paintings. At Naples they get lemons, oranges and argols; at Genoa, olive oil and argols and a light red wine; at Leghorn the inevitable argols, some olive oil, and perhaps as much as three hundred cases of citron, containing some 250 pounds in ten boxes of 25 pounds each to every case. Leghorn soap is here obtained, and the city of that name, moreover, is the shipping port for sending art works to this country from Rome. Fine finished marble, and that in the rough state, statuary and valuable paintings, are often sent to New York by this route. At Messina and Palermo, large quantities of lemons and oranges are taken on board, and sometimes one steamer will load from 500 to 3,000 large bags of sumac, which eventually finds its way into American mills for dyeing purposes. Such Spanish ports as Malaga, Valencia and Denia, are also stopped at for raisins and grapes. There are thirteen steamers of this line in the trade.

The New York visitor to the Mediterranean Pier in Brooklyn, where the great steamers of the Italian line discharge their cargoes of fruit, takes the Wall Street Ferry and goes south from the foot of Montague Street, Brooklyn, along Furman Street. On one side rises a stone wall, perhaps forty feet high in some places, over which may be seen the shrubs and trees of the sloping gardens attached to the mansions which crown the Brooklyn Heights. In some places grapevines nod over the wall, and rich green woodbine runs down a few feet, Sometimes, where the wall is not so high, there is a better view of the gardens, with sloping greensward and peach-trees and shrubs, just below some large, white wooden mansion, rather out of date, with its large cupola and green-shuttered dormer windows; though, as a rule, the residences are modern and elegant, and in one of these we see lives Samuel V. White, the well-known millionaire, astronomer, lawyer and Wall Street broker. In the street under the Heights are cheap restaurants and a few drinking saloons, and further down toward Fulton Street are business houses of various kinds. On the river side of the dark street, through which the wind whistles so drearily in Winter, there is a long stretch of great warehouses, as gloomy as Egyptian mausoleums, and always cool and damp, even in Summer. The great iron shutters are swung open at intervals to prevent undue dampness, or to give light to the laborers to store the rich cargoes, and from the windows come spicy whiffs from rich merchandise brought, perhaps, from Ceylon, Zanzibar or Canton, 4,000 leagues across the seas. We come to the entrance of a long, rather gloomy passage running under the warehouses, and this we enter on the way to the pier. Teams come rattling over the Belgian pavement empty coming from the street, and creaking under heavy loads as they go out. And now we are out of the chill, dark passage and on the broad wharf, with the afternoon sun playing upon the broad, slightly ruffled river, and lighting up the busy scene close at hand. A bark from Java is unloading coffee, and hogsheads of Cuban sugar are being lowered from a warehouse, and after being weighed are swung on to a broad lighter which is to go to one of the great refineries in the Eastern District of Brooklyn, or old Williamsburg. But the steamer we seek is the one whose name may be plainly

seen on its black prow, the *Iniziativa*, of Genoa, an iron screw-steamer, built at Glasgow in 1881. She is 300 feet long and 37 feet wide. She is moored at the great covered wharf known as the Mediterranean Pier.

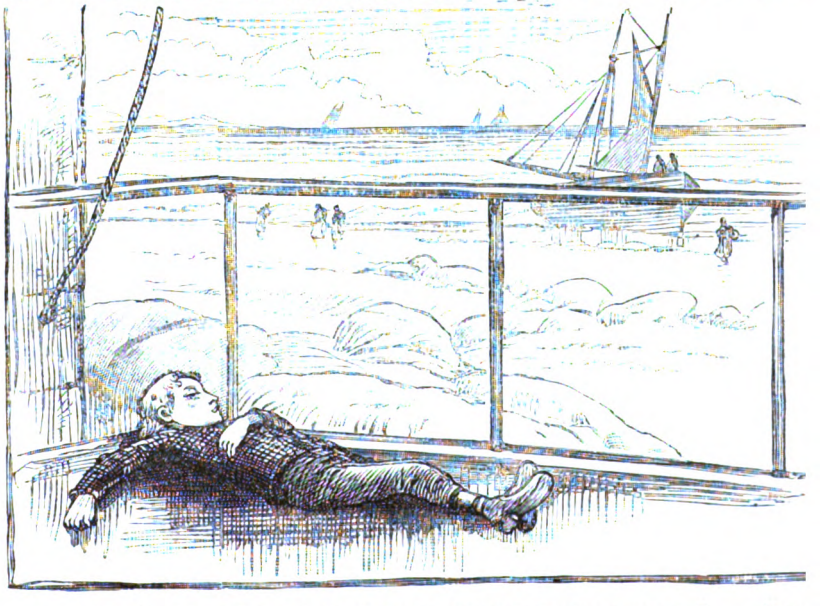
Close to the entrance are the offices of the United States customs officers, who appraise the cargoes, and of the firm of auctioneers that has a monopoly of the auction business in foreign fruit. Along the pier, several hundred feet in length, are piled boxes of lemons and oranges, barrels of currants and other merchandise. Laborers in canvas aprons are trundling the barrels or boxes in handcarts, or are helping to load the numerous trucks that are standing ready to be freighted for a trip to New York. On the morning of an auction sale of lemons and oranges the scene here is doubly interesting. There are long rows of open boxes of lemons and oranges, great crowds of buyers examining them, intent on buying, perhaps, a hundred boxes or more at a time for the wholesale market. The contrast between the delicate yellow of the lemons and the deep, rich red of the oranges in long lanes, bordered by these harmonious colors, would please an artist, and it is rather singular that some painter of originality and a taste for the picturesque near at home has not portrayed this scene. The air is filled on such occasions with the delicate aroma of the beautifully tinted fruit.

There are openings here and there along the pier, from which we catch glimpses of the big iron steamer. We go on board, undeterred by any of the rather piratical-looking crew; one in a red fez is lazily chiseling the side of the vessel, and the sight of a landsman seems, for the moment, to startle him; he is rather young and seems to express in his small, black eyes a lurking suspicion that the stranger may be desirous of throwing him overboard. The deck is sheeted with iron, and iron buckets, like those used in the coal trade, are coming up from the hold laden with brimstone, which is poured into a sort of hopper on a temporary platform on deck; from this it is sent down a chute into a canal-boat which is to load 100 tons, to be taken to Buffalo; thence it may go up Lake Erie to Chicago or to Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, or other points where there are large chemical factories. Men with faces, beards and shirts coated thickly with the peculiar yellowish-green of the brimstone are busily at work loading the canal-boat; it might take 300 tons, but it merely wants 100 tons as ballast. Some of the men at work wear red shirts, some blue-checkered jackets; others, long coats, to protect them from the brimstone dust. One of the crew creeps up a hatchway, a large, foreign-looking bandanna bound around his head, the sleeves of his red shirt rolled up, displaying a brawny arm. He has a sinister look, and, so far, at least, as appearance goes, would not have been out of place as one of the chorus in "The Pirates of Penzance." The cook, in a white jacket and apron and a natty glazed cap, is making preparations for the evening meal, watched by the steward, who has been injured during the voyage. An officer with a closely cropped beard and rather handsome features, when questioned concerning the cargo of the vessel, invites the visitor to the officers' cabin. We descend a steep, dark stairway to a cabin, perhaps 25 feet long by 18 wide, dimly lighted, with a large table in the centre covered by a rather soiled crimson cloth, and overhung by a lamp of fanciful design; the stove, in a corner, has a brass pipe running up through the roof; there is a marble-topped side board with a strange-looking miniature brass railing, which must have originally been plated; it has a wide, dingy mirror. The officer speaks English brokenly, but rattles off Italian with operatic volubility and smoothness to another officer who has accompanied us, apparently impressed by the importance, not to say the solemnity, of the occasion. The cargo-book shows that the steamer has stopped at various ports in the Grecian Archipelago,



THE FRUITMEN'S RESTAURANT.

Sicily and Spain. She has brought 5,487 boxes of lemons, 6,400 barrels of currants, 600 tons of brimstone, 400 bales of licorice, and 281 cases of mustard-seed; besides oil of bergamot, wine, fancy soaps, almonds, sheepskins, olive oil, opium —obtained from another steamer at Palermo — sardines, carpets, and a hundred packages of what the very courteous officer describes as "wood to make de gun," accompanying the description with an expressive pantomime of a sharp glance, one eye closed, along an imaginary gun-barrel nicely adjusted to the shoulder. The information noted above is elicited after a considerable delay caused by frequent parleys between the two officers, who scratch their heads, drum on the manifest book or pat the crimson cover of the



THE DOCTOR'S FEE.—"THE STORM BROKE ON HIM NOW IN ALL ITS FURY." . . . "POO LITTLE JIM HAD RUNG HIS FUNERAL KNELL."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

table, and then, in the tongue of Salvini, launch into a lengthy dialogue that would, doubtless, have been vastly more interesting if it could have been understood.

This is a busy quarter. The great warehouses, stretching along the Brooklyn water-front for miles, employ thousands of men. We retrace our steps through the long, paved passage leading from the wharves out to the street, along which trucks are rattling and horse-cars go jingling toward the ferries, and close at hand we are shown a restaurant, designed for the thousand men employed in the Bartlett Stores. Here the men are supplied with excellent coffee for two cents a cup, a slice of corned beef for the same price, sandwiches for four cents, beef-stew at eight cents, and mutton, hash and pork-and-beans at the same price; boiled eggs are three cents, crullers and rolls one cent, a glass of milk three cents, and rice-pudding five cents. These, of course, are merely nominal prices. I mention this little place, called "The Crumb," by-the-way, because it is something thoroughly deserving of commendation. The food is excellent; everything about the place is neat; the copper boilers shine; the kitchen, with its piles of snowy plates and glistening tinware, is as clean and orderly as could be desired. The restaurant proper, is a good-sized room; twelve daily newspapers are taken, and there are dominoes and checkers, and some of the men are playing. Tobacco and cigars are sold, and pipes are kept for the accommodation of the men. No liquor is sold, and the place was opened by the firm to give the men a pleasant resort in Summer and Winter for the dinner-hour, to keep them from going to liquor saloons.

But a further exploration. Here, at the foot of Fulton Street, at Pier No. 21 North River, we find the steamship *Dorian* of the Anchor Line. She has arrived within twenty-four hours from the Mediterranean with a cargo, which includes 8,000 boxes of fruit, partly oranges, but a considerable portion in lemons. We have come through a portion of Washington Market, on the riverside of West Street, where the butcher-stalls and butter-stands are numerous, as well as live-poultry booths, where there is a loud quacking of ducks and a constant cackling of chickens and fowls, overcrowded in wretched coops. We find the steamer a scene of bustle and more or less confusion. There is a steam-winch at work, by means of which the boxes of oranges or lemons are being hoisted from the dark hold of the big steamer, and then swung from the deck to the wharf. There is a rattling of pulleys, a loud puffing of the engine stationed on the pier to work the winch, a rumbling of trucks and handcarts along the wharf, and a shouting of busy longshoremen. They had begun at eight o'clock that morning, and the unloading of the fruit will not be finished till ten o'clock the next day.

By the old-fashioned method of unloading a ship, that is, without the steam-winch, which works the ropes, it would take a week to unload such a large quantity of fruit. The most surprising illustration of how rapidly a vessel can now be unloaded is furnished by the fact that, in a single night last Summer, 25,000 boxes of fruit—lemons and oranges—were unloaded from one of these steamers. It seems that there was danger of the fruit rotting, and unusual expedition in unloading was therefore necessary. This Mediterranean trade is replete with interest, but the subject cannot be fully treated within the limits of a magazine article. The vast maritime interests which find employment on the Mediterranean make it one of the most important of the great seas. Its surface, generally blue, but in the further East a purplish hue, is not always so placid as one is apt to suppose. At times, the mariners in the fruit-ships and other craft are exposed to the mistral, a cold wind sweeping down from the Alps through the Valley of the Rhone; then there is the sirocco, precisely the opposite of the mistral, which scorches with a hot wind from the African deserts; the bora is a terrible thunderstorm; there are waterspouts which add to the dangers of navigation at times, and a phenomenon, of frequent occurrence, is what is known as St. Elmo's fire, or balls of fire playing in mid-air around the masts of ships, and called by the ancients Castor and Pollux. The shores of Greece and Naples, where the fruit-steamers stop, are especially celebrated for their beauty.

In connection with the subject of the Mediterranean fruit-raising countries, it is worth noting that scientists believe that, in a remote period of antiquity, Europe and Africa were united at the points now known as Sicily and Gibraltar. The Mediterranean Sea, 2,300 miles long, and from 80 to 1,200 wide, with a total area, counting its bays and inlets, of over 1,000,000 square miles, averages 3,000 feet in depth, and is even, in many places, 5,000 feet deep, while at the other points, especially between Sicily and Africa, the bottom is sometimes only 80 feet below the surface. A thousand steamers, an innumerable multitude of white-winged sailing-craft, now move through the purplish blue waters over a great area, once trodden by primeval man or by the mammoth creations that are supposed to have existed thousands of years before the advent of man on the planet.

For thousands of years the shores of the Mediterranean, now so closely identified with American commerce, have been the principal seats of civilization. The Egyptians, the Phoenicians, the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Romans, the Carthaginians and Saracens have flourished there, and have disappeared to make way for new races and new civilizations. Even to-day, however, the Mediterranean is a focus of political power, and a commanding position there would, even now, if necessary, be bought by ambitious rulers in Europe at a frightful cost in blood and treasure. It was along the beautiful shores of the Mediterranean, where now sail the fruit-ships, that Jason, renowned in ancient song and story, is supposed to have sailed in search of the Golden Fleece, and the sullen-looking men-of-war of modern times have plowed the same sea on grim errands to the Black Sea, drawn hither by the vexed Eastern question.

THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

By Will H. Waitt.

Poor little Jim! Lowering and dark, the night was closing in about the hut, and there was every presage of a storm at sea.

The lad had spread the table and prepared a scanty meal, and now awaited anxiously the arrival of the wreck whom he called father.

The hour seemed very long and lonesome, and he felt the solitude of darkness gather thick about him ere the familiar step came shuffling from the beach road to the door.

"What luck, dad?" he cried, in pleased expectancy.

"The devil's luck, boy!" was the surly rejoinder.

"Not no fish, dad?" And there was the faintest shade of reproach in the questioning tone.

Perhaps the father noted it. His answer surely flashed resentment.

"Don't fish me, Jim. I've got more paying business on hand to-night."

"What, dad ?"

"Never you mind, Jim"—with a drunken leer. "Though I ain't brought no fish, there's other fish—the best in the sea—to be caught to-night."

"But, dad, you went fishing at daybreak ?"

"Ay, ay, lad ! And caught onto land sharks, maybe."

"And you talk of going out again to-night ? Oh, father !"

There was a world of remonstrance in that utterance ; but, if the father noted it, it failed of its purpose, surely, for Blake turned on the lad in fury.

"Drop that, Jim. Don't 'father' me ! Call me *dad* as I l'arned you, and don't come no woman's whimpering tricks in saying it, nuther !"

The boy hung his head and was silent.

"Come, I'm hungry, Jim. I wants my supper."

But little Jim was sobbing now.

"Confound you, lad ! What's ailing you now ?"

"I don't feel all just right to-night, fa——, dad ! I thought, maybe, as I'm sick, you'd stay with me."

"But I've bizness, I tell you, Jim—bizness as is bizness."

"But I'm afeard, father——"

"Afeard of what, boy ?" with a menacing gesture.

"I'm afeard—afeard that—nothing, dad."

"You lie, you young eel ! Out with it, or I'll skin ye alive !"

"I was afeared for you, dad—as how, perhaps, you might be in with the wreckers again ; and mother—mother—mother——"

"Mother what, you fool ?"

"It would make her cry just as it used to, father, if she knew about it ?"

A torrent of wrath seemed to move the frame of the besotted fisherman, as, with a volley of oaths, he exclaimed :

"Hush up ! I won't hear no more such rubbish ! Gimme my supper, and go off to bed !"

"Without nothing to eat ?" in pathetic appeal.

"You had your dinner. *You* ain't hungry."

"No, dad ; I'm not so very hungry ; but——"

"But you wants me to hire you off, you young imp of Satan ?"

Having exhausted for the nonce his powers of invective, he was now prone to treat the boy with some small show of kindness. He continued in a wheedling tone, as he stroked Jim's raven locks :

"Now, you just mention your price ; but set it low, very low, sonny, for I ain't the bloomin' captain of no whaler ! Say, just how many cents will it take to buy off your supper, and send you early to bed ?"

"I *need* six more, dad," Jim answered, hesitatingly.

"But that's a deal—that's a deal, lad !"

"I know it, dad. But—but with only six more cents, I'll have enough to see Dr. Arlf to-morrow."

"It's a sight of money, Jim—a sight of money ! But, then, you've been a good lad, so I'll strain a p'int this time. Take it, little miser, and get ye to bed !" and Joe Blake, with a crafty grimace, laid six copper tokens in the eager palm. "It seems a waste of money, Jim, for you to give it all to see a doctor."

To see the doctor ! And that had been little Jim's one hope for many a weary month. If only he might see the great doctor up at Beachmont ; if only that kind physician might relieve him of his racking cough.

Since his mother's death (and she, poor soul, had died of neglect and of a broken heart one year before), he had struggled on in the vain hope that the changing seasons might bring him some relief ; but week followed week, and the poor pale face had grown more wan and pinched, and the frail little body was wasted by the ravages of the insidious disease that all the potent remedies of the fisherwives were powerless to conquer. And these fisherwomen, casting pitying glances at the motherless boy, whispered among themselves, and shook their heads sadly, while they echoed the sad sentiment of wise old Mother Daudin, who had expressed it as her opinion that Dr. Arlf, nor all the doctors in Christendom chained together, can't save him. *He's called.*

It was Jim's only hope—this consultation with the good Dr. Arlf—but to approach so august and learned a personage, it seemed to him that he must first possess himself of the requisite fee.

With this in view, he had saved what pennies the not over-indulgent father had, from time to time, given from his meagre earnings, and had hoarded the treasure until only a dime more was needed, when one night the small bag in which he kept it disappeared from behind his pillow.

The father suggested *rats* as the most plausible solution to the mystery ; but, rats or no rats, the poor lad was inconsolable.

The fisherwives, when they had learned his loss, took counsel among themselves, and would have doubled the full fee ; but, knowing the child's sensitive nature, they concluded that the better course would be for one of them to see Dr. Arlf and interest him in the lad's behalf.

The women of Sandwich Beach, however, had little leisure, and seldom made a visit to Beachmont, some miles distant ; so, week followed week, and still their good intentions had borne no actual fruit.

In the meantime little Jim had not been idle. He had begun again, and adding cent to cent, had watched "the fee" accumulate, until to-night he rejoices in the possession of the full amount.

As for Blake, the father—a few lines will suffice to explain the circumstances under which he returns to the hut.

He had started before daybreak in his dory, to take in his "pots," but his evil genius had prompted him to put in at Lay Cove, and there, at the Two Happy Fishers, he had fallen in with several of his boon companions—desperate men, whose lives were spent in questionable offices along the coast.

This had been a dull season with Blake. His funds were at the lowest ebb. Otherwise the memory of the dead wife, the mother of his little Jim, might have weighed more effectually against the evil promptings of the abandoned wretches among whom he had fallen.

A reckless spirit had possessed him for some days, and it required only a few drams to make him the brutal creature he proved himself on his return at nightfall.

And he has paying business on hand this night—paying business, if only the storm rages on the deep, and Old Martin, the light-keeper, fails not of his word.

Hark !

As little Jim trudges supperless to the loft above, clutching tightly in his hand the tin box that holds his treasure, there comes a low, stealthy rapping at the door.

When the child had disappeared, Blake hurries to admit his visitor, who proves to be the aged keeper of the light on Sunken Reef : Old Martin, who through many a long and dreary year has held solitary vigil in that lonely tower—Old Martin, who until this night has never failed of duty.

But to-night ?

To-night Heaven help the sailors on the angry sea !

The moaning wind, the hoarse muttering of distant thunder, the ashen pallor of the ominous sky, betoken

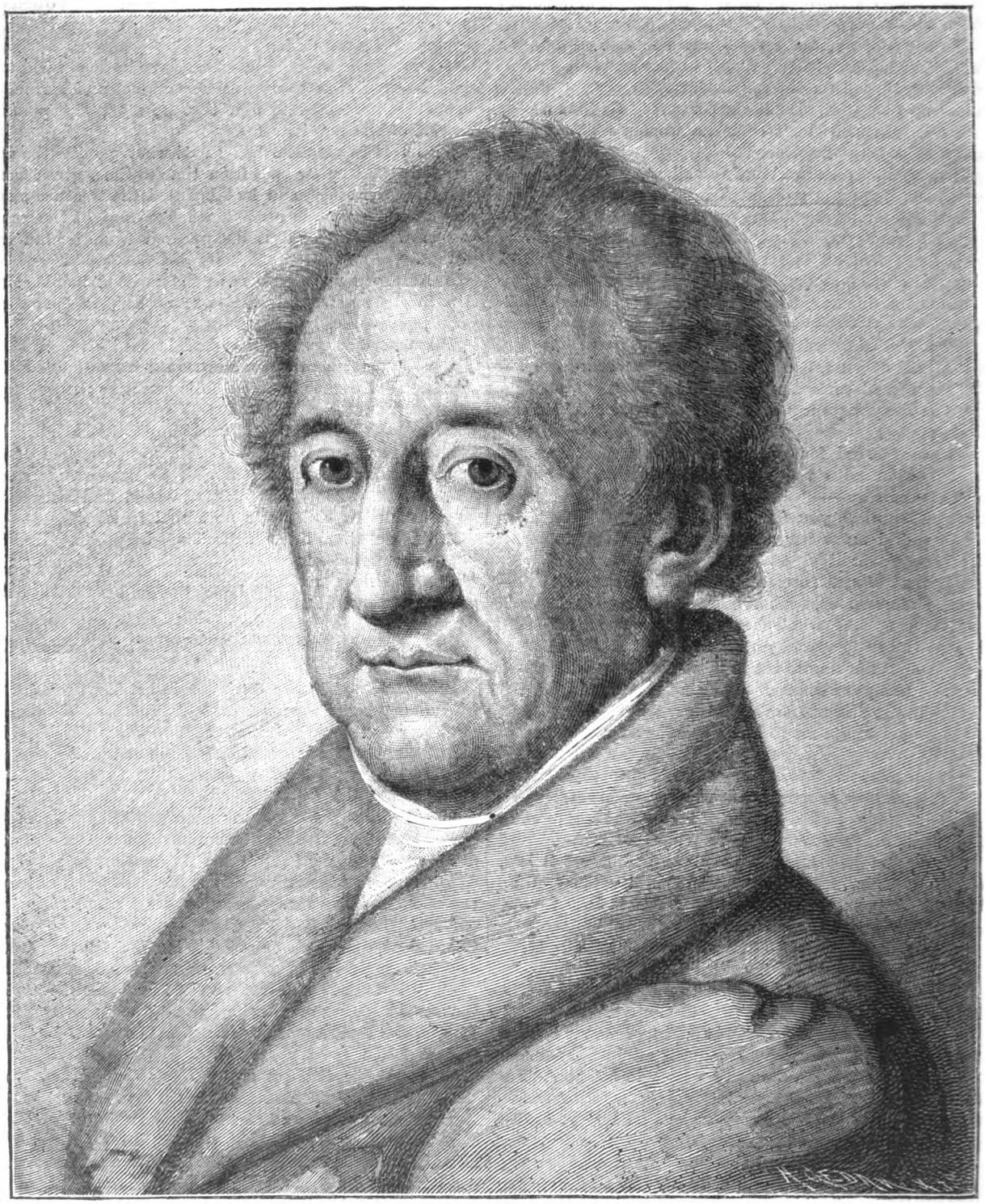
the approaching storm—Old Martin is enticed from his post—the wreckers are in rendezvous below the reef!

* * * * * *

Poor little Jim!

He awoke from his troubled slumber with a sudden start and a stifled cry. Something was amiss! Peering through the one grimy window that fronted the sea, he was dimly conscious of *a lack;* then it dawned on his wakening sense that the lamp in the tower was not burning. The very absence of that flaming beacon had awakened him, no doubt, or else—and here he paused in his reasoning, perplexed—or else a something in his troubled, gruesome dream! As he pondered that dream (his mind slowly retracing its subtle impress), his keen eyes scanned the long expanse of beach, seeking vainly some glimmer of the light that never before in his eventless life had failed to shine along the Sunken Reef.

He recalled how, clutching the small tin box that lay beneath his pillow, he had pondered the momentous question: Whether or not his projected visit to Dr. Arlf



GOETHE IN 1829.—FROM A NEWLY DISCOVERED PORTRAIT BY JOHN JOSEPH SCHMELLER.—SEE PAGE 615.

might really be of benefit to him—whether, indeed, he had the moral right to risk so much cash in so chimerical an enterprise as the salvation of his life! Then he recalled that, worn and perplexed by the difficult problem, he had fallen asleep; for a lull had fallen where a moment before all had seemed so boisterous in the room below. Next a voice had broken in upon his slumber—a voice whose only burden was his name.

He had not answered, for sleep was fast sealing the sense of speech. Then followed silence. Then he felt, rather than heard, a presence in the room, and after a moment, on his quickened ear fell the measured cadence of a human breath. Next, a warm hand felt stealthily along his arm, and drew it from beneath the pillow. A soul-sickening fear—a sense of insecurity, as he strove in vain to hold his treasure, and then oblivion!

Perhaps he had fainted—perhaps it was, all of it, a cruel dream. But, dream or not, he was himself again at last.

Peering through the solitary window he wondered

GOETHE'S SUMMER RESIDENCE.—SEE PAGE 615.

vaguely *why* no lamp was lighted in the tower; then it came to him—the recollection that as he fell asleep a strangely familiar voice had penetrated from the room below — Old Martin's voice! What could have called Old Martin hither, and on such a night? His father's words came back to memory with startling vividness, "The business that was business," must be of a nefarious nature to call Old Martin from *his* post.

"Dad must have got him off on a spree! The wreckers are at the bottom of it all—I know it!"

And, with a sob, the poor boy pressed his face once more against the pane.

Along the beach only the faint glimmering of the lights from the fisher-huts relieved the darkness. No sound, save the discordant notes of drunken revel from Ike Abel's shanty, and the hoarse mutterings of the fast gathering storm, disturbed the quiet of the sombre night. No light—no sound! And on a night like this the tower lamp should shed its brightest ray—the warning bell should clang its loudest peal.

With this thought a fear possessed him. The gang at Lay Cove were desperate men—men who would pause at nothing to gain their end.

THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE VON STEIN.

His father had been among them that morning—had passed the day with them, in fact—and had returned home drunken. What more likely than that these land-pirates had bribed him in this state to inveigle Old Martin from his duties at the tower? This granted, their purpose was all too evident.

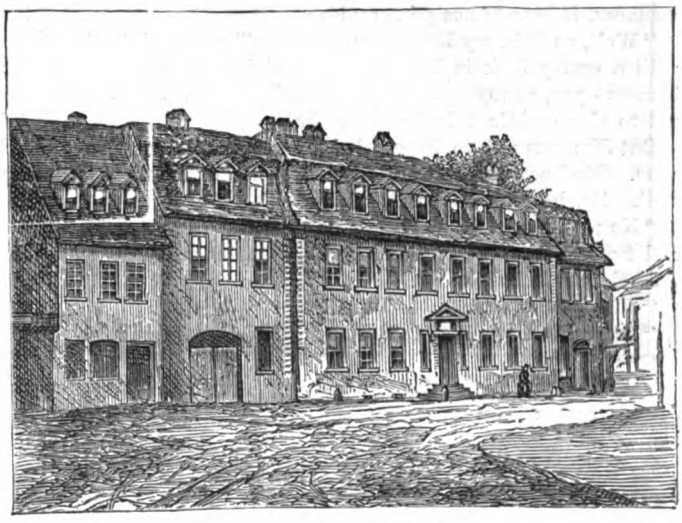
Many a gallant craft might pass that night, outside the harbor shoals. No warning bell, no flaming beacon, to point and guide their course, what hope that they, storm-driven, might all breast in safety the hidden perils of the Sunken Reef?

And his father—his own father—an accomplice in the evil work! The very thought was maddening.

Urged by an impulse that he did not pause to question he turned from the window, and reached beneath the pillow for the tin box that held his treasure. It was indeed gone. He next hurried down the stairs to the deserted room.

The candle still sputtering in its socket feebly lit the grim surroundings. One hasty glance was enough to convince him that two persons had lately been there—and in drunken carousal.

The old deal-table was strewn with cards, pipes and



GOETHE'S HOUSE IN WEIMAR.

glasses; and (oh, the agony of that moment, in which the whole truth flashed upon him!) amid the *débris* lay the tin box—his treasure-box—but empty now.

Beside it was a big brass key, which he knew to be the key of the light-tower.

In the misery of that moment his father's cruel duplicity was forced on his unwilling mind. His father had been the thief; had purchased his absence with a few pennies, and had sent him supperless to bed, that he might the sooner steal in upon the boy's earliest slumber, and take away that which he knew to be Jim's only hope for life—the fee that on the morrow was to purchase a consultation with the celebrated Dr. Arlf.

Ah, well for little Jim that there was work on hand for him that night, else the poor tortured soul might have drunk to the very lees the envenomed cup which the tempter proffers over the ruined shrine of a shattered trust! As it was, he made no moan.

Grasping Old Martin's key, and donning hat and tippet, he hurried out along the beach.

The lights were fast disappearing from the fisher-huts. Ike Abel's windows alone still glowed with a weirdly lurid glare, and through the open door Jim saw (or thought he saw) the form of Old Martin lying across a wooden settle.

He hesitated for a moment, then, goaded on by a grim determination to accomplish his righteous task at whatever peril, forced himself to face the jeers and taunts and drunken fury of the brutal men within.

As his feet crossed the threshold of Ike Abel's hut, two burly men, warned by the approaching footfall, hustled the drunken sleeper out of sight, and some one muttered:

"That's right, boys; hustle him away! 'Twould go hard with us if it should leak out that Old Martin was here to-night."

Then another spoke in startled accents:

"Well, here's a go! Ike, Ike, if there ain't a new customer for yez!" and the brutal eyes of Ike Abel next glowered at him.

"Wat's yer bizness 'ere, sonny?" he demanded.

"I want Martin, the keeper," was Jim's stanch reply.

"'Cos why?" continued Ike, his wrath held in abeyance.

"His light is out; the storm is almost on us; and the tower-bell should be rung!" was the unflinching answer.

"Well, well, sonny, what's all that to you? Does *you* run the light on Sunken Reef?"

"It's my business, and your business, and everybody's business, if Martin has gone amiss——"

"Well, so it is, my little man—so it is!" assented Abel, with a crafty look in his eye and a vicious leer. "*My* bizness—yes, sonny! So you run right to yer hum and get to sleep while *I* looks arter the light."

But Jim was not to be cajoled by any suspicious promise. He knew Abel and his reputation for veracity too well. So, he answered resolutely:

"No; I must go myself. But Old Martin, he is here, and he might go with me if he isn't too drunk."

Abel scowled wickedly.

"What's that you said, bub?"

"That *I* will go to the light, and Old Martin, who is here——"

"Who says Old Martin is 'ere?"

"I. I saw him as I came in—lying across that bench."

With wrathful gesture Abel seized him by the shoulder, and shaking him, hissed in his ear:

"Say as how you saw him 'ere—dare ever to whisper such a thing, and I'll murder you, you venomous liar! Mind this—the keeper hasn't been anigh this place to-night! Now, start yer boots, and go home, you little fool!"

Out—out into the night again, beneath a sky whose menacing grandeur would have awed many an older mortal, the poor lad hurried—the imprecations and muttered curses of the coarse fishermen who had grouped about to listen to his protest, ringing strangely in his ears. Out into the night—and such a night!

The storm broke on him now in all its fury—thunder and lightning, wind and rain, wreaking their wild vengeance in the full zest of awful pomp and mighty power!

The tortured deep, lashed into fury, hurled along the coast its heaving waves that broke in tumult on the Sunken Reef, and, crawling inland, moaned and died along the sands.

The light-tower was distant scarcely ninety rods; battling with the tempest, it seemed to Jim that he had traversed thrice the distance before he stood at the low, iron-bound portal.

With eager hand he turned the key, and pushed the door open on its creaking hinge. All was sullen blackness within—yet he was not afraid. He had often climbed the steep winding stair to the rude chamber above, and now, groping through the darkness, he grasped the iron guard, and toiled along the tedious height.

The hollow murmurs of the sea, blent with the wild revels of the unfettered wind, made eerie echoes in the gloom; and once, once only, he drew back in wild affright as a lurid flash, penetrating from above along the spiral windings, lit, for an instant only, a something at his feet.

On that instant followed a terrific crash that seemed to rend the very earth. How the old fabric swayed and rocked!

Jim's heart seemed stilled within him. Dare he move on, and that dread, merciless shape, that nameless somelying there across his path? He dare.

With a whispered petition for aid, he reached and touched *the thing*, and, as he touched it, a deep sense of relief possessed him.

It was only a garment—Old Martin's coat, perhaps—and, as he lifted it, he could have kissed and blessed it for the strength and reliance it seemed to yield him. For what, indeed, he questioned, could harm him—a child—in the lone place where an old man had lived unmolested all these years?

So he toiled on until the loft was reached. Once in that small round chamber, it was the work of an instant only for him to ignite the match and apply it to the wick.

A brilliant gleam shot out athwart the darkness. But on that very instant, loud above the moan of wave and tempest, he heard a signal of distress, and knew too well that some ill fated craft was bearing down upon the shoals.

Had he been in time? Would that sudden shaft of light give ample warning?

"God help and save them!" aspirated little Jim, as, pressing his face against the pane, he waited until the next fierce flash might show him all the danger. And again, when the lightning came and illumined the wild scene, "Heaven help them!" he cried, and, falling on his knees, breathed the one simple prayer his mother had taught him—(ah, so long and long ago!)—that prayer of prayers: "*Our Father which art in heaven!*"

What had he seen?

A gallant ship in the clutches of a turbid sea—an angry, merciless sea, which would abate no tittle of its fury until it had seized the poor dismantled craft and hurled it far amid the dangers of the Sunken Reef.

The ship seemed very near—so near, indeed, that Jim, by the next flash, could discern the look of white horror on the panic-stricken faces that thronged her deck! And he could hear the hoarse calls, the fierce ejaculations, the wild imprecations, the heart-rending moans, that keened loud above the tumult of the storm.

If only he had been one moment sooner at the light! With a sob of deeper anguish than he had experienced since that stern hour in which his mother's eyes had closed on him for ever in this life, he shrank from the window, staggered, and would have fallen! But in that moment there broke on his fast-failing energies a tumultuous shout—a shout as of glad thanksgiving, and with it came the assurance that all must be well.

Ay, all was well with the *Silver Queen!* Invincibly she had stemmed the wave that had striven to dash her on the Sunken Reef; and, ere its routed hordes could rally for another onset, the brave craft had passed the light, and, amid the hoarse salvos of three hundred voices, she rounded the point, and went drifting into the safe waters of the bay.

"God be praised!" said little Jim, as, kneeling by the window, he essayed to collect his scattered energies for the work still remaining. For while the storm still raged he must peal the tower-bell at intervals throughout the night. And he must not delay—already precious time had been wasted in his anxiety for the *Silver Queen.* So, with a deep-drawn sigh, he prepared to descend to the lower landing where the bell-rope hung dangling betwixt earth and sky.

But a sensation of heaviness possessed him, and he realized at last that his garments clung, sodden and cold, about him, and his hands and feet seemed clods of ice.

A fit of coughing seized him—one more severe than he had ever yet experienced, and when at last he recovered from the dreadful paroxysm, he wiped his hand across his mouth, and it was stained with blood.

* * * * * *

Slowly, solemnly, mournfully, the tower-bell pealed forth. Slowly solemnly, mournfully it rolled its diapason loud above the roar of wave and tempest. Slowly, solemnly, mournfully—and throughout the long, long night.

But when the storm had wreaked its utmost fury; when the shuddering waves had sobbed themselves to rest; when that calm hour came that transfigures sky, and sea, and shore with the first rose-flush of dawn—then the bell ceased.

As the last sad vibrations failed, two fisherwomen passing up the Sunken Reef, paused at the lower door to bid the lone old man within "Good-morrow!"

"Martin!—Martin Moore!" they called, and as there came no answer, they lifted the latch and passed within. With idle word and flippant jest, they hurried up the spiral stair. But word and jest changed to a moan of deepest anguish when they gained the landing, and tears, tears from the mother-heart, fell thick and fast at the sad sight that greeted them.

Poor little Jim had rung his funeral knell!

The tower-bell may ring again and clang a louder peal when pulled by other hands, but nevermore through all the drift of years can bell or bellman wake to life the frail, spent form of little Jim.

To life?

The fisherwomen, awed by the solemn hush that broods above him, whisper of Dr. Arlf, and, filled with keen remorse at their delay, rush madly off to town to fetch him—but too late. The fair, sweet soul has journeyed alone and afar to the home of the Supreme Physician, and, with a fee beyond our finite reckoning, has purchased freedom from all earthly pain.

SWING-SONG.

Swing! swing!
Birds in the budding wood, birds on the wing,
Fill sweet, soft air with caroling;
The woods no more contain their glee,
Joy brims over on every tree
In a flutter of leaves hilariously,
Swing! swing!

Early primroses awake from sleep,
In many a dewy dale they peep;
Lo! populous land, far field and grove,
Aerial as clouds that move
In labyrinthine drifts above!
Swing! swing!

Anemone-flakes of a veinèd snow
Lie over the sunny herbs below,
Lie over brown bents, woven and wet,
Where yellow-eyed white violet
With moss and strawberry hath met,
Swing! swing!

Spring waves her youngling leaves for token.
Dark Winter's deadlier spells are broken:
The firry roofs, with low sea-sound,
Welcome to their calm profound,
The dove's long call in a love-swound,
Swing! swing!

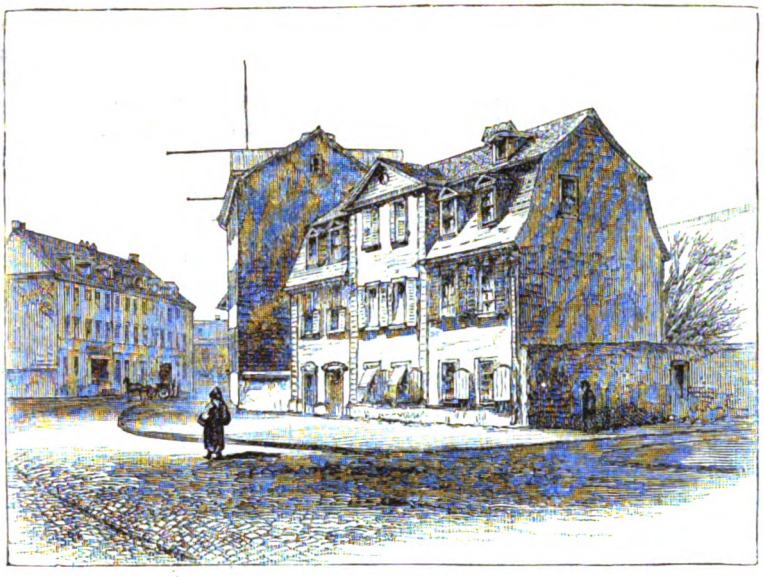
Baby boy lies on a sisterly arm
Of little maid Mary, safe from harm;
Little boy Willie will push the pair,
Hark! how they laugh as they rush through the air!
All the young world laughs, oh, how fair!
Swing! swing!

WEIMAR-ON-THE-ILM,

THE HOME OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

By Robert Johnstone Mooney.

The death of the *last* of the Goethes, whose funeral pageant I witnessed on a balmy day of last April, has enlisted anew the attention of the nation for that little city on the Ilm, so intimately connected with its greatest poets. Save the literary traditions of the last century, Weimar has little to arrest the interest of the student. During the lapse of a thousand years, linking one with the days when barbaric hordes worshiped Thor and Wodan along the streams and in the forest grottoes of Thüringia, it remained the counterpart of other German hamlets. Generations were born and died, each paying the expected tribute of its time—nothing more—only at great intervals a figure like the heroic Bernhard arose to relieve the monotony, which soon sank again to its wonted level. But the eighteenth century created an epoch, concerning which we shall speak further on, whose only parallel must be sought in the classic days of the capital of Greece. A wise Providence, too, seems to have intended Weimar for a future seat of the Muses. No city entices more by beauty or grandeur of scenery. The park, whose every grassplot reflects its poetical creator, the winding Ilm, replete with charming legends, the ivy-clad ruins, the long, unbroken vistas, the purling streams and inscribed rocks, the old streets, fortified by

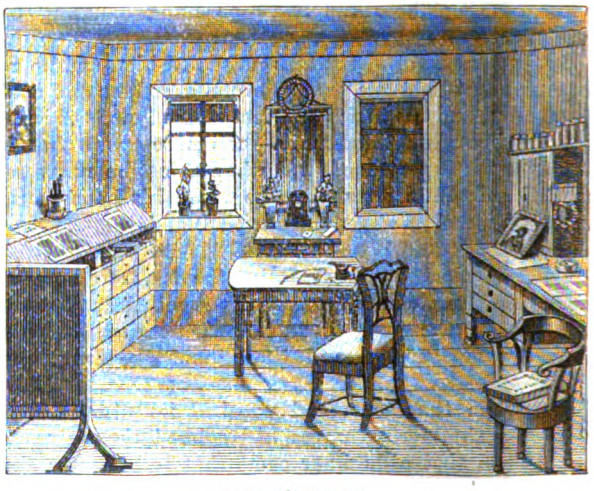


SCHILLER'S HOUSE IN WEIMAR.

patrician fronts or the red-tile-roofed houses, where some honest burgess family has dwelt for generations, the neighboring villages, whose inhabitants regale one with hospitality and traditions of the surrounding hills, among which the city nestles, have an ineffable charm to the beholder which it is not our province to describe.

> "Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
> To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?"

The cold November evening, in the first year of the "Revolution," which introduced Goethe to the city whose Homer and Pericles he was destined to be, discovered already an El Dorado of literary activity. Karl August and Anna Amalia had assembled about them a circle of literary savans, which excelled the most brilliant gatherings of Holland House. Herder, Wieland, Knebel, Kotzebue, Bertuch, Wolf, Musaeus, and a score of others, whose pages reek with genius and spirit, might form the subjects of many entertaining chapters did time permit, and our interest not naturally rally around that resplendent duo, Goethe and Schiller. The pleasures of the subsequent Winter at the most democratic of European courts proved irresistible to the young author of "Werther's Sorrows." The mild May of the following year, when Weimar was clothed in its most enticing verdure, found him housed in a little peasant's hut on the far side of the Ilm, whose proximity to Frau von Stein only conduced to his serene contentment. Far removed as it was from the gossip and prattle of the court, the tramp and rustle of the city, its simple rooms and garden, where nothing was ever heard save the cry of the peacock, the song of the bird and the "voices of Nature," fulfilled his ideal. How often this love of nature and simplicity is met in the apostles of genius! Coleridge and Wordsworth were happiest at the "Lakes," Thoreau in his lonely retreat, Emerson in the old, vine-covered "manse," and the great German in that unpretentious asylum which remained his abode seven years, Winters and Summers. His "Love Sonnets," the first part of "Faust" and "Egmont," nascent there, have hallowed its rooms to all pilgrims to Weimar. No memory was sweeter to him in after years than that of the "lowly roof"; no reality dearer than leaning against its stone chimney, the relation of boyhood stories to eager grandchildren. How prettily he speaks of it to Frau von Stein when pressed to sell it. "Being unable to be with you, love, I went into the garden, and every rose said, 'Ah, wilt thou part with me?' Then I discovered it was impossible to deprive myself of that haven of joy." And he never did, but lived



GOETHE'S STUDY.

> "—with a little pleas'd;
> Health ever blooming, unambitious toil,
> Calm contemplation and poetic ease."

Schiller's remark during his first visit to Weimar, "An affair of the heart is an easy matter here; scarce a woman without her history," proved too true of Goethe, "whose lute was a woman's broken heart." He was then in the full bloom of a manhood, whose like literary history has rarely seen. With a face more beautiful than Byron's or Milton's, nature had endowed him with a physique denied to either. The waving brown hair, the soft, dark eyes, the Apollo-like profile, seemed Cupid's arrows, which pierced the hearts of men and women alike. Early

DUKE'S PALACE OF BELVEDERE.

in his boyhood, at Frankfurt, his Don Juan inclination manifested itself. His first love, the plebeian daughter of a butcher, for whose indulgence the strict old father kept him months in half confinement, was never forgotten. She inspired *Clara* in "Egmont," and in "Faust" has been immortalized even to the name *Gretchen*. The "Sorrows of Werther" are but the result of his intrigues in Wetzlar, where he was employed some time in official capacity. The noble features and Endymion-like ways made Weimar no exception, and it was sad that it was so. Taking his morning walk in the park a few summers after his arrival, a pretty, black-eyed girl tripped up to

SCHILLER AND CHARLOTTE VON LENGEFELD.

him to beseech his aid for a struggling brother. Her simple beauty and naïve manner won his influence, and moved his heart too. It was his future wife, Christiana Vulpius. Yet his treatment of her is the greatest stain upon his character. German womanhood rises to condemn him at the very mention of that name. The fifteen years which she lived with him as his mistress—no milder term will convey her station—and bore his children, were years of degradation and shame. Time and again she fell upon her knees before him, and begged and prayed to be honored with his name. She could not leave him, he charmed her. It was not till the dark days of the war, when the cannon of the French were planted on the hills above the city, and Napoleon's order had gone forth "to reduce the city to ashes," that the imminent danger and perilous situation compelled him to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the law. Her birth and ignorance were, it is true, extenuating circumstances. Indeed, so appalling was the latter, that Goethe forbade her speaking in the presence of his visitors. One memorable occasion is recorded where she disobeyed his injunction, persuaded by the presence of a distinguished ambassador. Goethe was delayed a few moments, and Christiana, after receiving the diplomat, hastened to take "time by the forelock" and show him the extent of her knowledge. In her ardor, scarcely waiting for the ordinary compliments of the day, she naïvely asked the question: "Have you heard anything of Robinson Crusoe's fate?" She succeeded wonderfully in surprising him. One can readily fancy his feelings at being so addressed by the wife of Germany's greatest poet. When driving he rarely mentioned her name, but invariably ordered the coachman "to lift the *person* from the carriage." But the time comes when continued persecution and "weariness of the flesh" will wrest a woman from a charm and bring her to consciousness. Who can wonder at the doubtful pleasures to which she was addicted; her love of the bowl: her tarrying at the students' dances till daylight? What woman would not have wished to drown thoughts of such sorrow, slavery and care? But it stung the pride of him "who should have been born a prince." The cure lay in him—he did not see fit to administer it. Lewis, among others, has pleaded hard for his hero; Stahr has added his entreaty, too; but it is a relation without defense. How different from that of Schiller and his Charlotte!

The story of the baroness of Lassberg is also sad. She was young, beautiful and interesting, loving Goethe and indulging the hope that he might some day be hers. But she was disappointed, and her serious, truthful nature could not bear up under the heart-affliction. One morning as an early workman was passing through that part of the park called the "star," he discovered a woman's corpse on the banks of the river. Within her pocket was a copy of "Werther's Sorrows," and the name in a neat little hand on the first page, "Lena von Lassberg," told the whole story. She was the victim of a broken heart.

During his first twelve years in Weimar, Goethe grew more and more under the influence of Frau von Stein. She was a descendant of the Scotch family, Irving—a distant relative, if I err not, of our own Washington Irving—and the wife of the duke's Master of Horse. Tradition paints her less beautiful than fascinating, but half Weimar lay at her feet. Goethe was proud to be of the number. Be their relation as it may—and it is possible it was dissolved none too soon—no one can doubt that to the counsels, the trust, the incitements, the attractions of Frau von Stein many of the most ideal thoughts in those early years at Weimar, are due, and the student of Goethe dare never forget her. But the world judged it unsound; and in 1786 Goethe journeyed to Italy, ostensibly to study its history and art, but, in reality, to break the influence which in her presence he was not able to check. During this Roman sojourn, the first part of "Faust" was completed, and the material collected for those beautiful letters descriptive of Italy and its treasures, published twenty years later. Returning in 1789, he resigned his official position to devote his time entirely to literature and science. He left the old "Garden House" and took up his abode in the city mansion presented him by Carl August, there to live *nine and thirty years*. Its dull yellow color, its "salon" by the stone step, and the dedication in Latin above the door, easily distinguish the old house which the testament of the "last of the Goethes" will make one of the Meccas of the world. In his state dining-room and art-gallery we shall not tarry; they contain nothing but associations to make one linger—an old English pastor, who kindly ciceroned me, occupying them to-day. In the adjoining rooms, among the relics which Goethe collected for the prosecution of his scientific studies, are many things of interest indicative of the wonderful breadth of his mind. Paintings, drawings, cameos, coins, majolica, show the tastes of the man who did almost as much in the world of science as in the world of letters. Across the hallway is his mineral cabinet, in the same room standing the old clock which was the pride of his father's house in Frankfurt. It was interesting to hear, as a relative of his told me, that the old timepiece purchased and given him by the Duke of Mecklenburg, was at the night of its arrival unknown to the poet. But upon awakening the next morning and hearing the peals of the bell-tones of his childhood, he recognized it as the old clock of his home. It never ceased to be one of the greatest sources of joy, rich as it was in memories of the past.

His study is almost as he left it over fifty years ago. The books which he consulted stand on the shelves, some opened where he was reading. The curious old stands and the quill pen remain in the centre of the table. Calling cards of celebrities—many a famous name among them—who visited him, hang yet on the string on which he placed them. An interesting and mysterious jar whose coloring no man of science has been able to explain, feathered by some chemical experiment which the poet was performing shortly before his death, stands on the dressing-case. A few other articles of minor interest complete the furniture of the room. Across the threshold is a little room lighted by one window, looking out upon the garden where he loved to sit, and where many a giant tree of to-day was planted by his hand. An armchair is close by the bed and one near its foot. Two geological maps, in English and German, hanging on the wall, the sole ornaments, save the beaded bellband which served him in his last illness. Yes, tread lightly as you touch the silken quilt! It is holy; it covered Goethe as he lay in death! It was from that bed in this simple room—so simple that it is almost painful, on the 22d of March, 1832—four weeks after Sir Walter Scott—Goethe bade farewell to life with the words, "More light!—more light!" The echo seems ringing yet.

Long, long years before this catastrophe, the little town was known as the "home of one thousand authors and a few inhabitants." All the doggerel poets of Germany had repaired thither, looking upon it as a hamlet where the devotees of letters "drank nectar and fed upon ambrosia." But in the Fall of 1800, the circle was rounded by the addition of Schiller. What different

thoughts arise at the mention of that name! Glancing back from the standards of to-day, how impossible to realize that the tyranny of one magistrate could impose silence upon the pen of Frederic Schiller, drive him into exile, unbefriended, place him under arrest for the sentiments of a piece now heard from the boards of every theatre! Buoyed only by the blessings of the dear old mother who had watched over his cradle at Lorch, by an inward hope and a burning love of liberty which no persecution could extinguish, he escaped from Würtemberg's capital amid the illuminations for the reception of a visiting monarch. His only companion was Strercher, a poor, forlorn musician. Condemned as a rebel by his sovereign, regarded as a scapegrace by his father, and judged half mad by his comrades, he trod on through the dreary lanes. The long Winter nights in Bauerbach followed; under an assumed name, with scarcely a companion save the wild crags of the neighboring hills, among which he was wont to wander, listening to the mournful winds bemoaning, as he thought, his own cruel destiny. No wonder he became misanthropic. "I embraced the whole world with the most glowing feelings to find a lump of ice in my arms." Nor is one surprised that thoughts of further exile visited him—that *our own land* attracted him by its story and realization of freedom. The love and friendship of the Baroness of Wolzozen alone kept him from the consummation of his wish, and the following sad words show how he opened his heart to his beneficiary: "*When I think that, perhaps, one hundred years hence*, my body long since crumbled to dust, some one may bless my memory, or drop a tear of *admiration* on my grave, then am I proud of my poet's calling, and *reconcile myself with God and my destiny*, hard though it be."

The green leaves of many Springs had browned in their respective Autumns between those days and his arrival in Weimar, and with them, many changes had come. The French Revolution, which that very book for whose sentiments he had left his home had influenced in no small degree, had swept over the Continent, and left in its wake a different Europe. He had married the beautiful Charlotte von Lengefeld, in modest Rudolstadt, in the Valley of the Saal, and proudly introduced her as his wife. She had given up a brilliant life at court which her beauty and birth assured, for the indigent roof of a penniless author. Schiller never forgot the sacrifice. How lucky for him! How benignly her goodness and purity and love wrought upon him! "Life is quite different by the side of a beloved wife; though forsaken and alone, *even* in Winter! The world arrays itself in poetic form again. Old feelings arise in my breast once more. Fate has conquered the difficulties for me!" How sad that Fate denied its durance.

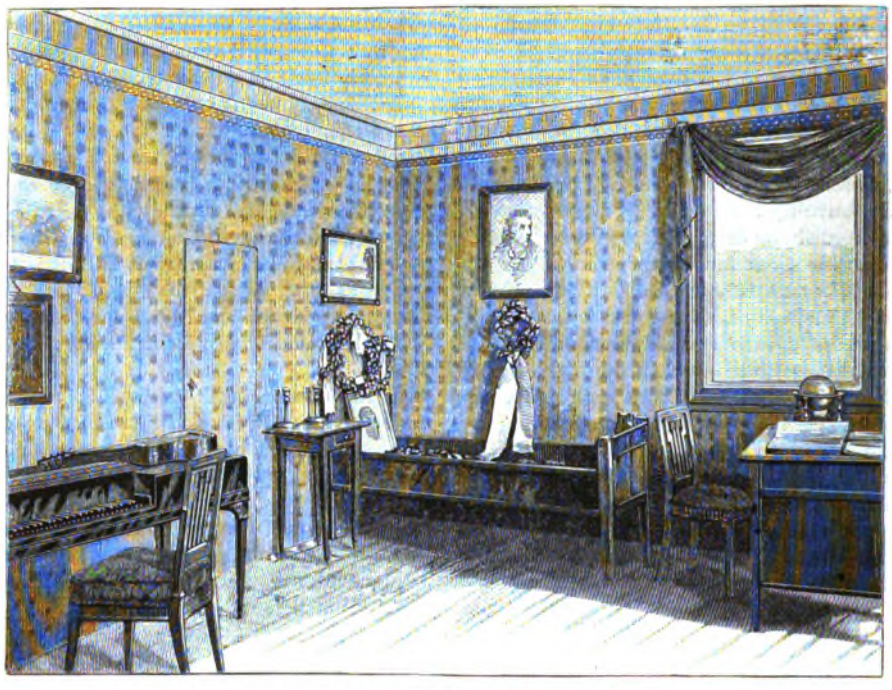
On Schiller's first visit to Weimar, in 1787, Goethe was absent in the Italian castle of Gondolfo, with little presentiment that the author of the "Robbers" was celebrating his birthday in the rooms of the "Garden House." But even here a taint of hypocrisy manifests itself in Schiller that time was destined to make even more eminent. Almost as the toast left his lips, he wrote his sister-in-law: "Poor Weimar! Goethe's return is still uncertain. While he paints in Italy, the Voights and Schmidts sweat like beasts of burden. He spends eighteen hundred thalers a year for doing nothing; double the work is forced upon them for half the sum." Such seems impossible from the gentle, loving Schiller. It was but the beginning. Great minds are not always free from envy. The following year the two poets met at Rudolstadt, where Schiller lived, in the neighborhood of his future wife. A letter of this period to Körner, in whose house he had lived in Dresden, is interesting, giving, as it does, Schiller's estimate of his rival: "He is of middle height, but very erect in carriage. His face is a sealed book, but his eyes are full of expression, and one rests with pleasure under his gaze. A brunette in complexion, he looks older than I judge him to be. His voice is extraordinarily pleasant and sympathetic, his narrative fluent and animated. One listens to him with more than ordinary interest. Upon the whole, my favorable impression remains, but I doubt if we shall ever be sympathizers. Much that is of interest to me, that I have yet to live for and hope for, has had its epoch with him. His whole being is different; his world is not my world."

In the course of the year 1788 mutual advances were made, but like the conciliation of gods on Olympus, and toward its end occurred an event which served to sever them more than ever. In a conversation among some intimate friends, he once expressed the desire to marry, intimating the University of Jena might make it possible, but inwardly hoping Goethe's influence would gain him a sinecure at Weimar. Goethe took his proposition literally. His letter that "a certain Frederic Schiller, who has made himself known by a history of the "Netherlands," desires a chair at the University, accomplished its purpose, and soon afterward Schiller was installed, though vainly wishing to withdraw when too late. His introductory lecture on "History" Carlyle has called the grandest conception of its purpose that ever came from the lips of man. But it made him unhappy to find the court of the Muses disinterested in him, and more than all, that a comrade in the army of letters should surrender him without a struggle for his defense. His aversion to Goethe grew with time, till at last it was pure hatred. How bitterly he speaks, "Often the sight of Goethe would make me unhappy. He possesses the power which binds others but holds himself aloof. He lives notoriously benevolent, but like a god, without giving himself. He has awakened within me a peculiar mixture of love and hate that cannot be unlike that of Cassius and Brutus toward Cæsar." Yet again: "*This man—this Goethe*—is often in my way, and reminds me of my hard destiny. He was born with a golden spoon in his mouth." Luck has followed his every action, while I toil and drudge even to this moment." There were moments, however, when his great spirit asserted itself. From under his clouded heaven came the words, "I do not compare myself with Goethe. He has more genius than I. Had I not devoted all my talents to the drama, I should be invisible by his side." Time was destined to heal the wound as it softens every hatred. They met at a scientific gathering in Jena in 1792, discovering much in common, and were surprised at the revelation. Soon after, brought into closer contact by association in the publication of the "Musenalmanach" and the "Xenien," they began to understand one another. A curious incident, however, marks the beginning of their real intimacy. It was shortly after Schiller had removed his residence to Weimar that Goethe visited him. "Frau von Schiller received me. The door of the next room stood slightly ajar, and it occurred to me at once that Schiller had concealed himself. I began speaking of my composition of his poems, and begged permission to play the "Diver" on the piano. It was granted, and after the lapse of five minutes, I noticed a head and ear listening attentively at the opening in the doorway. I played on unconsciously, when suddenly Schiller, half clothed, sprang to me, embraced me, and cried, "You are my

man! You understand me!"

The first five years of the nineteenth century made these two most famous men of their time inseparable, the one acting as the spur of the other.

Goethe had almost abandoned poetry and wandered off to the fairyland of science, courting philosophy with Ritter, comparative anatomy with Loder, optics with Humly, philology with Wolf and Boss, and making important discoveries and contributions to each. Schiller, after long perseverance, called him back from the Elysian fields and induced him to develop his "muse of verse." Both wrote for the theatre, of which Goethe was "Intendant," and Schiller believed an influencer of men to which the altar was scarcely equal, and strove, through it, to complete the work begun in the "Xenien."



THE ROOM IN WHICH SCHILLER DIED.

Schiller's life neared its close in the enjoyment of this typical relation. In 1802, at the request of Carl August, he was raised to the peerage, which he accepted at its true worth. "It pleased Lotte and the children." "I am much indebted to Goethe, and I feel that I have influenced him. Four years have flown by, and they have given me a stronger and better style, and advanced me more than could have been otherwise possible. It is an epoch in my history," was Schiller's estimate of the friendship. Goethe, too, wrote of it from the dignity of his fourscore years: "It took great love, trust and truth to accomplish such a relation between men whose very beings were radically opposed." It was truly the golden period of their history.

THE STATUES OF SCHILLER AND GOETHE AT WEIMAR.

On the evening of the 8th of May, 1805, Goethe, calling upon Schiller, found him ready to visit the theatre, which was one of his greatest pleasures. He did not detain him, but left for home. It was their last meeting. During the performance Schiller became ill, and was accompanied home by intimate friends. During the next day and night his mind wandered; incoherent sentences came from his lips. He seemed to regret more than all else his incompleted tragedy, "Demetrius," and recited long passages from its pages. Shortly before his death he closed a conversation on the grave with the following remarkable sentence: "*Death can be no evil, because it is universal.*" His request to continue the evening conversations with his gifted sister-in-law unrequited, he turned his face toward her, and, almost weeping, moaned: "*Yes, it is better now, since no one understands me, and I scarcely understand myself.*"

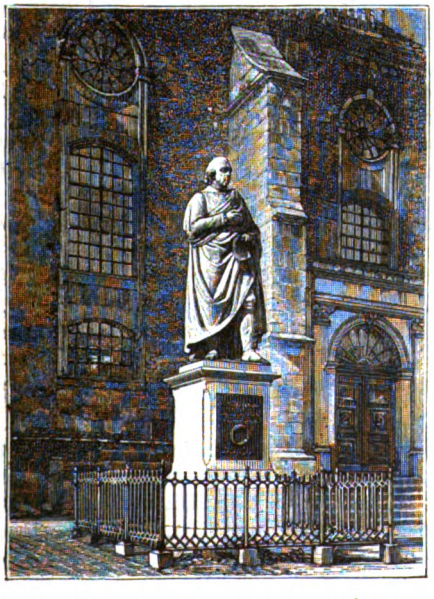
On the last day of his life an affecting scene followed the sight of his youngest child. It was brought him. He took the dimpled hand in his, gazed long and speechless at the little face, then kissed the lips with a death-fervor, and beckoned to remove it. He never saw the child again. In these sad days, Goethe himself was suffering from a recent illness, and could not leave his house, but almost hourly messages as to Schiller's condition

HOME OF WIELAND ON WIELAND STREET.

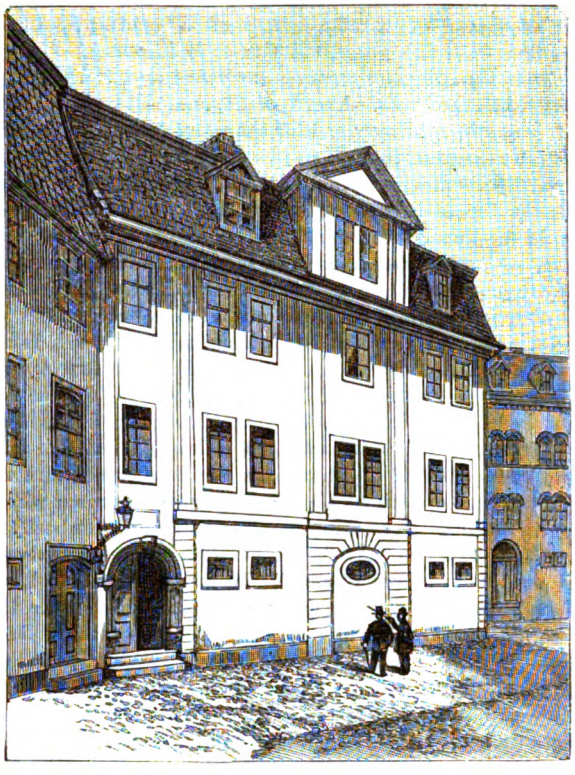
were brought him. Many times he was found under the trees in the garden weeping like a child. On the momentous night a presentiment told him the end was near. "Schiller was very bad last night, was he not?" he asked. Only a sigh and tears came as answer. "*Ah! he is dead!*" He placed his hands on his face in inconsolable grief. "*Half of my life is gone.*"

We read with pleasure of the mythological friendship of Castor and Pollux, of the heroic relations of David and Jonathan; but there is something grand and sublime in the friendship of Goethe and Schiller for which history furnishes no parallel.

Above the door of his home in the Esplanade, a little stone bears the inscription, "Hier wohnte Schiller," and there he lived the last years of his life. The parlor and reception-room contain a few items similar to those usually found in the abode of a dead celebrity. Adjoining a little room where Schiller slept, whose windows are still darkened by the same Penates, "The Witches in Macbeth," and ornamented by that writing-desk, in whose drawer he kept half-decayed apples as a stimulant to work, is the chamber of *death*. Like Goethe's it is simple. On the wall hang a few specimens of his handwriting, the programme of *William Tell*,



MONUMENT OF JOHN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER.



HERDER'S HOUSE BEHIND THE CHURCH.

and a letter to his sister shortly after his flight from Stuttgart. His court-sword is in the bookcase, a portrait above the bed; opposite, the piano, and resting upon it the guitar, whose tones, produced by the delicate fingers of his Charlotte, oft led him to that Beulah land of which music alone is mistress. The bed on which he breathed his last, in 1805, is decked with wreaths of evergreen offerings of loving admirers, and the death-mask looks at one from its head, giving light, though the eyes are closed, and dropping words of cheer, though the lips are motionless. As I stood and looked, the last whispered words of his dying tongue, "Brighter, brighter ever—ever brighter," full of

LIZST'S HOUSE.

their inspiration and hope, seemed to come rushing down the corridors of three-quarters of a century, gaining strength with the years, till the echo is eternal.

From that room, seventy-nine years ago, Schiller was buried in the "churchyard of St. James" in a manner that records a history sadder than any other in his life. A mere refusal of the *prima donna* prevented the appearance of an ordinary comedy on the day of his death, and but for the energy of one man a still greater disrespect would be recorded, from the city of his adoption. At that time, an unusual custom was endemic to parts of Thüringia regarding the burial of the dead. Tradesmen of a district were divided into classes—companies of undertakers, if the designation sound not too harsh—whom the law compelled to possess all funeral paraphernalia. Chandlers, wheelwrights, coopers and shopkeepers thus bore away, in turn, the remains of the dead. For Schiller the tailors expected to officiate. Dr. Schwabe occupied a part of the house in the Esplanade, and returning, on the 11th of May, passed into the room where the corpse lay. A simple, unadorned coffin, the best the poor family could afford, held the soul-robbed body of the author of "Don Carlos." Beside it, on a stool, sat the faithful servant, weeping still and alone over the honorable dead, a single candle throwing its mellow light over the melancholy scene. The man was astounded. Hastening to a club where he knew friends of Schiller assembled, he pictured the touching spectacle, and entreated them to rescue the remains from their impending fate. Eleven young savans felt the disgrace, and followed the mayor to the place of mourning. It was the last moment. Many of the bearers were present and indisposed to renounce their title till satisfied by Schwabe. The preliminaries were soon ended, a last look at the lifeless features taken, the lid closed, the coffin raised to the shoulders and carried out into the silent night. "The heavens were clouded and unfriendly, the streets empty of men. The wakeful knew by the simple tones of a single bell that some one had ended an earthly career without dreaming whom. It tolled the dirge of the poet of the "Glocke." Passing an open square, the flickering flames of the dim torches revealed the closely mantled figure of a horseman following the *cortége* at a measured distance. Arrived at a churchyard, the body was consigned to a sepulchre containing already nearly a score of others. The moon which, amid the last rites, broke for a moment upon the sad pageant, showed the mysterious stranger weeping, the heavy sighs telling plainly of his grief. All was soon over, the last echo of a simple orison had died away; the single mourner mounted his steed and galloped away. Long years passed before his name was known. It was William von Wollzozen, the companion of his youth.

So was Schiller buried. He had been ennobled; called the "Fatherland's" greatest poet; received ovation after ovation; made a citizen of France while living. But at the side of this midnight grave, how like mockery it seemed! That homage which strews the pathway of the living with garlands, yet drops no tear on the grave of the dead, is, at best, hypocritical and unreal!

So far as facts are concerned, the remaining years of Goethe's life contain but few. He lived on as the sage of the "Athens-on-the-Ilm," collecting his works, ending his "Faust," and completing his scientific studies. Many of earth's greatest men paid their respects at his shrine—Byron, Gall, Montaigne—and sang of him in distant lands. Yet life had lost its illusions, and his drama was drawing to its close. He had outlived all his friends. Schiller was gone, Wieland eight years later, and Carl August in 1827. Ambition was past; the world had crowned him with its highest honors; it had nothing more to give; hope only remained; and, with the satisfaction of a completed life, he died.

Three generations have come and gone since Goethe's arrival in Weimar—a century, with all its misfortunes, changes and history. Weimar is the same quiet city on the Ilm, with the same charm clinging to it still. The power which led Goethe to say, after making it his home for fifty years, that he "returned to it gladly after every absence"— that held Schiller, when tempted by the brilliancy and adoration of the court in Berlin, to return to die—it has for the visitor to-day. Where does it lie? I scarcely know, but it is there. Though the great actors are long since no more, and their remains lie now in the ducal vault in a beautiful part of "God's garden," crowned with wreaths of silver, Weimar lives in their memories, and the native is as proud of his birth as the ancient Roman or Athenian. Schiller's grandson, Baron of Gleichen-Russwurm, is an artist of some merit, whose pictures often appear in the "Exhibition," though they lack the classical touch of Herder's nepotical offspring. I saw, not long since, a contestant in a horse-race with no remembrance of the greatness of his progenitor. The last of the Goethes has gone to his grave, into which I, with a thousand others, threw my clod of earth in the Spring past. It is sad! for how natural to look with interest on the connecting-links with greatness, or drop a tear of sorrow on the grave of the last bearer of a distinguished name. Weimar, through her colleges, schools of art and music and theatre, is still carrying on—though, perhaps, not so brilliantly—the great work left her by the past. Liszt is bringing to a close that eventful life in the Athens, and has, in a manner, completed the problem of Goethe. The garden house is still there, and as I sat by it a few months ago, on the bench under the elms, or by the inscribed rock under the waving chestnuts—the song of the birds just as sweet as in the olden time—or gathered maybells, with myriads of recollections crowding upon me, I understood the love he had for that simple home. I had it, too.

Coming history will scarcely grant Weimar another period of equal brilliancy. But she needs no other; her memory is assured. Till German youth cease to lisp the names of Schiller and Goethe, it is impossible to forget the "Athens-on-the-Ilm."

"I BELIEVE Macaulay to be incorruptible," said Sydney Smith. "You might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, titles, before him in vain. He has an honest, genuine love of his country. Oh, yes! we both talk a great deal, but I don't believe Macaulay ever heard my voice," he exclaimed, laughing. "Sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that. To take Macaulay out of literature and society, and put him in the House of Commons, is like taking the chief physician out of London during a pestilence. He writes, talks, and speaks better than any man in England."

A RICH man, it is said, once asked a learned man what was the reason that scientific men were so often to be seen at the doors of the rich, though rich men were very rarely seen at the doors of the learned. "It is," replied the scholar, "because the man of science knows the value of riches, and the rich man does not always know the value of science."

EXPECTATION.

SQUIRREL, mount yon oak so high,
To its twig that, next the sky,
Bends and trembles as a flower!
Strain, O stork, thy pinions well,
From thy nest 'neath old church bell,
Mount to yon tall citadel,
And its tallest creneled tower!

To yon mountain, eagle old,
Mount, whose brow so white and cold
Kisses the last ray of even!
And, O thou that lovest to mark
Morn's first sunbeams pierce the dark,
Mount, O mount, thou joyous lark,
Joyous lark, O mount to heaven!

And now say, from topmost bough,
Towering shaft and peak of snow,
And heaven's arch, O can ye see
One white plume that, like a star,
Streams along the plain afar,
And a steed that from the war
Bears my lover back to me?

THE HAUNTED NURSERY.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

IT was very delightful, of course, to come home after that charming month in Italy, when Charlie seemed to belong so much to me and nobody else in the wide world, and to settle down amongst my friends as a married woman; but it was provoking not to be able to go to our own house. However, it wasn't ready for us, so it was no use thinking about it.

Our marriage had been so sudden—so "indelicately sudden," as Aunt Ellen said (but then the poor old thing has never had an offer of in her life, so how can she be a judge?)—that there was really no time to get it ready.

Lord Erskine—that's my Charlie, you know—had only come into Woodfern Abbey about a month before he met me, and he said it would not be fit for us to go into until it had been done up and refurnished from top to bottom.

Aunt Ellen suggested that the wedding should be postponed until it was ready, but Charlie wouldn't hear of it; men are so ridiculously impatient.

The whole affair was certainly very sudden, though I hope it wasn't indelicate; but I really could scarcely believe, when it was all over, that I was actually married.

It seemed to take place like a flash of lightning; but then Charlie is not like other men. The first time he was introduced to me—it was at Mrs. Sutton's ball—I felt as if I had seen him somewhere before, and when we had danced together for ten minutes I was talking to him as if we had known each other all our lives.

But Charlie has such a way about him. He is not a bit shy, and puts one so much at one's ease.

The very next day he called on Aunt Ellen, and she was too cross and tired after the ball to see visitors. *I* had to go down-stairs and receive him, and he staid quite an hour and a half by the clock; and after that I don't think he ever let a day pass without calling on us.

He had always some good excuse, of course. Sometimes he brought flowers or music, or he wanted to inquire after Aunt Ellen's neuralgia, or to return an umbrella which he had taken in mistake for his own.

Aunt Ellen said she didn't believe in any of his excuses, but she was obliged to receive him all the same, and I knew—oh, long before it came to pass!—that he was going to ask me to be his wife.

And so he did about a month after we first met, and a month after that we were married. Then came the question of Woodfern Abbey, which couldn't be ready for us under three months.

Aunt Ellen, as I have said before, wanted to put off the wedding all that time; but Charlie wouldn't hear of it, and, as she was very anxious to get me off her hands, I suppose she concluded it would be better not to offend him. The only difficulty was about a house for us to return to after the honeymoon, but Charlie soon settled that.

He told an agent exactly what he wanted, and there it was, ready for us a whole week before we came back from Genoa—No. 37 Abergeldie Terrace, furnished from attic to basement with everything we could possibly require; and when the servants had been sent on from Woodfern Abbey to London, we had nothing to do but to walk in and take possession.

It was on a gloomy day in March that we returned from our continental trip, and Aberdgeldie Terrace, which was built of smoke-colored stucco, looked more dignified than cheerful under a wintry sky.

But I was very much pleased with the interior of the house. The stairs were carpeted with velvet pile of a deep claret color, and velvet curtains of the same shade draped the landings and the doors.

The drawing-room walls were hung with dark oil paintings in velvet frames of the prevailing color, and the brightest piece of furniture in it was a table inlaid with marble and set in ormolu.

"What a dismal-looking place!" exclaimed Charlie, as we entered it. "Why, it feels like a vault! Lily, my darling, if you don't like it, we'll turn out to-morrow and find another house that suits us better.'

"But, Charlie, dear, I *do* like it," I replied. "I think it so stately and warm-looking! Just what a London house should be. Besides, you won't know this room when it has lace curtains at the windows and a few flowers on the table."

"Oh, yes, of course!" he said. "It's the lace curtains that I miss. What were the servants about not to put them up before you arrived! If your Aunt Ellen were not such a cantankerous old individual, she would have seen to such things for you."

"I would much rather see to them myself, Charlie. But this is a very big house, dear. What are we two little people to do in it all alone?"

"We won't be alone for long, Lily. We'll ask your sister Cissy to come and stay with us, and my brother Jack, and anybody else you may take a fancy to, and make the house cheerful with music and dancing."

I was delighted at my husband's proposal. Of course, he was all the world to me, and always would be. Still, I loved my sister dearly, and knew how pleased she would be to get out of Aunt Ellen's clutches, were it only for a little while.

With a light heart I ran up to inspect the bedrooms, and found them on quite as palatial a scale as the other apartments.

Above the drawing-room were four rooms dedicated to Charlie and myself; above them again four guest-chambers, and over that the servants' offices and attics.

As I stood in my own bedroom, changing my dress for dinner, my maid told me that a woman wished to speak to me.

I went to the door, where I encountered a respectable-looking person, clad in black, who introduced herself to my notice as the caretaker whom the agent had put into the house to await the arrival of the servants from the Abbey.

"Which I cleaned it from top to bottom, my lady," she said, in conclusion, "and terrible dirty it was, and I hope as I've given satisfaction and left all as it should be."

"I have no doubt you have," I answered; "and you had better go to the housekeeper for your money. She will pay you what is due."

"Thank you, my lady. And, if you please, my lady, I was going to make so bold as to ask if this belonged to you."

She took her hand from under her shawl as she spoke, and produced a child's toy, half-broken, but gay with coloring.

"To *me!*" I exclaimed. "No; certainly not. Where did you find it?"

"In one of the top rooms, my lady, as I was cleaning of it, and I thought," continued the caretaker, in a whining voice, "that if so be no one wanted it, I have a little boy at home as would sit great store by such a thing, and——"

"Oh, no, you mustn't take it home," I interrupted, decidedly. "Everything in this house belongs to the owners of it, and we shall have to restore it in the same condition in which it was found. Please to give me the toy, and I will put it back into its place."

The woman muttered something about its never being missed, but gave it to me, nevertheless, and I returned with it to the bedroom.

It was a curious toy, and evidently not of English manufacture. It represented a sort of pagoda and several people driving cows, all of them painted in the most brilliant colors and varnished like glass.

Charlie told me afterward that it came from Bombay, where toys of the same sort were manufactured by the natives. I put it on my mantelpiece, however, and thought no more about it.

I had to get ready for our first dinner in a house of our own, and when I ran down in a lovely æsthetic terra-cotta-colored dress, with a Vandyke collar round my throat and a row of Venetian beads, Charlie said he should never think the house dull again whilst he had such a gay-looking butterfly sporting about it.

That was a happy evening, as every one may imagine, and so was the next day, when I inspected my new domains. As I ascended to the upper story, accompanied by the housekeeper, I encountered at the head of the stairs a gate, latched and bolted.

"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."

(TALKING OVER THE BALL.)

Cousin Sophia (talented and accomplished)—"YES, I LIKE MR. FIBSON; HE'S SO SENSIBLE. HE TOLD ME HE DIDN'T CARE A RAP FOR UNINTELLECTUAL WOMEN, HOWEVER *beautiful* THEY MIGHT BE!"

Cousin Bella (only pretty)—"DID HE, REALLY? WHY, HE TOLD ME HE COULDN'T *bear intellectual* WOMEN! HE SAID THAT WOMAN'S MISSION WAS TO BE *beautiful!*"

"What is this for?" I exclaimed, in my ignorance of children and their requirements.

"Why, sure, my lady, it was to prevent the little ones from falling down-stairs. The room to the right was the nursery, my lady, as any one can see by entering of it."

Then I remembered the painted toy upon my mantelpiece. Surely it must have belonged to this room.

"Go down-stairs," I said to the housekeeper, "and fetch a child's toy from my bedroom. The caretaker brought it to me from the nursery."

The woman left me, and I entered the room alone. It was a bright and cheerful apartment, as all good nurseries are. It looked out upon the front of the house, had a warm carpet on the floor, and a gay paper on the walls, which were covered with colored pictures. In one corner

THE HAUNTED NURSERY.—"I LOOKED UP, AND THERE, BETWEEN MY CHAIR AND THE DOORWAY, STOOD THE LOVELIEST LITTLE FIGURE OF A CHILD I HAD EVER SEEN."—SEE PAGE 623.

of the room stood a little iron crib, in another a rocking-horse. This had evidently been the abode of our landlord's children, and I wondered how many little pairs of feet had pattered about that floor.

Though it was such a cheerful-looking room, I felt melancholy whilst standing in it—all seemed so silent and so still.

I went over and examined the crib; it was quite a small one, not more than three feet long, and I was speculating if a little boy or a little girl had slept there, when I was startled from my reverie by an exclamation from the housekeeper.

"Lord save us!" she said, suddenly, as she appeared upon the threshold.

"What's the matter?" I inquired, turning round.

"Oh, it's nothing, my lady! it was foolish in me to call out, but I thought as I came into the room, that I caught sight of something at your side."

"At my side!" I repeated, looking down; "how could there be? The room is empty."

"Oh, yes, my lady, of course, and it was all my fancy I dare say; but here's the toy, my lady, if this is what you mean."

She held out the Indian toy as she spoke, and I placed it in the crib.

"It must have been forgotten in the hurry of departure," I said. "See that it is not touched again."

But, to my amazement, I found that the housekeeper had taken French leave and left me to my own devices; so, thinking she had mistaken my orders, I followed her down-stairs.

I believe it was about three days after this occurrence that I was waked one night by the sound of a whimpering or whining, which seemed to come from outside my bedroom-door.

I thought at first it was some little dog shut out from its rightful home, and I was further persuaded in the idea by hearing the pattering of soft little feet on the polished oak planking that ran each side of the stair-carpet.

I am very fond of animals, and I pitied the poor little beast that was evidently in distress.

"Charlie, Charlie!" I exclaimed, as I pinched my lord and master to make him wake.

But Charlie had been to the theatre two nights running, and was very sleepy.

"What is it all about, Lily?" he said.

"Don't you hear that noise, Charlie—like a little dog whining outside the bedroom-door? Do get up and see what it is."

"Can't be a dog," replied Charlie, lazily. "There isn't one in the house."

"Perhaps it belongs to the servants," I suggested, "or has been shut in the house by mistake. Anyway, I'm sure it's in pain by the way it's crying."

Charlie had waked up by this time and heard the noise.

"'Tisn' a dog at all," he said. "It's a child!"

"Oh, no! How could a child be on the stairs?"

"'Tisn't on the stairs, my darling; it's next door. You don't know how thin the walls of these London houses are. You can hear everything your neighbors do or say."

"Charlie, that sound comes from our staircase. It is not next door at all."

"I see you won't be satisfied till you've turned me out of bed to solve the mystery," he said, good-naturedly, as he jumped up and opened the bedroom-door; but there was nothing there.

Charlie whistled and coaxed and called, but no dog or cat answered his invitation, and after a minute or two he returned to his own quarters.

"I told you it was nothing, Lily," he said; "but I'll tell you what is rather funny. As I opened the door, I saw in the darkness before me such a beautiful star, not large, but so bright and glittering! It seemed to float right down the staircase into the hall."

"Oh, Charlie, you are more fanciful than I am!" I said, laughing; and we had soon forgotten our little adventure in sleep.

But not long afterward it was brought to my remembrance. I was waiting one evening for Charlie to come back from the station, where he had gone to meet my sister Cissy.

I had dressed myself very carefully in a dark-blue velvet dress, never before worn, that I might show my sister how well I looked as Lady Erskine, and I had descended to the drawing room to attend her arrival.

When I reached it I found the gas still unlit. There was a good fire in the grate, but the room was in semi-darkness.

I walked across it, stopped to arrange a few ornaments on the centre-table, and then went toward the bell to ring for lights.

As I stooped to reach it I felt some one pull my dress from behind. I fancied I had caught the train in something, and turned to disengage it. But the folds were perfectly free, and I returned to my original design of ringing the bell.

Again was my dress pulled from behind, and this time in a very decided manner. I had rung the bell, but I turned again to ascertain the cause, when I saw distinctly in the darkness of the doorway a star such as Charlie had described to me, small, but very bright and clear, which seemed to dance before my eyes for a few moments, and then flicker away upon the staircase.

I was still staring at the spot where it had disappeared, and asking myself whether I was asleep or awake, when the servant entered in answer to my summons, and lit the gas.

My first impulse was to examine my dress. Yes! there on the new velvet was the distinct impress of a little hand where the material had been grasped and pulled, just about on a level with my knees. There is no material that shows the marks of pressure so plainly as a blue velvet.

A few minutes afterward, however, the carriage arrived with Charlie and Cissy, and I could think of nothing but my sister for the remainder of the evening.

And when I told the circumstance I have related to my husband, he laughed at me so heartily as almost to kill my belief in my own understanding. And he had out the blue velvet dress by daylight, and showed me a dozen places where it had been marked and creased in the packing, until I lost faith in my eyesight as well.

And certainly the marks of which I had told him were not to be seen at that time, though I looked for them everywhere. They had totally disappeared, although I could have sworn I had seen them plainly when I was alone.

Charlie declared it was all the effects of a highly strung organization; but if so, it seemed to run in the family, for the next person who suffered from it was Cissy herself. I thought she looked very pale and tired a week after she had come to us, and I told her so.

"We shall have to stop the theatres and evening parties, Cissy, if they affect you like this," I said, laughing. "You look as yellow as Aunt Ellen this morning!"

"Well, the fact is," replied Cissy, with a little hesitation, "I haven't slept very well lately, Lily. The child disturbs me so!"

"The child?—what child?" I demanded, in amazement.

My sister looked puzzled.

"Don't you know of it?" she asked. "Don't you know that one of your servants has a child to sleep in the house? I wouldn't mind if it *did* sleep, but it moans and frets half the night, and patters about the room, and I can't sleep through it."

"About which room?" I said.

"The one over mine."

"No one sleeps there," I replied. "It used to be the nursery, but it is empty now."

Cissy looked incredulous.

"I don't want you to make a disturbance on my account, Lily, dear, but I assure you some one *does* sleep there, for I have lain awake for hours and hours listening to the noises that go on."

"I will take care you are not disturbed again," I said, as I rang the bell for the housemaid, to inquire into the reason why my sister's rest was broken.

The servant first stared at my story, then looked frightened, finally denying, with evident confusion, that she knew anything about a child being in the house.

"Don't dare to tell me a story!" I said, angrily. "Do you mean to say Miss Carew can be mistaken? She says she hears a baby crying and running about every night. Some of you *must* know about it."

"*I* don't, then, my lady, nor any others as I know of," replied the woman, firmly.

"Have you ever heard the noises yourself?" I asked.

"Yes, my lady, I have; and so have Jane and Mrs. Stephens."

"Do they come from next door?"

"I don't think they do, my lady."

"You don't *think!* What do you mean? I insist upon your speaking plainly to me!"

Thereupon the housemaid advanced closer to my side, and lowered her voice:

"If you please, my lady, me and Jane and Mrs. Stephens have all heard the noises, and we don't think they're nothing natural, and we're all praying for the day when we shall go back to the Abbey, where there ain't no sperrits, thank God! nor nothing of the sort," she added, with a blanched cheek.

Cissy, sitting close by, broke into a peal of laughter.

"Spirits!" she cried. "Why, you don't mean to say you believe it is the ghost of a baby? No, no! The crying I hear is much too real for anything but flesh and blood, and you must tell that story to somebody much less sensible than Lady Erskine."

But I, remembering the voice and footsteps I had heard outside my bedroom-door, and the little hand that had pulled at my velvet dress, did not feel inclined, somehow, to join in my sister's ridicule of the housemaid's fears.

"Whatever it may be," I said, trying to speak lightly, "I cannot have you disturbed any longer, Cissy, and so you must occupy the room next to my own in future. Please see that Miss Carew's things are moved down before to-night, and don't let this silly story get wind more than it is absolutely necessary. I shall be angry if I hear anything about it again."

The servant left my presence, still white and trembling.

Cissy asked me if I intended to let the matter rest there.

"I believe from her manner, Lily, that she is the culprit, else why should she grow so confused? Depend upon it, she has got some of her relations in the house. There was no mistaking the sounds I heard."

"Never mind," I answered, carelessly, "so long as they do not annoy you again. I don't like to seem too harsh with the servants at first. We shall soon be down at the Abbey, and they will have no opportunity of playing tricks upon us there."

"Well, I think you are far too lenient," said my sister, in a dissatisfied tone.

I should have thought so myself, if what I had already heard and seen had not commenced to prey upon my spirits.

In a short time, however, our family party was increased by the arrival of Charlie's brother and two or three other young men, and in the all-absorbing amusement of flirtation, Cissy seemed to forget the nuisance, real or imagined, to which she had been subjected. One day, however, I heard the voice of Mrs. Stephens, the housekeeper, most unnecessarily raised in anger, and, on inquiring the cause, I found that the Bombay toy I had placed in the little crib had disappeared.

"And when you told me particular it wasn't to be touched, my lady, and I said the same to them all, but some one's been and took it away, and I can't find it nowhere."

"Well, it wasn't *me*," pleaded Jane, who was the supposed offender Mrs. Stephens had pitched upon.

"Whoever it was, it must be found again," I interposed; "mind that, Mrs. Stephens. The owners of the house are sure to miss it on their return, and it would be most unpleasant to be unable to produce it. It *must* be found!" I added, determinedly.

"It *shall* be found, my lady," echoed the housekeeper, fiercely, "if I have to rip up every one in the house before I come at it."

But at this bloodthirsty resolution I fled, lest Mrs. Stephens, in ill zeal and outraged honor, should commence upon me.

That very evening Charlie and Jack and their friends went off to some bachelor's haunt together, and Cissy and I were left to amuse each other; the consequence of which was that by ten o'clock we were quite ready to part company and go to bed.

I had an interesting book in hand, and when I had dismissed my maid I sat down before the fire in my dressing-room and prepared to read until my husband's return.

Of how long I had sat there I had no idea, for time never passes so quickly as when in the company of an entertaining author, but I knew that it must be growing late, for I had heard the servants, one after another, creep up the stairs to bed, and knew that only the sleepy footman was left dozing below until such time as his master should return and need his services. My fire had burned low, but I did not trouble myself to replenish it, for the Spring was coming on fast now and the nights began to be warm, and the big house was very quiet—so quiet that when a coal dropped from the grate to the fender it made me jump.

But suddenly, as I sat there with my eyes fixed upon my book, I became aware—I don't know how—that I was not alone, and, half expectant, half afraid, I looked up to see who shared my room with me. Had I been asked to guess who stood upon the threshold, I should have said Cissie or Charlie, or my maid, and yet it would have been a foolish venture, for I had heard no sound of the opening or shutting of the door.

But what I *did* see inspired me at first with no alarm.

I looked up, and there, between my chair and the doorway, stood the loveliest little figure of a child I had ever seen.

Excepting for a cambric garment trimmed with lace, his little limbs appeared to be bare; but his large blue eyes, wet with tears, were wide open, and his rosebud mouth was drawn down pathetically at the corners, as though he were just about to cry.

Forgetting the sounds I had heard and the stories I had been told, and believing that I saw a living child before me, I sprang from my chair and advanced to the little figure, which retreated before me.

"You little darling!" I exclaimed. "Don't be afraid of me! I will not hurt you! Tell me your name, dear, and why you have come here?"

But all the answer the child made was by fixing his frightened, weeping eyes upon me, whilst he backed toward the door, exclaiming, in a plaintive whisper:

"Let me go—let me go!"

"Where do you want to go to, dear?" I answered—"to your mother? Is your mother here, baby? Do you wish to go to her, dear?"

But the golden-curled little head was shaking sadly, as the child, still backing toward the door, held out toward me *the Bombay toy*, and, passing through the panels, disappeared.

Then, in a moment, I understood it all. I knew what I had seen; I knew to whom he had belonged; I knew that he had been one of the children of the house, and that I had looked upon the face of the risen dead.

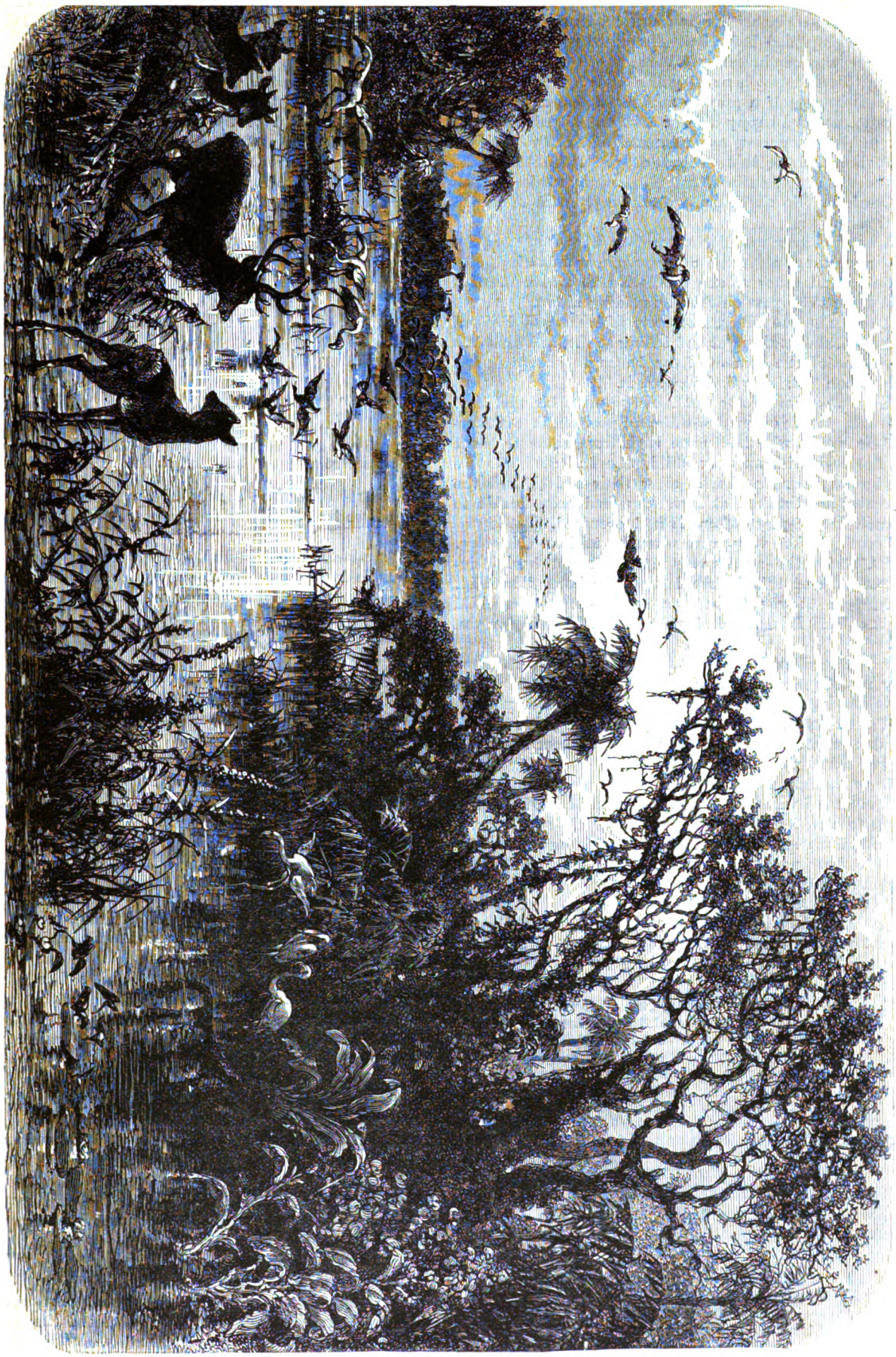
When Charlie rushed into the room, a few moments after, he found me in a dead faint upon the floor.

* * * * * *

After that incident, and when he heard why it had occurred, Lord Erskine was very anxious that we should give up No. 37 Abergeldie Terrace and go into another house.

He did not believe that I had seen a ghost, or that I

EXPECTATION.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 623



A VIEW ON THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER, FLORIDA.

had seen anything at all; but he considered the house too dull and gloomy for me, and he thought that my surroundings had had a bad effect upon my imagination, and that a more cheerful residence would cure my fears.

But I would not hear of going away. What! Was I to confess myself a prey to supernatural terrors just as I had become a happy wife, or let Aunt Ellen's sarcastic tongue jeer at me for being fanciful and full of whims? No! If I died for it, I resolved to remain in Abergeldie Terrace, and to remain silent, also, on the subject of the apparition. So no one, not even Cissy, heard of what I had seen.

I was not very well for a few days afterward, and lay about on the sofas in the dining-room, whilst Cissy, like a dear, fond sister as she was, tried to amuse me and make the time pass quicker by reading aloud.

There was one thing, however, which I had insisted upon Charlie finding out and telling to me, and that was the name of the owners of the house we occupied, and the reason that they had vacated it.

Then the truth came out. They were a Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, people of great wealth and position in the mercantile world, who had come back from India to settle in England, with an only child, who had died of some malignant disorder shortly after their arrival, and the parents, heartbroken at their loss, had been unable to remain in the place where it had occurred.

Charlie looked very grave when he told me this story.

"I blame the agents very much for not having informed me of this before letting the house," he said. "Suppose it was typhus or scarlet-fever the child died of, and I have risked your health by bringing you here?"

"You need not be afraid," I answered; "if it had been any infectious disorder and I had caught it, it would have developed itself before now. But the poor parents and their only little child, Charlie! *They* are what I think of most. No wonder they could not bear to remain in the house where he died!"

Cissy brought a new novel to read to me that morning, but my mind was so full of what I had heard, I did not seem to care for stories.

"Read me some poetry, dear," I said, languidly. "I like to hear your sweet voice, falling and swelling in the rhythm of some tender verse."

So Cissy fetched her book of latest extracts, and fell to repeating sundry bits of poetry which she had collected from books and newspapers, and, amongst others, she came to this of Moir's. It was called "The Mother and Her Dead Child":

With ceaseless sorrow uncontrolled, the mother mourned her lot;
She wept and would not be consoled, because her child was not.
She gazed upon its nursery floor—but there it did not play,
The toys it loved, the clothes it wore, all void and vacant lay.
Her house, her heart, were dark and drear without their wonted light,
The little star had left its sphere that there had shone so bright,
Her tears at each returning thought fell like the frequent rain,
Time on its wings no healing brought, and Wisdom spoke in vain.

"Oh, isn't that like poor Mrs. Duncan!" I exclaimed.

"Who is Mrs. Duncan?" asked Cissy.

"Never mind—never mind! Go on with the next verse. I am so deeply interested in your poem."

She went on:

Even in the middle hour of night she sought no soft relief,
But, by the taper's misty light, sat cherishing her grief.
'Twas there a sight of solemn awe rose near her like a cloud—
The image of her child she saw, wrapped in its little shroud!
It sat within its favorite chair—it sat and seemed to sigh.
And turned upon its mother there a meek, imploring eye.

"Just as it did on me," I exclaimed, breathlessly; "and it kept on perpetually saying, 'Let me go!—let me go!'"

"Lily, my dear, what is the matter with you? Are you mad?" cried my sister.

"No, no, dear! I will tell you all in a minute, but I must hear the end of the verses first. I feel already what is coming; I seem to have heard it before; but I must hear it now all the same."

"I shall begin to think you have really seen a ghost if you go on in this extraordinary way," said Cissy, as she returned to her book.

Oh, child! what brings that breathless form back from its place of rest?
For well I know no life can warm again that livid breast.
The grave is now your bed, my child! Go, slumber there in peace!
"I cannot go!" it answered mild, "until your sorrows cease.
I've tried to rest in that dark bed, but rest I cannot get;
For always with the tears you shed, my winding sheet is wet.
The drops, dear mother, trickle still into my coffin deep,
It feels so comfortless—so chill—I cannot go to sleep."
"Oh, child! those words, that touching look, my fortitude restore;
I feel and own the fond rebuke and weep thy loss no more."
She spoke and dried her tears the while, and, as her passion fell,
The vision wore an angel smile, and looked a fond farewell.

When my sister had concluded the reading—ah! and long before that time—my face was wet with sympathetic tears.

"I see it all now," I said, "and understand why the poor little darling has disturbed us so much. Oh! how I wish I could tell his mother my story and read her those verses just as you read them to me! But listen, Cissy, and you shall hear what has upset me so much the last few days."

Cissy settled herself to listen, but she was not destined to hear the tale just then, for at that moment the footman threw open the door and announced:

"Mrs. Duncan."

I jumped off the sofa at once with such alacrity as to astonish my sister, and advanced promptly to meet my unexpected visitor.

It seemed as if my wish had been granted by magic. Mrs. Duncan was a young woman of about thirty years of age, very pale, very thin, and very worn and haggard in appearance.

Her eyes had dark hollows beneath them that looked as if she had nearly cried herself blind, and her crape-covered robes and funereal vail added to the melancholy picture.

"Lady Erskine," she commenced, in a harsh, unnatural voice, "I have to apologize for intruding upon you without a personal introduction; but I am in town only for a few days, and I thought that, under the circumstances——"

"Don't apologize," I said, quickly interrupting her, "for it is quite unnecessary. Is there anything I can do for you?"

She glanced round the room with a sort of scared look, and then resumed:

"As we have been moving about the Continent for some time, I took the liberty of directing a small parcel to be sent to me here, and, as it is of some importance, I thought I would call for it."

"I have not heard of any parcel for you," I said; "but I will ring and ask the servants."

On inquiry, it was ascertained that such a parcel as she described had been received and taken charge of by the butler.

It was brought to her on a salver—a small book-packet,

with "Photographs only" printed above her name. Mrs. Duncan received it with a shudder, and held it in her hand as if it were something dead, that chilled her. After a pause, she said, in a low, trembling voice :

"There was another request I wished to make you, Lady Erskine. I left behind me a toy—a worthless, painted thing from Bombay. I dare say it has been lost or stolen, but if not——"

"No, no, it is not lost!" I cried. "I have taken especial care of it. It is in the nursery. I will go and fetch it for you."

But as I turned to leave the room she cast eyes of wild entreaty on me.

"May I go with you?" she said, imploringly.

"What a question to ask in your own house, Mrs. Duncan! Why, of course you may, if you care to take the trouble."

She followed me up the stairs, bent almost double with emotion, and I heard her moaning at each step as if she had been in bodily pain.

When we reached the nursery we found the windows open and the bright sun streaming in upon the carpet, yet Mrs. Duncan sank upon the nearest chair, and shivered as if she had been in a vault.

I knew her feelings. I was not a mother, but I was a woman, and one woman always understands another.

I knelt down by her side and laid my two hands upon hers.

"Dear Mrs. Duncan," I said, "I have heard of your loss, and I sympathize so truly with your grief!"

She turned her sorrow-laden eyes upon me, and ejaculated :

"Thank you—thank you! But no one knows—no one can understand—what it was to lose him except myself!"

Then she pulled, with feverish hands, at the twine that held the packet together.

"You shall see what he was like," she said. "I lost his portrait. I wanted another copy of it, and I told them to send it here."

She tore away the envelope and the protecting cardboard, and turned the picture's face upward for me to see.

What did I behold! Not a laughing baby in frock or knickerbockers, but the representation of a naked cherub borne aloft by angels. Mrs. Duncan stared at it for a moment—turned it about curiously, and burst into tears.

"It is a mistake!" she cried; "but, oh, if I could only think of him like this, instead of moldering in the grave, I might—some day—be able to remember my darling, and thank Heaven that he was gone."

"Dear Mrs. Duncan," I replied, "try and believe that that is his true portrait, and be comforted. Nay, do not sob so violently, but lay your hands in mine and let me tell you what I have seen."

So, grasping each other as if we had been friends for years, I told the bereaved mother how her child had come to me, and how the beautiful poem I had heard seemed to have revealed to my mind that it was her uncontrolled regret that kept him from rising with the angels to a higher sphere.

She listened with wide-open, horror-stricken eyes, as if she felt that she had been guilty of a crime.

"My little one," she moaned, "my poor little one! Kept out of glory for my ingratitude and discontent! But it shall be so no more! I will pray, night and day, until I learn the bitter lesson of resignation to Heaven's will."

"See!" I exclaimed, as I glanced toward the empty cot, "he is there! He is rising already! Your first desire for his welfare, irrespective of your own, has been answered by himself!"

And as we gazed together, awe-struck as in the presence of an angel—we saw a shadowy infant form float smiling upward, until it was lost to view in the radiance of the sun!

When I looked round at Mrs. Duncan for the interpretation of the vision, I found that she had sunk upon her knees in prayer.

* * * * * *

It is years and years since those events took place, and Mrs. Duncan and myself are still fast friends. She has several children now, and so have I, but neither of us has forgotten the spirit child that was imprisoned for awhile in Abergeldie Terrace.

Only the other day his mother told me that she never could find out how that photograph came into her hands. The photographers denied all knowledge of its being sent. Yet there it was. It is one of those mysteries which it seems futile to attempt to unravel. But it taught her a lesson : to hold the blessings of life with a loose hand, and to believe that, though hidden, maybe, from sight, they never can be lost to us, until time and eternity have come to an end.

RAINFALL IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

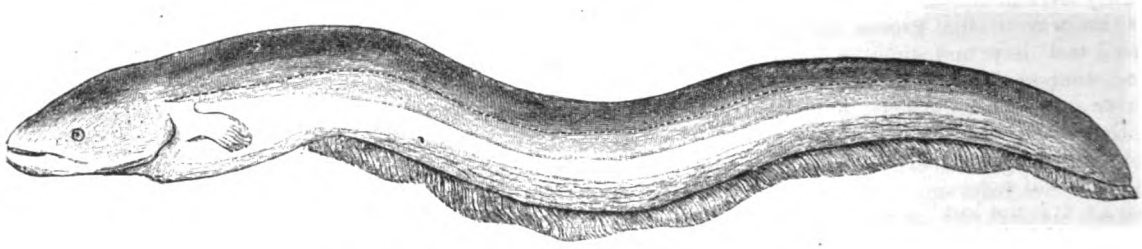
The West Highlands present the most extensive region of heaviest rainfall in the British Islands. The mountain masses along whose slopes and plateaus the rainfall is precipitated offer a practically unbroken face of Highlands directly in the course of the rain-bringing winds from the Atlantic. Particular attention is drawn to the circumstance that these mountain masses present many lochs and valleys directly in the course of these winds, up which, therefore, the winds are borne, and these, cooling as they descend, pour down the deluges of rain which deeply trench the sides of the mountains in the lines of their watercourses.

This region of heaviest rainfall lies so far to the north of Ireland that the rainfall is not lessened by a previous partial drying of the Atlantic winds in their passage thither. To southward, however, it is quite different. Over the whole of the extensive tract of Great Britain from Luss to the Lake District there is not a single rain-gauge whose annual average reaches 80 inches, even although a number of rain-gauges have been planted in the higher districts, and in positions likely to furnish approximately the maximum rainfall of these districts. The diminished rainfall is no doubt due to the partial drying of the Atlantic winds in their passage across Ireland before they reach Southern Scotland.

St. George's Channel and the Irish Sea open a free passage to the southwesterly winds, here diverted into a more southerly course, to the North of England and to Wales; and accordingly, where the mountain masses of the Lake District and of North and South Wales oppose their course the rainfall over large portions of these high districts exceeds 80 inches.

The maximum falls in these four districts respectively are 185.96 inches at The Styx, in the Lake District; 128.50 inches at Glencoe, Argyllshire; 116.90 inches at Beddgelert, North Wales; and 96.18 inches at Ty-Draw-Treherbert, South Wales.

The largest region of 60 to 80 inches rainfall is in the West Highlands, surrounding the region of still larger rainfall of 80 inches and upward, and it extends from the Crinan Canal to beyond Loch Assynt in Sutherland.



ELECTRICIANS OF THE SEA.—GYMNOTUS ELECTRICUS.

Then follow the hills to the north of Galloway, the hills to the north and east of Dumfriesshire, large portions of the Lake District, of North and South Wales, of West Galway, the mountainous districts of Kerry, and Dartmoor in Devonshire.

FISSURE ERUPTIONS.

Those who have been accustomed to regard volcanoes such as Vesuvius or Etna as the one form of volcanic action, may be somewhat startled by the statement that lavas have sometimes been poured forth from fissures hundreds of miles in length, and have deluged vast tracts of country beneath sheets of molten rock, compared with which the puny lava-fields of Italy sink into insignificance. History, romance and legend have been so long associated with the group of volcanoes overlooking the quiet Tyrrhenian Sea, that from the time when Pindar sung of the fire-floods of Etna, and Pliny died, too rashly investigating the great eruption of Vesuvius, till Scrope, Lyell, Von Buch and Palmieri made them the centre of their researches, they have occupied too large a share of attention, and have been thus regarded as the full normal development of that volcanic activity of which they are but a phase, and only a minor phase. Hence when, eighteen years ago Richtofen described the great lava-plains of Western America, and attributed their origin to ejection from fissures, and not from vents, so firm a hold had been taken of the minds of geologists by nearly twenty centuries of observation of Vesuvius and its fellows, that his arguments were received with incredulity; and though they have been amply verified by subsequent investigations, and have afforded the clew to the interpretation of the vast series of volcanic rocks in other quarters of the globe, they have not been generally circulated, and few, outside the circle of geologists, are acquainted with them.

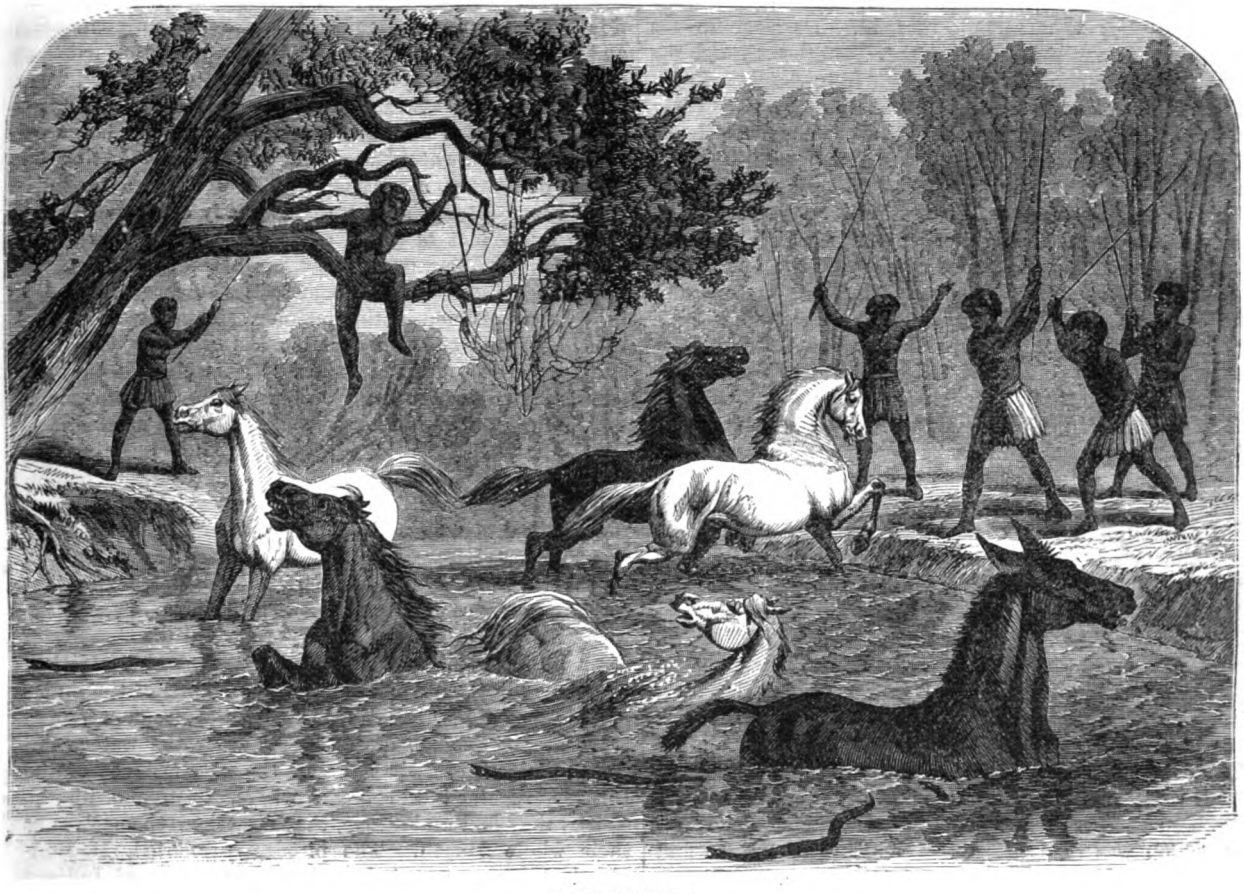
The fissure eruption which has attracted most attention is that which formed the plateau of the Snake River, and which covers altogether, in Idaho, Oregon and Washington, an extent of country equal to France and Great Britain combined. The district is one wide, verdureless waste of black basalt, stretching westward from the mountains, by which it is bounded on the north and east, as an apparently boundless desert, black and bare, as though it had but recently cooled. Except for the shifting sand-dunes and slight ridges of basalt extending like long, low waves or ground swells—to which Professor Geikie compares them—the surface would be quite level, the lava having either been poured over a plain, or having buried the undulations of the country beneath hundreds of feet of stone. The columnar structure, so often adopted by basalt, is here largely developed, and to it is due the tessellated appearance of the rock, which adds another to the many striking features in the scenery of the district.

HORSE AND RIDER KILLED BY GYMNOTUS.

The only river in the district is the Snake River, which winds its way to the Pacific through a cañon seven hundred feet deep, and which is joined, through underground courses, by a few streams that flow on to the basalt from the neighboring mountains, and soon sink beneath the surface.

The Director-general of the Geological Survey visited the district five years ago, and his graceful pen has thus described his first view of this great lava desert: "We had been riding for two days over fields of basalt, level as lake bottoms among the valleys, and on the morning of the last day we emerged from the mountains upon the great sea of black lava, which seems to stretch illimitably westward. With minds keenly excited by the incidents of the journey, we rode for hours by the side of that apparently boundless plain. Here and there a trachytic spur projected from the hills, succeeded now and then by a valley, up which the black flood of lava would stretch away into the high grounds. It was as if the great plain had been filled with molten rock, which had kept its level, and wound in and out along the bays and promontories of the mountain slopes, as a sheet of water would have done."

The feature, however, that most struck Professor Geikie, as it had done previous observers, was the absence of ash and scoria, and of any crater where the eruption could have occurred. There are, indeed, a few cinder cones, but they are analogous—as he says—to the smaller cones on the flanks of a volcano, or more so to those around the vapor-vents on the surface of lava-streams. Such vast masses of lava were certainly not ejected from these, nor in the ordinary method of volcanic emission. We are, therefore, forced to accept Richthofen's theory, that they are due to a series of eruptions from fissures which stretched across the country for several hundreds of miles, but are now hidden by the sheets of stone in which, since no very remote period, the district has been inwrapped. Geologically speaking, this must have been recent, as is evidenced by the lava floods having covered the present valleys, and having sealed up the gravel and silt of their lakes and rivers; but sufficient time has elapsed to have allowed of the erosion of the picturesque ravine of the Snake River; and in so dry a climate and on so hard a rock, this must have been slow work, though in all probability it does not carry back the date of the event beyond the human occupation of the continent. It is by no means impossible that man may have witnessed the last of these eruptions from the summit of the trachyte hills, at the base of which was eddying this ocean of molten rock.



ELECTRIC EELS.

ELECTRICIANS OF THE SEA.

By C. F. Holder.

Among the many curious methods of defense and protection possessed by various animals, none is more remarkable than that of electricity. The phenomenon is found in a number of widely different forms, especially among fishes and insects. Among the former, several genera and nine different species find protection in this

way. Three of them are rays; one a swordfish, another the curious balloon-fish (*Tetraodon electricus*) from Comoro, while the malapterus from Africa, and the gigantic gymnotus from South America, complete the list. All these fishes are particularly defenseless, and evidently rely to a greater or less extent upon their singular electrical power. The fish gymnotus attains a length of nearly twenty feet, one of the most gigantic of the eel family. They are much thicker and larger in proportion than ordinary eels of the same length, and are of nearly the same size throughout. The head is broad, and the tail compressed, and a long fin extends nearly the entire ventral surface. There are numbers of different kinds, as the carapo gymnote, the rostrated, and white, all of which are supposed by some naturalists to possess electrical properties of a greater or less degree, and, notwithstanding their disagreeable exterior, they are esteemed by the natives as an article of food. Its peculiarities were first discovered by Professor Van Berkel, and the famous astronomer Richer was probably the first to investigate the curious creatures in South America, as early as 1671. He read a paper before the Academy of Science of Paris, in which he said: "I was much astonished to see a fish some three or four feet in length, and resembling an eel, deprive of all sensation for a quarter of an hour the arm and neighboring parts which touched it. I was not only an ocular witness of the effect produced by its touch, but I have myself felt it on touching one of these fishes, still living, though wounded by a hook, by means of which some Indians had drawn it from the water. They could not tell what it was called, but they assured me that it struck the other fishes with its tail in order to stupefy them and devour them afterward, which is very probable when we consider the effect of its touch upon a man."

This was considered an exaggeration, but eighty years later a book appeared, entitled "Voyage en Amérique," from the pen of Condamine, who substantiated Richer's account. In 1750, Dr. Ingram made some experiments with it, and considered that the fish was surrounded by an electric atmosphere. Later, another physician, Dr. Gramund, compared the fish to a Leyden-jar, except that no spark was seen on its body, however strong the blow given; for, if the fish was large, those who touched it were struck down and felt the blow on their whole body. Many different accounts followed from the French and Dutch writers of the time, until finally Humboldt, from Bonpland's experiments, produced a memoir on the subject, which was read before the Institute of France and created much interest among scientific men.

The electrical eel is the most powerful of all the electric fishes. Its electric organs consist of two pairs of longitudinal bodies, situated immediately below the skin, above the muscles; one pair on the back of the tail, and the other pair along the anal fin. Each fasciculus is composed of flat partitions or septa, with transverse divisions between them. The outer edges of the septa appear in nearly parallel lines in the direction of the longitudinal axis of the body, and consist of thin membranes, which are easily torn; they serve the same purpose as the columns in the analogous organ of the torpedo, making the walls or abutments for the perpendicular and transverse dissepiments, which are exceedingly numerous, and so closely aggregated as to seem almost in contact. The minute prismatic cells, intercepted between these two sorts of plates, contain a gelatinous matter; the septa are about one-thirtieth of an inch from each other, and a length of one inch contains a series of 240 cells, giving an enormous surface to the electrical organs. The whole apparatus is supplied with more than 200 nerves, which are the continuations of the *rami anteriores* of the spinal nerves. In their course they give out branches to the muscles of the back, and to the skin of the animal. In the gymnotes, as in the torpedo, the nerves supplying the electric organs are much larger than those bestowed on any part for the purposes of sensation or movement.

In traversing the Llanas of the Province of Caracas, in order to embark at San Fernando de Apure on his voyage up the Orinoco, M. Bonpland stopped at Calabozo, his object being to investigate the history of the gymnotus, great numbers of which are found in the neighborhood. After remaining three days there, some Indians conducted him to the Cano de Bera, a muddy and stagnant basin, but surrounded by rich vegetation, in which some grand Indian figs and some magnificent flowering, odoriferous mimosas were pre-eminent. He and his friends were much surprised when informed that it would be necessary to take thirty half-wild horses from the neighboring savannas in order to fish for the gymnotus. The idea of this fishing, called, in the language of the country, *embarbascar con caballos* (intoxicating by means of horses), is very odd. The word *barbasco* indicates the roots of the lacquinia, or any other poisonous plant, by contact of which a body of water acquires the property of killing, or, at least, of intoxicating or stupefying, the fishes. These come to the surface when they have been poisoned in this manner. The horses chasing them here and there in a marsh has, it seems, the same effect upon the alarmed fishes. While their hosts were explaining to M. Bonpland and party this strange mode of fishing, the troop of horses and mules had arrived, and the Indians had made a sort of battue, pressing the horses on all sides and forcing them into the marsh. The Indians, armed with long canes and harpoons, placed themselves round the basin, some of them mounting the trees whose branches hung over the water, and by their cries, and still more by their canes, preventing the horses from landing again. The eels, stunned by the noise, defended themselves by repeated discharges of their batteries. For a long time it seemed as if they would be victorious over the horses. Some of the mules especially, being almost stifled by the frequency and force of the shocks, disappeared under the water, and some of the horses, in spite of the watchfulness of the Indians, regained the bank, where, overcome by the shocks they had undergone, they stretched themselves at their whole length. The picture presented, M. Bonpland says, was now indescribable. Groups of Indians surrounded the basin. The horses, with bristling manes, terror and grief in their eyes, trying to escape from the storm which had surprised them; the eels, yellow and livid, looking like great aquatic serpents swimming on the surface of the water and chasing their enemies, were objects at once appalling and picturesque. In less than five minutes two horses were drowned. An eel more than five feet long glided under one horse, discharged its apparatus through its whole extent, attacking at once the heart, the viscera and the plexus of the nerves of the animal, probably benumbing and finally drowning it. When the struggle had endured a quarter of an hour the animals appeared less frightened, the manes became more erect, the eyes expressed less terror. The eels shunned instead of attacking them, at the same time approaching the bank, when they were easily taken by means of the long harpoon, and were drawn ashore without being able to communicate any shock. Having landed the eels they were transported to little pools dug in the soil and filled with

fresh water; but such is the terror they inspire that none of the people of the country would release them from the harpoon, a task which the travelers had to perform themselves and receive the first shock, which was not slight, the most energetic surpassing in force that communicated by a Leyden-jar completely charged. The gymnotus surpasses in size and strength all the other electric fishes. They vary in color according to age and the nature of the muddy water in which they live. Beneath, the head is of a fine yellow color, mixed with red. The mouth is large, and furnished with small teeth arranged in many rows.

The power of these monsters has been shown on more than one occasion, and one terminated fatally to a horse and rider; an enormous eel rising suddenly under the animal, killing it almost instantly and hurling the man, dead, into the water, as if he had been struck by lightning. On the other hand, some laughable incidents often occur by the unconscious handling of the great fish. During the days of the New York Aquarium, two of these eels were received, and an Irishman about the place was instructed to place them in the tank. Thinking them ordinary eels, he fished one out, and became almost rigid, standing for a moment, with the big eel held aloft, and yelling for help.

A few years ago, a firm in Boston ordered a number of large gymnotes from their agent in Rio. The fish were duly shipped on a fruit-schooner, which was forced by rough weather to make the Bermuda Islands. During a stay there of several days, the crew were continually annoyed by numbers of colored visitors who insisted upon coming aboard, sampling the cargo with such pertinacity that its entire depletion was threatened. They seemed possessed with the demon of curiosity. One huge black was especially obtrusive; nothing was sacred. He went aloft, scoured the hold, examined the galley, and, finally, lifted the tin cover of the can containing the gymnotes.

"What's dis yer?" he asked the skipper. The latter, who was sitting on the rail, meditatively rubbed his fiery nose, and winking at the cook, replied:

"Them's Fiji eels. We swapped off the first mate for 'em out in the Cannibal Islands."

"Is dey big?" questioned the astonished darkey, whirling the water about, and endeavoring to make out the fish.

"They'se just so big," said the skipper, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "that ef you'll lift one out on to the deck, I'll give you the best bunch of bananas on the *Ann Eliza*."

"Dat settles it," rejoined the darkey. "Why, captain, I'se de boss eeler on dis yer reef. Catch murries all de time, twenty-three feet long."

"Wall, they ain't *Fiji* eels," retorted the mariner. "Ye don't look to me as ef ye'd the necessary muscle."

The native was a brawny specimen, weighing, at least, 200 pounds, and this last speech was too much for him. Motioning back some of his companions who had joined him, the "boss eeler" reached into the can, and, cautiously moving about, secured a hold with one hand, while he made a quick grasp with the other and straightened up. A howl that might have been heard a mile broke from him, as he rose up with an enormous eel writhing in his rigid arms. His eyes fairly stood out, while he roared and cried in what was evidently veritable anguish.

"What's de matter?" shouted a comrade; "de fish ain't a-bitin' yo'?"

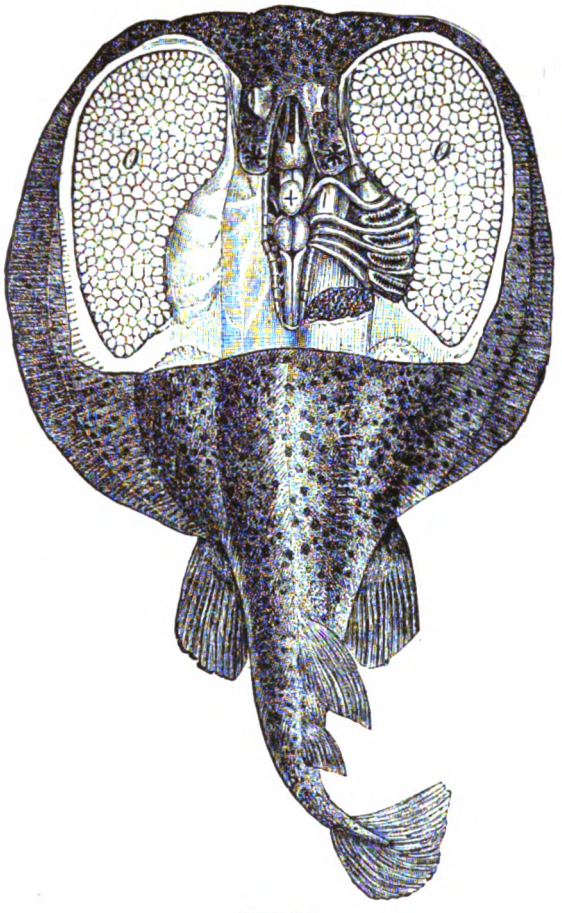
"Take it off!" cried the champion.

Thus appealed to, the other seized the eel, and, being a weaker party, was knocked fairly over. Completely demoralized, the entire company, headed by the two victims, now made for the shore, avowing that they had been "voudooed" and nearly killed by the Yankee captain's fish. What their sensations were can be appreciated when it is remembered that they were struck with a shock equal to fifteen Leyden-jars of 3,500 square inches of surface.

I have noticed peculiar sensations, perhaps electric, when handling living specimens of the jack (*Caranx defensor*), so common on the Southern coast. In the early Summer months they appear on the reefs in vast schools, chasing the small fry high up on the sands, often throwing themselves high and dry upon the shore in the excitement of their onslaught. The noise they make in this movement can be heard for over a mile, and always attracts a goodly attendance of gulls, pelicans, and fishermen, if the latter are near. It is only necessary to stand knee-deep in the school of sardines, and either spear the jacks as they rush in, or grasp them by the tail and throw them upon the sands. It was during the latter operation that I noticed the peculiarity above mentioned.

One of the most familiar of the electricians is the torpedo of our own shores. In these fish the electric organs are large, flat, uniform bodies, lying one on each side of the head, bounded behind by the scapular arch, and laterally by the anterior crescent-shaped tips of the pectoral fins. They consist of an assemblage of vertical hexagonal prisms, whose ends are in contact with the integuments above and below; and each prism is subdivided by delicate transverse septa, forming cells, filled with a clear, trembling, jelly-like fluid, and lined within by an epithelium of nucleated corpuscles. Between this epithelium and the transverse septa and walls of the prism there is a layer of tissue on which the terminations of the nerves and vessels ramify. Hunter counted 470 prisms in each battery of *Torpedo marmorata*, and demonstrated the enormous supply of nervous matter which they receive. Each organ receives one branch of the trigeminal nerve and four branches of the vagus; the former, and the three anterior branches of the latter, being each as thick as the spinal cord.

The upper side of the fish is positive and the lower negative, and the power is seemingly entirely at the will of the fish; the impression, as a blow, being conveyed by the sensory nerves to the brain, exciting then an act of the will, which is conveyed along the electric nerves to the batteries, producing a shock. A very curious experiment has recently been tried by Marey, who applied a telephone to the fish, and found that a short croak was the result of a moderate excitement, each discharge lasting one-fifteenth of a second; but, when greatly excited, the croak increased to a loud groan, sounding like the tonality of *mi*, and this was prolonged four or five seconds. The writer has also compared the electric organs of these and other fishes to a muscle; both are subject to the will of the animal, and are provided with similar nerves of centrifugal action. Many other points of structure agree, and it is found that their chemical composition is very much alike. We know that a muscle in tetanus and contraction performs a number of peculiar quiverings, movements, or shocks, and M. Marey has shown conclusively that the discharge of the electric shock of the torpedo is accompanied by exactly such movements. Redi, an Italian naturalist, was the first to make a study of this curious ray, his attention being called to them by a fisherman dropping his net of fish back into the water, declaring that he had been charmed, and that some fish in the net had paralyzed his arms. As such stories were common among the fishermen, the

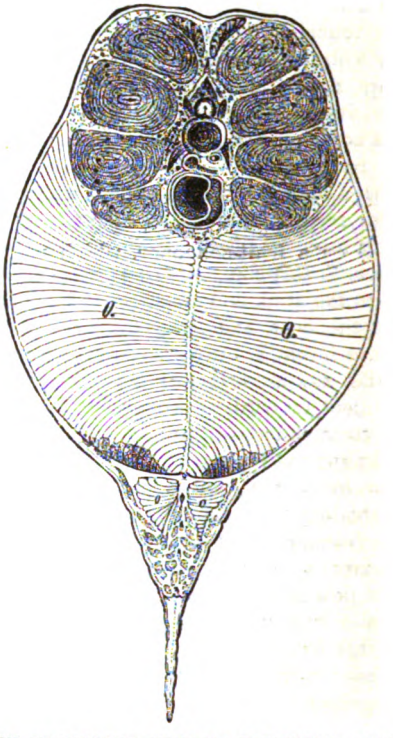


TORPEDO.

naturalist determined to investigate, and finally, fastened the alleged witchcraft upon the torpedo, that is very common in the Mediterranean.

"I had scarcely touched it with my hands," he says, "than I experienced a tingling sensation, which extended to my arms and shoulders, followed by a disagreeable trembling, with a painful and acute sensation in the elbow-joint, which made me withdraw my arm immediately." "The benumbing influence," says another writer, "is very different from any similar sensation. All over the arm there is a commotion which it is impossible to describe, but which, so far as comparison can be made, resembles the sensation produced by striking the tender part of the elbow against a hard substance."

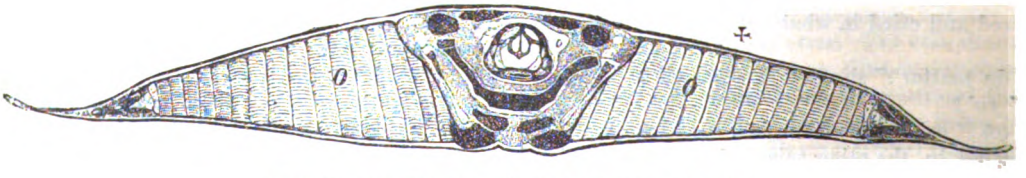
Dr. Walsh, F. R. S., amused himself and scientific London with one of these fishes after a series of experiments at the Isle of Ré. The performances took the form of piscatorial *séances*, and it became the rage to take a fish shock. Wondrous medicinal virtue was ascribed to it, and the demand for torpedoes brought a rich harvest to the fishermen. Their use in medicine, however, was not new, as Dioscorides, the physician of Antony and Cleopatra, is said to have used it. Dr. Walsh's method was to place a living torpedo upon a wet towel; from a plate he suspended two pieces of brass wire by means of silken cord, which served to isolate them. Round the torpedo were eight persons standing on isolating substances. One end of the brass wire was supported by the wet towel, the other end being placed in a basin full of water. The first person had a finger of one hand in this basin, and a finger of the other in a second basin, all full of water. The second person placed a finger of one hand in this second basin, and a finger of the other hand in a third basin. The third person did the same, and so on, until a complete chain was established between the eight persons and nine basins. Into the ninth basin the end of the second brass wire was plunged, while Dr. Walsh applied the other end to the



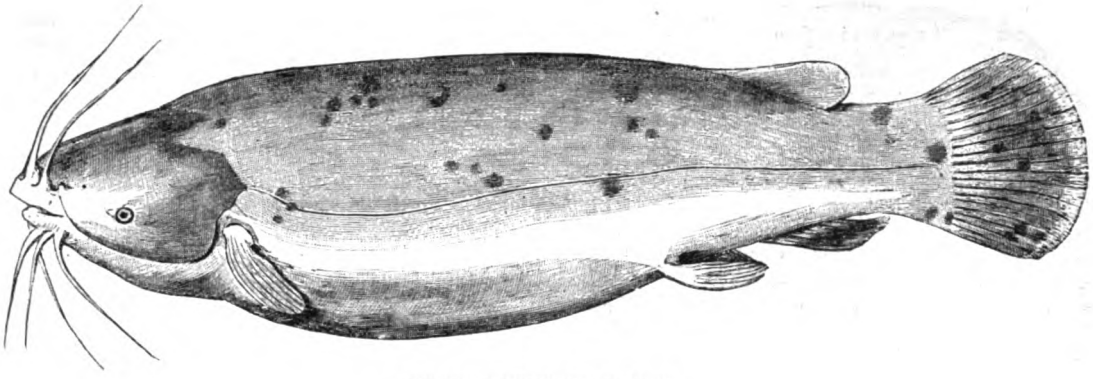
SECTION OF TORPEDO, SHOWING ELECTRICAL ORGANS.

back of the torpedo, thus establishing a complete conducting circle. At the moment when the experimenter touched the torpedo, the eight actors in the experiment felt a sudden shock, similar in all respects to that communicated by the shock of a Leyden-jar, only less intense.

The torpedo was then placed on an isolated supporter, and communicated to twenty persons, similarly placed, from forty to fifty shocks in a minute and a half. Each effort made by the animal in order to give them was accompanied by the depression of its eyes, which were slightly projecting in their natural state, and seemed to be drawn within their orbits, while the other parts of the



SECTION OF TORPEDO, SHOWING ELECTRICAL ORGANS.



THE MALAPTERUS ELECTRICUS.

body remained immovable. If only one of the two organs was touched, in place of a strong and sudden shock, only a slight sensation was experienced—a numbness or start, rather than a shock. The same result followed with every experiment tried. The animal was tried with a non-conducting rod, and no shock followed; glass, or a rod covered with wax, produced no effect; touched with a metallic wire, a violent shock followed.

In a letter from a Lynn fisherman, he says: "I have been laid up for a day or two from an attack I received, Monday, from a torpedo. I struck it with a harpoon, holding on to the stick and standing rather insecurely on the bow of the boat, and was fairly knocked overboard and so stunned that I could scarcely get out."

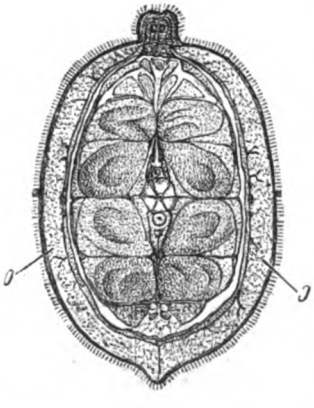
On the Nile, and in various rivers of South America, is found the electric catfish (*Malapterus electricus*). The Arabs call them *Raad* or thunder, while those in the Niger are known as *Ishenza*. Here these are put to a strange use by certain tribes. Men and women suspected of stealing are obliged to go through the ordeal of the *Ishenza;* in other words, to hold one of the living batteries in each hand, and if held until the fish exhausts its power the suspected is cleared; but if the fish overcomes him he is presumed guilty.

Though this fish does not compare in power to the others, it has enough to contort the victim into the strangest positions, often hurling him to the ground, and causing a fearful rigidity of the muscles.

In the *Malapterus*, the electric organ extends over the whole body, but is thickest on the abdomen; it lies between two aponeurotic membranes below the skin, and consists of rhomboidal cells which contain a rather firm, gelatinous substance. The electric nerve takes its origin from the spinal cord, does not enter into connection with ganglia, and consists of a single, enormously strong primitive fibre, which distributes its branches in the electric organs.

An electric balloon-fish (*Tetraodon*) has been discovered in the waters about the Comoro Islands. These curious fishes were found in great numbers among the cavities of the rocks by the crew of an English ship, and when taken from the water they gave sharp and decided shocks, immediately assuming the strange oval shape from which they have derived their English appellation. Other fishes are known to be electricians of more or less power, but as yet little is known of their natural method of using their curious defense. That it is such, is scarcely to be doubted; yet the torpedo is infested with a parasite that bores into its various parts, utterly insensible to the batteries of its victim. Professor Leydig, the eminent Swiss naturalist, marshals the forces of a small army of believers in the electric properties of the mother-of-pearl spots found in the *Manrolicus*, *Chanliodus*, and other fish indigenous to the Mediterranean waters. The alleged electric organs are oval spots, generally scattered over the ventral surface, which, when critically examined, appear to bear a resemblance to the electric or pseudo-electric organs of other fishes.

Of all the electric animals, the insects, are, perhaps, the most interesting, possibly from the fact that but little is yet known concerning them. The late General Davis, of the British Army, a devoted naturalist and collector, was the first to discover these insect batteries. His experiments were chiefly confined to the wheel-bug (*Ruduvius serratus*) of the West India Islands. In picking one up from the ground he received a decided shock, as if from an electric-jar, which affected his arm as high as the elbow. Shaking the insect off, he observed six marks where the feet had been, and from this he inferred that the legs were the electric organs. The naturalists Kerby and Spence also refer to the electrical properties of these insects. Other instances of insect-electricians have been communicated to the London Entomological Society by Mr. Farrell. One is referred to in a letter from Lady de Gray, of Groby, in which the shock was caused by one of the beetles—*Elateridæ*—so powerful that the arm of the experimenter was rendered useless for some moments. Captain Blakeney, R.N., had a most remarkable experience in South America. Observing a strange, large, hairy, lepidopterous caterpillar, he attempted to pick it up, when he experienced so powerful an electric shock that his right arm and side were almost paralyzed. His life was, in fact, considered in danger; the force of the discharge being as powerful as that of the torpedo, and more subtle.



SECTION OF MALAPTERUS, SHOWING ELECTRIC ORGANS, *O*, *O*.

ELCTRICITY has been employed to cut coal in some of the mines in Illinois. The cutting is described as done by a chisel at the end of a steel bar, fastened to a piston of soft iron in the middle of a cylindrical coil of insulated wire, and the desired reciprocating motion is given to the rod by reversing the current in the coils.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

AN intelligent paper was read before a recent session of the Iowa State Teacher's Association on the evils resulting from study out of school hours. The writer, Mr. L W. Parish, maintained that education should look to the most natural, complete development of physical, mental and moral qualities. Neither side should be preferred at the expense of another; but all three should be developed hand-in-hand. To secure the proportionate, and therefore most effective, training of the intellectual powers, little or nothing is required during the first three or four years of school life which a skillful teacher cannot accomplish without forcing book work upon the children during the evening hours, or during the time that belongs of right to physical development or the performance of home duties. But, that the work may be done thus, unfavorable circumstances must be removed, and both pupil and teacher must do their parts. The pupil must be regular and industrious, and the teacher must show herself mistress of the best methods of imparting instruction. On account of some irregular and unwholesome influences operating upon schools, more out-of-school study than is necessary or good is demanded; but an intelligent co-working of teachers, parents, physicians and the local press ought to cause a steady decrease of it in systematic physical and moral training.

THE latest and most trustworthy authority upon the natural history of the oyster, Dr. C. A. White, of the United States Geological Survey, decides that there is only a single species of this popular mollusk to be found in the Atlantic waters of North America, namely, *Ostrea Virginica*, although its varieties have been given several separate names. Three or four species are recognized upon the Pacific coast, and there is a long list of fossil species dating in Europe as far back as the Triassic, but in America only as far as the Carboniferous, era. In the succeeding age (the Cretaceous), however, oysters became more abundant, the family reaching, during that era, its culmination both in variety of kinds and in actual numbers. This expansion, from the comparative scarcity in Carboniferous times, was very sudden, and the close of the Cretaceous epoch saw an equally abrupt decline of the family, for fossil oysters are comparatively few in the following rocks. Certain of the fossil species reached a much larger average size than any of the existing kinds, and doubtless their flesh would have been equally palatable had there been any human tongues to taste them in those days.

THE fishes of the United States were catalogued, with synoptical descriptions of each, in a Bulletin of the United States National Museum, issued in the Spring of 1883. Since that publication, however, an active study of this branch of animal life has brought to light many new species, and a new catalogue has already become necessary, which has just been issued in the form of a preliminary extract from the report of the United States Fish Commission for 1884. The author is Professor David S. Jordan, of Indianapolis, and the list is now complete to the present time, including no less than 1,870 species and sub-species. Of these, 590 dwell in the fresh waters of the country, 550 belong to the Pacific coast, and the remainder live in the waters of the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico; the West Indian list nearly equaling in numbers that of all the remaining Atlantic field. The additions to the earlier list are principally new kinds of fishes from the deep waters adjacent to our Atlantic Slope, procured by the Gulf Stream dredging operations, carried on during the past two or three years by the United States Fish Commission.

A CERTAIN test for the discovery of pure butter in comparison with any of the oleomargarine compounds has lately been announced by Dr. Thomas Taylor, microscopist of the Agricultural Department. This consists simply in boiling the sample to be tested, and then examining it under the microscope. If it is genuine butter, crystals peculiar to butter alone will be found; if not, the crystals of lard, beef suet, tallow or any other adulterating fat used will appear in great quantity, and be readily recognized by the expert. It was objected to this by oleomargarine manufacturers, that mixture of the bogus butter with salt and water would cause butter-like crystals to be developed, and hence this test would fail. Dr. Taylor thereupon reiterated his statement in print, and asserted that the mixture of salt had no effect whatever upon even pure tallow or lard, so far as the crystallization was concerned; and that, as a matter of fact, bogus butter always had salt and water put into it. This test may be considered, then, as a thoroughly effective one for discriminating between real and imitation butter.

A MATTER of much interest, not only to scientific people, but to the public of curious visitors to Washington, is the fact that there has been prepared an illustrated "Handbook" to the National Museum. This vast collection, which is not only the prime object of interest outside of the capitol, to the visitor at Washington, but which holds the most valuable treasures to the zoölogist and anthropologist in the country, has heretofore had no descriptive book, and the lack of one has been severely felt. The present volume takes up each department, so far as the exhibition is arranged, and succinctly outlines its general scope and *raison d'être*, after which the most noteworthy specimens, or groups of specimens, are separately described, with the aid of small but admirable illustrations. While there is nothing "official" about this guide (which is sold within the National Museum and elsewhere), the Smithsonian authorities, under whose direction the Museum exists, have aided in its preparation, and rejoice at its success.

A MAGNETIC UMBRELLA.—Sir William Thomson, of Glasgow, the eminent electrician, has been appealed to under novel circumstances to dissect an umbrella: During a recent passage of the steamer *Princess Beatrice* from Larne to Stranraer, the man at the wheel called the attention of the commander, Captain Campbell, to the fact that the compass, since a certain passenger had taken up a position near it, had ceased to work truly, the needle being irresistibly attracted toward the stranger. On being questioned, the gentleman professed himself unconscious of having anything in the nature of a magnet about him; but a series of experiments ultimately resulted in the discovery that the magnetic influence which had caused the compass to vary to such an extent as to make it unreliable was located in the traveler's umbrella, the slightest movement of which was instantly responded to by the needle. Captain Campbell induced the owner to sell him the magic umbrella, which, having been tried with similar results on the largest compasses to be found in Belfast, has now been forwarded for inspection to the distinguished scientist already mentioned. The matter is of more importance than might at first sight appear, since it is obvious that the compass—in a fog, for instance—would be a very unsafe guide to steer by if its indications were liable to be falsified by the accidental proximity of an umbrella.

LINSEED-OIL FOR PAINTS.—When linseed-oil is to be used for paints, its drying properties must be improved; that is, it must be converted into a varnish. For this purpose two and a half parts of litharge are placed in an iron or copper boiler with fifty parts of old clarified linseed-oil. The oil is then carefully heated to boiling. At the end of about one hour a dirty scum forms on the surface of the oil, which must be removed as it forms. Precautions must be taken to prevent the oil from boiling over. It is advisable to have a proper cover and wet cloths at hand for extinguishing the fire in case the oil should become overheated. On a large scale jacketed boilers heated by steam are used. After the oil has boiled three or four hours, it is allowed to cool and settle. At the end of two or three days, sometimes after twenty-four hours, the clear oil is drawn off. The lindseed-oil varnish obtained in this way has a pale wine-color, is clear and transparent, and more viscous than the original oil; it does not froth when poured out, and dries to an almost colorless mass. Linseed-oil varnish should be kept in bottles. It may be ground with various colors, and used for painting wood, iron, brickwork, etc. Melted together with resins, especially with copal and amber, it may be used as waterproof paint on wood, etc.

REMOVAL OF SILVER SPOTS.—The removal of silver spots from the hands by means of cyanide of potassium is very dangerous, especially if they happen to be scratched or cut. Several substances have been employed in place of this very poisonous one; for instance, iodine dissolved in iodide of potassium, perchloride of iron and the like. A contemporary has recently, and with the best results, experimented with the same preparation that has rendered such good service in reducing the intensity of gelatine negatives—that is to say, red prussiate of potash. A few crystals of this substance, dissolved in the hyposulphite fixing solution, or from five to ten parts of a twenty per cent. solution of ferricyanide of potassium added to fifty parts of hypo solution, make a tincture that has repeatedly proved its excellence. Silver spots can also be removed by touching first with ferricyanide, and afterward with hypo. The ferricyanide substances have the advantage of not being quite so poisonous, and do not destroy the color of clothing. If there are iron spots upon the hands, treatment with ferricyanide causes the places to become blue; washing with dilute caustic soda immediately removes this blueness.

THE green color of some oysters has lately been submitted to microscopic study by Dr. John A. Ryder, of the United States Fish Commission. It is supposed, popularly, that this color is due to the imbibition of copper, and hence it is supposed that such oysters are poisonous. Dr. Ryder shows that this is a mistake, and also that the suggestion that the tinge is due to a vegetable parasite is wrong. The microscope shows that it is the minute blood cells which become tinged with the coloring matter, and that they tend to lodge in the heart (where they first appear) and afterward in the gills, giving the green appearance noted. Just what this coloring matter is remains undecided. It is very possibly derived from some vegetable coloring principle taken with the food, or it may possibly be an abnormal product of digestion. Whatever it is it is certainly harmless, and in France green oysters are considered the most toothsome of all.

A VALUABLE crystalline coating for wood or paper may be obtained, it is stated, by mixing a very concentrated cold solution of salt with dextrin, and laying the thinnest coating of the fluid on the surface to be covered by means of a broad, soft brush. After drying, the surface has a beautiful, bright, mother-of-pearl coating, which, in consequence of the dextrin, adheres firmly to paper and wood. The coating may be made adhesive to glass by doing it over with an alcoholic shellac solution. Sulphate of magnesia, acetate of soda, and sulphate of tin are among the salts which produce the most attractive crystalline coatings. Paper must first be sized; otherwise it will absorb the liquid and prevent the formation of crystals.

STAIRS FOR THE MILLION.—What will withstand the tread of many feet, enduring, and yet continuing to afford a firm foothold? The iron treads of the staircases leading to the stations of the elevated railways in New York became dangerously smooth and wore away rapidly. After tests with various materials which were placed on successive steps of the same staircase, a rubber containing rungs of iron was selected as best suited for the purpose.

The hard slate upon the staircases of the suspension bridge between New York and Brooklyn has worn away so rapidly that it has been necessary to cover them with wood, which can easily be removed as the wear renders a new tread necessary. A wooden mosaic composed of blocks of maple cut across the grain is frequently used in vestibules of public buildings and in passenger-lifts in place of ceramic tiles. The wood is rendered still more durable by boiling in linseed-oil under pressure until the pores are thoroughly impregnated with the oil, which dries after boiling.

ALL wood is not buoyant. Of the 416 species of trees found in the United States, the perfectly dry wood of sixteen species will sink in water. The heaviest of these is the black iron-wood of Florida, which is a third heavier than water. Others of the best-known kinds are lignum vitæ, mangrove, and a small oak growing at an elevation of 5,000 to 10,000 feet along the Mexican border. In fact, all these excessively heavy woods are natives of Florida or the dry Southwest.

M. PAGES, in the course of his experience in photographing the movements of horses, has been struck by the observation that the foot of the animal, being half the time, on the ground at rest, must, during the other half of the time, be in much more rapid motion than the animal itself. His experiments seem to show that in a gallop this speed of the moving foot between each step reaches a velocity of about 200 feet a second.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

IS THERE a word in English which contains all the vowels? *Unquestionably.*

A BED of gold is a *mine* of wealth; but a boy whose father is very rich is a *minor* of wealth.

YOUTH may be compared to a comma; manhood to a semi-colon; old age to a colon; to which death puts a period.

A MAN with a scolding wife, being asked what his occupation was, replied that he kept a hot-house.

"DEBT" are the initial letters of Dun Every Body Twice, "Credit" are the initial letters of Call Regularly Every Day, I'll Trust.

A TRAVELED curiosity-hunter came home the other day wearing the Watch by the Rhine, with the Chain of the Caucasus, and the Key of India.

THE *Tropical Times* wants to know what the West-end chiropodist means when he advertises that he has "removed corns from several of the crowned heads of Europe."

A SENTIMENTAL gentleman intends to petition Congress for a railroad land grant to improve the channels of affection, so that henceforth the "course of true love may run smooth."

A SCHOOL-BOARD examiner lately asked the following questions of a little girl: "What is the plural of man?" "Men." "Very well; and what is the plural of child?" "Twins," immediately replied the little girl.

A CRUSTY old fellow once asked: "What is the reason that griffins, dragons and devils are the ladies' favorite subjects for embroidery designs?" "It's because they are continually thinking of their husbands," was the lady's quick retort.

AN irritable man went to visit a sick friend, and asked him concerning his health; but the patient was so ill that he could not reply, whereupon the other, in a rage, said: "I hope that I may soon fall sick, and then I will not answer you when you visit me!"

IT is said that at least four hundred and fifty thousand meteors fall from the heavens and strike the earth every hour during the year; and yet, when a man goes home with a damaged hat, and tells his wife that he was struck by a meteor, she will not believe him!

A BARRISTER, not very young or handsome, examining a young lady witness in court, determined to perplex her, and said: "Miss, upon my word, you are very pretty!" The young lady very promptly replied: "I would return the compliment, sir, if I were not on oath."

"THERE'S no humbug about these sardines," said Brown, as he helped himself to a third plateful from a newly opened box; "they are the genuine article, and come all the way from the Mediterranean." "Yes," replied his economical wife, "and if you will only control your appetite they will go a great deal further."

CHARLES DICKENS was once prevailed upon to assist at a spiritualistic *seance*. When the opportunity was afforded, Mr. Dickens respectfully asked that the spirit of Lindley Murray be in attendance. A ghostly manifestation became visible in a corner of the apartment. "Are you Lindley Murray?" asked Mr. Dickens. A deep, bass voice solemnly responded, "I are."

AN amusing anecdote is told of the great Charles Matthews. His attendant in his last illness, intending to give him his medicine, gave him in mistake some ink from a bottle on a shelf. On discovering the error, his friend exclaimed: "Great Scotland! Matthews, I have given you ink." "Never mind, my dear fellow: it does not matter," said Matthews, faintly, "I'll swallow a bit of blotting-paper."

WE have heard of an economical man who always takes his meals in front of a mirror. He does this to double the dishes. If this is not philosophy, we should like to know what is.

A GENTLEMAN who had a carpenter at work in his house said to him: "Why don't you take care of those nails and screws? They will be lost." "Oh, no," the carpenter replied, "they won't be lost! You'll find them all in the bill."

"WHAT do you mean by *humbugging*, madam?" asked a homely barrister of an old lady whom he was cross-examining. "I don't know as I can tell exactly, sir; but if a lady was to say to you that you're a handsome man, that would be what *I'd* call humbugging!"

A CHILD who had just mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed, because, she said, "Though I obey the fifth commandment, and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am still put to bed at seven o'clock."

LALANDE, the French astronomer, when the Revolution broke out, only paid the more attention to the heavenly bodies; and when he found, at the end, that he had escaped the fury of Robespierre and his fellow-ruffians, he gratefully remarked: "I may thank my stars for it."

GARRICK said of Sir John Hill, the physician and author: "The worst I wish the doctor is, that he may be compelled to take his own physic and read his own verses." "You must reverse the punishment," said a wag; "any man who takes the *doctor's* physic *won't live* to read his rhymes."

FASHIONABLE WIFE (arrayed for the opera): "Do I not look charming, my dear?" *Husband* (not so fashionable): "Er—ye'es." *Fashionable Wife:* "Now as soon as I get on my undressed kid gloves, I will be ready." *Husband:* "Heavens! Are your gloves going undressed, too?"

MISS BUD: "Do you think Miss Roseleaf pretty, Mr. Holworthy?" *Holworthy* (striving to say something complimentary): "Well, she has a very intellectual face." *Miss Bud:* "Oh, fie, Mr. Holworthy! what a compliment to pay a young lady!" *Holworthy:* "Oh, I wouldn't say so of you, you know."

AMONG the replies to an advertisement of a musical committee for "a candidate as organist, music teacher," etc., was the following one: "Gentlemen—I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

A CERTAIN lawyer was compelled to apologize to the court. With stately dignity he rose in his place and said: "Your honor is right and I am wrong, as your honor generally is." There was a dazed look in the judge's eye, and he scarcely knew whether to feel happy or to fine the lawyer for contempt of court.

A WINDY orator in the House of Representatives, after a lengthy effort, stopped for a glass of water. "I rise," said Bloss, "to a point of order." Everybody stared, wondering what the point of order was. "What is it?" asked the Speaker. "I think, sir," said Bloss, "it is out of order for a windmill to go by water."

"DID you ever try to train a miss?" asked a country pedagogue of Farmer Furrow, with the view of perpetrating a prehistoric pun. "No," said the wily stranger, with a twinkle in his eye; "but I've missed a train without trying." The pedagogue felt that it was time the schoolmaster was abroad, and abroad he went.

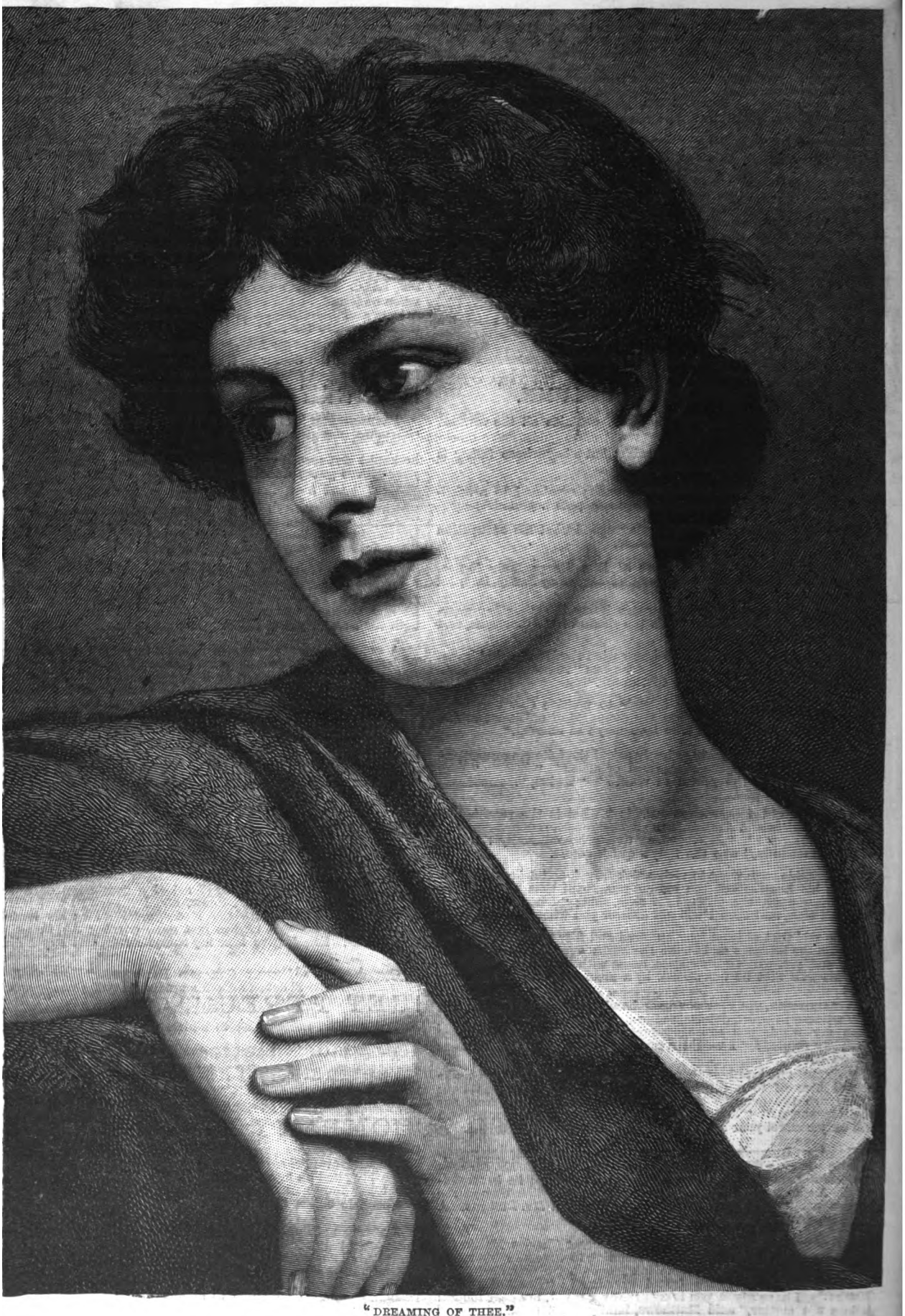
"IS HIS lordship at home?" asked a gentleman of a well-powdered flunkey. "Don't know, sir, I'm sure; I will just inquire." He returned with the message, "No, sir; his lordship desires me to say that he has just gone out." "Ah, thank you very much. Kindly give him my compliments, and say I didn't call!"

CONCERNING A NEWLY CREATED BARONET.—"How shall we address you now?" asked an old acquaintance of a newly created baronet at a friendly supper the other evening. "Call me 'Jack,' as you always do," replied the new baronet; "but, for Heaven's sake, never omit to address my wife as 'your ladyship!'"

A YOUNG man who imagines that he is a painter recently took one of his productions to an artist, and said: "Now I want you to give me a criticism on this." The real artist turned the picture over and examined the back of it carefully, and then said: "You have made one great mistake. You should have bought cheaper canvas."

A LITTLE girl ate her dinner with so good an appetite that, by the time dessert was placed on the table, she could eat no more. She sat silent and sorrowful, and looked mournfully at the dainties which lay piled on her plate. "Why don't you eat, my darling?" asked her fond and anxious mother. "Oh! mamma!" cried the disconsolate child; "because only my eyes are hungry!"

A MEMBER of the House of Commons had been paying attention to a young lady for a long while, and had taken her to attend the House until she was well posted in the rules. On the last day of the session, as they came out, he bought her a bouquet of flowers, and said to her: "May I offer you my handful of flowers?" She replied, promptly: "I move to amend by omitting all after the word 'hand'!" He blushingly accepted the amendment, and they adopted it unanimously.

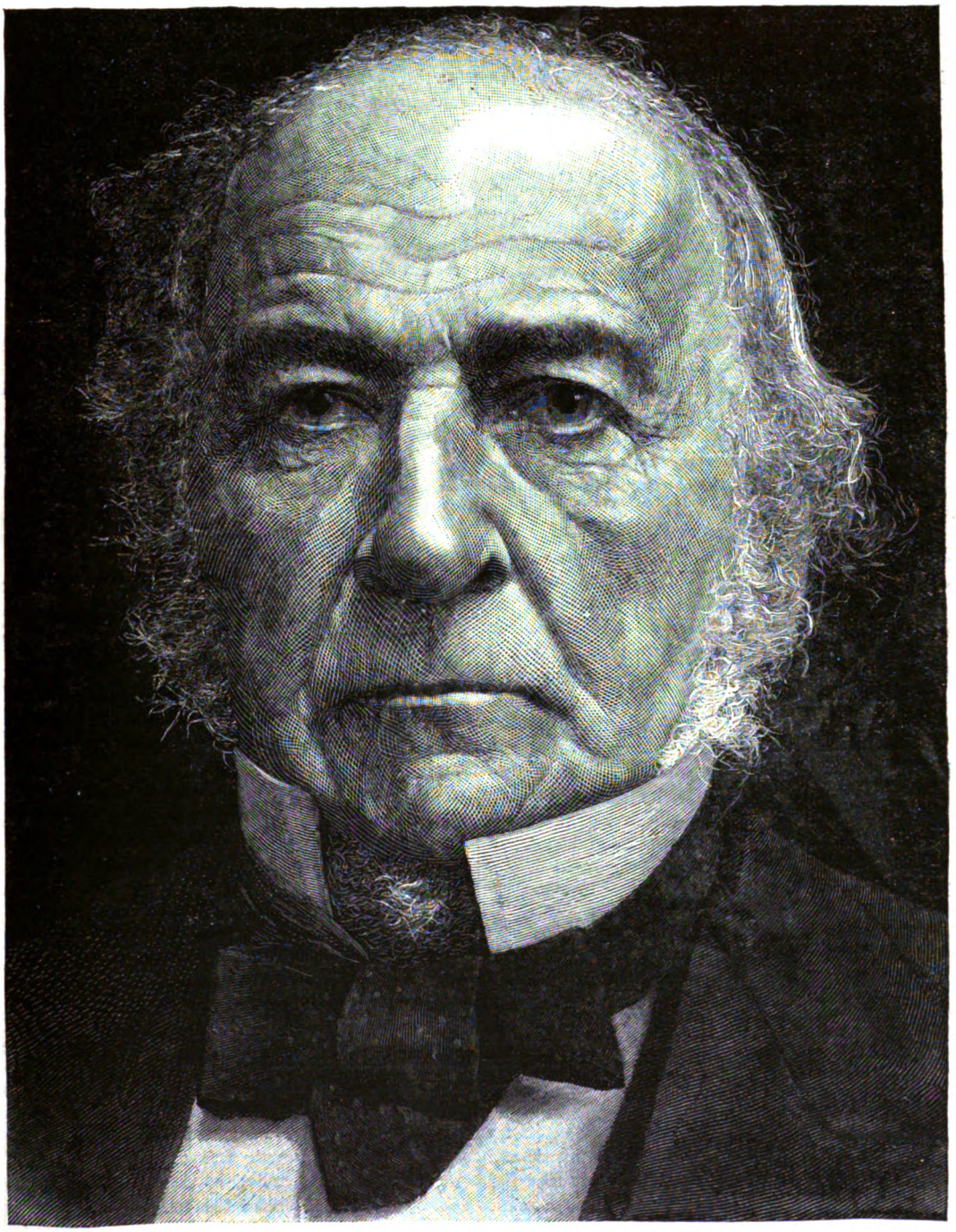


"DREAMING OF THEE."

FROM THE ROSEBUD GARDEN OF GIRLS

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XXI.—No. 6. JUNE, 1886. $3.00 PER ANNUM.



THE RT. HON. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE, M.P.—FROM A RECENT PHOTO. BY RUSSELL & SONS.

GLADSTONE.

By Noel Ruthven.

In the bright bead-roll of English statesmen, none appears to have greater claim on the admiration of his contemporaries, or to be more assured of the remembrance of posterity, of "a fame which, in the lapse of centuries, will suffer no eclipse," than William Ewart Gladstone, who over fifty years ago entered public life, and at once gave promise of remarkable ability; who realized that promise more abundantly than even the most ardent admirers of the brilliant young Oxonian—and he had ardent admirers even then—could have hoped for; and who, step by step, has won his way, by an almost universality of talent, by indomitable energy, by practical ability, no less than by an almost unrivaled command of all the resources of eloquence, to the highest position which an English subject can attain.

There is no instance in political life of such unfailing maintenance, such a continuous vigor of mental power, as that exhibited by Mr. Gladstone. Grey, Brougham, Melbourne, Althorp, Durham, O'Connell, Sheil, Peel, Wellington, Aberdeen, Graham, Palmerston, Derby, Cobden, Russell, and many others who made their mark in the Parliamentary history of our time, have passed into the land of shadows; but the "Grand Old Man" remains with undiminished vigor, with energy which seems to seek no repose; an orator who has now no competitor; a statesman who is not yet willing to add "Finis" to his long list of great achievements; a scholar who is yet reverently learning; a man who, in the combination of physical and mental vigor, is unquestionably one of the most marked individualities in history.

Wonderful as is the combination of lucidity and eloquence, the earnestness and sincerity with which he has labored to make political science practical is even more admirable. The moral nature and the intellect are harmonious in working. No Finance Minister ever explained the complicated details of a Budget with similar clearness, eloquence and force. No Finance Minister was ever more anxious that the Budget should be for the benefit of his countrymen. His own intellect has grown by sympathy with the accumulated intellectual results of the national energies; his political theories have advanced with the advancement of ideas, and his splendid abilities have made him the leader in achieving results which sensitive but weaker natures may have predicted as possibilities, but despaired of as realities.

Accomplished in all scholarly arts, he has valued his scholarship as a medium through which he has been enabled to see more distinctly the struggles of humanity to attain clearer vision of the Divine Government of the world. To him the Homeric ballads reveal a theology and philosophy as well as a history; to him the passage of the ages has been the education of the world. Political science is, in his estimation, the science of humanity—not a series of impulses, of rash theories and ungovernable impulses, but a science in which law and order are the essential elements, and the object of which is the elevation and happiness of the individual man and the peaceful and sympathetic intercourse of nationalities.

Such a career as that of Mr. Gladstone must tell its own story for good or ill, and must be judged in its entirety. His warmest admirers may, indeed must, see some evidences of occasional rashness, even, it may be, of weakness; but a statesman, however great, is a man, not a political machine, and the time has not yet come for absolute perfection. What we really possess in Mr. Gladstone is a statesman of vast acquirements and true practical ability; an earnest, religious, sensitive nature; a political philanthropist who, not content with deploring in eloquent phrases the existence of evil, tries, with all his strength, to remove the causes of it; a champion crowned with laurels gained in many contests; an orator of the highest rank, whose words have moved the hearts of millions. When, in the course of nature, the eloquent lips are silent, the powerful and sympathetic heart no longer working for the state, no other memorial of this great Englishman will be needed than the remembrance of what he did, indelibly recorded in England's national and social life.

Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster king-at-arms, "unerring Ulster," and the most trustworthy of genealogists, claims for the Prime Minister of England direct descent, by the maternal side, from Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, and Henry III., King of England, through Lady Jane, or Joan, Beaufort, who married James I. of Scotland. The elaborate pedigree so carefully traced by Sir Bernard Burke may be briefly epitomized. When the young James—"the ablest of the Stuarts," as he has been styled—was a prisoner in England, he saw by chance the golden-haired beauty, Joan Beaufort, daughter of John Beaufort, Marquis of Dorset, fourth son of John of Gaunt. Her mother was also descended in a direct line from Henry III., so that by both lines Joan was a daughter of the royal house of England. James first caught sight of her when he was a captive at Windsor, and he records, in one of his poems, that he doubted whether she was

> "a worldly creature,
> Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature."

The loving couple were married, before the departure of James for Scotland, in the old Church of St. Mary Overie, at the Southwark foot of London Bridge, and James took his bride to share his Scottish throne, having given hostages for the payment to the English Crown of a ransom equal in amount to £40,000 of English money ($200,000).

The courtship of the young couple, with its attendant poetry (for James was a poet of no mean power), is one of the prettiest episodes in the history of the Plantagenet times. For thirteen years James reigned, and never was Scotland better governed. Highly educated for the time in which he lived, James possessed great natural talents and literary taste. At Christmas, 1437, Sir Robert Graham, with 300 armed men, forced an entry into the King's chamber at Perth—breaking the arm of brave Catherine Douglas, who had endeavored to secure the door by thrusting her arm into a staple, and so making it serve the purpose of a bar—and brutally murdered the King. The Queen received two wounds in her endeavor to protect him. Queen Joan afterward married Sir James Stewart, the Black Knight of Lorne, a descendant of the Bruces; and their son was John, Earl of Athol, who married Eleanor Sinclair, daughter of William, Earl of Orkney and Caithness. Their daughter, the Lady Isabel Stewart became (early in the sixteenth century) the wife of John Robertson, of Muirton, County of Elgin, Scotland. From this pair was descended in a direct line Anne Robertson, who, in April, 1800, married John Gladstone, and became the mother of the great statesman, the subject of this article. One of the descendants of Isabel Stewart and John Robertson was William

Robertson, the historian; another of the line was the mother of Henry, Lord Brougham. There must have been a strong element of intellectual vitality in a stock which produced the large-minded historian, and two such instances of versatile power and oratorical greatness as Brougham and Gladstone.

Long before the union of the Scottish and English Crowns, the Gledestones, Gledstones, or Gladstones, were settled in Lanarkshire. The name of Hubert de Gledestones appears as that of one of the Scots who subscribed at Berwick the oath of fealty to Edward I. of England, "Hammer of the Scots," contained in what is known as "Ragman Roll" of 1296, or Ragimande's Roll, as, no doubt, it should be properly styled from the name of the Papal legate in Scotland. In 1728 there died at Biggar, William Gladstones (the family name had now assumed that form), who had been an industrious and thriving maltster of the town. One of his sons died in 1756, leaving behind him four sons and six daughters. The fourth son, John, born in 1732, settled at Leith as a corn merchant, and begat sixteen children. The eldest son, John, born at Leith, in 1763, was brought up to his father's business, and showed such aptitude that, at twenty-one, his father intrusted him with an important mission to Liverpool, to dispose of a cargo of grain which had arrived there. While in Liverpool the young man attracted the attention of one of the leading corn merchants of the town, who offered him a situation in his office. He accepted, and before long was made a partner, the firm being Currie, Gladstone & Bradshaw. The final "s" disappeared from the name—why or wherefore, it is impossible to say—and John Gladstone, in 1835, procured a royal license for the change.

In 1792 Mr. John Gladstone married Miss Hall, of Liverpool, but she died six years afterward, leaving no children. In April, 1800, he contracted a second marriage, the bride being Miss Anne Robertson, daughter of Mr. Andrew Robertson, of Stornoway. This is the lady whose descent from the royal families of England and Scotland can be traced. She is described as "a lady of great accomplishments, a fascinating woman, of commanding presence and high intellect; one to grace any home and endear any heart." The union lasted for thirty-five years, blessed by domestic happiness and outward prosperity, and four sons and two daughters grew up around the family table. The eldest son, Sir Thomas Gladstone, survives; the second, John Neilson, who entered the Royal Navy, became captain, and represented the Irish borough of Portarlington in Parliament, died in 1863; the third son, who succeeded to the headship of the mercantile house at Liverpool, died in 1875, and the fourth son, William Ewart, was destined to become the most eminent of the family. The sisters, Helen Jane, and Ann M'Kenzie, died unmarried, the latter in 1879.

Mr. Gladstone was one of the most eminent of the long succession of the enterprising merchants of Liverpool. Far-seeing, sagacious and clear-headed, his views were at once comprehensive and practical. As a mercantile man he was looked up to as the leader, *facile princeps*, in the Liverpool Exchange. In September, 1835, the amiable and beloved wife of John Gladstone died. Ten years afterward, Sir Robert Peel conferred a baronetcy on him as Sir John Gladstone of Fasque, Kincardineshire, and in 1851 he died, aged eighty-eight. He had amassed a noble fortune, secured respect and memory and troops of friends, and lived to see his most gifted son represent in Parliament the University of Oxford, and rise from office to office, till he had become a member of the Cabinet.

In a large, old-fashioned house in Rodney Street, Liverpool, now No. 64, on the 29th of December, 1809, was born the future Premier of England. To the Christian name, William, was added the surname of his godfather, Mr. Ewart, a Liverpool merchant. In the first nine years of William Ewart Gladstone's life, Rodney Street was his home. William's first schoolmaster was the Rev. Mr. Jones, who kept a small academy near the town, and the reverend pedagogue used to complain that he found it very difficult indeed to instill even the rudiments of arithmetic into the juvenile mind of William. There is a certain amount of antithesis between the dullness of the boy in matters arithmetical and the splendid financial ability developed in mature life that makes the story attractive. It is stated that William's father took great pleasure in talking with his clever little boy about the public questions of the day, especially the doings of Mr. Canning, and that William was a good and intelligent listener. In September, 1821, while yet wanting three months of completing his twelfth year, the boy was sent to Eton. He was robust and active, as well as a clever boy, and soon showed that he was able to take his own part. He remained six years at Eton, and there formed some lasting friendships. His great "chum" was the modern Lycidas, Arthur Henry Hallam, whose friendship with Tennyson and early death produced one of the noblest poems of our time, "In Memoriam."

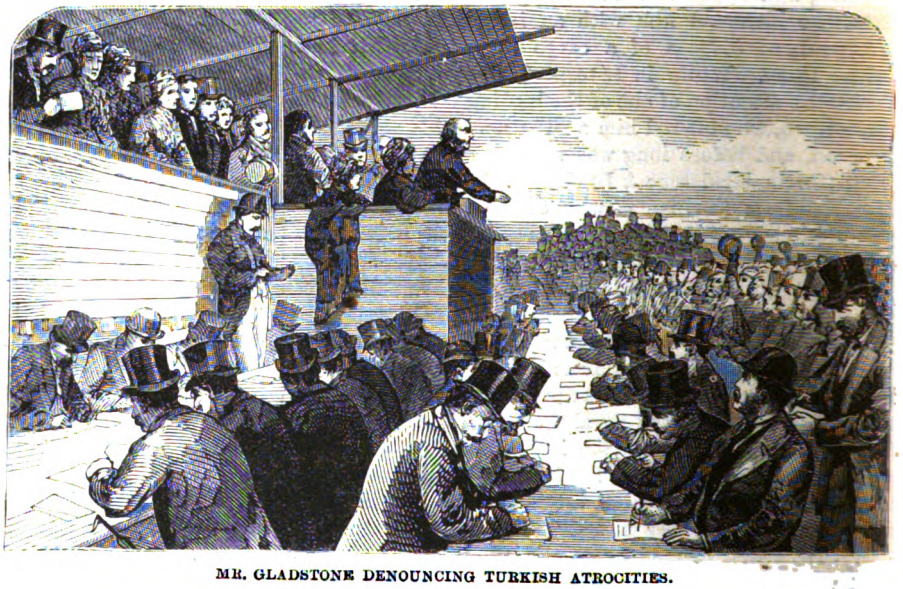
Gladstone soon distinguished himself in the school by his success in Latin versification. In his last year at the school he was one of the projectors of the *Eton Miscellany*, and certainly the most prolific contributor. Fifteen papers from the pen of William Ewart Gladstone appeared in the first volume, among them a poem in well-balanced heroic couplets, celebrating the achievements of Richard Cœur de Lion, and "Guatimozin's Death Song." To the second volume of the *Miscellany* he made seventeen contributions; classical literature was, of course, among the subjects of the papers. At a very early period the Homeric poems appear to have powerfully attracted his attention; but there were also articles profoundly humorous, in which, we imagine, he was less successful. The title of one paper was "Eloquence," and if the youth's oratorical powers in any adequate degree indicated those of the man, he was assuredly competent to write on such a topic. Probably he felt a confidence that he possessed the power "the applause of listening senates to command," and, indeed, there is in the essay an indication of an ambition which is not unlike Benjamin Disraeli's day-dreams of his "Vivian Grey" period. Both youths were prophets, inspired by the consciousness of great abilities and faith in themselves. "A successful *début*," wrote Gladstone (in his eighteenth year at school at Eton) "an offer from the Minister, a Secretaryship of State, and even the Premiership itself, are the objects which form the vista along which a young visionary loves to look."

In 1827 he bade farewell to Eton, its schoolroom and playing-fields. Few of the pupils of that famous school were so well grounded in the classical learning chiefly valued there. He continued his studies for about two years as private pupil of Dr. Turner, who was afterward appointed Bishop of Calcutta, and then entered, as a student, Christchurch College, Oxford. Here his industry was enormous, and even in the vacation he scarcely relaxed his ardor. One writer, describing his career at this period, says: "No matter where he was, whether in college rooms or country mansion, from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. no one ever saw William Ewart Gladstone. During this interval he was invariably locked up with his books. From the age of eighteen until that of twenty-one, he

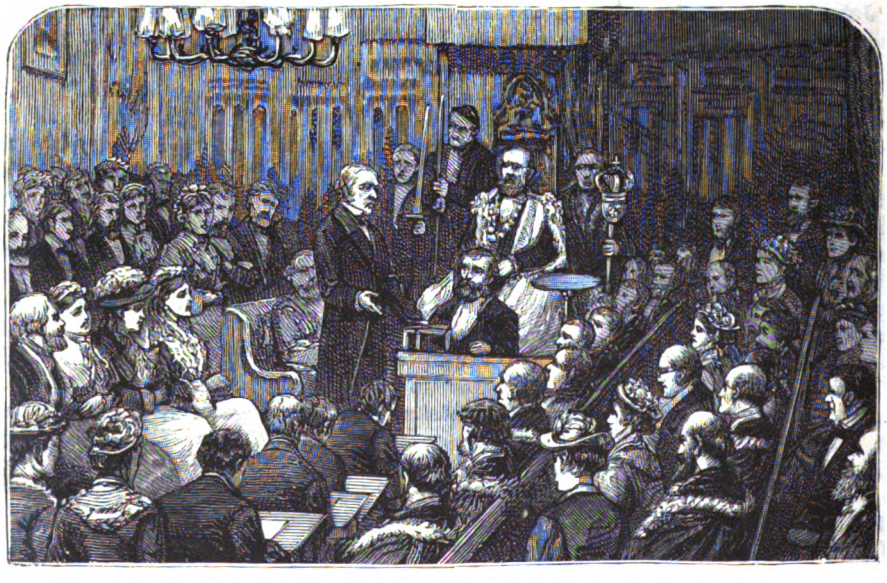
STATUE OF GLADSTONE UNVAILED AT LONDON.

never neglected studying during these particular hours, unless he happened to be traveling. And his evening ordeal was scarcely less severe. Eight o'clock saw him once more engaged in a stiff bout with Aristotle, or plunged deep in the text of Thucydides."

In one respect the industrious student was more prudent than many of his fellows and competitors. Throughout his long life he has recognized the natural alliance of the physical and intellectual portions of our compound being. Naturally hardy and muscular, he cultivated his bodily powers by regular active exercise, and his high moral nature preserved him from the temptation to indulge in enervating excesses. Temperate and active, trained to muscular exertion, he could probably have outwalked any of the undergraduates of his college as easily as he could have surpassed most of them in mental acquirements. A brisk walk of thirty or forty miles was a small matter to the handsome, well-knit, resolute young student, who returned from it with a refreshed brain and renewed vitality to his studies. The Oxford Union was a renowned debating society. The position of President of the Union was justly looked upon as conferring a high honor,



MR. GLADSTONE DENOUNCING TURKISH ATROCITIES.



THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN PRESENTED TO MR. GLADSTONE.

due to acknowledged intellectual power and oratorical ability; and it is worth noting that seven presidents were at one time united in one of the administrations of which Mr. Gladstone was the chief. He had been a member of the University for only a few months when he made his first speech at the Union, on the 11th of February, 1830. He was afterward a frequent speaker, taking the Tory view of public questions. That his style was rhetorically ornate, and that he made frequent reference to classical examples, and freely resorted to classical quotations, we can readily suppose; and that he was fluent, enthusiastic and excitable is equally probable.

HAWARDEN CASTLE FROM THE PARK.

He opposed the removal of Jewish disabilities and Parliamentary Reform, but supported Catholic Emancipation. A few years since he referred to the opinions he had held in those Oxford days: "I trace," he said, "in the education of Oxford of my own time, one great defect. Perhaps it was my own fault; but I must admit that I did not learn when at Oxford that which I have learned since, namely, to set a due value on the imperishable and inestimable principles of human liberty. The temper which I think too much prevailed in academic circles was to regard liberty with jealousy."

The University of Cambridge had, as well as the sister University, its Union. The Cambridge Union sent a delegation, headed by Mr. Monckton Milnes (afterward Lord Houghton) to Oxford, to maintain the proposition that Shelley was a greater poet than Byron. The challenge was accepted, and the "Cantabs" were "formally received" when they reached Oxford, after the tedious coach-ride, "by Gladstone of Christchurch, and Manning of Oriel." Manning of Oriel is now Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Gladstone took no part in the debate, but Manning did, supporting the superiority of Byron. The "visitors," however, "won the match," the greater number of votes being given for Shelley.

At the Michaelmas Examination of 1831 the greatest academical success was attained by Mr. Gladstone, who took a first-class in *Literis Humanioribus*, and also in *Disciplinis Mathematicis et Physicis;* in other and techcal words he "took a double-first," a feat of rare occurrence.

Mr. Gladstone, who, for a short time afterward, held a fellowship at All Souls, left the University too early to share in the great awakening of intellectual and religious activity which shortly took place. Strongly attached to the principles and formularies of the Church of England, and animated by profoundly religious sentiments, he would, no doubt, have been a prominent figure in the great movement which Keble, Pusey and Newman helped. In his college days, the religious aspect of the University was decorous, but dull. There were active intellects, great learning, devout bearing; but, as yet, the wind had not arisen which was to ruffle the ocean of controversy.

The brilliant success at Oxford fairly entitled Mr. Gladstone to a little relaxation, and he made a short tour on the Continent, and was absent from England during the stormy times of the great Reform agitation. Mr. Gladstone was in Italy when the summons came, in obedience to which he placed his foot on the first rung in the ladder of fame. It was in the year 1832. The Reform Bill had just been passed, and the United Kingdom was in the throes of expectation as to what might follow on the summoning of the first Reform Parliament. It was the Duke of Newcastle, registered owner of the Borough of Newark, who was immediately instrumental in bringing Mr. Gladstone into the House of Commons. In a conversation which took place upon the hustings on the day of nomination, there is something eminently characteristic of Mr. Gladstone. A matter-of-fact elector, who probably did not rent his house or shop from the duke, asked the young candidate "Whether he was not the Duke of Newcastle's nominee?" This was an exceedingly embarrassing question. If the candidate said "No" he could be convicted, within any man's knowledge, of a falsehood. If he said "Yes," what a farce was this nomination and bustle at the poll! But Mr. Gladstone, though an exceedingly young bird at this date, was not to be caught by chaff. He asked the honorable elector to do him the favor of defining the term nominee. The unwary elector fell into the trap, and Mr. Gladstone was, of course, able to declare that, in such a sense, he was *not* the duke's nominee. As a matter of fact he certainly was, and the preponderance of the duke's influence was indicated by his being returned at the head of the poll. Mr. Gladstone issued his address on the 9th of October, and did little more than repeat the familiar creed of the Tory party; but his good taste and cultivated mind made him avoid the vituperations and asperities which then characterized political discussion. Tory though he declared himself to be—immature and inexperienced as he certainly was—his nature forbade assimilation with the narrow views of the old school, or the boisterous energy and unscrupulous vituperation of certain of the newspaper and magazine writers. The address treated the subjects of Reform, Church and State, the condition of the working classes, and the agitation for the abolition of slavery. On this last subject, then so prominently before the public, he spoke rather hesitatingly. His father owned slaves in Demerara, and he knew that his father was a thoughtful, religious and just man; and he knew other merchants and slave-owners who conscientiously desired the well-being of the negroes on their plantations. He said: "As regards the absolute lawfulness of slavery, I acknowledge it simply as imparting the right of one man to the labor of another, and I rest upon the fact that the Scripture—the paramount authority on such a point—gives directions to persons standing in the relation of master to slave for their conduct in that relation; whereas, were the matter absolutely and necessarily sinful, it would not regulate the matter."

"The duke's nominee," "the slave-driver," were epithets freely bestowed upon him by the supporters of the Whig candidate, but the duke's influence carried the day and Mr. Gladstone stood at the head of the poll.

The first Reform Parliament assembled on the 23d of January, 1833. Mr. Gladstone spoke only once or twice in the course of the session, and then briefly. Indeed, he was so unimportant a personage that "Hansard" did not take the trouble to give his proper name in the official report on the debates.

Mr. Gladstone at this period is described in a famous sentence by Lord Macaulay: "A young man of unblemished character and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow reluctantly and mutinously a leader (Sir Robert Peel) whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor."

There was nothing either of caution or reluctance in Mr. Gladstone's attachment to Sir Robert Peel. To this day, he can scarcely mention the name of his early leader without signs of emotion. It was in the last days of 1834 that Sir Robert Peel, undertaking to form a Ministry in succession to that of Lord Melbourne, offered Mr. Gladstone the post of Junior Lord of the Treasury. Within six months he was promoted to the office of Under-secretary for the Colonies, and, just fifty years in advance of Mr. Chamberlain, brought in a Bill dealing with the question of life at sea.

On the 13th of January, 1833, Mr. Gladstone was admitted to the Society of Lincoln's Inn as a law student, and he kept eleven terms between 1833 and 1837. When he had been a member for six years and three months, he petitioned to have his name removed from the books, on the ground of "having given up his intention of being called to the Bar."

In his first session Mr. Gladstone crossed swords with

the Parliamentary giant, Daniel O'Connell, whose reply was the expression of "much contempt for the honorable member's argument." During the next five or six years Mr. Gladstone was in Opposition; but, whether in office or not, his reputation steadily increased, and he gradually became recognized as the ablest lieutenant of Sir Robert Peel, the great Conservative chief.

"The State in its Relation with the Church. By W. E. Gladstone, Student of Christchurch, and M. P. for Newark," appeared in the Autumn of 1838. This work (dedicated to the University of Oxford, as the "fountain of blessings, spiritual, social and intellectual), was a statement of the author's creed respecting the union of Church and State—a methodical arrangement and completion of the arguments he had hitherto employed when speaking in the House of Commons on subjects connected with the Church. Macaulay reviewed it in the *Edinburgh Review*, claiming that the theory of the book is based upon the proposition that the propagation of religious truth is one of the chief ends of government; and one of its doctrines which he confutes with especial warmth is the principle which, as he states it, "would give the Irish a Protestant Church, whether they liked it or not." "It is a curious fact," observes Mr. Charles H. Jones, "that the author of the book which contained the doctrine was the author of the Disestablishment of the State Church in Ireland."

In other directions than that of literature and the Church, the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories justified Macaulay's description, already quoted. At this period we find Mr. Gladstone lending the weight of his eloquence and the force of his genius to stopping the progress of Reform in whatever direction urged. He opposed a Ministerial scheme for dealing with Church rates in deference to the views of Dissenters. He passionately defended negro apprenticeship, the last vestige of slavery permitted in the West Indies. He opposed a scheme of national education in which, as Lord Morpeth put it, "It was declared to be the duty of the state to provide education for Dissenters so long as it fingered their gold," and he fought hard in the long battle against the Bill designed to remove the civil disabilities of the Jews. He was always thorough, and being in those days of partially developed intelligence a Tory, he was, to borrow a phrase of *Dick Swiveller's* friend the *Marchioness*, "a nout-an'-nouter."

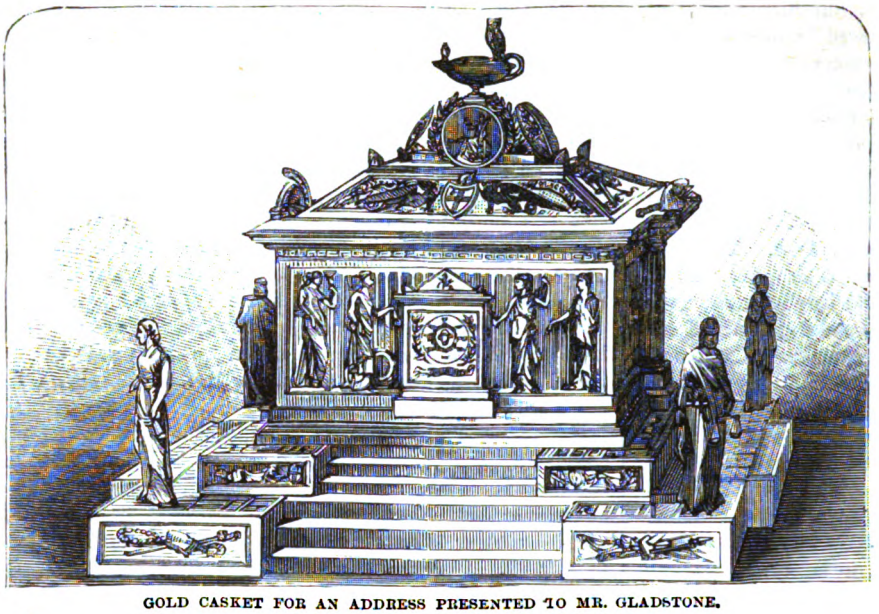
Let us take a look at the portrait of "the most rising young man on the Tory side of the House," quoting from a book entitled "The British Senate in 1838": "Mr. Gladstone's appearance and manners are much in his favor. He is a fine-looking man. He is about the usual height, and of good figure. His countenance is mild and pleasant, and has a highly intellectual expression. His eyes are clear and quick. His eyebrows are dark and rather prominent. There is not a dandy in the House but envies what Truefit (a swell hair-dresser) would call his 'fine head of jet-black hair.' It is always carefully parted from the crown downward to his brow, where it is tastefully shaded. His features are small and regular, and his complexion must be a very unworthy witness if he does not possess an abundant stock of health.

"Mr. Gladstone's gesture is varied, but not violent. When he rises he generally puts both his hands behind his back; and, having there suffered them to embrace each other for a short time, unclasps them, and allows them to drop on either side. They are not permitted to remain long in that locality before you see them again closed together and hanging down before him. This reunion is not sufficient to last for any length of time. Again a separation takes place, and now the right hand is seen moving up and down before him. Having thus exercised it a little, he thrusts it into the pocket of his coat, and then orders the left hand to follow its example. Having granted them a momentary repose there, they are again put into gentle motion, and in a few seconds they are seen reposing *vis-à-vis* on his breast. He moves his face and body from one direction to another, not forgetting to bestow a liberal share of his attention on his own party. He is always listened to with much attention by the House, and appears to be highly respected by men of all parties. He is a man of good business habits; of this he furnished abundant proof when Under-secretary for the Colonies during the short-lived administration of Sir Robert Peel.

"He is well informed on most of the subjects which usually occupy the attention of the Legislature, and he is happy in turning his information to good account. He is ready on all occasions which he deems fitting ones, with a speech in favor of the policy advocated by the party with whom he acts. His *extempore* resources are ample. Few men in the House can improvise better. It does not appear to cost him an effort to speak.

"His style is polished, but has no appearance of the effect of previous preparation. He displays considerable acuteness in replying to an opponent; he is quick in perception of anything vulnerable in the speech to which he replies, and happy in laying the weak point bare to the gaze of the House. He now and then indulges in sarcasm, which is, in most cases, very felicitous. He is plausible even when most in error. When it suits himself or his party, he can apply himself with the strictest closeness to the real point at issue; when to evade the point is deemed most politic, no man can wander from it more widely."

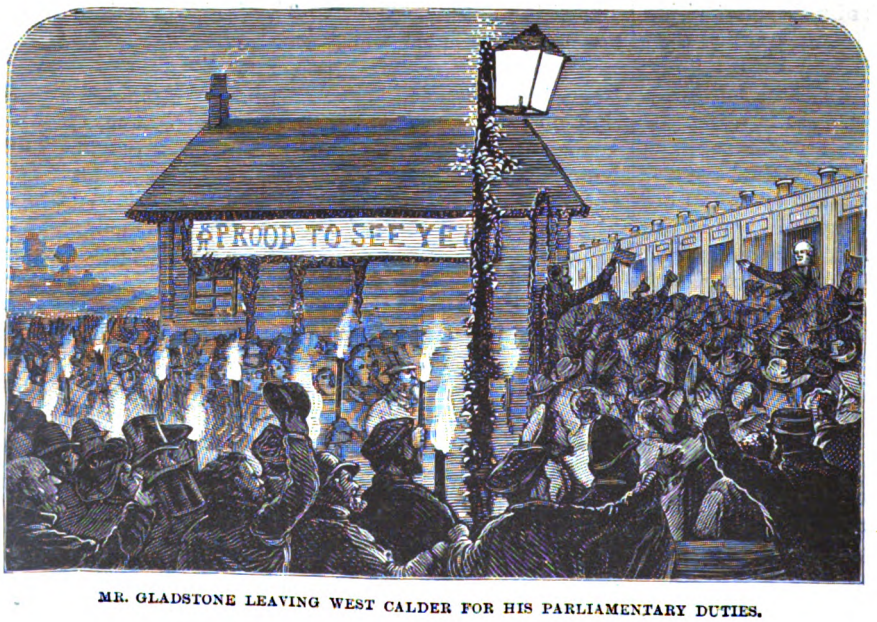
It is curious to note that some of these mannerisms of nearly fifty years ago are preserved by the great statesman we know to-day. It is particularly notable that to this day, when Mr. Gladstone rises and begins what is intended to be a great oration, he has a tendency to clasp his hands behind his back. This attitude, however, like the subdued mood of which it is an indication, prevails only during the opening sentences. Age has fired rather than dulled his oratorical energy. He has, even during the present Parliament, increased in rapidity of gesture almost to the point of fury. The jet-black hair of forty years ago has faded and fallen, leaving only a few thin wisps of gray carefully disposed over the grandly formed head with which, as he lately told a Scotch deputation, London hatters have had so much trouble. The rounded cheeks are sunken, and their bloom has given place to pallor; the full brow is wrinkled; the dark eyes, bright and flashing still, are underset with innumerable wrinkles; the "good figure" is somewhat rounded at the shoulders, and the sprightly step is growing deliberate. But the intellectual fire of forty years ago is rather quickened than quenched, and the promise of health is abundantly fulfilled in a maintenance of physical strength and activity that seems phenomenal. Mr. Gladstone will outsit the youngest member of the House if the issue at stake claims his vote in the pending division. He can speak for three hours at a stretch—*vide* his speech introducing the Home Rule Bill on April 8th—and he will put in the three hours as much mental and physical energy as, judiciously distributed, would suffice for the whole debate. His magnificent voice is as true in tone and as insensible to fatigue as when it was first heard within the walls of the House. By comparison he



GOLD CASKET FOR AN ADDRESS PRESENTED TO MR. GLADSTONE.

is far more emphatic in gesture when addressing the House of Commons than when standing before a public meeting. This, doubtless, is explicable by the fact that, while in the one case he is free from contradiction, in the other he is, more particularly during a period of Tory ascendency, outrageously subject to it. Trembling through every nerve with intensity of conviction and wrath of battle, he almost literally smites his opponent hip and thigh. Taking the brass-bound box upon the table as a representative of "the right honorable gentleman" or "the noble lord" opposite, he will beat it violently with his right hand, creating a resounding noise that sometimes makes it difficult to catch the words he desires to emphasize. Or, standing with his heels closely pressed together, and feet spread out fanwise, so that he may turn as on a pivot to watch the effect of his speech on either side of the House, he will assume that the palm of his left hand is his adversary of the moment, and straightway beats it with his right hand with a ferocity that causes to curdle the blood of the occupants of the Ladies' Gallery. At this stage will be noted the most marked retention of his early House of Commons habit, in the way in which the orator continually turns round to address his own followers, to the outraging of a fundamental point of etiquette which requires that all speeches should be directed to the chair.

A SCOTCH WELCOME TO MR. GLADSTONE.



MR. GLADSTONE LEAVING WEST CALDER FOR HIS PARLIAMENTARY DUTIES.

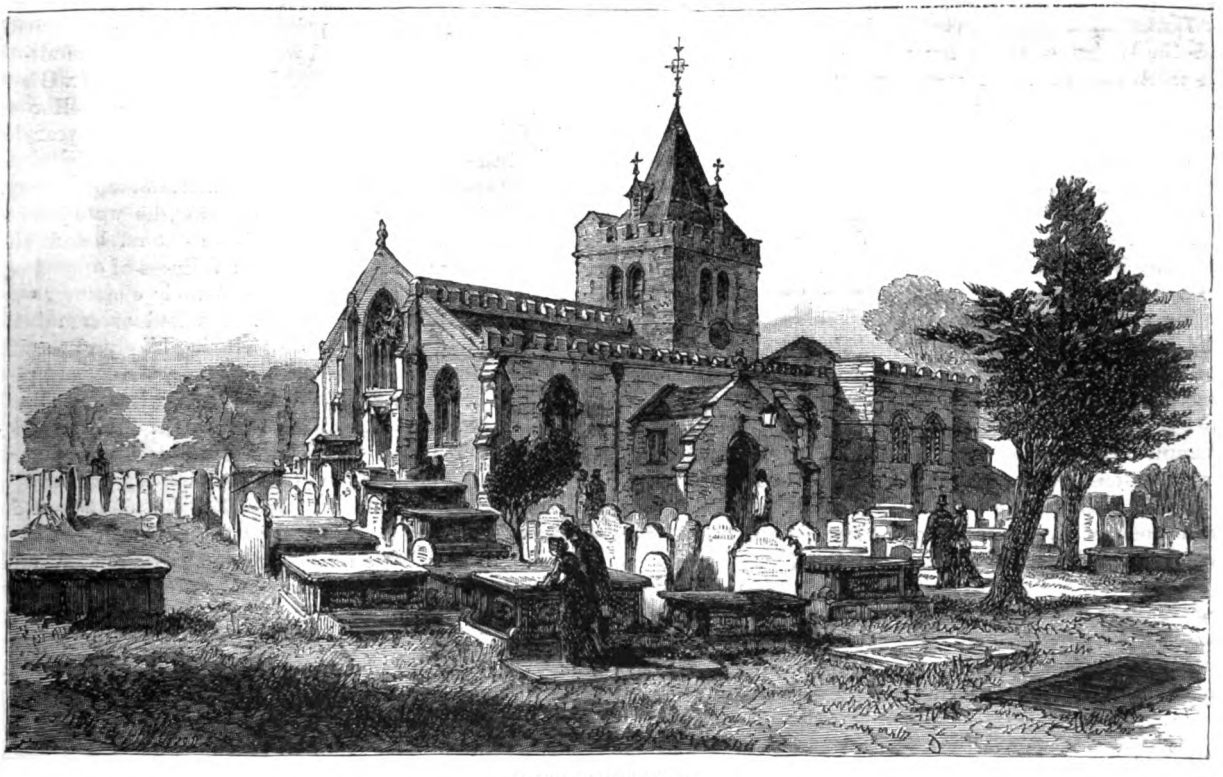
Mr. Gladstone visited Italy and Sicily in 1838. To him, who had studied so closely and lovingly the great writers of antiquity, this was "classic ground," as Italy was to Addison, who invented the phrase. He made the ascent of Etna, the volcano at the time being in a disturbed condition. With the description of Virgil fresh in his retentive memory, he was greatly interested in watching the stupendous phenomena,

and records: "We enjoyed keenly our full, clear sight of the volcanic action, and even at the moment I could not help being struck with the remarkable accuracy of Virgil's account."

A memorable and happy year was 1839 for Mr. Gladstone. On the 25th of July he married Miss Catherine Glynne, eldest daughter of Sir Stephen Richard Glynne of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire, whose ancestry can be traced for more than a thousand years. The present Hawarden Castle was built in 1752, near the older castle, which dates from very remote times. Hawarden Castle is charmingly situated on the estuary of the Dee. It was for a long time the property of the Stanley family, but after the execution of the Earl of Derby in 1651, it was purchased by Sergeant Glynne, who seems to have held the scales of justice so evenly that he was made Lord Chief Justice by Cromwell, and knighted by Charles II. the second son, the Rev. Stephen Edward, is Rector at Hawarden, the family living, and the third is engaged in commerce.

The opening of the season of 1840 was marked by a great debate on the war with China—the "Opium War." Mr. Gladstone vigorously condemned the conduct of Lord Palmerston, whom he accused of not having read the official dispatches on the opium trade, and being, in fact, culpably ignorant of the state of affairs preceding the outbreak of the war.

"Be the trade in opium what it may," he said, "be it right or be it wrong, we are now called on to give our assent to a war caused by the indolence and apathy of the noble lord." Mr. Gladstone, in this debate, for the first time crossed swords with Macaulay, then Secretary for War, who made a brilliant speech, as carefully prepared as one of his *Review* articles.



HAWARDEN CHURCH.

The entrance lodges are about six miles from Chester, and one mile from the Castle. The road through the park is open to the public, and is of singular beauty. The Castle is Tudor.

Hawarden Church is a large and very fine and well-preserved example of the architecture of the early part of the sixteenth century, though some parts appear to be considerably older. The Hawarden estates, which extend for some miles along the estuary of the Dee, contain many landscapes of great beauty; but, though easily accessible, they are little visited by artists or tourists. In the park are the remains of the ancient residence. Some of the foundations are of great antiquity. It was granted by William the Conqueror to his nephew, Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, and it conferred the title of Earl of Chester upon the royal family.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have had four sons and four daughters. One daughter died in infancy, the others survive. The eldest and fourth sons, William Henry and Herbert John, are Members of the House of Commons;

In May, 1843, the Earl of Ripon, President of the Board of Trade, died, and Mr. Gladstone succeeded to the office, and for the first time entered the Cabinet. The royal speech at the opening of the Session of 1845 contained a paragraph, not very alarming in the wording, but which led to the withdrawal of Mr. Gladstone from office: "I recommend to your favorable consideration the policy of improving and extending the opportunities for academical education in Ireland."

On the surface, it would seem strange that Mr. Gladstone, who had himself reaped so great advantage from a liberal academical education, should be averse to the extension of the system; but it was the knowledge that Sir Robert Peel contemplated affording state support to the Roman Catholic academies of Ireland that induced Mr. Gladstone to shun the responsibility of the measure. He professed that he entertained no animosity against the Roman Catholics.

"I fervently and earnestly trust that if we are to change the policy of the State, and to substitute for the

former practice of the Constitution one that gives a more indiscriminating support, that the Irish Roman Catholics will not be selected for proscription, but that they will be regarded as having a title to the favor of the Legislature upon a footing similar to that of other professions differing from the Church."

After retiring from office Mr. Gladstone gave an independent support to the Peel administration. He was not a man, however, whom Sir Robert Peel could spare long from his side. Early in the next year he returned to the Ministry as Secretary of State for the Colonies, and, what was more important, pledged to go the full length of Sir Robert Peel's Free Trade Policy, which now reached the point of the abolition of the Corn Laws. This progress necessitated the resignation of his seat for Newark, and for the whole session of 1846, and during the greater part of the next, he remained without a seat. When he returned as member for Oxford University, the Corn Law Repeal Act had been added to the Statute Book, Sir Robert Peel was relegated to the Opposition benches, and the Whigs came in for a lease of power. During the next two or three sessions Mr. Gladstone played the ordinary part of an active and vigilant member of the Opposition, participating in most of the principal debates, defending the commercial policy inaugurated by Sir Robert Peel, and increasing his reputation both in the House and in the country. The most memorable debate of this period occurred during the session of 1850, and as his share of it, Mr. Gladstone delivered the finest and the most powerful speech that he had yet made in Parliament.

The debate arose out of the affairs of Greece. The Greek Government, having refused certain demands for compensation which the English Government had made in behalf of certain English subjects, Admiral Sir William Parker was ordered to proceed to Athens for the purpose of obtaining satisfaction, failing in which, the admiral blockaded the Piræus. Palmerston, however, in a speech of five hours' duration, won the day. At its close he challenged the verdict of the House, whether the principles which had guided the foreign policy of Her Majesty's Ministry had been proper and fitting, and whether, as a subject of ancient Rome could hold himself free from indignity by saying "Civis Romanus Sum," a British subject in a foreign country should not be protected by the vigilant eye and the strong arm of the Government against injustice and wrong. "Civis Romanus" settled the matter. Who was, in the House of Commons, so rude that he would not be a Roman? Who was there so lacking in patriotic spirit that he would not have his countrymen as good as any Roman citizen of them all? The phrase carried the day. The victory was all with Palmerston. He had, in the words of Shakespeare's *Rosalind*, wrestled well, and overthrew more than his enemies.

The Winter of 1850-51 found Mr. Gladstone in Naples, and that event furnished one of the most remarkable and interesting incidents in his life. Ferdinand II. of Naples and Sicily, nicknamed "Bomba," was then on the throne. He was charged with "remorselessly shooting down rebellious subjects," and with "unparalleled cruelty to political opponents and patriots who dared to advocate the rights of humanity." Bomba was the popular nickname of the King—a nickname which preserved in the popular memory the slaughter by the royal troops in the streets of Naples. While in Naples Mr. Gladstone learned that a large number of the citizens who had formed the opposition to the Chamber of Deputies had been exiled or imprisoned by King Ferdinand, and that upward of 20,000 of Bomba's subjects (as reported) had been flung into prison on a charge of political disaffection. Mr. Gladstone visited the prisons, exploring underground dungeons, conversing with the prisoners, and witnessing their sufferings. He found that, of 140 deputies returned to the Neapolitan Parliament, 76 were in prison or exile, and that more than 20,000 other subjects of Ferdinand had been cast into prison on the charge of political disaffection. Burning with indignation, he published, in the form of a "Letter to the Earl of Aberdeen," a detailed narrative of the trials, sentences and sufferings endured by the wretched prisoners, and in scathing terms denounced the Neapolitan authorities. The publication of this letter produced an intense sensation. It circulated through Europe, and was answered by official statements which flatly contradicted his. In a second letter he corrected some errors, but held tenaciously to the main points of his story. Mr. Gladstone's efforts produced the happy effect of relieving several political prisoners, notably one Poerio, whose name at that period was in everybody's mouth.

In 1853, in the Ministry of Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone found his true place. He became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and on the 18th of April in that year he delivered the first of what has proved to be a long series of Budget speeches unsurpassed in Parliamentary history. If Mr. Gladstone had died before 1853, he would have been accounted a brilliant politician cut off before the ripeness of years had brought him fullness of opportunity. He had done great things, but their character was rather critical than constructive. He had spoken brilliantly, but had not achieved anything likely to secure him permanent fame. In 1853, however, the square peg was happily thrust into the square hole, when Mr. Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer. His remarkable ability for dealing with figures, and evolving a comprehensive scheme out of a multiplicity of details, had been already shown. In 1858 he displayed in stronger light his mastery over the science of national finance. At this epoch Lord Derby was Premier, and Mr. Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer. The latter had introduced his first Budget in an elaborate speech lasting over five hours and a quarter, and which, unless it greatly differed from all his orations of similar proportions, must have been intolerably heavy. To one listener, however, it possessed a keen and inthralling interest. Mr. Gladstone had not, up to this period, entered upon that constant attitude of personal antagonism with Mr. Disraeli which subsequent events and relative positions created. He had answered and been answered by him in the course of debate. But the House and the country had not as yet come to look with keen interest for what might follow upon a conflict between these two men, who had no possessions in common except genius. When Mr. Disraeli essayed to deal with finance, Mr. Gladstone with fierce delight sprung upon him, and gripped him so sorely that he made an end of him, his Budget, and the Ministry of which he was the prop. Lord Derby resigned, and Lord Aberdeen, being called upon to form a Ministry, invited Mr. Gladstone to take the office out of which he had driven Mr. Disraeli, a very "spectacle of humiliation."

This was the first encounter between the two great Parliamentary rivals of a generation. The debate was one of the finest of the kind ever heard in Parliament during our time. The excitement on both sides was intense. The rivals were hot and eager. Mr. Disraeli was animated with all the power of desperation, and was evidently in a mood neither to give nor to take quarter. He

assailed Sir Charles Wood, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a vehemence, and even with a virulence, which certainly added much to the piquancy and interest of the discussion so far as listeners were concerned, but which more than once went to the verge of Parliamentary decorum. It was in the course of the speech that Disraeli, leaning across the table and directing his words full at Sir Charles Wood, declared, "I care not to be the right honorable gentleman's critic, but, if he has learned his business, he has yet to learn that petulance is not sarcasm, and that wisdom is not invective." The House had not heard the concluding word of Disraeli's bitter and impassioned speech, when, at two o'clock in the morning, Mr. Gladstone leaped to his feet to answer him. Here began that long Parliamentary duel, which only knew a truce when, at the close of the session of 1876, Mr. Disraeli crossed the threshold of the House of Commons for the last time, thenceforward to take his place among the peers as Lord Beaconsfield. During all the intervening four-and-twenty years these two men were rivals in power and in Parliamentary debate, as much as Fox and Pitt had been. Their opposition, like that of Pitt and Fox, was one of temperament and character, as well as of genius, position and political opinion. The rivalry of the first heated and eventful night was a splendid display. Those who had thought it impossible that any impression could be made upon the House, after the speech of Mr. Disraeli, had to acknowledge that a yet greater impression was produced by the unprepared reply of Mr. Gladstone. The House divided about four o'clock in the morning, and the Government was left in a minority of nineteen. Mr. Disraeli took the defeat with his characteristic composure. The morning was cold and wet. "It will be an unpleasant day for going down to Osborne," he quietly remarked to a friend, as they went down Westminster Hall together, and looked out into the dreary streets. That day, at Osborne, the resignation of the Ministry was formally placed in the hands of the Queen.

The "troubled Thane, Athenian Aberdeen," of Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," found himself at the head of a Ministry of a composite character, subsequently known as the "Coalition Ministry." Mr. Gladstone grew slowly into Liberal convictions. At the time when he joined the Coalition Ministry he was still regarded as one who had scarcely left the camp of Toryism, and who had only joined that Ministry because it was a coalition. Years after, he was applied to by the late Lord Derby to join a Ministry formed by him; but it was not supposed that there was anything unreasonable in the proposition. The first impulse toward Liberal principles was given to his mind, probably, by his change with his leader from protection to free trade. When a man like Gladstone saw his traditional principles, and those of his party, had broken down in any one direction, it was but natural that he should begin to question their endurance in other directions. We find him, as his career goes on, dropping the traditions of his youth, always rising high in Liberalism, and not going back.

Mr. Gladstone's first Budget speech was regarded as "a positive curiosity of financial exposition." It was a performance that belonged to the department of the fine arts; it was the work, indeed, of a master-hand. But the best laid schemes of Chancellors of the Exchequer, as well as those "of mice and men, gang aft aglee." Not long after the delivery of the great Budget speech, it became evident that the Eastern troubles were ripening to a head, and that it would be impossible for England, with due regard to treaty obligations, to remain neutral in the contest which appeared to be inevitable. "There is a necessity for regulating the distribution of power in Europe," spoke Mr. Gladstone at Manchester, "and an absorption of power by a great potentate in the East of Europe, which would follow the conquest of the Ottoman Empire, would be so dangerous to the world, that it is the duty of Europe, at whatever cost, to set herself against the possibility of it." A few days before the delivery of this speech, Turkey had declared war against Russia, and, ten days afterward, the English and French fleets had entered the Bosphorus. Mr. Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced his determination to meet, if possible, the expenses of the forthcoming contest as they accrued by appealing to the resources of the country; in other words, by taxation, and not by resorting to the expedient of a loan from British and foreign capitalists. The general feeling of the country supported the financial policy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, described by Prince Albert, in a letter to Baron Stockmar, as "manly, statesmanlike, and honest," and the resolutions were carried. The elastic income-tax did yeoman's service, and it was largely due to Mr. Gladstone's skillful finance that England was so little crippled by an enormously costly conflict, which disorganized the industry of more than half of Europe. The miserable mismanagement, the gross incompetence, displayed in the Commissary Hospital and other departments, has thrown a hideous shadow over the Crimean War. "One man's preserved meat," cried *Punch*, "is another man's poison." A whirlwind of indignation burst over England. Mr. Roebuck, the "Sheffield Blade," in January, 1855, moved for a select committee, "to inquire into the condition of our army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of those departments of the Government whose duty it has been to minister to the wants of the army." Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone vigorously opposed the motion. The result of the division was one of the greatest surprises ever experienced in Parliamentary history, the majority against the Ministers being 157. The scene was peculiar, and probably an unparalleled one. The cheers which are usually heard from one side or other of the House on the numbers of a division being announced, were not forthcoming. The members were for a moment spellbound with astonishment; then there came a murmur of amazement, and, finally, a burst of general laughter. Thus did the "Administration of all the Talents" collapse. Sir George Cornewall Lewis succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was Sir George who said that "life would be endurable were it not for its pleasures."

In 1858 the political world was startled by the announcement that Mr. Gladstone had accepted from Lord Derby the appointment of Lord High Commissioner Extraordinary to the Ionian Islands. In one respect, the visit to the "Isles of Greece" had probably an especial charm for Mr. Gladstone. From a very early age he had given himself with imaginative enthusiasm to Homeric studies. For sixty years or more Homer has been to Mr. Gladstone what Horace was to a genial, but much inferior, man, who, in one of his best moods, said:

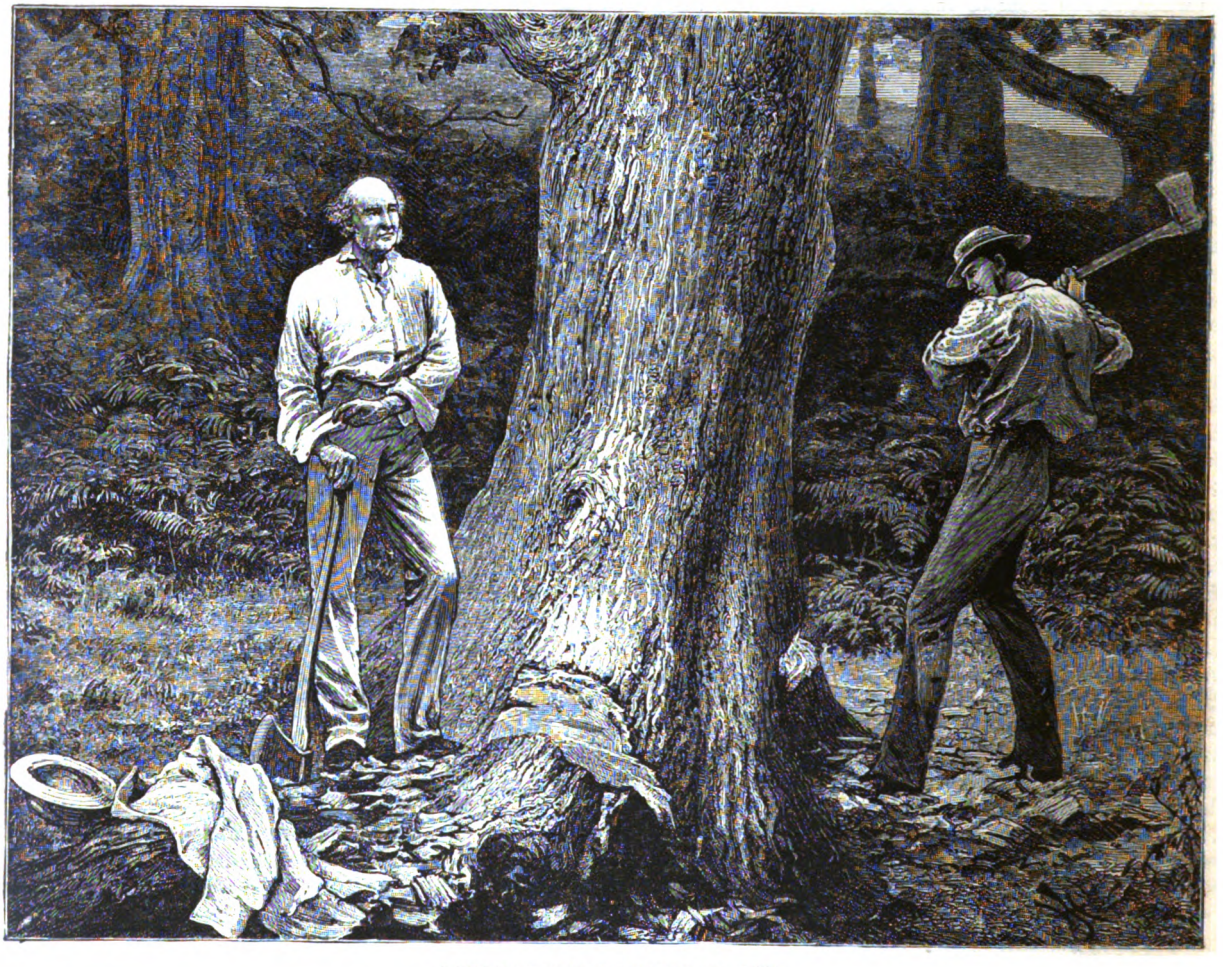
> "In childhood I prattled about him,
> In youth he was ever my charm;
> In manhood I ne'er went without him.
> In age he lies under my arm."

The year before his visit to the Ionian Islands, he had given to the world "Place of Homer in Classical Education and Historical Inquiry," and in the year of his visit, "Studies of Homer and the Homeric Age." In 1869

appeared "Juventis Mundi; the Gods and Men of the Homeric Age," and in 1876 appeared "Homeric Synchronism" and "An Inquiry into the Time and Place of Homer." But Homer is not the only classical author who has engaged the attention of Mr. Gladstone. In 1861, in conjunction with Lord Lyttleton, he published a small volume of translations, his contributions to the book including translations of passages from the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, the "Iliad" and the Odes of Horace and Catullus. Latin and Greek readings from Dante and Manzoni were added. Literature, however, is but an episode in the life of Mr. Gladstone, however much he may have desired to make it a very prominent feature. "He is always," says Emerson, "scholarly, well-informed, clear-headed and accurate, a master of all mere forms of composition; but seeming to lack the fine instinct, the emotional susceptibility, the unconscious mastery of language as an instrument of thought, which marks the really great writer. As in his oratory, so in his writings, there are fluency, force, rhetorical ornament, but little fancy, and few phrases that will live for ages in crystal clearness and epigrammatic vigor."

The year 1860 was the year which the completion of the commercial treaty with France—a fruitful tree, which Mr. Cobden and Napoleon planted, and which Mr. Gladstone watered. This same year was the last of the paper duty, the abolition of which was a final stroke in that labor for the freedom of the Press and the extension of intelligence, begun when, in his first Budget, Mr. Gladstone had made an end of the stamp duty. The Budget of 1860 is usually regarded as Mr. Gladstone's greatest achievement in finance, and the speech in which he explained it, occupying four hours in delivering, aroused as much interest as any that preceded it.

Mr. Gladstone was installed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh on the 16th of April, 1861. In October, 1862, Mr. Gladstone paid a visit to Newcastle-on-Tyne. All men's minds were then turned to the terrible Civil War then raging in this country, and whose effects were so painfully felt in Lancashire, where trade was nearly paralyzed. In replying to the toast of the day at a banquet given in his house, Mr. Gladstone made a long speech, and in referring to the Southern Confederacy, uttered a remarkable phrase, much quoted and much commented on: "We may have our own opinion about slavery; we may be for or against the South; but there is no doubt, I think, about this: Jefferson Davis and the other leaders of the South have made an army; they are making, it appears, a navy; and they have made, gentlemen, what is even of more importance—they have made a nation." These words elicited an outburst of cheering, and the speaker continued: "We may anticipate with certainty the success of the Southern States, so far as regards their separation from the North. I, for my own part, cannot but believe that that event is as certain as any event yet future and contingent can be. But it is from feeling that that great event is likely to arrive, and that the North will have to suffer that mortification, that I earnestly hope that England will do nothing to inflict additional shame, sorrow or pain upon



A HOLIDAY TASK AT HAWARDEN, 1877.

those who have already suffered much, and may probably have to suffer more."

This outspoken expression of opinion—false prophecy, as it afterward proved to be—excited much attention. Mr. Gladstone's high position in the Ministry encouraged the supposition that the sympathy of the British Government was with the Southern States; that it was prepared to recognize the Confederacy as an independent power, and that the time when it would do so could not be far distant. The "Southern Association" at Liverpool agreed to memorialize the Government for the immediate recognition of the Confederate States, and the members of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce took into consideration the propriety of presenting a similar memorial.

Mr. Gladstone has since made the frankest possible apology and retraction. "I must confess that I was wrong (this in 1867); that I took too much upon myself in expressing such an opinion. Yet the motive was not bad. My sympathies were then—where they had long before been, where they are now—with the whole American people. I, probably, like many Europeans, did not understand the nature and working of the American Union. I had imbibed conscientiously, if erroneously, an opinion that twenty or twenty-four millions of the North would be happier, and would be stronger (of course assuming that they could hold together), without the South than with it, and also that the negroes would be much nearer to emancipation under a Southern Government than under the old system of the Union, which had not at that date (August, 1862) been abandoned, and which always appeared to me to place the whole power of the North at the command of the slaveholding interests of the South. As far as regards the special or separate interest of England in the matter, I, differing from many others, had always contended that it was best for our interest that the Union should be kept entire."

It is remarkable that Mr. Disraeli, like Mr. Gladstone, believed that the Southern Confederates had practically achieved independence, and that separation was inevitble.

The year 1865 was an important epoch in Mr. Gladstone's history. Offering himself for re-election at Oxford, he was rejected in favor of Mr. Gathorne Hardy. From the Ministry he hastened to the manufacturing town, and stood before the men of Manchester, as he said, "unmuzzled." The unmuzzling process was completed by an occurrence which took place in the Autumn of 1865. Lord Palmerston died, and the pent-up flood of Liberal life rushed downward like a cataract. The time for coalitions and temporizing was past. Earl Russell succeeded as Premier, and Mr. Gladstone was named Leader of the House of Commons, still holding the ministerial office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was felt that the hour had come for the introduction of a Reform Bill; and in Earl Russell the man was naturally found. Of course the statesman who had taken a leading part in the Reform campaign of 1832 was largely responsible for the measure of 1866. But it happened that to Mr. Gladstone, as Leader of the House of Commons, fell the task of introducing the Bill, and bearing the brunt of the battle which raged around it. There were giants in those days; and the Parliamentary debates of the session of 1866 unmistakably stand out in the pages of Hansard, by reason of their brilliancy and fire. Mr. Disraeli led the united body of Conservatives in an attack upon a Bill which they regarded with holy horror, as a long advance in the way to the establishment of a democracy. But the most dangerous foes of the Liberal party were to be found within its own household. This was the year in which Mr. Lowe, fresh from the insufficient glories of a colonial legislature, made his mark in the House of Commons. The terror of the uttermost Tory was far exceeded by the apprehension with which he regarded this Bill. Speaking of Mr. Gladstone, and contemplating the probability of the Bill being carried, he exclaimed: "I court not a single leaf of the laurels that may encircle his brow. His be the glory of carrying the Bill—mine of having to the uttermost of my poor ability resisted it."

THE SAGA OF KING HJÖRWARD'S DEATH.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 655.

It was in this year that this Cave of Adullam was formed, and there was created that immortal "party of two (Mr. Horseman and Mr. Lowe) like the Scotch terrier that was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was

the head and which the tail." The debate on the second reading of the Bill lasted for some days. On the eve of the division it fell to Mr. Gladstone's lot to wind up the debate, which he did in a speech containing, perhaps, absolutely the finest peroration of the many which sparkle in the train of the infinitude of his orations. "You cannot fight against the future," he said, turning sharply upon the Opposition, and speaking in a voice where pathos struggled with exultation for the mastery. "Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onward in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—these great social forces are against you. They are marshaled on our side, and the banner which we now carry in this fight, though perhaps at the moment it may droop over our sinking heads, yet it soon again will float in the height of heaven, and will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and not a far distant, victory."

In 1868, as the result of the general election, in which he was returned for Greenwich, Mr. Gladstone was invested with supreme power, and received from the constituencies the mandate to disestablish the Irish Church. In this Parliament, beginning its labors in February, 1869, an enormous amount of work was done under the personal direction of Mr. Gladstone. The Irish Church was disestablished, the Irish land freed, the Education Act passed, army purchase abolished and the ballot established. There have been few periods in the history of England when measures of equal magnitude have been passed within this limited space of time. "The hour and the man" were both designed for the task which had to be accomplished.

Mr. Gladstone's "heroic legislation" brought on reaction. His popularity with the Whigs began to wane, and the crisis was brought on by the Irish University Bill (1873), which "offended everybody, and pleased nobody," and which was rejected by a majority of three in a House of 571 members. Mr. Gladstone resigned, but Mr. Disraeli declined to take office, so the former was reluctantly compelled to work the ship. On the 24th of January, 1874, just on the eve of Parliament assembling, the country woke up to find the Parliament was dissolved. Mr. Disraeli came into office, and Mr. Gladstone retired from the formal leadership of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. In 1876 he took a leading part in denouncing cruelties perpetrated by the Turks in Bulgaria, and in protesting against all attempts, especially by England, to bolster up the effete Ottoman power at the expense of the subject Christian races. During the next three years the Eastern question largely engrossed the attention of the political world; and Mr. Gladstone advocated the diplomatic coercion of Turkey by the concerted European powers. He also raised an energetic protest against the Government's "imperialistic" policy in Afghanistan and South Africa. In March, 1880, Parliament was dissolved, and, by the new elections, the Liberal party obtained an overwhelming majority; the most exciting contest being that by which Mr. Gladstone was returned for Midlothian. It was at this crisis that he was dubbed "The Grand Old Man" by Mr. John Parsons, a merchant of "light and leading," and, *par parenthèse*, a resident of New York—a name that will ever cling to William Ewart Gladstone.

In the wonderful series of orations delivered in Midlothian we have a superb instance of Mr. Gladstone's intellectual vigor and force of character. As a mere feat of bodily and mental prowess it stands unrivaled. A Winter journey to Scotland and the delivery of one great speech might have been considered enough to tax the energies of a man who had passed the Biblical limit of three score years and ten. But Mr. Gladstone made several speeches on his way, slight skirmishes prelusive to the campaign, and, on reaching the enemy's territory, from a secure base of operations, at Dalmeny, he gave battle, long and dire, day after day for a week together, finishing up with a few sprightly flourishings, as he gayly retreated toward the hospitalities of Taymouth. The "frame of adamant and soul of fire" were ascribed to a man of six-and-thirty, and Mr. Gladstone's achievement combines intellectual intrepidity with physical endurance. In this Midlothian campaign we have the leading feature in Mr. Gladstone's character—power of action. Mr. Gladstone's "exuberant verbosity" overthrew Lord Beaconsfield. The Queen first sent for Earl Granville and Lord Hartington, who assured her there was no possible Prime Minister but Mr. Gladstone; so, Her Majesty sent for him, and the "Grand Old Man" became Premier.

On the 7th of April, 1881, Mr. Gladstone rose to move for leave to bring in the Irish Land Bill, to which upward of 1,000 amendments were placed on the paper. It was fiercely fought in the Commons, but after thirty-two sittings went up to the Lords, who restored some of the amendments which had been struck out. The Bill went "down-stairs" once more. The Commons would not yield, and a crisis was imminent. Their lordships, however, thought better of it, and passed it as sent up from the Commons.

The struggle over the clauses of the Prevention of Crime (Ireland) Bill, the Eastern and other difficulties, we must pass over, to come to Mr. Gladstone's defeat of last year over "a moog of beer," and to his subsequent leap into office over "three acres and a cow."

With the crowning work of his life we may not deal, since at this writing the swords are being sharpened and the armor riveted for the struggle of life and death. Possessing the courage of his convictions, the "Grand Old Man" has flung down his gage of battle, and in the teeth of obstacles such as would daunt any leader of ordinary mold has unfurled the flag of "Independence for Ireland," and bears it, let us earnestly hope, onward to victory, and "Peace with Honor."

At this hour the "old man eloquent" on whom the burden of seventy-seven years sits so lightly—Statesman, Orator, Scholar, Theologian—who, over half a century ago, was the pride of his University; who, in the course of his long career, has been an example of the union of noble morality with the highest intellectual attainments, is the one prominent figure in English political life.

WEDDING IN WALES.

In the rural districts of Wales, where the shrill whistle of the steam-engine is a thing unknown, and where the heron, the badger, and the owl still glory in the solitude of the torrents and mountains, some few of the old customs peculiar to the country still exist. Among these the most conspicuous are those connected with weddings. We will begin with courtship. This pleasant duty the young Welshman sets about in this way. After having duly fortified himself with a substantial supper, he starts for the house where the lass resides. Should the inmates not have retired, he lingers about, sheltering himself where he can from the inclemency of the weather or from the watch-dog. At last every light in the dwelling has disappeared, and the young man begins operations by

throwing sand or pebbles against the girl's window to make his presence known. She appears at the window, and listens to his pathetic pleading.

Those visits will be continued weekly until the wedding. As soon as marriage is decided upon, the fact is made known to the respective parents, who consult together as to how much each side can afford to set up the young couple. It is agreed upon to have "a bidding," and then a paper is drawn up, stating particulars, of which the following is a specimen :

"DOLLAS, CAIO, *January 6th*, 1886.

"As we intend entering the matrimonial state, we are encouraged by our friends to make a bidding at the young woman's father's house, called Dollas, in the parish of Caio, on Wednesday, the 20th of January, 1886, when and where the favor of your agreeable company will be humbly solicited, and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on us then will be most thankfully received, warmly acknowledged, and readily repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion. By your obedient servants,

"ISAAC DAVIES.
"CATHERINE WILLIAMS.

"The young man and young woman desire that all bidding debts due to them be returned on the said day, also the young woman's father and mother, William and Esther Williams, and her brother, David Williams, desire that all bidding debts due to them be returned on the above day, and will be thankful, with her sister Margaret and brother John, for all additional favors granted."

An abode secured for the young pair, a day is fixed for the conveyance of their goods and chattels to the new abode ; and it is customary to invite friends to be present at the transport. This invitation is cheerfully accepted, and a procession of men and women, on foot and horseback, wends its way toward the new abode, and are all laden with provisions, such as bacon, cheese, oatmeal, etc.

Next comes the wedding-day. The friends of the bridegroom, clad in their holiday garb and mounted on their best horses, repair to the bridegroom's father's dwelling, and when all are assembled, they start together for the abode of the bride's father. There some of the riders dismount and will recite some rhymes specially composed for the occasion, requesting that the bride may be delivered over to the bridegroom. The friends of the bride make a suitable response, inviting the bridegroom's friends to enter the house and seek the bride. She coyly conceals herself at first, but, not wishing to retard the joyful ceremony by being late at church, she soon reveals herself to the seeking party, and the merry cavalcade start for the church. The father of the bride, or the person in whose charge she is, rides beside her, and as they pass some cross-road or by-lane he often makes a feint of running away with her, but a band of well-mounted young fellows soon force them to return.

These wedding parties, at times numbering no less than one hundred to two hundred persons, all mounted on frisky mountain ponies, present an animated spectacle ; and it is much to be deplored that so characteristic a custom is now rapidly dying out.

The church is at length reached, the marriage ceremony gone through, and the young couple are made one. Then the party, headed by the bride and bridegroom, sallies from the church, and, having remounted, wends its way to the house which the young folk are in future to inhabit. A happy day is spent ; gifts, in the shape of money, in response to the bidding-papers and personal invitations, are presented to the young couple ; and thus ends the merry wedding-day.

THE SAGA OF KING HJÖRWARD'S DEATH.

THE Norns decreed in their high home,
"Hjörward the King must die to-day"—
A mighty man, but old and gray,
With housing long on the gray foam,
And driving on their perilous way
His hungry dragon-herd, to seek
Their fiery pastures, and to wreak
On southern shrines with flame and sword
The wrath of Asgard's dreadful lord.

Seven days King Hjörward then had kept
His place in silence on his throne;
Seven nights had left him there alone,
Watching while the palace slept,
Wan in the dawn and still as stone.
But when they said, "The King must die,"
A shout such as in days gone by
Shook the good ship when swords were swung,
Broke from his heart and forth he sprung.

'Sword, sword and shield!" he cried, "and thou,
Haste, let the wingèd ship fly free.
Yonder there shivers the pale sea,
Impatient for the plunging prow;
I hear the shrill wind call to me—
Hark, how it hastens from the east—
'Why tarriest thou?' it cries. 'The feast
To-night in Odin's hall is spread,
They wait thee there, the armèd dead.'

"They wait me there—ho! sword and shield!
What hero-faces throng the gate!
Not long nor vainly shall ye wait.
I, too, have not been weak to wield
The heavy brand; I, too, am great;
Hjörward am I. No funeral car
Slow rolling, but a ship-of-war,
Swift on the wind and racing wave,
Bears me to feast among the brave.

"Slaves, women, shall not sail with me,
Nor broidered stuffs, nor hoarded gold;
But men, my liegemen from of old,
Strong men to ride the unbroken sea,
And arms such as befit the bold.
Arise, my steed, thou fierce and fleet,
Once more thy flying hoofs shall beat
The level way along the strand,
The hard, bright, sea-forsaken sand."

So the horse Halfi rose, and rose
The hounds that wont to hunt with him,
Shaggy of hide and lithe of limb;
And we, too, followed where repose
The dragon-ships in order grim,
Hastening together to let slip
Svjor, the dark shield-girdled ship,
That like a live thing from the steep
Fled eagerly into the deep.

Fly fast to-day, proud ship, fly fast,
Scatter the surge and drink the spray—
Hjörward is at thy helm to-day
For the last time, and for the last,
Last time thou tread'st the windy way.
The oarsmen to the chiming oar
Chant their hoarse song, and on the shore
The folk are silent, watching thee
Speeding across the wide, cold sea.

The wind that rose with day's decline
Rent the dim curtain of the west—
Clear o'er the water's furthest crest
We saw a sudden splendor shine,
A flying flame that smote the breast
And high head of the mailèd King,
His hoary beard and glittering
Great brand, in famous fights renowned,
And those grim chiefs that girt him round.

GERRYMANDER.—This term came into use in 1811 in Massachusetts, where, for several years previous, the Federal and Democratic parties stood nearly equal. In that year, the Democratic party, having a majority in the Legislature, determined to district the State anew, that those sections which gave a large number of Federal votes might be brought into one district. The result was, that the Democratic party carried everything before them at the following election, although it appeared by the votes returned that nearly two-thirds of the voters were Federalists. Elbridge Gerry was the instigator of this plan, which was therefore called Gerrymandering.

SUMMER SOWING POPPIES.

HE WAS DRIFTING AT THE MERCY OF THE WAVES, THROUGH GUSTS OF RAIN AND CLOUDS OF MIST, ONWARD, HE KNEW NOT WHITHER."

HER COUSIN LAURENCE.

By Madeline S. Bridges.

The world said of Miss Le Puyn that she had everything heart could wish. The trouble was, she had more. She had Laurence Carnegie.

He was her cousin twice removed; a quiet, decorous young fellow, with neither striking virtues nor glaring vices, but he had inherited a colossal fortune, and, with it, an idea that money was the moving power of the world. This theory he, no doubt, found practicable in most undertakings, except in the task of winning Miss Le Puyn, who had an ample income in her own right. This fact, to a cynical mind, might account for her obstinacy. But Carnegie's mind was not cynical; it was simply resolute and faithful. He could not understand why Miss Le Puyn did not want him, but he knew perfectly well why he wanted her, and, so long as she remained unmarried, he had no idea of giving up his hope and his pursuit. To say that Rose was tired of him, would be relating the situation very mildly indeed. She was bored to death, and felt at times that her luke-warm toleration was fast verging on the confines of actual dislike; and this feeling almost reached its climax when, arriving as a guest at Mrs. Carrington's seaside cottage, she found him comfortably installed before her. He was the first to hand her from the dogcart on which young George Carrington had brought her triumphantly from the depot.

"You here?" she said, curtly, without the ghost of a smile.

Carnegie looked at her tenderly, concluded she must be very tired, and offered her his arm into the house.

"I am so sorry, Lizzie—so very sorry!" she began, the moment she found her hostess alone. "If I had known Laurence was here! Why didn't you tell me? I think I shall have to go home!"

"My dear! But other visitors are coming. Colonel Dyer and the Morris's, and that artist—I never can think of his name! You needn't be condemned to Laurence."

"I needn't be, but I will be. You don't know him, Lizzie. Oh!"—with a long breath of vexation; "but then, if I *do* go away, he will only come after me! I was so rejoiced when I heard he was going out of town. Little did I think!"

"He's a good, nice fellow!" said Mrs. Carrington, warmly. "No girl, not even you, Rosa, ought to despise the love of such a man!"

"I don't despise it; I have only shown him plainly that I can't return his feeling, and he goes on in precisely the same manner. Either he doesn't believe me or——"

"Oh, he doesn't believe you," interrupted Mrs. Carrington, promptly. "A great many men are like that. They think women have whims and fancies instead of feelings and affections. But I am sorry for Laurence. He has such a strong, steadfast nature."

"If it wasn't quite so strong and steadfast," murmured Rosa, wearily, "*I* should like it more."

"But he would not be the man he is," suggested Mrs. Carrington.

"All the better," said Miss Le Puyn.

The vigor of the salt sea-breezes seemed to disperse very rapidly the vapors that had clouded Miss Le Puyn's ordinarily tranquil mind. In the morning she appeared at table with a smile for her cousin scarcely inferior to that which she bestowed on young Carrington, who, with the promptitude of his sex and age (he was seventeen), had fallen in love with her during their ride from the depot. She was only a half-way pretty woman, by-the-by. Her nose condemned her (except to a lover's eyes), but she had a great many changes of expression, and a general gracefulness of speech and movement; a magnetism, in short, that made her almost fatally attractive to those who were attracted by her at all. She liked admiration if it came spontaneously, but would not lift or lower an eyelash to excite it. When the rest of Mrs. Carrington's guests arrived, a few days later, the brightness and bloom she had gathered from the caresses of the sea air made her seem almost beautiful. Alas! for poor Laurence! Colonel Dyer and Paul Morris, and the artist, whose name proved to be McKenzie, surrounded Miss Rosa as bees cluster round a flower, and to the lot of Laurence fell Laura Morris, a natural consequence which filled him with awe. She was a vivacious, not to say rattling, young creature of thirty-five, who was studying medicine as a profession and, meanwhile, talking her fellow-mortals to the verge of the grave. She became at once *bon camarade* with Laurence, in her own sense of the term. That is to say, she took for granted that he would deem her society a boon, and delight as deeply in the sound of her voice as she did herself. Laurence submitted. He had a resolute mind, as the reader knows, but anything would be preferable just then to exile from the sight and hearing of his beloved. So he listened to Miss Morris with his ears and looked at Rosa with his soul, and the days went on.

A little way along the beach from Mrs. Carrington's cottage was a pretty villa, to whose hospitable shelter belonged a group of beautiful children. Their mother, Mrs. Ennis, a noted and incorrigible flirt, had gone to Europe for the Summer; but, if she had remained at home instead, that fact would not have guaranteed much for their comfort or safety. They were left at all times to the care of their Russian governess, a magnificent-looking young woman, who carried herself like a queen in their midst. But her subjects were very loving subjects, and clung about her in the charming impossible attitudes children, and only children, can invent. She had a proud head and face, undaunted blue eyes with long black lashes, a wealth of blue-black hair, a complexion pale and fine as ivory, and a mouth cut like Cupid's bow. Her figure and carriage were simply superb. Such startling beauty challenged at once the admiration of the loungers masculine at Mrs. Carrington's and otherwhere. Her little crowd surged about her daily in her walks with the children on pretenses more or less transparent. She had the same direct, free glance for all, the same half-laughing tolerance, that was slightly contemptuous as well. To Laurence Carnegie, meeting her suddenly for the first time as he sauntered on the sands, one morning, she seemed a new revelation in the way of womanhood. The children were walking with her. She was listening gravely to their eager talk, and, as Laurence passed, her wonderful eyes flashed straight into his. Involuntarily his hand touched his hat. She bowed, slightly.

That day, at luncheon, he learned who she was:

"The Ennis children's governess, Miss Vrina Sergins."

The other gentlemen were discussing her with considerable animation. Laurence, looking over at Rosa, merely remarked:

"She is beautiful! The most beautiful woman I ever saw!"

A deep blush covered Miss Le Puyn's face, but she smiled bravely back at him.

"You must let me have a glimpse at her, Laurence, won't you?"

"Yes, of course," he answered, vaguely.

He was wondering at Rosa's blush, and thinking it became her, and bowing his head gently to the fair Laura's eloquence, which went on at his ear, as usual, while before his mental vision the marvelous blue eyes were still flashing from their long, dark lashes.

This entrancing glance was only the first of many. Carnegie's calm and unobtrusive manner won his way for him when the most polished audacity would have failed. And then, too, the children hailed him with acclamations from the outset. They rivaled Miss Morris in their spontaneous advances of good fellowship, and splendidly distanced that good-humored personage in their inroads on his affection.

Miss Sergins, too! she seemed to turn to him with a sense of relief from the open admiration of the other men, who manœuvred for a look or smile. There was no manœuvring about Laurence — no *empressement* of manner in any way. He met her with a simple, cordial greeting, kindly as to a sister, respectful as to a duchess. His eyes were sympathetic, never eager. His voice neither lost nor gained in its modulations when he spoke to her, and yet he had called her the "most beautiful woman he ever saw."

"Confound it all, how do you manage?" McKenzie asked him, impatiently, one day. "You walk and talk with her by the hour, and, try as I will, I can't get a civil word. As for a walk or a row, you've gone ahead of the whole lot of us; however you've done it. She knows you've no end of money, is the reason!"

"I don't think it can be. I've never told her so."

"If you were an artist now," pursued McKenzie, musingly, "think what a chance it would be. Such a study! Look here; couldn't you say a good word for *me?*"

"Oh, come now, what do you take me for? A lot of good words you'd say for me, wouldn't you, in the same place?"

"It's different; *you* can afford to be generous, a fellow with wealth at his back——'

"Finds out by degrees that there are some things money can't buy," said Laurence, calmly.

"I'd like to know what sort of things they are," retorted McKenzie.

"Perhaps you wouldn't, if you were unfortunate enough to have the money. One thing is, a good woman's love, or even," he added, slowly, "her tolerance."

"You're out there, my boy," said McKenzie, firmly. "You've met the exceptional woman, that's all."

"Or women," said Laurence, smiling. "Well, perhaps I have."

And now it happened that Rosa's eyes, hitherto gently indifferent, began to follow her cousin's goings and comings with a wistfulness that was half reproachful. Her prediction of being "condemned" to Laurence fell far short of fulfillment. He was kind, polite, attentive; but she had absolute freedom as far as any persistent exhibition of devotion was concerned, and as a femininely natural result, she began to think of *him*, to study him, to wonder what arts the Russian girl had used; or was it her beauty alone that had drawn him to her side, day after day? To be sure, he was fond of children, and this beautiful, healthful Ennis brood would be charming of themselves; but was their charm sufficient to interfere so palpably with her long-established empire? Would he walk and ride and row so faithfully in the companionship of the children only? One day she tested him.

"If you are coming with us to the island cave tomorrow, you will bring your little family, I suppose?"

Her eyes challenged him archly as she spoke.

"Yes, certainly; yes," he returned, eagerly; "that is, if she will come; but you ladies have not been so impressively friendly——"

"She? Whom do you mean, Lily or Stella? Is Stella the tall one?"

"I mean Miss Sergins."

"Indeed? I was speaking of the children," said Rosa, loftily. "Miss Sergins does not constitute the family. Do you think the children would like to come—with you?"

"I could not invite them in that way," he answered, composedly, "and I am doubtful that Miss Sergins would accept an invitation."

"I was not thinking of Miss Sergins at all," declared Rosa, with an innocent air. She really believed she was telling the truth, when, in fact, she *had* thought of Miss Sergins and of no one else. Laurence regarded her with a puzzled glance.

"I don't think I understand women very well," he said, after a slight pause.

"Oh, well, do invite her if you—— I mean *we* can have no objection," Rosa hastened to make amends, "and the children will like it better, no doubt."

"Then you must invite her personally, Rosa, or Mrs. Carrington must. She is a lady," emphasizing the word.

"I couldn't," said Rosa, firmly. "Perhaps Lizzie will, but—— I don't like Miss Sergins enough to do that. Apart from her position, I mean. She is a person whom I never could care to know."

"My dear Rosa." Laurence spoke in a low, deprecating voice, laying his hand gently on her own. Rosa blushed deeply at the touch that used to make her frown, but did not withdraw her hand. "That is only because you do *not* know her. She is as good and gifted as she is beautiful. I wish you could be friends with her, if only—for my sake."

Rosa snatched her hand away; the tears were rising too quickly to her eyes. She had only time to say, with an odd laugh, "Excuse me. I hear Mrs. Carrington calling," as she turned and left him.

Carnegie looked after her in unenlightened surprise. He had spoken the truth when he said he did not understand women!

* * * * * *

There was wild commotion in Mrs. Carrington's cottage, almost equal to the storm that raged fiercely without. Rosa Le Puyn was sobbing bitterly, and clinging, now with one hand now with both, to her cousin as he tried to button his rough boating-jacket; Mrs. Carrington was expostulating in tones of fervent entreaty; McKenzie and George Carrington stood looking on, with now and then a strong volley of remonstrance to swell the chorus, and Laurence Carnegie was hurrying to make himself ready to face the storm.

"You will never come back! you will never come back! Oh, Laurence, do you mean to break my heart?" Rosa was holding him fast by both wrists, to the great detriment of his speed. "Will you still insist on going when I beg you—when *Rosa* begs you to stay?"

"You will never break your heart for my sake, dear. . and I must do what seems my duty. Isn't that right? Those helpless children and that poor girl! . . If I had gone with them, as I promised——"

"Duty? It is the act of a madman," broke in McKenzie, striding about. "It is suicide. A hundred to one the boat never reached the island at all. If the storm struck it in the channel, it would swamp in two minutes. They couldn't—the children couldn't possibly be saved. Miss Sergins might. She swims so well. And don't you see, if she *did* reach the island, she is safe there until the storm goes down."

"Imagine a woman being alone there in a storm," said Laurence, gently.

"Imagine a man being wild enough to think he could cross to her, in an open boat, on such a sea."

"Well, I have it on my conscience, Mac. Don't you know I promised to row them over this afternoon, and—— I ought to have gone to see about it, at any rate, and I must go now."

"It's all that Russian girl's spite because we didn't invite her the other day," said Mrs. Carrington, with energy. "Those foreigners would do anything for revenge. She knew very well it would storm."

"My dear woman, but what revenge could it possibly give her against *us* to imperil her own and the children's lives? Be reasonable!"

"I would have asked her on my knees," said Rosa, with redoubled sobs, "if I could have foreseen *this!* Oh, Laurence, no man, no *one* is expected to be so noble and heroic——"

"Noble!—heroic! Infernal madness!" broke in McKenzie, angrily.

The truth was he felt ashamed at not volunteering to bear Carnegie company, but heroism had not been included in the list of his virtues. The other gentlemen, Colonel Dyer and Paul Morris, had gone up to New York for a day or two and there was only George Carrington, who would much rather remain and console Miss Rosa than risk his life for other lives in which he felt but little interest.

"Well, well," said Laurence cheerfully, at last, in a tone of compromise, "let me go down to the boats, at any rate, and take a look. If it's a thing impossible to start out, why I can't, that's all. I think, after this piece of Jack Bunsby-like wisdom, you might trust me as far as the shore, Rosa."

Kindly kissing her, he broke away from her clasping hands, and, smiling, went out into the storm.

* * * * * *

"The breaking waves came up along the sand,
And round and round the sand
And o'er and o'er the sand;
As far as eye could see
The blinding mist came down
And hid the land."

And Laurence, in his light boat, was tossing on from breaker to breaker, not daring to use an oar. His strength and skill were useless. He knew it now. After long and weary struggle, he was drifting at the mercy of the waves, through gusts of rain and clouds of mist, onward, he knew not whither. He had long ago shipped the oars and was holding on by each side of the slender craft, peering out before him into the banks of vapor that crowded and surged on every side. He could not tell what length of time had elapsed since he had left the shore, or since he had drawn in the oars and given up his struggle against Fate; neither hopeless nor resigned, but desperately waiting, his brain thronged with hurrying thoughts, and every nerve at its utmost tension. The little boat, abandoned wholly to the will of the sea, made splendid flying leaps from wave to wave, like some joyous creature instinct with life. Suddenly its motion received a check; the keel grated with a sort of soft shock. Laurence sat still, while the wash of the sea again floated the boat, and again grounded it—this time more solidly. He did not wait to examine the wisdom of his impulse. He only found himself knee-deep in the water at the prow, and dragging the boat up, up, up on the slope of a firm, smooth beach. He could not see half a yard before him for the driving tempest, but he knew and thanked God that he had gained *terra firma* of some sort. It was all he cared for just then. He sat down, panting, on the gunwale and bowed his head in mute thanksgiving. Then he drew the boat up still further, stepping backward with great caution. Was it his imagination, or had the storm began to lull?—was the wind less fierce and the rain less wild? A moment more, and he knew the atmosphere had really lightened. He could see the outline of the boat quite plainly, and the white, breaking line of surge. Still, there was nothing for it but patience. He sat again on the edge of his boat and watched the hurrying, slanting sheets of rain and the sure but gradual lulling of wind and wave. Ere long his straining eyes, looking inward, found cliffs towering above him, a smooth, familiar stretch of sand, and a low fringe of rocks. By some strange chance of Fate—or was it Heavenly guidance?—his storm-tossed little skiff had carried him safely to the Island Cave.

"THE MOTHER."—FROM THE GROUP BY PERSANI.

"And so the eleven wild swans spread out their wings and took up Elsa in their midst, and flew away with her over the wide ocean. And there was a wild, wild storm—a storm like this; but Elsa was not frightened. She knew God could take care of her anywhere, and she loved her brothers so dearly, she was willing to go with them to the ends of the earth."

Laurence felt a choking in his throat. How lovely her clear voice sounded in the stillness and obscurity! They were hidden from him by a huge portal of rock; but they were all there—Miss Sergins and the children, seated within the entrance of the cave—safe and sheltered, and she was telling them a story without a tremor in her even tones.

For a moment Laurence paused, afraid to startle them by his presence; then he called out, gayly:

"Eddie, Stella," and instantly he stood among them.

Such a meeting, such a welcome. The children rushed to him with four pairs of arms open at once, only to close and cling about him. Kisses were spilt anywhere —on coat-sleeve or shirt-front, it mattered not. Last, Vrina's hands were outheld to him, and they clasped each other round his neck. Her head went down on his shoulder with a wild burst of weeping, and over and over again he kissed her hair and her velvet cheek.

"God bless—bless—bless you! Oh, you good and noble friend. You came to find us?"

"Of course I came. Is it likely I could stay away?"

"Oh, and these children—the little ones. And night was coming!"

She could say no more for sobs.

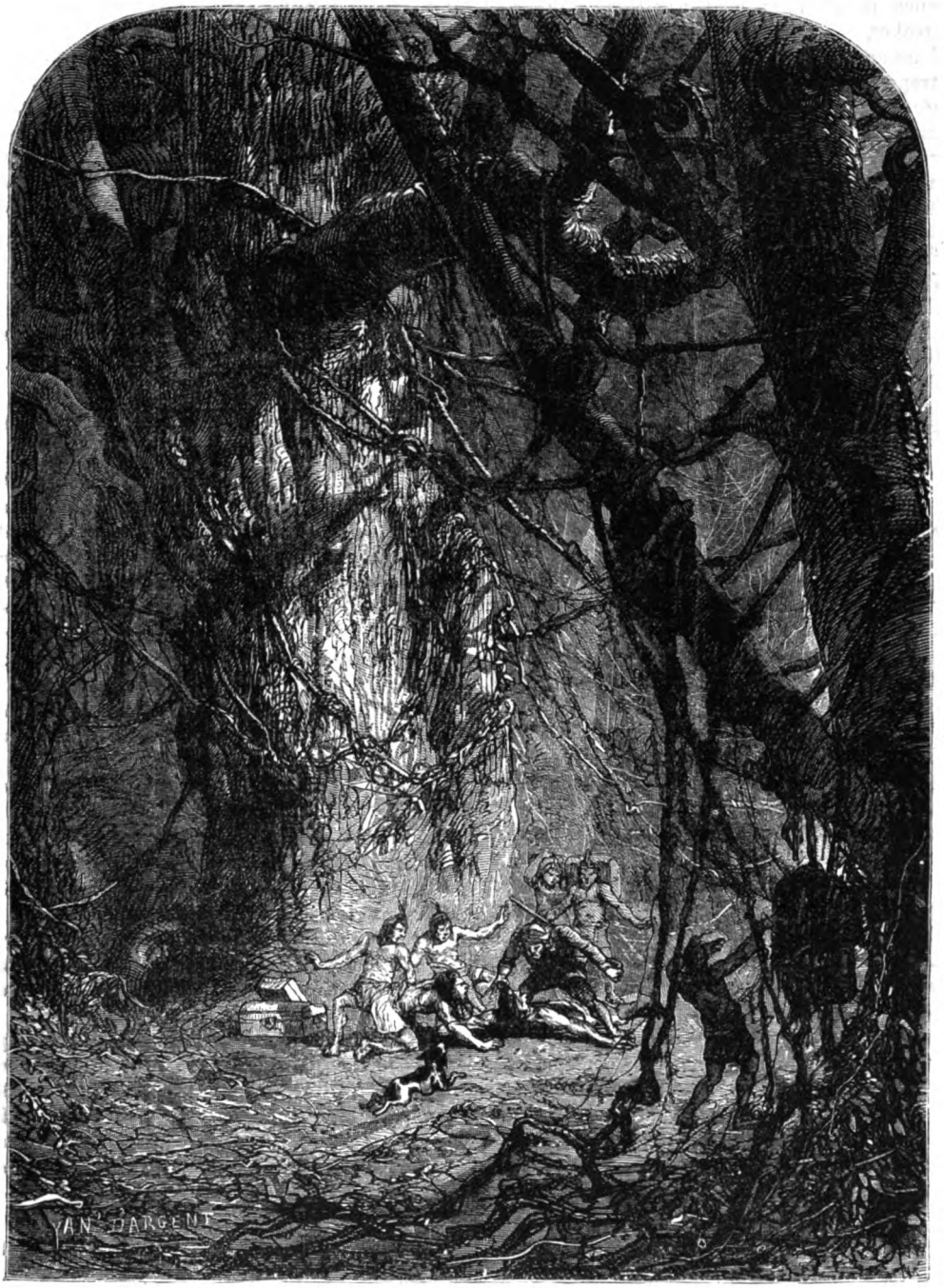
"Don't cry, don't cry!"

He was glad, in a way, though, to see her tears, they made her seem dependent and helpless, like a woman.

"No, don't cry *now*," said Stella, with the serious brown eyes. "I cried at first. We all cried except Miss Sergins. She wasn't a bit afraid. And when the lightning came, and the thunder, oh, such crashes! and we couldn't do anything but run! Miss Sergins carried May and Eddie both in her arms, and the boat is gone."

"The boat is gone?"

"It was swept away." Miss Sergins had taken her



OSCULATI'S ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AMERICA.—SEE PAGE 663.

beautiful head from its resting-place, and was standing now apart from Laurence, but still near to him. "Oh, if you had not come. Think of a long night here. I am brave, but these poor darlings! I could not be brave for them. The storm broke just as we reached the land, and it carried the boat away before I could even think. I was only so glad they were safe. It was terrible; but you came to us! You came!"

"Oh, I came," said Laurence, calmly. "That was what I started out to do. The good angels helped me through. Too bad about the boat! If the storm lets up I shall have to make two journeys to get you all across, unless McKenzie comes, or George."

McKenzie came, brave now that the danger was really over. In less than an hour the sun was setting in a clear sky, and two boats were rowing homeward across the quiet waters. They reached the other shore in deep twilight—the children, hungry and happy, went bounding up to the house with shouts of rejoicing, McKenzie rowed along the shore to his own landing, and Vrina and Laurence were left standing together under the stars.

"Good-night," she murmured, gently, as they clasped hands. The weariness of the day had made her very quiet; tears seemed still to linger in her eyes, and she lapsed into a thoughtful mood.

"Not yet," said Laurence, eagerly, but in the same low tone. "Vrina, will you be my wife?"

"Oh, why do you ask me *that?*"

She spoke quickly, impetuously, her eyes searching his through the darkness.

"Why, Vrina?"

"Yes, *why* do you ask it? Answer me out of your heart. No, don't stop to think."

"I ask because I wish it; because I think you are beautiful and good, because I believe I could make you a very happy woman."

"But not because you love," she said, joyously. "Oh, I am so glad for that! If you had loved me, how *could* I say No! So noble as you are, and worthy of the queen of women! But I am not free, dear friend. My word is given—and my heart! Tell me the truth; say it now, 'I do not love you, Vrina.'"

"I surely do love you, though," he answered, taking her head tenderly between his hands. "But there is some one else in *my* heart, too—oh, these years and years! And of late it seems hopeless. I said to myself I would give up, and try no more in that direction."

"It is the proud little cousin, is it not?" asked Vrina. "Ah, yes. I saw that in your eyes when only you looked down at her as you walked by together. But now try once again—try just once more to please me," she added, softly.

But for Laurence there was no further need of trying. As he neared the cottage Rosa came hurrying down the road to meet him.

"You are alive? You have come back to me?" she said, breathlessly. "Oh, will you forgive me, and let me love you all the days of my life, you dear, splendid hero. Is it really you?"

"It is your cousin Laurence, dear," he answered, gravely.

"Only my cousin?" asked Rosa, drawing back with sudden pride.

"Your cousin, your lover, and your slave. Yours and yours alone!"

As he folded her to his heart he felt a little conscience-stricken, thinking how very narrowly he had escaped belonging to some one else.

IN THE SUMMER-TIME.

By John Dennis.

So beautiful the day had been,
I scarce could deem that it would end;
To me it was a constant friend,
A presence rather felt than seen.

I watched the swallow in its flight,
I watched the bounding river's flow,
And caught the sun's delicious glow
Through all the sleepless hours of light.

A gentle tremor of the air
Swept the tree-tops with murmurous sound;
While, stretched upon the heathery ground,
I kissed my mother's purple hair.

And happy memories of the years
Came wafted on the Summer breeze—
Like perfumes borne from far-off seas—
Till pain was softened into tears.

It was a bliss to breathe, to move,
All thoughts of sorrow fled away;
Joy was my visitor that day,
And with him hand in hand came Love.

OSCULATI'S ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

This Italian traveler and naturalist started from Quito, June 7th, 1847, to make his way across South America. He made the acquaintance of some Yumbo Indians, whose country lay in his route, and, as they were returning to it, he hastened to avail himself of their guidance. He applied to the authorities for cargueros, or Indian porters, but it being *Corpus Christi* week, none of these gentry wished to lose the sight of the great procession. He finally got a few by threats, and started with as discontented a party as can be imagined. In his eagerness to overtake his Yumbos he made them travel on Sunday, and thus increased their disgust.

One day they raised a shout, "A dead man!" There lay in their path what seemed a corpse. Osculati ran up, and, raising the head by the scalplock, recognized one of his Yumbos, who, attacked with dysentery, had been abandoned by his comrades, and had lain down to die, after hanging his burden on a neighboring tree.

Osculati did what he could for the poor creature, but he was nearly if not quite dead. Fear now added to the alarm and discontent of his guides, and Osculati seems to have had no tact in winning them.

Although he killed a fine bear, which supplied them with fresh food, they would not carry or cure it. A few days after, while searching for a ford, they all abandoned him but one, who, being within shooting distance, promised faithfully to remain with him. He returned to his camp to find all his packs open and plundered. He was left alone. His only companion promised to take a letter to the Governor of Archidona, but, without waiting for it, escaped at the first opportunity, carrying off all the provisions.

Osculati was now in a terrible strait. He was between Baeza and Archidona, more than three days' journey from each; but in a pathless forest, how could he reach either? He gathered up a few biscuit that remained, and some half-eaten bits of bear-meat. A rain such as falls in the tropics kept him a prisoner for some days in the little hut, or tambo, the Indians had put up beside one of the gigantic trees. The river rose near him, sweeping all before it. He prepared for death: drew up an account of his misfortunes, addressing it to the

President of the Republic, and put it in a waterproof covering on the top of a pole planted in the earth. On the eleventh day the waters had returned to their old channel, and he set about his plans. The River Condachi could not be more than two days' march, and if he could reach this and build a raft, he must reach Archidona. Covering up his most valuable packs, so as to escape beasts or Indians, he started, but, attenuated with hunger and malaria, in endeavoring to cross the river, lost his pistols, and most of his little stock of provisions. He then set out to return, if possible, by the path he had taken in coming. He fortunately, on the second day, reached a cabin where his cargueros had halted. Encouraged now by hope, he plodded on, his feet bruised and swollen, his whole body torn with thorns and brambles. At last he gave up in despair, and lay down to die, when the crowing of a cock filled him with new hope.

Rallying his strength, he pushed on toward the sound, and, after a short distance, came upon a tambo. The Indians ran from him as from a spectre, but he staggered into the hut, and, falling down, cried for food.

The good Quixos at once attended to his wants. His faithless carriers had brought back word that he had died in the woods.

With faithful guides and carriers, he set out once more, and at the spot where he had suffered so greatly found three men waiting for him, who had been sent by the Governor of Archidona. He reached it with his precious collections, and in the warm hospitality of Don Clemente Guerrero forgot all he had suffered in his wanderings in the wilderness of Ecuador.

SOMETHING ABOUT CHESS.

Various interesting accounts are given of the origin of this game. Some Hindoo legends relate that it was invented by the wife of Ravanen, King of Lanca, or Ceylon, to amuse her husband with an image of war, when Rama, in the second age of the world, was besieging his capital.

According to another account, the occasion of this invention was as follows:

Behub, a young and dissolute Indian prince, oppressed his people in the most cruel manner. Nassir, a Brahmin, deeply afflicted by his excesses and the lamentations of his subjects, undertook to recall the tyrant to reason. With this view, he invented a game, in which the King, impotent by himself, is protected only by his subjects, even of the lowest class, and frequently ruined by the loss of a single individual.

The fame of this extraordinary invention reached the throne, and the King summoned the Brahmin to teach him the game, as a new amusement. The virtuous Brahmin availed himself of this opportunity to instill into the mind of the young tyrant the principles of good government, and to awaken him to a sense of his duties. Struck by the truths which he inculcated, the prince conceived an esteem for the inventor of the new game, and assured him of his willingness to confer liberal remuneration, if he would only mention his own terms. Nassir demanded as many grains of wheat as would arise from allowing one for the first square, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, doubling for each square of the sixty-four on the chessboard. The King, piqued at the apparently trivial value of the demand, desired him, somewhat angrily, to ask a gift more worthy of a monarch to bestow. When, however, Nassir adhered to his first request, he ordered the required quantity of corn to be delivered to him. On calculating its amount, the superintendents of the public granaries, to their utter astonishment, found the demand to be so enormous, that not Behub's kingdom only, but all Hindoostan, would have been inadequate to the discharge of it. The King now admired the Brahmin still more for the ingenuity of his request than for the invention, appointed him his Prime Minister, and his kingdom was thenceforward prosperous and happy.

The claim of the Hindoos to the invention has been disputed in favor of the Chinese, but as they admit that they were unacquainted with the game till 174 years before Christ, and the Hindoos unquestionably played it long before that time, the pretensions of the latter must naturally fall to the ground.

LORD HALIFAX AND ADDISON.

Budgel gives an account of a conversation between Lord Halifax and Addison, at which he himself was present. It happened a little before they went to wait on George I. at Greenwich, at his first landing after his accession to the throne. Lord Halifax told them that he expected the White Staff, and intended to recommend Mr. Addison to the King for one of the Secretaries of State.

"Mr. Addison, I believe," says Budgel, in his account, "very sincerely told his lordship that he did not aim at so high a post, and desired him *to remember that he was not a speaker in the House.*"

Lord Halifax briefly replied, "Come, prithee, Addison, no unseasonable modesty. I made thee Secretary to the Regency with this very view. Thou hast the best right, of any man in England, to be Secretary of State; nay, it will be a sort of displacing thee, not to make thee so. If thou couldst but get over that *silly sheepishness* of thine, that makes thee sit in the House and hear a fellow prate, for half an hour together, who has not a tenth part of thy good sense, I should be glad to see it; but since I believe that is impossible, we must contrive as well as we can. Thy pen has already been an honor to thy country, and will be a credit to thy King."

The well-known modesty of Addison is confirmed by this conversation; but Lord Halifax was too partial to his friend, when he supposed him endowed with the talents of a statesman.

The now common word "atone" is not used in the Authorized Version of the Bible, though "atonement" occurs frequently. "Attack" is not used by Shakespeare, and does not appear to have originated earlier than 1600. "Bathos" was made an English word for the first time in 1727, when Pope adopted it as the title of a treatise, to parody Longinus.

Once at Marie Antoinette's private theatre, the little comic opera of "Rose and Colas" was performed by the Royal Family and Court. The Queen played in it; and just as she finished one of the songs, a sharp hiss was heard. The spectators looked at each other in surprise; but Marie Antoinette, who felt at once that in all the crowd of grandees and courtiers there was but *one* person who would venture to take such a liberty, came forward to the front of the stage, and addressed herself to the King. After saluting the audience: "Sir," said she, "since you are not satisfied with my singing, if you will take the trouble to step out, your money shall be returned at the entrance." A thunder of applause greeted this sally, in which the King joined most heartily.

A BEDOUIN TRIBAL POETESS.

By A. L. Rawson.

In the Summer of 1874 I spent a few weeks among the Bedouins of the Adwan tribe, who then occupied the uplands of Moab, east of the Dead Sea. If you intend to stay more than three days among Arabs it is necessary to have a protector from among them, usually one named by the sheik. Mine was the sheik himself. Mishaya was the young sheik of the Nimmers (panthers), and had been recommended to me by Mr. Clermont Ganneau at Jerusalem, and also had been joined to me in the bonds of the secretbrotherhood, which is a sure protection, even among the most warlike and savage tribes. Soldiers or guides may be frightened or bribed to betray, and money may cause envy and contention among avaricious and jealous neighbors, but the fidelity of a sworn brother—"an Arab son of an Arab," never fails.

ALEE DEEB ADWAN.

As is the custom, Mishaya (Michael) gave me a new name on that trip, calling me Croo (brother), except when he spoke of me to another Bedouin, when he used the word Raehel, meaning traveler. After seeing my sketches the people spoke of me as Aboo Shaba (father of likeness). Some, who were more superstitious than others, and therefore afraid of having likenesses of themselves made, called me Aboo Sowwad, or Um Sowwad (father or mother of repetition), derision or contempt seasoned with a wholesome awe, which kept them at a respectful and safe distance.

The tents of the Nimmers, thirty in number, were pitched in the valley that leads from Arak el Emeer (palace of the prince) down to the Jordan Valley, near the Dead Sea, called Wadi Seer, and near the hill and ruin of Kefrein. We arrived at his shig (men's part of a tent—from shaja, tree) soon after sunset, and found the women busy preparing supper for us, for a messenger, sent in advance, had given notice of our coming. They flitted about the fire of dried grass like the witches in "Macbeth," who dance around the caldron; but what they gave us to eat was delicious. Our appetites had been sharpened by a ride of twenty miles in a broiling sun, fording the Jordan, and a fast of nine hours.

While chatting with Mishaya and his friends under the shig, I inquired how it was that the circle of tents of his tribe only numbered thirty (talatteen)?

"You must know that the Nimmers separated from the Diab (wolves) only a few years since. It was a family quarrel; a little difference between my uncle Alee and myself. We are friends while living apart, but might have become enemies if we had remained in one camp. Those who came with me held that I was right; those who staid in the circle of the Adwan are friends of Alee, right or wrong."

"Who was the woman in the case?"

"More than one woman was concerned, but the original cause of the trouble was a love-match, without the knowledge or the permission of the parents, of my cousin Ishawk and Noorah (the flower), a half-sister of Feddah the Makelled, daughter of Alee Diab (the wolf). Alee had betrothed her to a son of Fendi el Fayz, the Sakkur (hawk), and the dower named was one thousand

THE POETESS RECITING THE GLORIES OF THE TRIBE.

(wahetala) Turkish pounds ($4,000). The lovers were my cousins, and I aided in their elopement, lending horses and a dromedary. When Alee saw that the girl and his share of the dower were thin as the mist of the early morning, he became furious, and sought me out as the convenient victim of his spite. He charged me with advising in the whole matter of sending them to the camp of Sheik Goblan (the tiger), who is Alee's brother, but whose material interests are his own. I admitted the charge and pleaded that my father always insisted that Alee stole his six brides, and did not pay a piaster of dowry. He then became frantic, and my friends and I left his camp. When we had pitched our tents in this valley my cousins came to us, and that is their tent next to mine to the south (right or jamin). Those are his children now dancing with mine around the fire. His Noorah and my Jereed (palm) cooked the supper."

"I see as many as six or seven children of various ages. Are they boys or girls?"

"You may well inquire, because we dress our children all alike and allow them to play together until they are seven years old, when the sexes are separated. Our coffee is ready and my little Neesh (apricot) brings it. You may like both sugar and milk in yours; I prefer sugar only. We shall taste a morsel of kid in a moment, for I smell its fragrance. Let us eat and be merry to-night, for to-morrow Feddah, the daughter of Alee Diab, will come to invite the Nimmers to the tribal assembly of the Adwan. She will be the guest of my Jereed, but Noorah, whom we now call Seebah (morning), because she eloped at the time of the first appearance of the mare's tail (first streak of light), will be also here to welcome her. Alee says she should be named Hareek, because she kindled a fire of quarrels in his camp, but he will welcome her at the assembly, and he will greet me also, and would not refuse even an enemy, for such is the custom. Many messengers have been sent to neighboring tribes, and there will be a host of notables. Your eyes will be delighted — the heroes and the princes of the Belka meeting under Alee Diab's shig to hear the tribal legends recited by the Makelled (poetess-histrion) Feddah. She is talented, skillful, and, although only twenty (ashareen) years old, so diligent have been her teachers, the late poet-histrion (Meschra) and her grandfather, Alee Deëb Adwan, that she is regarded as the best informed of her class in all the Belka region south of Es Salt. Her voice is like the music of song-birds, her manner bewitching as the flitting gazelle. She is very spirited during a recital, and the Arabs are spellbound, are captive, enslaved, intoxicated by the distilled honey of her lips. There is a great treat in store for you, for it will be a memorable night."

We wrapped our heavy black camel-hair cloaks about us, lay down a little way from the tent to rest, and, after listening for a few moments to the causeless yelping of the dogs, slept soundly until roused at daybreak by the cry of the watchmen who welcomed Feddah and her companions—two young men and a maid.

My toilet was soon made, for we had slept in our clothing, and a bright boy of about ten years poured water over my hands and chatted while I washed my face and hands. Feddah was a princess, daughter of the great prince, sheik of the Adwan, and her son would be sheik by right of birth. She was not married, and the dower was fixed at the sum of arbahalaf (4,000) Turkish pounds ($16,000). I thought it not a high price for a real live princess, as she might be worth many times that sum in the United States as a star actress. So I said to myself, If she is handsome — and the boy chippered away—beautiful as a young roe, and lovely as a rosy morning cloud, she sings her legends and her hearers are ravished. If some young Bedouin prince happens to hear of this stray flower from the Garden of Paradise, and he has the requisite treasury, he will be in danger of losing his head. Whether he ever loses his heart is another thing, because Bedouins, like all sensible people, do their courting after marriage. The young people so seldom see each other before marriage that love matches are infrequent. Cupid goes it blind in the Desert, or, as the lawyers say, shoots "on information and belief," but on the whole doing a successful business. If the match is not to the master's mind, he tries again, and adds one more to the women's side of the tent.

Some of our puzzled statesmen should endeavor to solve the divorce problem by importing a few Bedouins as missionaries, to teach the science of domestic harmony and conjugal felicity. Marital fidelity is the rule, the custom, and a part of the Bedouin creed. Their example would certainly be beneficial in all sections save only in Utah. It might work well in New England, where the churchyard offers many cases in which there is one patriarch to three, five or more wives. Of course there was the legal interval between the different occupants of the kitchen, washhouse and dairy, and the Bedouin would ask if it would not have been a great relief to the first wife if the others could have come in and helped her while alive.

I expected to be introduced to the Princess Feddah at breakfast-time, but Bedouin etiquette nipped that in the bud. The cakes of pounded wheat, thin and flexible, about a foot across, circular, were baked on a copper pan, under which dried grass was burned. Two young women in blue nightgowns, with their heads wrapped in large vails of colored cloth, exposing only one eye, did the honors. One of them turned the cakes, and when ready brought each on the point of a dagger, and on her return to the fire she whispered to her companion. I suspected she was the princess. "Who knows?" answered Mishaya.

"That is what puzzled me. I wish to know, and came to Moab on purpose to learn many things, and was referred to you as a fountain of information."

"The curious soul often defeats its purpose. Be patient. We have two ears and one mouth, and yet the eyes gather most. The harem cannot keep its clatter out of the shig. Secrets and gossip, like the seeds of thistles and of weeds, travel with the wind when ripe. The princess was expected here this morning; a new face appears among the maids. No one in his senses would expect her among the old women; I have said."

And I was informed and admonished to use my eyes more and my tongue less. The princess was here, and she had been serving me with hot cakes and hotter glances while I had been sleeping with only one eye open. She had taken the place of a servant on purpose to steal a glimpse of my face, so I continued talking quietly to Mishaya, and pretended to suppose she was one of the maids, or a slave. I could see that she was pleased at my seeming indifference, and lingered now and then a moment to catch a word or two, and made many inquiries about our wishes for more cakes or coffee, more sugar or milk. These attentions she continued all through my inquiries about the probable site of the hot baths of Herod's time, named Callirehoë. I asked if it was convenient for us to visit them.

Mishaya said there were two places where the hot springs were very copious; "one near our camp, and the other in the Zerka Maïn, eight or ten miles to the south.

where there are no remains of houses other than those of a small tower and a few cisterns. But in the place called Nimrim there are many ruins of houses, walls, cisterns and other works. Herod would have been more likely to have halted at this place rather than endure the fatigue of another day's journey. We will visit Nimrim, and your eyes must do the rest. We know little of these antiquities. They are only heaps of stone. We have little or no use for them. Evil spirits hang about them, and it is not well to frequent them alone."

Feddah seemed interested in the conversation, and became very officious toward its close, and seemed to drink in his words about the spirits.

When we had been served, the cakes were baked for the women, and I noticed that the one who oftenest came to the fire wore a blue headcloth without a fringe. Feddah's had both a border and a fringe in red, yellow and blue, but that was not again exposed to the smoke on that morning. Mishaya said, quietly, when he saw that I noticed this point, "The *woman* is satisfied; we must wait a while to see what the *princess* wishes." His face had been as immovable as wax during the breakfast scene; but when Feddah retired for good to the women's side of the vail it changed, and was full of roguish expression. He enjoyed the study in human nature as well as I did.

When I hinted that I expected an introduction to the princess, he said:

"Ah, you don't know our custom. She will return to her father's tent. He alone, while he lives, has the right to lift her vail to a stranger. She, with her escort, will leave an hour before sunset, and we, with the other guests from the camp of the Nimmers, will follow in the rear, and all will meet within the circle of the tents of Sheik Alee Diab."

That was a lively scramble up narrow, rocky defiles, and across the broad upland plain, and a merry one, for every one seemed chipper and witty. The princess was a good rider, and at first sat on her mare with care and dignity, but as the party seemed to warm up to the spirit of a race, she changed her style of riding to man fashion, and led the troop in a wild canter. My mare was not to be left far behind, and rushed ahead with the rest without whip or cord. I had been taught how to guide her by the voice, and even a few hours on her back had made her accustomed to my broken Arabic. But I found it safer to let her have her own way, except to say when and where to halt or take this or that path. When I spoke she always recognized it, and answered by a motion of the head or an ear, or a proper change in gait or direction. There was no bridle, only a small rope halter. Being dressed entirely in Bedouin garments, I was much surprised at hearing a passing Bedouin say in a scornful tone, "Nessrani" (Christian). It must have been my pale face, which, although deeply sunburnt with seven months of exposure, was yet of a much paler tint than the lightest among the Bedouin men. Some of the women were as light, but it was a mixture of olive and pink. But the most biting of all was my reception by the six-year-old Nimmer boy, who asked me in all sincerity if I was really a Bedouin or a Christian dog in disguise. That settled me.

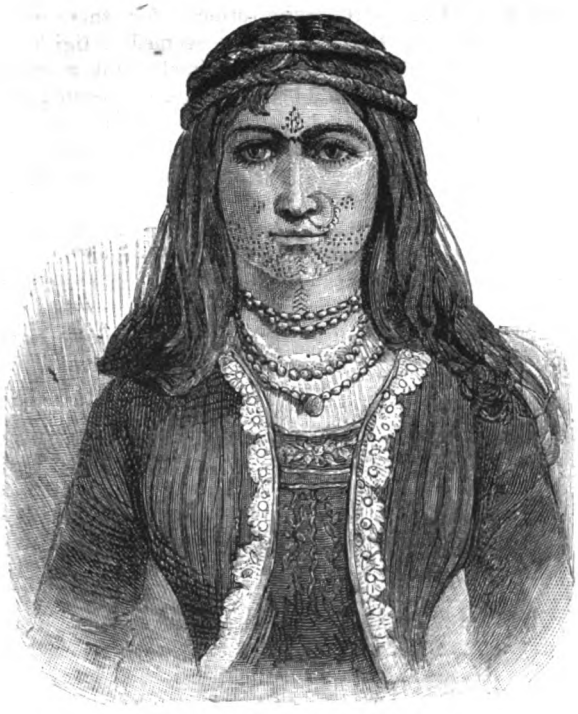
When a short distance away from Sheik Alee's shig, we saw what seemed to me a free fight going on, and I asked Mishaya if it was etiquette to intrude, and he smiled and said it was only a little play on account of a visit of a Turkish revenue officer, who proposed to collect a tax. We are safe if our ears are well fastened on. It is all words. The winds blow now, and there is a lively breeze, but in a short time we shall see the tail of the Effendee's horse (the rascals all ride horses) disappear over the ridge toward Es Salt, and I am sure his pockets will be in danger of bursting with silver. The Diab are not generous, and the Nimmers are in no mood to excite the envy of the Tigers in blessing our worst enemies."

When the discouraged official asked for a guide to the camp of the Sakkurs, Mishaya volunteered to supply one, and sent one of his trusty young men with orders to take him on a long sweep around the valley in which the Nimmers and Tigers were encamped, so as not to excite his cupidity by a sight of their tents. "Guide him safely to the tents of the Banee Sakkur, who are rich, numerous, and prefer to pay tribute rather than fight. As for us," he said, "we had much rather fight than eat. When the detested (radel) is safely on his way we shall feel relieved."

Alee sent his young men to bring some kids and calves for a feast in honor of the invited guests. The animals were brought and killed near the shig, in full view of us all, and a rousing fire of dried grass was made in a hollow place lined with stones for roasting the calves, while the kids were cooked in a separate place.

The usual feast followed after about two hours. The only light we had was supplied by occasional supplies of dry grass to a fire on a heap of stones, which flared up for a few minutes at a time and left us in deeper gloom between times. The fitful gleams were, however, sufficient to give glimpses of the faces and forms of the people, the assembled nation of the Adwan with their invited guests, seated or lying on the ground, or squatted on carpets under or near the shig. The women sat in groups, the greater number being near the women's quarters of Sheik Alee's tent. During the feast every tongue seemed to be going at once, and at high pressure speed, and in a high key, while every animal in the circle seemed inspired to join in a sort of chorus obligato. Under the shig there was a deafening din, the parties being illumined by a single oil lamp of very primitive pattern suspended to the centre pole of the tent. Mishaya said it was a hearing by Sheik Alee of a case of two contestants over the value of a camel killed by one of them in a passion, and that the parties had argued their case, and Alee had decided. There was quiet under the shig for a moment, and then a little buzz on one side, when Sheik Alee put his hand on the hilt of his sword. The whispering ceased, and soon the litigants rose and departed. They were not invited to the feast.

Soon after their departure Sheik Alee announced that the hour had arrived for reviving in a public and magnificent manner the memory and the fame of their ancestors by hearing a recital of the national legends, which were worthy of everlasting preservation. The sheik waxed eloquent. "We are the people; the most favored, the most prosperous. We are not craven and cowardly, like the Banee Sakkur (sons of hawks); we are not cringing, as are the dark Banee Wadeeyeh (sons of the valley—*i.e.*, Jordan), who are eaten up by fear of the ghouls and afreets that live in the ruins of that ancient city of the moon (Jericho); nor are we soulless, as are the Banee Obayd who infest the fair slopes and rich valleys near Es Salt. It is well known that in all the world no people have finer cattle or more famous mares. The voices of the great and glorious dead, so long silent in the underworld, will be reawakened in our ears this night by the Makelled of the Adwan, who is learned in the tribal legends, and is very proficient in our national lore. Her gifts in recital are not surpassed in the known world (of



THE DAUGHTER OF ALEE DIAB.

Adwan Arabs, I suppose he meant). Let there be silence and respectful attention. Open your ears; feast your eyes and gladden your hearts with the music of her voice, in which you will recognize those tones which have distinguished us from other tribes from the time of our Father Abraham to the present. Feddah, come into the presence. Diab, Adwan, sons of Arabs, behold your histrion!"

The order was strictly obeyed, and I could hear my watch in my pocket tick, and even the cattle were silent for a moment. The animals had all been driven into the end of the circle, or ellipse, furthest from the shig, and left in care of the dogs, for the shepherds and watchmen were anxious to be with the multitude.

Feddah appeared. Her name means silver, but she was a nut-brown maid. She might have had a silver-toned voice when younger, but the tones were then full, rich and musical. The maids threw bundles of fuel on the flames, and the sudden glare revealed a beautiful and impressive picture. Her tall, well-rounded form was no longer hidden by a blue gown from neck to heels, as she appeared in the *rôle* of cook in the morning, but was robed in a rich red silk, with very long sleeves, nearly touching the ground, and around her waist was a handsome bright-colored shawl; over her head was a light, gauzy scarf, with gold and silver threads woven into its silky texture, which hung down to the waist at her back, when its fringes and tassels were not fluttering in the breeze. She had many strings of beads and other ornaments around her neck and across her breast. Four or five bracelets were on each wrist, and three to five rings on each finger. On her forehead was bound a large cluster of jewels and gold, with many pendants of pearls and diamonds. But the ornament which was more precious and peculiar than all others was a ring of silver, about two inches across, set with five pearls and a small ruby, and which was fixed in the right side or wing of the nose. This vision of a peri escaped from Paradise was but dimly seen in the fitful gleams of the grass fire, but I was favored by an opportunity to make several sketches in pencil and studies in water-color on the following days of my stay in Moab, when we were not out ruin-hunting.

The first "piece" of the evening, after the fine and manly opening by the sheik, was of course by the princess, the Makelled, Feddah the gifted. Its topic was the antiquity of the Adwan; their continuity of existence, as proved by their unbroken line of genealogy from "Our Father Abraham" down, and their renown, as appears in the accounts of many wars and unnumbered victories over their enemies. I can give but a bare notion of the character of that poem, for a literal translation would seem very bare, and a freer version is very unlike the original, which was terse, few in words, and every sentence was complete in itself, in a single line. I give a few lines of the beginning. The entire poem had about two hundred lines:

HEROIC POEM.

"Oh, chosen and favored sons of Father Abraham;
Sons in whom the High One delights,
From generation to generation he speaks to us;
His voice is never silent among his people.
Our Powerful One preserves us in the day of battle;
And He leaves us not to perish beneath our foes.
His strong right arm He bares for war;
In the fierce battle He moves with power."

* * * * * *

"Extolled be the names of our illustrious fathers;
The renowned ones who have preceded us."

The recitation of the poem was frequently interrupted by applause, and seemed to give entire satisfaction to the people assembled. The applause consisted chiefly in shouts of Meleeh, meleeh (good, good) from the Bedouins, and of Tayeeb (good) from the fellaheen, with

SHEIK ALEE DIAB.

an occasional Zane (good) by some Arab from Algiers or Tunis. At the conclusion of the poem, Feddah retired into the harem, and a babel of voices sprung up by general consent. Alee opened his heart and his treasure-chest at the same instant, or we may not have been treated, as we were, to a cup of delicious coffee. Both boys and girls assisted in passing the fragrant drink about among the people, who sipped and grunted their thanks in a grand and grateful unison.

After a rest of a few minutes the princess again appeared and recited an exploit of arms, in which one Assayad (the happy) was described as the invincible in war, and the unequaled in athletic feats. That was followed, after a short interval, by a poem in a very smooth rhythm, having rhymes in the middle and at the end of every line, and it was sung to a melody that was peculiar and pleasing. The subject of the poem was the misfortunes of two lovers, who were persecuted and hunted like wild animals by those who should have felt compassion for them and protected them from harm, and their final escape from their tormentors and a peaceful life in another camp. The people cried all together at its close, "Good, good! Happy Makelled! Gifted princess! beautiful Feddah!" As the name of the persecuted maid was Ayeeshah, I asked Mishaya if it referred to the young wife of the Prophet Mohammed.

"Hush! we are not Mohammedans, and this is a time above all others, at our national assembly, when such detestable subjects should not be even mentioned. Mohammed was the prophet and leader of a few Arabs of the cities; he had very few followers among the roving Bedouins, and has none now. Those who pretend to have the faith merely do so to escape annoyance from their oppressors. The High Father Abraham is our father, or leader, and we know no other who is worthy of our reverence."

"How is it that you do such reverence to the Jewish patriarch?"

"We have no knowledge of the Jews' Abraham. We are not Ishmaelites. They live in the south toward Egypt. Our Father Abraham is the father of our people. The high father over all—the father of multitudes. The name Ayeesha means life. Aysh is Arabic for life, and the popular poet attributes all the virtues to her as to an ideal woman, the pattern for her sex."

The national assembly of Arabs would have been incomplete without distinct mention of the horse and his better half, the mare. Already during the former recitals I had noticed the names which are applied to the horse or the mare, such as dood, doodah; hassana, fersa; chreel and khail, with many others, for there are a great number, and that the people seemed delighted at every mention of their favorite animal; but a special effort in praise of the noble beast is always expected, and it was made by Mahmood Ganem (the sheep), who was introduced by Sheik Alee as "an Arab, the son of an Arab, and the sheik of the tribe of Kharoof (the sheep), whom we call Kateesh (sheep)."

Mahmood's manner was very dramatic, and delighted the audience, who encouraged him frequently. His "piele" was repeated to me some days later by Mishaya, and a sketch of it is given here.

FEDDAH, THE POETESS-HISTRION.

Sheik Aboo Gazeer (father of plenty) was the owner of many cattle, horses, mares, camels, sheep and horned animals (beheena), and he was lord of the slopes to the left hand (north) of Wadi Zerka Maïa. One mare was his special favorite. Her pedigree was more precious than the hairs of his beard, and twice as numerous in names. Her wonderful deeds in the way of skimming over the plains, or picking her way among loose stones in a crooked river-bed at night, were the common talk of the tribe. On a certain day, when the Hen and Chickens (Pleiades) are in the east (Summer), about the tenth hour, Aboo Gazeer was returning with her from a visit to the Ayoon Moosa, where his shepherds were watering their flocks, when the mare was frightened by something, and made a tremendous leap, took wing, as it were, and flew away from the danger. Aboo Gazeer, thinking about the leap, and feeling curious to know the exact length of it, returned to the place and measured the ground by stepping over it, finding the leap to be fully thirty-six feet (tamanatash hoosh). After that, in his estimation, his mare held the highest position, and there was not silver enough in the Belka to tempt him to part with her.

The Tayeebs were numerous—almost unanimous—but when they subsided Alee Diab fairly shouted for Feddah, and, when she appeared, called for the legend of the "Famous Mare of Sheik Aboo Akeed."

Feddah was tired, but came promptly forward in answer to the call, and brightened up under the cheering of the people, which was hearty, for they evidently knew what was coming, having heard it on former occasions.

Even Sheik Alee was moved by a sudden spasm of generosity and ordered a fresh cup of coffee all round. This set all the mortars and young men to work, and they pounded with a right good will. Her story was in verse, and was her own version of an ancient legend with her embellishments. For this occasion my readers must be content with it in prose.

The Makelled, in very mellow tones, said :

"The Diab have a reputation for rearing fine horses. They are renowned for the excellence of their mares. Among their ancestors, Sheik Amroo Ben Bakrooreea (life, son of perfume), was the fortunate possessor of a mare whose noble pedigree was uppermost in the minds of all the lovers of horses in Hooz (southeast of Petra). Her victories in the race were the theme of poets and the envy of a thousand-and-one sheiks.

"Once, near the cool of a day, Amroo was returning from a visit to a neighboring sheik, and there were with him a number of his young men, also riding on excellent mares, when his mare was frightened by a snake in the path, and, in her anxiety to rescue her rider from the great danger, made several tremendous leaps with Sheik Amroo on her back. He felt the swift wind whiz past his ears, and the young men saw that the path was brightly illumined by the sparks which the stones struck from each other as they were thrown from her feet. The sudden rush which the party made into camp caused a commotion, and an inquiry as to the cause, and the incident was debated far into the night. So great was the curiosity to know the exact length of her springs that a company went out the next morning to measure, and they were found to be of a truly astonishing length. So, to commemorate the affair, they made little heaps of stones at either end of the longest leap. Those heaps, being on a much frequented way, were noticed by many passing travelers, and all who had heard of the matter added a stone or two to each heap, as is the custom in such cases; always being careful to throw so as not to drop a stone on the ground between the piles. The heaps grew from year to year ; the fame of the mare increased with the size of the piles of stones, and owners of other famous mares made long pilgrimages to the place, and told the story one to another, sometimes adding a comment or an opinion of their own ; as, for instance, that on measuring the space between the two piles of stones it was found to be not less than thirty piks (sixty feet); another, that he measured carefully the distance between the outer edges of the piles of stones and found it seventy-five piks (kamse oo sebain), or, say, one hundred and fifty feet, which any man, however skeptical he might be, would admit was a very unusual leap for a mare to make, even allowing for the fright, which of course lent additional strength for the moment to her legs. One very poetic pilgrim arrived at the locality a little after sunset, when it was quite dark, owing to the absence of the moon, although the stars were out in countless numbers and unrivaled brilliance. By their aid he sought to measure the wonderful leap, and, mistaking two little hills for the heaps of stones, he declared that his quick-stepping horse was fully five minutes in going from the base of one to the foot of the other, and that the distance could not have been a foot less than a thousand piks (alf). He went away with the opinion that the mare was a supernatural beast. That hint gave rise to a vast amount of speculation, which ran high and wild from shig to shig throughout the region of the Hooz, dividing the people on the question of the mare's pedigree. Of course, the owner could not possibly admit the preposterous notion of his mare being anything else than honest horse-flesh, although evidently of a very superior kind, while the opponents, the owners of mares less famous, and whose pedigree was a few centuries shorter, insisted on the theory of supernaturalism as the true one.

"Among some Mohammedan pilgrims on their return from Mecca, there was one who heard the account of the mare's exploit. He was a native of Broosa in Roomee (Asia Minor). He said that he had been informed by a learned Moollah that the ancient Yoonanee (Greeks) had a breed of horses with wings, which were very useful in their country on account of the rocky and steep hills which everywhere occupy the land. He was of opinion that the sheik's mare was of that stock, and had been left in the country by some soldier of the great Skander (Alexander). As there was no one present at that time who was able to gainsay the Haj, and we have heard no one who could explain the allusion to the winged horses of the ancient people of Roomee, the fame of the wonderful mare remains unsullied unto this day. Our ancestors came up from the Hooz to this country, at a time when the pastures of that country were dried up, and they brought the progeny of that famous mare with them. The Adwan, therefore, have an undoubted right to claim the possession of the most renowned breed of horses and the most excellent and valuable mares in the known world."

Feddah was weary, and as the "mare's tail" (the first streak of daylight) appeared, the company broke up, and each one sought the repose of his own tent.

The next morning I asked Mishaya his opinion of the Makelled's mare legend.

"It was a wonderful leap. No one doubts that. All testimony is in that direction. As to the wings, why, that is altogether another matter. Some years ago I was in the employ, as a guide, of a very learned and renowned Franjee (French) hakeem (doctor), who was searching the land for the remains of the ancient Yoonanee's temples and palaces. His books contained pictures of all the objects that he expected to find. Among them were many figures of gods, and other curious forms unknown in our day, and on one page I saw the picture of a horse with wings, attended by a man who had wings on his ankles. The hakeem was very wise, and had untold sums of silver and gold. He was much struck by our horses, and one day bought one of Sheik Alee for a large sum. He may have seen indications of the former presence of the wings. Who knows ? He was heard to say to one of his companions, speaking in the Franjee tongue, 'That mare is priceless.' The remark was reported to Sheik Alee, but as he had deposited the treasure which he received for the mare in a hidden place in a field, and the hakeem had gone a good way on his return journey, there the matter ended. It is believed to this day that the Adwan were the losers in that transaction. Who is able to say ?"

SILVER articles are soon blackened by the sulphureted hydrogen contained in the atmosphere of all large rooms. Protective wrappers for silverware are, however, very easily made at very small cost. Caustic soda is dissolved in water until the hydrometer shows 20° Beaumé. To this is added oxide of zinc in the proportion of two-thirds of the caustic soda, and the mixture is boiled until the solution is effected. Sufficient water must now be introduced to reduce the solution to 10° Beaumé. Into this preparation paper or calico is dipped. When the wrappers are dried they are ready for use.

AN INCIDENT.

UNARMED and unattended walks the Czar,
Through Moscow's busy street one Winter's day;
The crowd uncover as his face they see,
"God greet the Czar!" they say.

Along his path there moved a funeral,
Gray spectacle of poverty and woe—
A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary man,
Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge, blown by the Winter wind,
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare;
And he who drew it bent before his load,
With dull and sullen air.

The Emperor stopped and beckoned to the man.
"Who is't thou bearest to the grave?" he said.
"Only a soldier, sire!" the short reply;
"Only a soldier, dead."

"Only a soldier!" musing, said the Czar;
"Only a Russian, who was poor and brave.
Move on. I follow. Such an one goes not
Unhonored to his grave."

He bent his head, and silent raised his cap;
The Czar of all the Russias, pacing slow,
Following the coffin, as again it went,
Slowly across the snow.

The passers of the street, all wondering,
Looked on that sight, then followed silently;
Peasant and prince, and artisan and clerk,
All in one company.

Still, as they went, the crowd grew ever more,
Till thousands stood around the friendless grave,
Led by that princely heart, who, royal, true,
Honored the poor and brave.

NOTE.—This incident is narrated by a lady who was living in Moscow when it took place.

A CURIOUS PAPER.

IN the Eglinton Collection a paper has been found which gives some idea of the relative cost of the articles which made up the costume of a maid of honor at the Court of James I. The lady in question notes in her private list of expenses the payment for "ane vyer to my haed with nyne pykis, xs."; again—"item for one perewyk of har to couer the vyer, vs." For "ane treming to my gown with gret hornis of goulld and silk and federis," she pays ten shillings, though the "hornis" were her own. A beaver hat, with feather and string, costs as much as fifty-two shillings, and a pair of gloves half-a-crown; while, for washing the clothes of herself and page from June to Martinmas the lady pays twenty shillings, which does not seem an extravagant amount. She gives a shilling for a French romance, and twelve shillings for an English Bible. Whether the latter item is an evidence of piety or not we cannot tell, without knowing how far it was fashionable at court to possess a copy of the Scriptures.

CHARACTER IN A MOUTH.

ALTHOUGH the following is an opinion expressed three hundred years ago, it is to be feared that, as human nature still endures, a mouth is still a mouth.

"The mouth greate and wyde betokeneth wrath, boldnes and warre. And such men are commonly gluttons. A wyde mouthe withoute meesure, as though it were cutte and stretched out, sygnifieth ravening inhumanitie, wickedness, a warlyke hart and cruell, like unto beastes of the sea. Such man are greate talkers, boasters, babblers, enuious, lyars, and full of follye. The mouthe that hathe but a lyttle closynge and a lyttle openynge sygnifyeth a fearful man, quyet, and yet unfaithful. The mouthe that is verye apparent and rounde with thycknes of lyppes, sygnifieth follye and cruelltye. The mouth whyche hath a quantitie in his sytuation with a lyttle shutting, and smylynge eyes with the reste of the face, sygnifyeth a man which is a lover of daunces, and a greate lyar. When the mouth turneth in speakinge it is a sygne that it is infected with some catarre or murre, as is manyfest ynought."

After this, anybody unfortunate enough to possess a mouth had better, one would think, preserve a golden silence, or else rely upon the power of the "speaking eye."

THE ORIGIN OF CLUBS.

CLUBS had their origin in coffee-houses, of which the first was the Grecian, kept by "One Constantine, a native of Greece," who advertised in the *Intelligencer* of January 23d, 1664, that "right good coffee-bery, or chockolate, is to be had of me as chepe and as good as isany where to be had for money." Shortly afterward he opened the Grecian Coffee-house in Devereux Court, Strand. "Garraway's," in Exchange Alley, was a famous house, where Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," was accustomed to discuss the news of the day with "foreign banquiers" and other commercial magnates. Garraway it was who first sold "tea in leaf and drink, made according to the directions of the most knowing, and travelers into those Eastern countries." At "Will's," mentioned in the *Spectator*, Dryden was at one time the great light. "Robin's" and "Jonathan's" were all well known, and in every part of the town lesser establishments sprang up. These coffee-houses became the acknowledged headquarters of supporters of the various political parties, and in time gave way to more comfortably furnished resorts. In Queen Anne's time "The Cocoa-nut," in St. James's Street, was the Jacobite House, the Whigs reserving "The St. James's.

DANTE AND THE SMITH.

DANTE, on one occasion, left his house after dinner to go on some business to that of the Adimari. As he was passing by the gate of San Piero, he heard a smith who was striking his anvil, and as he worked, sang some of our poet's verses, but mutilated, and with additions and alterations.

Dante said nothing, but approaching the workshop where the smith kept his tools which he used in his trade, he seized the hammer and threw it across the street; he seized the tongs, and threw them likewise across the street; he seized the scales, and threw them also, and so he did to many of the tools.

The smith, turning toward him, in a brutal manner said: "What is the matter with you?—what are you about—are you mad?"

Dante said: "What are you about?"

"I am about my trade," said the smith; "and you spoil my tools by throwing them into the street."

Says Dante: "If you do not wish me to spoil your things, do not spoil mine."

"What do I spoil of yours?" asked the smith.

Says Dante: "You sing songs out of my book, and not

as I wrote them. I have no other trade, and you spoil it for me."

The enraged smith, having no answer ready, collected his things and returned to his work; and the next time he wanted to sing, he sang of Tristram and Lancelot, and left Dante alone.

ARTIFICIAL LITHOGRAPHIC STONES.

Artificial lithographic stones have been invented, and are manufactured at Frankfort by M. Rosenthal. The ingredient used in their preparation is simply cement, which has, however, to go through careful manipulation before the stones are fit for the printer's use. The mode of manufacture is briefly as follows: Finely ground cement is mixed with water and allowed to harden into slabs. These slabs are next heated, and wetted with water until they crack in every direction. Once more the material is ground into fine powder, and is mixed with an equal quantity of dry cement. The mixture is now put into moulds, still in a dry state, and is subjected to very heavy pressure. Whilst still under pressure, water charged with a certain quantity of very fine cement is forced through the mass and binds its particles together.

We can do without any article of luxury we've never had; but, when once obtained, it is not in human nature to surrender it voluntarily.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

Lady Hervey was celebrated for her beauty, wit and good sense at the court of George II. In one of her letters, dated April 5th, 1750, after expressing her pity for the Countess of Dalkeith in losing her husband, she says: "I dread to see people I care for quite easy and happy. I always wish them some little disappointment or rub, for fear of a greater; for I look upon felicity in this world not to be a natural state, and consequently what cannot subsist; the further, therefore, we are put out of our natural position, with the more violence we return to it." It is worthy of note, that Sir Humphrey Davy entertained a similar view of human happiness. He enters in his journal, in the midst of the most triumphant period of his life: "Beware of too much prosperity and popularity. Life is made up of mixed passages—dark and bright, sunshine and gloom. The unnatural and excessive greatness of fortune of Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon—the first died after divine honors were paid him; the second gained empire, the consummation of his ambition, and lost his life immediately; the third, from a private individual, became master of continental Europe, and allied to the oldest dynasty, and after his elevation, his fortune immediately began to fall. Even in private life too much prosperity either injures the moral man, and occasions conduct which ends in suffering, or is accompanied by the workings of envy, calumny and malevolence of others."

AN INCIDENT.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 670.

MY GENERAL.—"HE SPRANG ASIDE, AND THEN, FLAPPING HIS ARMS, HIS EYES AFLAME, HE BEGAN: 'COCK-A-DOO-DLE-DOO!' IN THE SHRILLEST TONES IMAGINABLE."

MY GENERAL.

By Mary A. Denison.

I had promised to eat my Christmas dinner with my brother Ralph, who lived in a pretty village which I had always considered very like some of those little cantons in Switzerland that nestle amid the mountains. Hill and dale were dotted with tiny cottages, and in Summer the place was a paradise. The hill was crowned with a splendid edifice—the State Asylum for the Insane. Even in Winter the place was very beautiful.

My home was in a flourishing city. Brother Ralph lived five miles away. I had expected to take the family carriage and ride out there early on Christmas morning, but a note from my brother materially altered my plans:

"Cannot you and Belle and Jack come out the night before Christmas? There is going to be a grand ball at the asylum. I have obtained three extra invitations. Come if you can."

Belle Warbin was one of my best friends, and was then visiting me. Her brother was a thriving merchant, and I had known them both for many years. People said Jack was my lover, and if being persistent in calling, inviting me to places of amusement, and looking unutterable things, constituted him my lover, then what people said was true. He was clever and amiable, and had never yet been wrought up to a declaration of his love. Although he had very many attractions, I was not going to be foolish enough to lose my heart unless I obtained an equivalent. Still I strongly suspect that I did love him, and had loved him all along. He was a handsome man, tall, broad-shouldered; "The very type of a Roman athlete," I used to say to myself, as I saw him going down the street.

Belle and her brother Jack were quite ready to accept the invitation. I supposed that the ball was given by the attendants of the institute, and, when we were

talking with some friends in the parlor on the night in question, I was surprised to distinctly hear one of the matrons say:

"Don't be astonished at anything you see. We give these balls to the patients once or twice a year, and they look forward to them with great pleasure."

"Nothing serious ever happens, I suppose?" said my brother.

"Oh, no; nothing that any one but an expert could notice. Sometimes our patients make wry faces, or say that things are not properly conducted, or ask strangers, in confidence, to go to their friends and try to get them out. The best of them do that, but we allow none who are ever known to be violent to attend; and, then, the keepers are about."

"It seems odd, doesn't it," queried Belle, "to come to an insane ball? I feel creepy at the thought!"

"There is really nothing to fear," said Ralph; "only that some of my patients will call me away." My brother was a physician. "But you can stay and enjoy yourselves if they do. There are plenty of sane people here. I have met with an ex-Governor, two colonels and several members of Congress. You will, undoubtedly, have a very pleasant, quiet time."

We went into the ballroom, a spacious apartment, to the sound of enlivening music. The lovely half-circular room was trimmed with many beautiful devices. Flags and banners decorated the walls, flower-vases; filled with rare exotics, stood in all available spaces. Several musicians discoursed delightful music, and I looked round in vain to find evidences that all the people were not as sane as we were.

As the great room filled and we moved from place to place, I met no one who seemed to have any claim upon the pity or sympathy of the casual passer-by. One young girl, of remarkable beauty, dressed in white, engaged my attention now and then; her face was at times so intensely sad, but her manners were perfect, and when she smiled, as she often did, I felt quite at my ease about her.

I had danced with brother Ralph, and he had found me one or two partners. Then a friend claimed me for a waltz, and after that we drifted apart, and I began to look about me.

Suddenly there appeared upon the scene a tall, handsome man, in the uniform of a general. I was attracted at once by his fine dark eyes, the ease of his manner and the dignity with which he comported himself, and it was with some little fluttering of the heart that I saw those magnificent eyes sometimes bent upon me.

At last one of the *attachés* of the institution came forward and spoke to him, and presently she came to me, saying that General Chillingworth, of the United States Army, would be pleased to make my acquaintance. Of course I assented; the introduction was over, and I marched through the room on the arm of the most striking-looking man present.

"Do you waltz?" he asked, in tones that were soft, low and melodious.

"Only with my brother," I made reply.

"I do not waltz myself," he said; "I never had any inclination to learn, after a frightful experience I once had. Would you like to hear the story?"

"Indeed, I should, of all things," I said, as he led me to a comfortable chair and seated himself beside me.

"When I was a lad," he commenced, "I was very fond of dancing. My father, who was a great traveler, settled for a time in Spain, and there my sister Laura was considered the most beautiful woman that had ever been seen in those parts. She was adorably beautiful! Fancy, eyes of the clearest brown, hair a deep golden color, features heavenly-perfect, and a figure like that of a sylph! All Seville raved about her. Princes asked her hand in marriage, but she gave her heart to a poor secretary, and that angered my father.

"Among her suitors was a gentleman of high rank, noble family, of a commanding figure, handsome and rich. He was persistent in his attentions, and it was his attendant, a poor gentleman, whom my sister loved. I own that he was a man made to captivate a woman's fancy, but I think it was his divine voice that really won her. Master and servant were often together; the rich noble was not too haughty to be seen in the company of his secretary, and was very proud of the young man's voice.

"I don't know where they met or how, but my father discovered the secret of the lovers and was very angry; so angry that my mother had to plead with him for my sister, but he was furious. He commanded Laura to accept the count—did I tell you he was a count?—and, to blind him, she pretended to receive his attentions in earnest. So it was announced that they were to be married—the count and Laura.

"I have little more to tell you," said the general, his eyes growing moist. "The count gave a grand ball—a *bal masqué*. My sister waltzed with the count. How gloriously they danced! One couple after another left the floor, but still the count persisted in the dance. The music grew wilder and wilder, faster and faster whirled the waltzers, when, suddenly, a man sprang forward, in a cloak and domino; a flash of steel—a quick, cowardly thrust—and, falling in the arms of the count, my sister drew her last breath on his breast.

"Do you understand?—don't you see why I never wished to waltz?" he asked, his dark, pathetic eyes fastened on mine.

The look thrilled me. I found myself shuddering.

"I only wonder you can bear to see the dance at all," I said.

"Oh, that was years ago. For years I could not look at a waltz, but my poor sister has been dead a long, long time."

"And the secretary?" I said, as couple after couple whirled by us in the mad circle.

"What secretary?" he asked, his eyes growing darker and wider.

"The count's secretary—the man who—who killed your sister."

"Ah, yes; he escaped, but only to die a most horrible death. Do you know, I could have held that man over the flames and seen him writhe in the agonies of such death?"

"Oh, no," I said, startled by the flash in his eyes, "you could not have been so cruel. Picture his despair; he thought he had lost all that made life worth living. You cannot be so hard-hearted!"

He smiled, and at that moment I caught Jack's eye. He was standing some way off, talking with Belle, and I remember how I rather gloried in the nearness of the handsome, revengeful general, and thought how common-place Jack looked in comparison. Then I saw Jack frown and turn away. Could he be jealous?

Standing a few paces in front of us was the lovely girl in white whose face had so impressed me.

"Do you not think her very beautiful?" I asked.

"Very," was the reply. "She does not look mad."

"Mad!" I exclaimed.

"Indeed, she is at times, stark, staring mad. She has

nearly killed two of her keepers, and is almost always dangerous. The worst of these people is, you never know when the fit will take them. I have made insanity a study myself, and I often come here to experiment. Now, if that beautiful girl were to speak to you, she would say: 'I did not kill my mother!—it is cruel in you to say so! I did not kill her!' She has repeated the words to me at least a hundred times."

"But did she kill her mother?" I asked, in a very hushed voice.

"Very likely. I do not know her history myself, only I almost wonder they allow her in here to-night, she is so often dangerous. She has frightened me once or twice, and my nerves are like steel. But she has such a tigerish spring!"

"Oh, I hope she will keep out of our vicinity," I said, now really alarmed, for I had caught her stealthily glancing at us more than once.

"Indeed she could not harm you with me by your side," he said, with a glance that brought the color into my face. "She does me the honor to say that I am her husband—a poor fellow who never contemplated matrimony, and she looks uncommonly spiteful now and then. Curious, isn't it, that such notions will get into the brain! The brain is like a house with a great many inmates, and when they don't agree, you know, why, then there's a row. Did you ever see the human brain? No? Well, it is a curious structure, and I think scientists say that the left lobe is the most sensitive to disease, and the most excited by continued hard thinking. By-the-way, what is a thought? The ancients said that thoughts were little, fuzzy things, and the seat of thought was the stomach, so you see that apple-pie may be provocative of deep thinking. Does it occur to you that a great many of these people are patients?"

"No, indeed; I heard there were very few of the patients to be here," I said, a little nervous.

"Well, let me see. There are the musicians—they are all lunatics."

I stared at him.

"Do you see that fine-looking man at the piano? Mad as a March hare."

"But that is Professor M——," I said.

"I know it—brought in yesterday. Why, no man who is not mad would pound a piano in that fashion. See here, I'll tell you a secret—most musicians are mad."

"No!" I expostulated. "Oh, no, no!"

"Yes, do you know I'd have half of 'em locked up here. Nothing annoys me more than the persistent practicing generally going on at all hours of the day."

At that moment some one beckoned to him, and gracefully excusing himself, my general left me. I saw Jack out of the side of my right eye trying to edge round so as to take the vacant seat, but before he could do so, my companion came back.

"Did you see the gentleman who called me?" he asked, as he sat down, and Jack moved off again.

"Yes, is he not one of the assistants?"

"Yes, a very nice fellow, too. He often confers with me, knowing the interest I take in the institution. He just asked me to keep my eye on that tall, gentlemanly fellow you see over there with the little blonde girl."

"You don't mean to say that he is crazy!" I exclaimed.

"Undoubtedly—the fact is, you don't know who is or who is not crazy in an establishment like this," he added, with a long, peculiar look at me.

"Good Heaven," I thought, the blood rushing into my face. "Maybe he thinks that I am one of the patients."

"Pray, may I have one dance?" he asked, a moment after, looking at my card. "May I have this quadrille? I particularly like quadrilles."

I bowed assent; he placed his name on my card, and left, saying he should come in time to claim me.

Jack, who had been watching his chance, now appropriated the general's seat.

"I do wish I danced," he said.

"There's no excuse for your not knowing how," I made reply.

"I suppose not," he said, "but I'll do better after this; I'll learn to dance. By-the-way, who is the gentleman who has been monopolizing your attention?"

"I don't know, except that he is a general, and very entertaining. Isn't he handsome?" I asked, innocently.

"Oh, so, so; he appears to have considerable cheek," he said. "He has seemed to interest you, though. I don't know anybody here, and your brother was called away half an hour ago. He told me to look out for you, but what chance had I?" he asked, in an aggrieved tone.

"The general is certainly a very interesting companion," I said.

"Yes, he ought to be; he's an author."

"Jack! you don't say! How delightful! An author Who told you?" I asked.

"Oh, one of the fellows over there."

"You did take the pains to ask, then?"

He flushed.

"I don't know that I asked. I've no recollection of it. The conversation drifted naturally toward him. He! Why, he's been a little of everything—doctor, soldier, sailor. Oh, yes; he has written cart-loads of books—on poetry, science, war, religion and even insanity. He must be a regular encyclopedia. It's very curious that nobody seemed to know him but that one man. I—I suppose he talked about all sorts of things?"

"He talked very well," I said, looking uneasily round. There was a lull in the dance. The young girl in the white dress was looking toward us, her face almost transfigured by a smile.

"To tell the truth, I am seriously afraid of that young lady," I said.

"Why?"

He looked at me in great surprise.

"She is mad, and very dangerous."

"She mad! she dangerous!" said Jack. "Why, she is the daughter of one of the physicians."

"How do you know?"

"I was introduced to her, and Belle has been talking to her. Belle likes her very much."

"I am sure she is mad," I protested.

"And I am sure she is not. She's a most lovely girl, and she don't care at all about dancing," said Jack.

"Then you had better go back to her—you two must be kindred spirits," I said, laughing; "and here comes the general to claim me for the quadrille, by-by," and I gave my hand to my partner.

The general stood up in his place, and I must own that he was a man to admire, and that I was a little proud of him. The dancing began to a spirited strain, and my general danced superbly, and talked volubly all the time.

"You didn't tell me you were an author," I said, in one of the pauses.

"You know authors are proverbially modest," he made reply; "but I shall be happy to take your address, and send you my last work, if you will accept it. Do you like travels? I have published three volumes of "Across the Sea." If you will inquire at the Congressional

Library, they will show you my book on ethics, also a work on geology, upon which I stake my reputation. This last is superbly illustrated by all the best artists of the known world. Even Titian lent a hand."

"But," I ventured, "Titian is one of the old masters. How could he have anything to do with a modern work?"

"What time is it?" he asked, bending down very close to my face.

"Exactly cock-crowing time," I made laughing answer, and as I spoke the blood rushed to his face.

"The world is asleep! it must be awakened," he cried, in a shrill voice. "At length the hour of my

A GROUP OF AMAZONS.—FROM THE FRESCO BY FRANCIS SIMM IN THE CAUCASIAN MUSEUM AT TIFLIS, ASIATIC RUSSIA.

"I'll tell you, it's delightfully interesting," he said; "but it's a long story. I never met with one so sympathetic and appreciative," he added, "and after the dance is over I will tell you about it. Do you understand anything of Spiritualism?"

"I know very little about it," was my answer.

I happened to take out my watch.

mission has come. Ho! stop the music! Lights out!"

He sprang aside, and then flapping his arms, his eyes aflame, he began:

"Cock-a-doo-dle-doo!" in the shrillest tones imaginable.

Again and again he repeated the frightful sounds. The place was in commotion now—a something different

from dancing. The band played disjointedly—a shrill shriek blended with the cock-crowing—then a howl from another, and Bedlam was let loose. I felt myself seized in a terrible grasp, the lights blended in one frightful glare. The shouts grew to a prolonged howl, and I remember nothing more till I found myself on a lounge in the ante-room, my face and hair dripping, Belle standing near with my hand in hers, and Jack kneeling by my head with an arm about me.

"My darling! my darling!" cried Jack, passionately.

"He saved you, Dolly; indeed he did," sobbed Belle. "Nobody knows what might have happened if he had not rushed right in the midst of that crazy throng and rescued you from that madman."

"Is she better?" asked a soft, musical voice.

I looked up and shuddered.

"Take her away; she is mad, too—take them all away," I cried.

"But, my dear, this is the doctor's daughter," said Belle. "She watched you for fear something might happen. The general never forgot himself before, or, rather, his insanity never took that shape. He has even been thought to be quite sane, though he is one of the patients."

"What! was he mad? He said you were mad."

The girl came closer, smiling.

"Do I look mad?" she asked.

"No; but neither did he. Why didn't somebody tell me?"

"I thought you knew," was the response. "It is all over now, and you must rest a while."

Presently Jack and I were alone.

"Jack," I whispered, "thank you for saving my life."

"And will you let me have a better right to—will you, Dolly?—you know I love you!"

"Yes, Jack."

"I never knew how dearly before to-night."

"Yes, Jack."

"And will you, my darling—will you be my wife?"

"Yes, Jack," and so it was ended.

Now I am Jack's wife, I can talk the matter over calmly. I have since learned that up to that night the general had showed no signs of mental aberration, and the doctors had been somewhat puzzled over his case. It seems that after his cock-crowing, which had startled me to such an extent that I fainted, he had caught me in his arms and darted from the hall with such wonderful speed, shouting at the top of his voice that I was his affianced wife, and that nothing but death could separate us, that he distanced all his pursuers—all but Jack, dear fellow, who rescued me at the top of the second flight, as the general was in the act of throwing me over the banisters to the marble floor thirty feet below.

In the *mêlée* the poor, demented general rolled downstairs and fractured his skull in some way, so that he was laid up in a hospital for several months. Strange to say, the operation performed upon his head resulted in his complete mental restoration, and to-day one of our most devoted and intimate friends is the very man who heads this little story as "My General."

FRANK BUCKLAND AND HIS FRIENDS.

Frank Buckland (originally named Francis Trevelyan by his father, the Very Rev. William Buckland, D.D., Dean of Westminster, whose chief literary memorial is his admirable "Bridgewater Treatise"), was born at Christ Church, Oxford, on the 17th of December, 1826. His mother was a woman of intellectual accomplishments, whose scientific tastes and skill in drawing enabled her to share helpfully in Dean Buckland's geological pursuits. Young Frank's parentage, therefore, may serve to explain how it was that he took to natural history as a duck takes to water. "At two and a half years of age," his mother wrote, "he never forgets either pictures or people he has seen; four months ago, as well as now, he would have gone through all the natural history books in the Radcliffe Library, without making an error in miscalling a parrot, a duck, a kingfisher, etc."

PORTRAIT OF FRANK BUCKLAND.

In December, 1830, his mother gave him a small cabinet, which now bears this inscription: "This is the first cabinet I ever had; my mother gave it to me when about four years old, December, 1830. It is the nucleus of all my natural history work. Please take care of the poor old thing." About this time a clergyman traveled from Devonshire to Oxford, to bring Dr. Buckland some "very curious fossils." When he produced his treasures Dr. Buckland called his son, who was playing in the room, "Frankie, what are these?" "They are the vertebræ of an ichthyosaurus," lisped the child, who could not yet speak plainly. The clergyman returned home dumbfounded and crestfallen.

The young naturalist began a diary before he was eight years old. As in the notebooks of his mature years, all kinds of odd facts and incidents were jumbled together; and some of the earliest entries describe the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of

Oxford, a visit of the Duke of Cumberland, experiments with a turtle sent down to be killed for a banquet, visits to museums, cathedrals and menageries, and the coronation of Queen Victoria. The space given to hyenas, turtles, skeletons and snakes is considerably greater than that accorded to royalty and the dukes.

It is not surprising that Frank Buckland's love of nature should grow with his growth, being inherited from both parents, and encouraged by every association of his youth. In his early home at Christ Church, besides the stuffed creatures which shared the hall with the rocking-horse, there were cages full of snakes, and of green frogs, in the dining-room, where the sideboard groaned under successive layers of fossils, and the candles stood on ichthyosauri's vertebræ. When Dr. Buckland and his wife drove out, their horse would stop automatically at every pond, quarry, wood and nursery-garden.

In July, 1839, Frank Buckland, then twelve years old, was elected scholar of Winchester College. He made the journey to Winchester, in company with some other lads, on top of an old-fashioned stagecoach. As soon as he arrived, his initiation into the college customs began, and the ordeal was a somewhat trying one. On the first night, while dreaming of home and mother, he was "launched"—that is, jerked from his bed on the mattress, deposited in the middle of the floor with a tremendous thump, and left to get back and rearrange his couch in the darkness as best he could. "A few nights afterward," he records in his diary, "I dreamt I was wandering on the seashore, and that a crab was pinching my foot. Instantly awakening, I experienced a most frightful pain in my great toe. I bore it for a while, until at last it became so intense that I had to jump up with a howl of agony; all was quiet, but the pull continued, and I had to follow my toe and outstretched leg out of bed. I then found a bit of wetted whipcord tied tight round it; but the whipcord was so ingeniously twisted among the beds that it was impossible to find out *who had* pulled it. I returned to bed as savage as a wounded animal. The moment I was settled, the boys all burst into a shout: 'Toe fit tied! By Jove, what a lark!' This barbarous process is called 'toe fit tie' because there is a line in Prosody which begins, 'To fit ti, ut verto verti.' Hence the origin of this Winchester custom."

Those were the palmy days of fagging, and young Buckland made coffee, scoured knives, cleaned basins and ran errands for the præfects, or upper-class boys. He soon became popular, and his researches and experiments in natural history made him an object of curiosity, as well as of a vast amount of chaff. He was continually digging for field-mice on the hills, or wiring trout in the weirs, or snaring cats to dissect, or trapping birds forthe same purpose.

One of the lifelong friends whom he made at Winchester thus describes him at that period: "Imagine a short, quick-eyed little boy, with a shock head of reddish brown hair (not much amenable to a hair-brush), a white neck-cloth tied like a piece of rope with no particular bow, and his bands sticking out under either ear as fancy pleased him—in fact, a boy utterly indifferent to personal appearance, but good-tempered and eccentric, with a small museum in his sleeve or cupboard, sometimes a snake, or a pet mouse, or a guinea-pig, or even a hedgehog. In the Summer he would be always in the hedgerows after birds, weasels, or mice, or in the water-meadows after crayfish, tomculls and other fish which hide under stones. He was known as an expert hand in skinning badgers, rats, etc., and also setting wires at Blue-Gate for cats; old Purver, a college servant, used to find them early in the morning when he went through into school to light the fires. In fact, he was a born naturalist."

"I remember," another schoolfellow writes, "sleeping next bed to him for six months in 'Third Chamber'; he used to get up in the middle of the night, and designedly, in half-darkness, carefully bind two fagot sticks together, for the purpose, as he said, of accustoming himself to be called up as a surgeon, half asleep, to do some professional duty under adverse circumstances. I remember his starting a diary, and at the same time a hedgehog. The diary remained in abeyance, and the hedgehog was always being lost. So I undertook the diary, and it consisted of 'lost hedgehog,' 'found hedgehog,' and so on on alternate days, till at last there came the final and fatal entry of 'ate hedgehog!'"

Fond of school work he was not, but he did his duty fairly, got through his "construes" somehow, and ground the regulation-grist of dreary Greek and Latin verse. Neither did he care for games. Already his naturalist pursuits absorbed him. He did not so much regard the chalk fossils which abound in the Winchester hills; he had no microscope, neither was he a collector of insects. His delight was to study the habits of live animals, and to examine their structure when dead. An owl, a buzzard and a raccoon were successive tenants of one of his lockers. A whole regiment of tame jackdaws owned him as their patron, headed by an evil-looking magpie, with a name not mentionable to ears polite, all of whom he used to feed twice a day with bread and milk from "sick-house." His hedgehogs kept open a perpetual fosse at the base of the wall bounding the college meads, and a good deal of agility was generated one day by Frank's appearance in the schoolroom at the crowded moment, just before the entrance of the master, brandishing a bottle of ammonia, and proclaiming that the viper had got loose. He was a dexterous taxidermist, and might be seen on a half-holiday in the deserted "Moab" or lavatory, plying his scalpel, and surrounded by a strong smell of corrosive sublimate, the subjects being cats; bats, which nested in a hollow plane tree in the meads; and moles, of whose skins he constructed a very comfortable waist-coat. The flayed bodies of the small creatures were sometimes eaten; squirrel pie, and mice cooked in batter, ranking as special dainties; oftener tied up in gallipots, and buried in the mud of a villainous puddle, called Log Pond, till the flesh fell from the bones, and it became easy to articulate the skeleton. Toward the end of his school days his anatomical studies enlarged their scope; gruesome fragments of humanity were conveyed secretly from the hospital, and as secretly dissected.

In July, 1844, he left Winchester for Christ Church, and Dr. Moberly, the head master, wrote to Dr. Buckland: "On taking leave of your son Frank from Winchester, I am most anxious to express to you my high sense of his great good conduct and attention while he has been under my care. He has been unfailingly steady and careful in everything which he has had to do, and carries away the character of a most amiable and right-minded fellow."

In October, 1844, Frank Buckland entered Christ Church, Oxford, as a commoner, Dr. Gaisford being then Dean. He was admitted student in December, and remained at Oxford until Easter term, 1848, when he took his B.A. degree. The long vacations of 1845 and 1846 were passed at Giessen, in Germany, with Baron Liebig, in accordance with the advice of Dean Conybeare of

Llandaff, his father's friend and companion in geological research.

Frank's life at Oxford was much the same as it had been at Winchester, and many characteristic reminiscenses have been furnished by his fellow-students.

"It is not quite satisfactory," writes one, "to look back from the present, when the natural sciences are fully and effectually taught in Oxford, and when earnest study in any of them is sure to meet encouragement and ample reward, to a time when an energetic student of physics and born field-naturalist was considered simply off his head for caring about nature. . The quiet parts of a college are like the quiet streets of London, subject to occasional and powerful disturbances of adjacent echoes by their inhabitants; and at the time of Frank's residence there, from morn to dewy eve, various sounds intermittingly broke the spell of academic silence in the building abutting on Christ Church Meadow.

"A post-horn or cornet would break forth into irregular practice; a supposed fox would be halloed away from an imaginary cover in the broad-walk; a bear would utter his voice, or it might be a monkey; or one or both animals might obtain temporary freedom and wander about college, causing effervescence; in short, tranquillity was far from slumberous in the more retired parts of 'the house'; nor was it at once restored by the appearance of a very broad-backed young man of personal strength and activity greatly exceeding his moderate height, having a shock, chestnut-colored head, a blue pea-jacket, a red German student's cap with a gold tassel, with a presumably harmless snake hanging out of his trousers pocket, and bearing a scalpel and a trumpet, or perhaps a long Swiss wooden cow-horn, and coming out from the ground floor rooms on the right on the garden staircase.

"There hung an odor of physical science about the rooms, which increased as you got nearer. If you passed through the outer room into the study, you found the occupant surrounded by friends and playmates irrational or human, and deep in scientific investigation after his own fashion, which, be it observed, was as industrious as it was irregular. As the son of a canon and well known to everybody, he was better understood than most persons, and noises never got him into trouble; but I think that the rest of us, who only thought of Greek and Latin reading, if we read at all, never quite understood the reality or the value of the work Frank was engaged in, or that he was in fact educating himself much better than most of us were doing."

"One evening," writes another college friend, "when I was devoting an hour to coaching him up for his little go, I took care to tuck up my legs, in Turkish fashion, on the sofa for fear of a casual bite from the jackal which was wandering about the room. After a time I heard the animal munching up something under the sofa, and was relieved that he should have found something to occupy him. When our work was finished, I told Buckland that the jackal had found something to eat under the sofa. 'My poor guinea pigs!' he exclaimed; and, sure enough, four or five of them had fallen victims."

Tiglath Pileser, the bear, was about six months old when he entered Christ Church, where he lived in a corner of a court beside Fell's Buildings. He was provided with cap and gown, and in this costume was taken to wine parties, or went boating with his master, to the wonderment of the children in Christ Church Meadow.

The exploits of the eagle and of Jacko are recorded in the second volume of "Curiosities of Natural History." The snakes had the advantage of frequent change of scene, as they visited all the rooms on the staircase, and were indulged with excursions in their proprietor's pockets, sometimes as far as London. The chameleon used to stand upon an inverted wine-glass with his tail round the stem and assimilate flies. This he did with a concentrated gravity and entire want of speculation in his opaque and protruding eyes, which convulsed wine parties, especially when he concluded his performance by tumbling head-foremost into the preserved ginger.

Writing, under date of August 3d, 1845, of his German studies, the young student says: "I understand much more than I did at first, and generally manage to get two or three facts out of the lectures, though of course these intricate combinations, explained in a language which I must construe in my mind before I can understand, are rather difficult.

"When a young man begins here, he generally goes through the course of analyzing a set of one hundred bottles, which takes him sometimes a year. These bottles are various compounds, which he must find out—viz., in the first ten he has only to find one metal, etc.; in the second, two metals or substances, etc., till at last the highest bottles contain six or seven substances, all of which he must find out. Liebig thought I had better not begin these, as I had to learn German, and to stay only a short time here. However, I think I know more chemistry than when I came."

Returning home from his vacation tour in 1846, he brought with him a jar full of live red slugs, which he wished to introduce into England. In the opposite corner of the diligence placidly slumbered a traveler with ample bald head; Frank also slept, but, waking at midnight, he saw with horror that most of his red slugs had escaped, and were crawling over the traveler's bald pate. What was to be done? To remove them might waken the sleeper. Frank sat, as it were, on tenterhooks until the diligence stopped at the next stage, when, firmly covering up the jar and what remained of the slugs, he slipped quietly out of the diligence.

In May, 1848, he took his B.A. degree.

Two extracts from his "Private Journal" for 1846–47 show that beneath the surface of character which bubbled over with fun, there flowed a deep stream of earnest purpose.

"*July 26th*, 1846.—My object in studying medicine (and may God prosper it!) is not to gain a name, money and high practice, but to do good to my fellow-creatures and assist them in the hour of need."

August 9th.—My object in life, to be a great high priest of nature, and a great benefactor of mankind."

After leaving Oxford, Frank Buckland began studying surgery at St. George's Hospital, acting as "dresser" to the surgeons. In May, 1851, he passed the College of Surgeons, and a year later became house surgeon at St. George's. His unfailing kindliness and love of fun made him a favorite with the hospital staff and the patients. A two months' visit to Paris, in 1849, was devoted entirely to the museums and hospitals, and to the collection of curiosities, animate and inanimate. His father, meanwhile, had become Dean of Westminster, and while at St. George's Frank "saw much society at the Deanery," which, under the genial hospitality of the Dean and Mrs. Buckland, had become a centre of scientific and intellectual society in London.

His training for the acclimatization of animals for food, to which he afterward devoted much energy, began early. At his father's table the viands were varied. A horse belonging to his brother-in-law having been shot,

FRANK BUCKLAND AT HOME.

Dr. Buckland had the tongue pickled and served up at a large luncheon party, and the guests enjoyed it much, until told what they had eaten.

Alligator was a rare delicacy, as told in the first volume of "Curiosities," but puppies were occasionally, and mice frequently, eaten. Hedgehogs, tortoise, potted ostrich, and occasionally rats, frogs and snails were served up for the delectation of favored guests. "Party at the Deanery," one guest notes; "tripe for dinner; don't like crocodile for breakfast."

In 1852 was written the first of those rambling but wonderfully entertaining and instructive papers, since famous under the collective title of "Curiosities of Natural History." It was entitled "Rats," and appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*. Its success led to the publication of a long succession of similar articles in *Bentley's* and *Household Words*. The one on "The Cobra" embodied some points obtained by the writer at the imminent risk of his life. In skinning a rat which had been poisoned by the cobra at the Zoological Gardens, a particle of venom was accidentally introduced beneath his finger-nail. The effect of the virulent poison was almost instantaneous. Though suffering intense pain, and scarcely able to stand, he staggered into a chemist's shop and drank off a large tumbler of hartshorn. This, followed by a stiff dose of brandy, saved his life, though he was ill for several days afterward.

In December, 1853, Buckland gave his first lecture, his subject being "The House We Live In." Few have excelled him in the power of conveying at once information and amusement. He inherited from his father the faculty of investing a subject, dry in other hands (and how dry lectures often are!), with a vivid and picturesque interest, and to this he added a variety of subject and a fund of droll yet apt illustration peculiarly his own.

Frank Buckland was elected a member of the Athenæum Club in 1854, being then twenty-seven years old; and in the same year he was gazetted assistant surgeon to the Second Life Guards. He retained his commission in the Guards until 1863, living by turns at the cavalry barracks at Knightsbridge and Albany Street in London, and at Windsor. Popular alike with officers and men, he was unremittingly kind to the sick, yet strict in enforcing discipline. His keen perception, which gave him sound diagnosis, and his taste for physiology and surgery, might have led to distinction, had he given himself up to the medical profession; but his passion for Natural History absorbed him more and more, and his duties as assistant surgeon in the Life Guards could not fully develop his powers, or satisfy his aspirations.

His father died in August, 1856, and the sale of the Dean's library and collection occupied the son for a year or more. He worked industriously at his "Curiosities," and other literary tasks, besides lecturing occasionally. In January, 1860, a remarkable article in the *Edinburgh Review*, upon the acclimatization of animals, attributed to Mr. Mitchell, again drew attention to the subject, and in result Frank Buckland determined to form in England an Acclimatization Society. He aimed to make science practical. To find out a new kind of food, or to multiply an old one, was to do practical good to a hungry people; and to this end he henceforward devoted his chief energies.

The new society was formed with this object; he undertook the duties of organizing-secretary. The first

meeting was successfully held on June 26th, 1860. His fish-hatching experiments also began about this period.

The inaugural dinner of the Acclimatization Society was held on July 12th, 1862; and the extraordinary *menu* presented on that occasion is reviewed by Buckland in his most diverting style: "First, under the head of 'Potages,' was 'Birds' nest soup'—esteemed a great delicacy in China. The nests are built in caves along the rocky coasts of China, Java and Sumatra, by a swallow (*Hirundo esculenta*). The market price of the best nests in China is nearly twice their weight in silver. This soup was the cause of much and dire anxiety to me; at the last moment the gentleman who had promised them failed me, and it was only through the great kindness of a friend that we got the soup at all. He gave me four nests, and the cook cleverly made nearly a quart of soup from them; they are formed of a species of gelatine which is soluble in boiling water—the soup, therefore, tasted gelatinous, but with a very peculiar and not disagreeable flavor. Next we had soup of 'Tripang or Beche de Mer.' This is a species of *Holothuria*, or sea slug, found in the Chinese and Japanese Seas. These tripangs, too, caused me much anxiety. When I first received them they were as hard and solid as a bit of horse's hoof. I gave them to our regimental mess cook, and they were soaked all day and boiled all night; the next morning when we looked at them—lo, and behold!—these dry masses had swollen out into huge, long, black-looking masses amazingly like the common black garden slug. I cut them up into small pieces *instantly*, for if their appearance had *then* been made public, none of our guests, I am sure, would ever have touched them. These bits were boiled and simmered, I am afraid to say how many hours—the cook and I thought they would *never* get soft. However, they *were* soft by the time they were put on the table, and they were—well, if you please, capital, tasting something between a bit of calf's head (as in soup) and the contents of the glue-pot, excellent for a hungry man, and doubtless exceedingly palatable to John Chinaman, who does not know what turtle soup, real or mock, tastes like. Then followed 'Nerfs de Daim' soup, made from the sinews of the Axis deer, which is esteemed a great delicacy, and even (according to Mr. Fortune) a royal dish, from Cochin China. These deer-sinews took a monstrous deal of boiling, and they were simmering in the pot an amazingly long time; when served up they were good eating, but glue-like. I am now convinced that Chinese epicures love gelatinous soups, for all these three soups were from China; and when I have to entertain a Chinaman, I shall certainly give him a gelatinous soup—say sixpenny worth of carpenter's glue served for appearances' sake in an ordinary soup-tureen. Then followed 'Semoule soup, made from the flour of a wheat grown in Algeria.' This soup was more fitted for invalids than for ordinary table soup; but it was very good, and reminded one of the porridge the giant was eating when Jack the giant-slayer killed him.

"'Kangaroo steamer' led off the *entrées*. It is a stew prepared with choice portions of the kangaroo, and is highly esteemed in Australia. The tin can given me was not over tight, and the consequence was, that the 'Kangaroo steamer' was a little 'gone off,' but not bad for all that. Then came the 'Pepper Pot,' a favorite dish in the West Indies, made of various spices, and it was most excellent; everybody wanted 'Pepper Pot,' and the waiters very nearly quarreled over it in their anxiety to obtain supplies; and, as I was helping it, I was obliged to tap their fingers with the spoon, to keep them and

FRANK BUCKLAND'S TABLE.

their plates out of the way. Then we had 'Chickens prepared with curry powder from Siam,' and 'Ris de veau,' prepared with spices from Jamaica. I believe they were good, for they were all cut up and gone in an instant.

"After these followed the *relèves*, beginning with 'One of the Society's Chinese Lambs, roasted whole, from Shanghai.' Poor lamb, he was very innocent, and also capital eating, for his bones were in ten minutes picked as clean as if a flock of vultures had been at him. Then came 'Kangaroo ham,' rather dry (it had not been soaked enough), and very small; but it got a good character, for, by some mistake, the 'Kangaroo ham' cards were placed with the dish containing 'wild boar ham,' and many of our guests were eating wild boar's flesh when they thought they had got kangaroo. Now come the *rôtis*. Among these figured a 'Syrian Pig,' a 'Canadian Goose,' a 'Guan,' a 'Curassow,' and a 'Honduras Turkey.' Then we had three couples of the peculiar duck bred by the Hon. G. Berkeley, namely, a cross between the wild pin-tail and the common duck, which combines the flavor of both birds, and will multiply like ordinary ducks. We had also three couple of 'dusky ducks,' and very good they were.

"The 'Leporines' were kindly given me by Mr. Bartlett. They are said to be half rabbit, half hare; but as the test of the knife and fork had never been applied to them, I was most anxious that it should be used on this occasion; the verdict from both the roast and broiled specimens being that this animal has 90 per cent. of the rabbit in his composition.

"Among the *entremets* figured 'sweet potatoes from Algeria,' and *Dioscorea Batatas* from the branch society in Guernsey, both excellent, and promising well to be a great addition to the common potato.

"Under the head of *Hors d'Œuvres*, we placed on the table 'Digby herring salad,' the fish being from Nova Scotia, and 'Botargo,' which is the roe of the red mullet, dried and used as caviare by the *gourmets* of the Ionian Islands—both excellent, as the empty dishes proved. The dessert consisted of 'Dried Bananas,' from the Île de la Réunion (Bourbon)—a wonderful sweetmeat; 'Preserved Bibas,' the fruit of *Eriobotrya japonica* (also from Bourbon), having a sweet, acid and most palatable taste; 'Preserved Cassareep' and 'Guava Jelly,' from Dominica; 'Rosella Jelly,' from Queensland—all very good and highly approved of.

"After dessert were presented: a new kind of coffee—'Cassia orientalis,' a new substitute for chiccory—and a new tea called 'Ayapane' tea, all from the Île de la Réunion, and all, I suppose, pretty good, as they were gone when I went, late in the evening, to get a taste of them. As for the wines and liqueurs, their name was legion. They came from Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, Guadaloupe, Algeria, Ionian Islands, Martinique, etc., the long row of empty bottles showing that the palates of the guests had approved of what was placed in their glasses.

"Speeches from the noble chairman (Lord Stanley), and many influential gentlemen from France and Australia and our numerous colonies, of course, followed the repast—adding a feast of intellect to a feast of the appetite. Thus, then, ended one of the most agreeable dinners (except that I and my co-secretary got nothing to eat till nearly twelve o'clock), I ever was present at."

The author of endless merriment in his regiment, Frank Buckland was sometimes the unwitting cause of breach of discipline. One Sunday, in 1862, at church parade, the men all burst out laughing, to the scandal of the colonel, who angrily appealed to the adjutant. The adjutant turning round, roared with laughter, as did the sergeant-major. The colonel then turned, and beheld Frank Buckland coming out of his quarters, attended by Brice, the French giant and a dwarf, then exhibiting in London, who, being like Frank, off duty on Sunday morning, had come to breakfast with him.

In 1860, disappointed in the hope of promotion in his old regiment, but encouraged in another direction by his increasing literary and scientific success, Frank Buckland resigned his commission, after eight years' of service, to devote himself to practical natural history and literature. His leading idea was the practical application of his knowledge for the welfare of mankind, especially by the increase of food supply. He took up fish-culture as his specialty, and this became, thenceforward, the chief pursuit of his life.

As the knowledge of fish-hatching spread, many sought his aid in fitting up the apparatus in different parts of the country, and it became necessary to provide ova for the multiplying nurseries. Winter is the spawning-time for trout, and in January and February of each year he worked hard in collecting trout ova in different rivers—no easy task in time of frost—the intervals of time being filled up with literary and other labor. He corresponded also with the directors of the French Government Establishment of Pisciculture at Huningue, whence he received consignments of fish ova, principally of salmon, salmon trout and Great Lake trout. As the eggs were collected or received, immediate provision was made for their nurture on artificial gravel beds with running water. Some were distributed through the country to those who were beginning fish-culture, others were temporarily provided for at his own house.

He exhibited his fish-hatching apparatus at the Microscopical and Royal Societies, and showed hatching-boxes in operation at the South Kensington Museum. His lecture before the Royal Institution caused the grave members of that learned body to laugh heartily at the racy humor with which the new practical science of fish-culture was explained, but it was irresistible, while the earnestness with which the national importance of the subject was enforced was none the less impressive.

The substance of the lecture was expanded into a book, published by Tinsley in 1863.

In August of this year, he married Miss Hannah Papes, having shortly before taken the house, now No. 37 Albany Street, Regent's Park, in which he continued to reside during his life; and where he accumulated a store of specimens of natural history and other curiosities, and gathered round him a succession of pets—monkeys and stranger animals—with whom he lived in close social intimacy and mutual affection; while fish-hatching, and, later on, fish-casting, were actively carried on in the basement.

The household arrangements were unconventional, and his Journal occasionally records experiments in unusual food. "B. called; cooked a viper for luncheon." "To Weybridge; out fishing with P. and W.; cooked perch and frog on the shore." "Had some elephant-trunk soup." A plentiful supply of roast giraffe appeared when the giraffe-house at the Zoological Gardens was burned. From the Gardens other deceased animals were occasionally experimented upon.

In 1862 and 1863 several live porpoises were brought to the Zoological Gardens, but having been injured in capture, lived only a few days, although nursed and doctored with tenderest care by Frank Buckland. He took them in his arms and administered sal volatile or

brandy-and-water, with temporary relief, applied caustic to their wounds, causing lively emotion, tempted their appetites with varieties of fish, or fed the young ones with a baby's feeding-bottle. The third porpoise lived for a short time in the sturgeon's pond, and having been described by Frank Buckland in the *Times*, was honored with an elegy in *Punch* by Thackeray.

The columns of the *Field*, and later those of *Land and Water*, teemed with Buckland's amusing articles, descriptions and answers to correspondents. This kind of literary work was his lifelong delight.

In 1864, Frank Buckland was invited to Ireland to inspect the extensive salmon fisheries of Mr. Ashworth, in Galway. His first sight of salmon in the Irish rivers awoke all his enthusiasm. "We came into Galway," he writes, "at dusk, tired, hungry and dust-covered, but greatly pleased at a prospect of a little hard work out of doors. Early-bird fashion, I was up pretty soon to have a look about and a comfortable bath. I walked up from the fishing-house to the weir, and just above the bridge perceived a number of dark-looking objects lying motionless in the glass-clear, ever-flowing water. The morning sun was shining bright, and I was fearful my shadow would fall on the objects, whatever they might be; so I dropped instantly on my hands and knees, and bending forward craned my neck at them, feeling a sensation, I should imagine, similar to that experienced by a pointer dog, when making a discovery of a covey of partridges on the 1st of September. Can those dark-looking bodies, then, be salmon? Oh! you shining, lovely creatures! At last, then, I see you free and at liberty in your native element. Mysterious water fairies, whence come ye? Whither are ye going? Why do ye hide your lustrous and beautiful figures in the unseen and unknown caverns of the deep blue sea? Why do ye shun the eye of mortal man? Hitherto I have seen only your lifeless, battered, and disfigured carcasses mummied in ice and lying in marble state on fishmongers' slabs. Who could believe that in life you are so wondrously beautiful, so mysterious, so incomprehensible?"

In this year he also extended his investigations to oyster-culture, lectured upon the subject, made elaborate studies and reports, and finally took part in the formation of a company for the culture of oysters at Herne Bay—a project which, from various causes, proved ultimately unsuccessful. In May, 1865, he was appointed Scientific Referee to the South Kensington Museum, and gave there a course of lectures, and of class demonstrations.

In February, 1867, the wish of his life was realized, in his appointment as Government Inspector of Fisheries; and he entered upon his new duties with characteristic energy. His chief care was the salmon, whose strange migratory habits distinguish it from other fish, and require special provision. Most fish live in either fresh or in salt water, the salmon inhabits both. Bred in the higher waters of our rivers, the young salmon of one, two, or three years' growth, make their way down to the sea as smolts, and return thence, impelled by the instinct of reproduction, to seek the gravelly spawning beds in the mountain streams. In early Spring, and through the Summer and Autumn months, they come from the sea, bright-coated and silvery, and swim and leap and struggle up the rivers; then is the fisherman's harvest.

It is believed that the instinct of the salmon leads it back to the place where it was bred; "and I hope it is true," Frank Buckland used to say, "for many thousands have been hatched out in my kitchen."

He labored to prevent the pollution of rivers, and to make clear for the fish the passage of streams obstructed by weirs, milldams, etc. In the construction of fish-ladders upon an improved plan he did a great service for his friends, the salmon. He visited the land-owners, chatted with the millers, and smoked with the fishermen, for high and low were alike his friends if they loved nature, and especially salmon, till he bound them together with the common purpose to preserve and multiply the objects of his care; and thus fish-passes were by degrees laid over weirs, and sluices were opened, when the miller found his purse would not suffer, and salmon leaped and splashed again in pools which had long been silent, and the food of the people was multiplied. His tender interest in his finny *protéjés* is illustrated by scores of anecdotes like the following: He visited a formidable weir, which the fish were making frantic efforts to jump, bruising their noses against the solid wall, and falling back stunned into the pool. "Many had evidently given it up for a bad job, and were swimming about with their little black noses projecting out of the white, boiling water, doubtless crying out, 'We can't get up, we can't get up. Cruel miller, to put this weir. Mr. Buckland, do what you can for us.' 'Wait a bit, my dear fish,' I said; 'the Duke of Northumberland is a kind man, and he is going to make a ladder for you; the plans are nearly settled, and you shall then jump for joy and not for pain. In the meantime read this.' So I pinned a large piece of paper on the weir, which read thus:

"'NOTICE TO SALMON AND BULL-TROUT.

"'No road at present over this weir. Go down stream, take the first turn to the right, and you will find good traveling water up stream, and no jumping required.—F. T. B.'"

An important branch of Mr. Buckland's labor was that of casting fish in plaster for the museum. This work he almost invariably did at home; and as the specimens included all imaginable species, from salmon up to sharks, tunny-fish and whales, the household in Albany Street was exposed to constantly recurring shocks from the unexpected arrivals of monsters of the sea. A characteristic incident of the kind is described by the vivacious naturalist himself (April, 1867): "On Tuesday evening, about 5 P. M., Messrs. Grove of Bond Street sent word that they had a very fine sturgeon on their slab. Of course I went down at once to see it. The fish weighed, I was informed, 212 pounds; it measured nine feet in length. I was anxious to make a cast of this fine fellow, but I confess the size and weight rather frightened me; however, they offered me the fish *for the night*. He must be back in the shop the next morning by 10 A.M. Determined not to lose the chance, I called a cab, and we tried to get the sturgeon on the top of it, but he was 'too much' for us, and we were obliged to give up all idea of this mode of conveyance of our huge friend from Bond Street to Albany Street. Messrs. Grove then kindly sent him up in a cart, and we got him *out* of the cart easily enough on his arrival at my door, but it was with the greatest difficulty we hauled him up the doorsteps. We then thought of pitching him headlong over the railings into the area below, and thus getting him into the little front kitchen, which, though terribly small, I use as a casting-room; but his back was so slippery and his scales so sharp to the hands, that Master Sturgeon beat us again. However, I was determined to get him down into the kitchen somehow; so, tying a rope to his tail, I let him slide down the stone stairs by his own weight. He started all right, but, 'getting way' on him, I could hold the rope no more, and away he went, sliding headlong down the stairs, like an avalanche from Mont Blanc.

At the bottom of the stairs is the kitchen door. The sturgeon came against it 'nose on' like an iron battering ram. He smashed the door open in a moment with his snout, and slid right into the kitchen, gliding easily along the oil-cloth till at last he brought himself to an anchor under the kitchen-table. This sudden and unexpected appearance of the armor-clad sea-monster, bursting open the door—shut purposely to keep out the sight of 'the master's horrid great fish'—instantly created a sensation scene, and great and dire was the commotion. The cook screamed, the housemaid nearly fainted; the cat jumped on the dresser, upsetting the best crockery; the little dog Danny, with tail between his legs, made a precipitate retreat under the copper and barked furiously; the monkeys went mad with fright, and screamed 'murder' in monkey language; the sedate parrot's nerves were terribly shaken, and it has never spoken a word since; and all this bother because a poor, harmless, dead sturgeon burst open the kitchen-door, and took up his position under the kitchen-table. Worse than all, I was obliged to go out to dinner that night; but, nevertheless, before leaving the house, I managed, with ropes and improvised mechanical contrivances, to get the sturgeon on the table of the casting-room, and piped all hands to work. My secretary took charge of the molding, and worked well at it. Before two in the next morning the mold was made, and before ten the sturgeon was back again on Grove's slab. Now comes the difficulty. How am I ever to get the cast out of the little room? It will be too wide to pass out of the door, and too long to twist round so as to slew it out, and solid plaster will not twist like the pliant body of the fish itself. I can't get it out of the window on account of the iron bars let into the stonework. Robinson Crusoe built a boat of wood, and made it so heavy he could never launch it. I am much in the same predicament with the cast of my sturgeon, but I never was beat yet by a fish, even though he be a cumbersome monster like the present occupant of my casting-room."

BUCKLAND DOCTORING THE PORPOISE.

As a result of the Parliamentary inquiry of 1869, to which Frank Buckland contributed his experience, an inquiry was directed by the Home Office into the effect of the Acts of 1862 and 1868 on the Scotch fisheries, and Frank Buckland and Mr. Archibald Young were appointed to conduct the inquiry. The months of May, August and September in this year were spent in the examination of the Scotch fisheries, and in the following year a report upon them was presented, the result of much hard work.

An aquarium, designed to show the life of the denizens of the waters, naturally attracted Frank Buckland's special interest, as an embodiment of his own pursuits. He attended with Professor Owen and spoke at the opening of the Crystal Palace Aquarium in January, 1872. He assisted the arrangements for the opening of the Brighton Aquarium in the same year; and in after years

ICHTHYOSAURUS LECTURING ON EXTINCT ANIMAL MAN—QUEER CONCEIT OF BUCKLAND'S.

AWFUL CHANGES.

MAN FOUND ONLY IN A FOSSIL STATE—REAPPEARANCE OF ICHTHYOSAURI.

A Lecture—"You will at once perceive," continued Professor Ichthyosaurus, "that the skull before us belonged to some of the lower order of animals; the teeth are very insignificant, the power of the jaws trifling, and altogether it seems wonderful how the creature could have procured food."

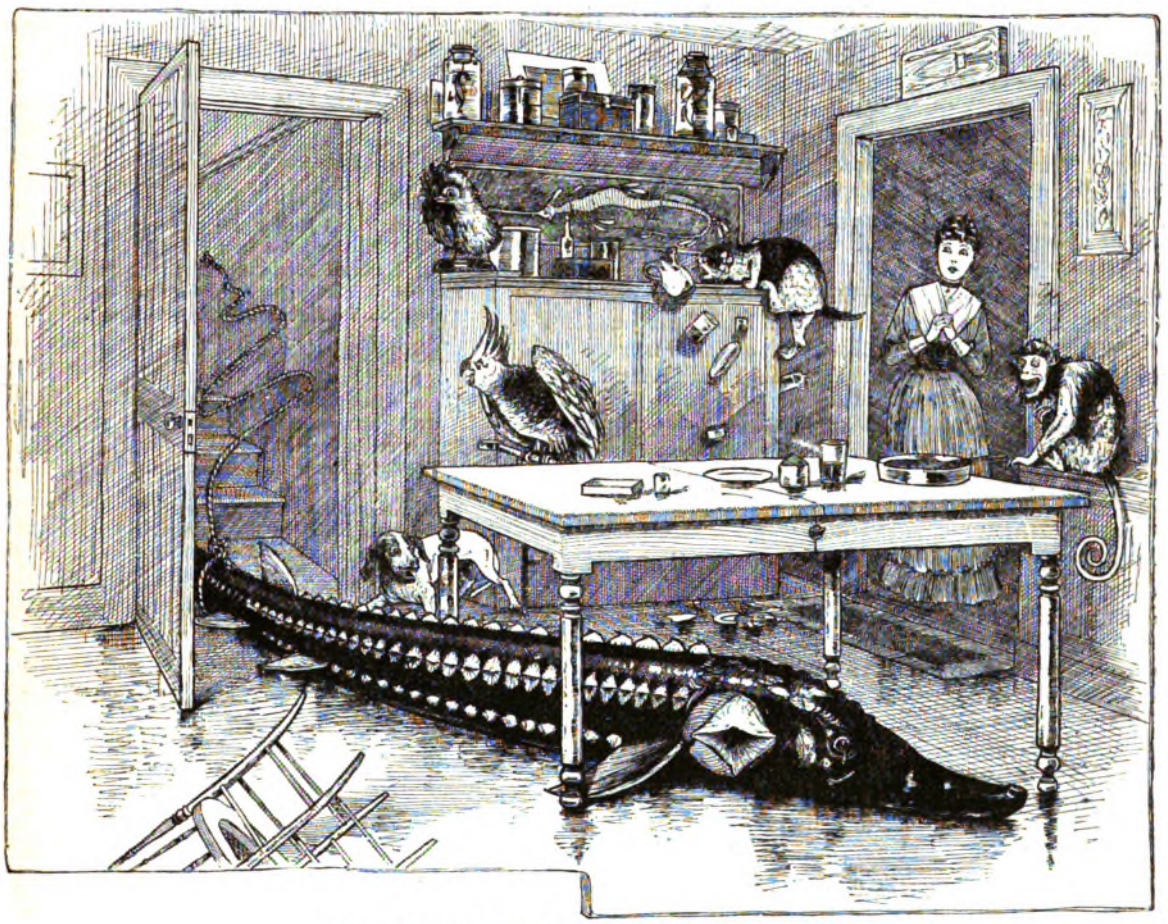
he aided the formation of other aquaria at Southport, Manchester, Yarmouth and Herne Bay.

Notwithstanding the almost incessant labor of river inspection, and the time engrossed by watching and attending the proceedings of Parliamentary committees, and of the legislature, on fishery questions, Frank Buckland's other occupations would have seemed sufficient to fill up a busy life. Every week the Natural History columns of *Land and Water* were edited, and multifarious questions answered, and frequent articles appeared in that paper, or in the daily press. In the Spring of 1872 he criticised, from a naturalist's point of view, and in a most amusing strain, the principal animal pictures at the Royal Academy exhibition. George Augustus Sala congratulated him heartily on his very sensible and suggestive notes.

He found time for a great many social engagements, was a constant visitor at the Zoological Gardens, and ran to see all kinds of "living curiosities," brute and human, with the eager interest of a child.

Two young nephews called in Albany Street while he was preparing for a Brighton lecture in May, 1874. The old rhinoceros at the Zoological Gardens had lately died, and Frank Buckland was busy making a huge pie of a portion of the carcass, to be distributed among his Brighton audience.

He met the Prince and Princess of Wales, and later the Shah of Persia, at Earl Granville's. Dined at the Wykehamists' and St. George's Hospital and other public dinners; wrote an article on the Two-headed Nightingale; called on them and the giant and giantess.



FRANK BUCKLAND'S STURGEON ALARMING HIS HOUSEHOLD.

"These fifteen years," the journalist wrote, "I have been the art critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, and am even now drudging at the canvases in Piccadilly; but I can assure you that your professedly rough-and-ready critique has been to me a very valuable lesson, and I hope it may be one by which my colleagues in the ungentle art may profit."

Year after year Frank Buckland continued to watch over the improvement of the English and Welsh rivers, advised on or designed the fish-passes required, and in his annual reports traced the general though varying progress of the salmon fisheries, and recommended such additional legislation as growing experience suggested. In 1873 he published, through the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, a "History of British Fishes," an enlarged edition of which was the latest labor of his life.

Captain Bates and Miss Swan. The Two-headed Nightingale returned his visit, and he entertained the giant and giantess at dinner in honor of their marriage, on which happy occasion the Two-headed Nightingale officiated as bridesmaids.

The Chief Rabbi, of London, on one occasion, sought his advice, whether Jews might lawfully eat oysters, and Frank Buckland, in turn, consulted Dean Stanley on the interpretation of Moses's law as to things that creep, and pondered the question, Do oysters creep? The decision was against the oysters.

In 1878 Frank Buckland and Mr. Walpole were appointed Commissioners to inquire into the condition of the sea fisheries of England and Wales, which contribute so largely to the food of the people.

The inquiry lasted from March to December, 1878, and

was resumed in 1879, and extended to the Isle of Man in August, 1879, the Commissioners' report being presented in September, 1879.

The inquiry proved the almost illimitable wealth of the British sea fisheries.

Above a hundred million soles are yearly sold in the London market alone, with fifty million plaice and whiting, and ten million eels, besides other fish.

In November, 1879, Frank Buckland held an inquiry among the fishermen at Cromer. On his way thence to Lowestoft he was caught in a violent snowstorm, which induced a severe attack of illness. This was the last inquiry he held. "If a close observer," writes his colleague, Mr. Spencer Walpole, "were asked to mention the chief quality which Mr. Buckland developed as Inspector of Fisheries, he would probably reply—a capacity for managing men. He had the happiest way of conciliating opposition, and of carrying an even hostile audience with him. It often occurred that the fishermen at the many inquiries which his colleague and he held, looked, in the first instance, with suspicion at the Inspectors. They never looked with suspicion on them when they went away. The ice of reserve was thawed by the warmth of Mr. Buckland's genial manner, and the men who, for the first half-hour, shrank from imparting information, in the next three hours vied with one another in contributing it.

"Energy," the same writer continues, "was only one of Mr. Buckland's characteristics. His kindliness was another. Perhaps no man ever lived with a kinder heart. It may be doubted whether he ever willingly said a hard word, or did a hard action."

Although, from the beginning of the year 1880, failing health restrained him from bodily exertion, and warned him too plainly that his course was nearly run, his intellectual activity did not flag; it seemed rather stimulated to increased exertion, while life remained.

He devoted much time to the arrangement of specimens for his museum, which he now determined to leave to the nation, to perpetuate, to the utmost of his power, that knowledge and love of pisciculture, which he had labored to spread through all classes of people.

Many of his last days were spent in arranging and naming the various kinds of oysters, and other specimens for the museum.

Those who saw him during his last illness remember how soon the distressed look of disease would give way to his old, bright smile, and even merry laugh, as he poured out his last droll story, or quaint bit of knowledge, till he would stop and say, "Is it not strange, when I am talking to you I forget my illness?" At first it seemed hard to be cut short in full career of energy and usefulness. He likened himself to Job, and wondered why he was so sorely tried; but when the end drew near, he bowed himself to the Supreme Will, and, not unconscious of error, or that a nature so vehement was not always subject to due control, he received the last rites of Christianity, and prepared to die at peace with God and man. "God is so good," he said, "so very good to the little fishes, I do not believe He would let their inspector suffer shipwreck at last."

"I am going a long journey, where I think I shall see a great many curious animals. This journey I must go alone."

He died on December 19th, and his body was laid to rest in Brompton Cemetery, on Christmas Eve, 1880.

By his will Frank Buckland gave his museum to the nation, to be retained at South Kensington; the rest of his property he bequeathed to his widow, after whose death £5,000 was given to found a lectureship on fish-culture, in connection with his museum.

The museum contains about four hundred casts of fish, mostly molded with his own hands, besides a large collection of other objects, illustrating the science of fish and oyster culture.

A marble bust of Frank Buckland has been placed, by subscription, in his museum.

THE LAND OF MIDSUMMER DREAMS.

I TRAVELED far from towns and men
Into a land before unseen,
Until I found a fertile glen
Where babbling waters flowed between
Their banks of broom, and the moorhen
Dived through the budding leaflets green.

So bright and fresh and passing fair
Was this sweet spot, that night and day
Sped swiftly by me unaware,
Save that the gold grew dim and gray,
What time the whirling bats in air
Wavered the waning light away.

A greater peace lay o'er the land
As thro' the growing corn I went,
With painted poppies in my hand,
Or dreamed in measureless content
Prone by the rippling river's strand—
Dreamed on until the day was spent.

All thro' the dawning daylight's flush,
All thro' the fervid heat of noon,
When silent sits the speckled thrush,
And paling blossoms sink and swoon,
I lay, until above the hush
Of night, arose the yellow moon.

A sudden sweep of silent oar,
And, in the sweet midsummer night,
Stood motionless upon the shore
A maid, in purfled vesture dight,
And on her dainty breast she bore
The legend, "I am love's delight.

"Who seeketh me for love's sweet sake
Shall feel no unrequited pain;
But if with fault or wrong, shall wake
Upon the grosser earth again,
In unavailing search to stake
His life upon a longing vain."

* * * * *

I know not if the sunlight gleams
Upon the river as it flows;
I know not if the moon still beams
Upon that land of calm repose—
The land of love's midsummer dreams,
When once awakened, no man knows.

A GOOSE PICNIC.

By Mrs. Henry Crewe.

No doubt some of our readers have seen the town of Heidelberg, with its grand old castle, its pretty wooded background, its silver Neckar, and its countless students, with their bright caps and their inexhaustible fund of mirth and overflowing humor. Queer fellows they are; intellectual, and devoting many hours of each day to hard study and deep thought, they yet manage at the same time to get as much fun out of their existence as possible.

The students are the life of every university town, whether it be Heidelberg, Giessen, Bonn, or any other.

Of course they have their favorites amongst the old, spectacled professors, as also there are some whom they especially dislike. One old fellow there was who certainly was not in their good graces. He was a great epicure, and had a particular weakness for fat poultry. Often a plump fowl was to be seen suspended from an upper window of his house, hanging, as he said, in order to become quite perfect for cooking. The young students—many of whom could afford no more than a sausage, a piece of bread, and a glass of the inevitable beer for dinner—would gaze with longing eyes and watering mouths at these fat birds. How to get one was the difficulty.

One young fellow, more enterprising than the others, offered to bet with three of his fellow-students that he would have one of these fat fowls for his dinner; and, what was more, that he would make the professor give it to him himself, and that he would invite them all to share it. There was a great laugh at his expense, and the three willingly took up the bet.

A few days afterward, the four friends sallied forth in the direction of the professor's house. Sure enough, a most tempting fowl was hanging upon the accustomed nail. Our hero left the others of the party, but soon returned provided with a long pole which he carefully placed against the wall. His companions stood watch-him curiously. He next knocked at the professor's door, saying that he wished to speak to him on urgent business. He found the old curmudgeon in his study, and told him confidentially that he had overheard a man say he was going to steal his fowl.

"He shall not have the opportunity," exclaimed the professor. "Excuse me, young man! I am, indeed, much obliged to you, but must run at once and take in the bird. It would be a thousand pities to lose so delicious a morsel!"

So saying, he hurried out of the room.

No sooner was he gone than the young man rushed out of the front door, seized the pole, which was in readiness against the wall, and stood waiting with it in his hands, close under the window where the fowl was hanging.

In a few moments the professor appeared above. Scarcely had he carefully detached the bird, when a violent rap on his knuckles made him wince and call out in pain; a second followed so quickly upon the first that before he had time safely to land his beloved fowl, the pain caused him to drop it right into the hands of the young man, who stood waiting below to receive it. A moment more, and he saw the thief running across the square, carrying his prey triumphantly, and followed by his three friends. It is unnecessary to add that the young man won his bet, and that the four made an evening of it. In the midst of their merriment, however, they had the right feeling of conscientious compunction as to taking what was not their own, and the amount of the bet was forwarded next day to the professor, to enable him to replace his fat capon. But now for the Goose Picnic.

When any change is made among the professors, much excitement, of course, prevails amongst the students.

The first business of a professor newly appointed is to call upon his colleagues, upon the clergy, and, if it be a garrison town, upon the officers. When these visits have been duly returned, all kinds of amusements are planned to welcome the new comers. Invitations are issued to the new family; balls and other entertainments are given in their honor. At all the parties there is, of course, a plentiful sprinkling of students, and when the new master has gone the round of all the families in the place, the students think it their turn to do something. If it is Winter time, they get up a grand ball; if Summer, a monster picnic is arranged, to which, as a matter of course, they invite all the ladies.

Dr. Zimmerman was appointed to the University of Giessen some twenty years ago. He was a clever, dry, sarcastic old man, very much wrapped up in his studies, and he determined to be very strict with the young men. He was a widower, with an only daughter. Much curiosity was naturally manifested about her, and great was the disappointment to find that she was of a "certain" age, that she never had been pretty, and was severely prim and proper. At the parties where she appeared she made herself anything but agreeable to the young men, but "they did not care for that." They would give a jolly picnic, and "the old girl" might behave as she liked. Provided the young and pretty ones were there, what could it matter?

The invitations were sent out as usual. Nearly all had been accepted, when, contrary to the rule upon all former occasions, the new professor's daughter, in whose honor the thing had been arranged, sent a refusal. Of course, the students did not regret her absence—"all the better," some said—yet they were astounded at her declining to be of the party. "So unusual!" How was their surprise increased when, on the following day, first one and then another excuse came pouring in from the very people who had accepted on the previous day. So it went on until not one single lady remained upon their list.

The matter was inconceivable. What could be the cause of it? They instituted inquiries, and soon discovered that the new professor's daughter did not think it "the correct thing" to accept an invitation given by young men. She called on Miss Gerlach, and told her so, adding: "Of course, I cannot go." Miss Gerlach was frightened, promised to decline also, and imparted the fact to her female neighbor. Partly from fear of the new lady, who "must know," and partly from viewing the affair in a new light, one after the other was prevailed upon, and although a few brave ones declared they thought the thing absurd, and did not see why they should give up the pleasantest of picnics, still they were so few in number that they could not well accompany so large a band of students. So that, as I said before, the day after the invitations had been accepted there was not one lady who would go to the picnic. The students made no complaint; said not a word. The matter appeared to have blown over.

On the day appointed for the picnic, just at the hour which had been fixed for starting from Giessen, a faint blowing of horns became audible, which seemed to proceed from the University. As the sound was an unusual one, it made the people listen. Louder and louder it grew, and seemed to be approaching the principal street of Giessen. Every window was thrown open; ladies crowded to them, and leant over to witness the sight, whatever it might be, that was coming nearer. All strained forward, curiosity depicted in every fair face, and in none more decidedly than in the quaint visage of the new professor's daughter.

Then could be distinguished the tread of horses' hoofs and the sound of carriage wheels. Nearer and nearer still came the horns, the horses and the carriages. What could this all mean? No one could offer any suggestion. Suddenly, at the turn of the street, the procession came in view; and of what did it consist? A long line of carriages. Filled with whom?—what? Very slowly they

proceeded. As the first carriage came up, it was eagerly gazed at.

What did it contain? A driver on the box, and, inside, a student, who was bending over, carefully tending and wrapping in a shawl, *a live goose*, which was strapped upon the seat beside him.

Innumerable carriages followed, each one containing the same number of inmates, and each student equally attentive to his feathery partner. As they passed close under the windows where the ladies were standing, each one of the young men lifted his hat politely.

The confusion of the fair ones was great. They withdrew as quickly as possible, but not before they had all been recognized and saluted.

How and when the picnic ended, or whether the students were attentive to their female companions on the return journey, no one ever knew, for the windows were kept hermetically closed for the remainder of the day.

I need scarcely add that when, after some delay—allowing lovely Summer days to pass unheeded—the students again proposed a picnic and invited the ladies, every one of them accepted the invitation, the new professor's daughter herself heading the list.

LAMBS AT PLAY.—FROM A DRAWING BY EDWIN FORBES.

MEMORANDA ABOUT CATS.—The cat was originally brought from Persia, and was unknown to Pliny and the Roman writers. It was formerly the trick of the English countryman to substitute a cat for a sucking-pig, and bring it to market in a bag; so that he who, without careful examination, made a hasty bargain, was said to buy a pig in a poke, and a discovery of this cheat gave rise to the expression of *letting the cat out of the bag.*

A FAMILY SECRET.

By Jane Fay Alston.

Chapter I.

Eight o'clock on a lovely Summer morning. The windows of the Clock House, on the Thames, were open to catch the sweet breath of the beds of flowers on the lawn. The first bell rang.

A dark young gentleman, dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, came down-stairs, glanced into the empty breakfast-room, crossed it to the library, and stepped through the French window out on the marble terrace that overlooked the lawn.

Gay young voices, light-hearted laughter, came floating toward him from the distant lake. His dark face crimsoned; his black eyes contracted with the diamond glitter of the cobra's deadly glance.

Those eyes were his Hindoo mother's

A FAMILY SECRET.—"VIOLA ROSE FROM HER VELVET COUCH BESIDE THE FIRE AS HER SISTER ENTERED." . . . "BEFORE THE DOWNCAST EYES OF EDWARD HAUTON FLASHED THE VISION OF A TRIM, PRETTY, BLUSHING LITTLE HOUSEMAID, WHO LOOKED AT HIM ADORINGLY WHEN HE MET HER IN THE CLOCK HOUSE PARK ON THAT VICTORIOUS DAY."

legacy, and in them, at that moment, lurked the subtle, malignant forces of a treacherous and dusky race.

"Viola refused to walk with me last evening. Has she braved the cold of the early morning to go on the lake with my cousin Gervase?" he thought.

Before him stretched the broad green lawn, glittering all over, like hoar frost, in the splendid sunshine. In the centre of the lawn stood a mighty cedar of Lebanon, with a fountain sparkling beneath its sombre shade. To the right were the high, red-brick walls of famous fruit gardens; to the left the lawn sloped toward a miniature lake. Beyond the weeping-willows that fringed the further shore of the lake rose the tall trees of an extensive park.

It was an earthly Paradise, and it had been the home of Edward and Gervase Hauton from infancy, for they were both orphans, left by their parents to the care and guardianship of their uncle, Colonel Mark Hauton, of the Clock House.

But Edward, even in his boyhood, could never forget that his cousin Gervase was the heir to a handsome estate, while he inherited nothing from his soldier-father except his name and sword.

By the kindness of his uncle Mark, he had been educated at Eton and Oxford with his cousin, and no difference had been made between the boys in their early home.

But now that they were fairly launched upon the world, the briefless barrister was soon taught "his place" by Society's verdict, and doomed to see his wealthy cousin eagerly welcomed where he was quietly ignored.

He grew hard and cold under the discipline, and shut himself up in his chambers, eating his own heart out between unsatisfied ambition and an unacknowledged love.

"He stands between me and wealth, fame and position; but if he comes between me and the one desire of my heart, I will not even try to bear it," he muttered, as he walked toward the lake.

Two fanciful little shallops, gayly painted, flew round the point of woods and shot up to the pier. Edward Hauton drew a long breath of relief as he saw that his cousin Gertrude was the companion of Gervase, and the winner of their race by half a length.

They hastened to the house, for the second bell was ringing.

Gertrude Hauton looked well at the head of the breakfast-table, her white hands flitting about the silver and china on the tray. Exercise had deepened her bloom and added a sparkle to her quiet brown eyes. The trim serge morning-dress displayed her rounded figure.

A certain coquetry was visible in the bright knot of ribbon at her collar and the shining buckles upon her smart little shoes. Yet both the young men kept a covert watch upon the door.

Edward Hauton asked, at the conclusion of the meal, if he was not to be allowed to wish his cousin Viola "Good-by."

"Certainly," said Gertrude, rising, secretly glad that Edward, not Gervase, had mentioned her sister's name. "Papa wished her to rest this morning, and so I sent her breakfast up. You know he went very early to town this morning, but he will return for lunch; and at half-past two this afternoon our journey to Cannes will begin. Papa prophesies a cold, wet Summer for England. We shall pity you in our continental travel if the prophecy comes true."

Colonel Mark Hauton was a widower, with two daughters, whom he idolized. Viola, the youngest, had shown some symptoms of delicacy during the past few months, and on her account the colonel was now about to make a long, lingering, continental tour.

Viola rose from her velvet couch beside the fire as her sister entered with her cousins. A dark-blue satin *couvre-pied* slipped to the floor.

Her dressing-gown, of the same material and color, draped her tall, slight figure in antique folds. Her golden hair, unbound, fell below her waist, and was brushed away from her forehead in a wavy line. Her pure, fair complexion was suffused with a tinge of rose as Gervase took her hand. Her brilliant hazel eyes fell before his ardent glance.

Edward Hauton's eyes devoured her, from the crown of her golden head to the silver cord defining her slender waist and the sparkling tie of the silken slipper on the little arched foot.

To the day of his death he will recall that luxurious, warm, perfumed "Octagon Room," and every word that was uttered there that morning; he will see the logs burning in the burnished basket on the blue-tiled hearth, Viola's slipper tapping the velvet rug, the silver cord and tassels threaded through her white fingers; the smiling indifference of her manner as *he* talked to her, the shy, happy embarrassment with which she answered Gervase.

It was misery—torment unendurable. He walked away at last to the great window that overlooked the lawn, the river and the road. He dared not trust himself to watch the farewell those two would exchange.

As he gazed moodily out upon the road, a man slouched along the foot-path beyond the Clock House walls. He was looking up at the house, and slunk quickly away when he caught sight of Edward Hauton.

He wore the soiled white jacket and trousers of a laborer, and looked from head to foot a thorough tramp. But there was something familiar in his face.

"Where have I seen that fellow before?" thought Edward.

Just then Gertrude called to him:

"What are we to do about the pleasaunce, Edward?

"The pleasaunce?"

"Why, surely you have not forgotten the forlorn old house on the opposite bank of the river that every one says is haunted? Its deserted appearance worried poor Viola this Winter when she was confined to her room, and papa bought it, and when we return it is to be rebuilt according to Viola's taste. Papa went over there this week, and, like a dear old careless, left the key in the lock. Which of you two boys will get it and keep it till we return?"

"Gervase," said Edward, roughly, "I am a poor man, you know, with my bread to earn, but Gervase is a man of property and of leisure. Let him go for the key."

The secret jealousy that tormented him was revealed in his acrimonious and contemptuous tone.

"The key of Viola's new house?" said Gervase, only half fearing. "I'll go for it; I'll keep it safely."

Edward saw that he had forged another link between the lovers by his refusal.

His farewell was an abrupt one. Turning at the door for a last glimpse of Viola, he saw her hand raised to the lips of Gervase, her cheek crimson by his whisper of adieu.

The colonel, disapproving of marriages between cousins, had forbidden any actual engagement as yet. They had obeyed according to the letter, but in spirit they had broken through his injunction for many a love-lit day.

Gertrude, who had also given her heart unasked to her handsome cousin, knew nothing of this as yet; but to Edward Hauton-the truth was all too plain.

Bidding Gertrude adieu at the house-door, the young men went out together through the side gate into the highway.

To the right the road led through many a small hamlet into the West End of London; to the left it stretched across a vast and open heath, where the black sails of windmills rose against the distant sky.

"Are you for the station and town?" asked Gervase.

"No," said Edward, sulkily.

Gervase looked at him. Thoroughly happy himself, he longed to make his cousin happy, too.

"What is wrong with you, old fellow?" he asked, affectionately. "Money matters? Tell me the figure, and I'll draw you a check to-morrow. I don't like to see you so down on your luck, my boy."

"Wait till I ask your help, Gervase. Good-morning," was Edward's sole reply.

He turned toward the heath. Gervase set off for the station, whistling gayly as he went.

Chapter II.

At one o'clock that day the deep blue sky was overcast with clouds. The wind shifted to the northeast, and by two o'clock the air was full of a sudden fury of snow and sleet.

The storm overtook Edward Hauton on a lonely country road. His light Spring overcoat was drenched, his varnished boots were ruined, and when he struck the heath he was glad to cross it and the bridge, and seek a temporary refuge in the pleasaunce on the far side of the Thames.

The iron gates were locked and chained, as they had been for years. But by a green door in the wall he entered the grounds.

The front of the square stone house was stained in greenish patches by damp. The hall-door was locked, the front windows were shuttered; on each side the ivy, growing wild and untrained, covered doors, casements, balconies and verandas with its verdant screen.

Beyond the veranda, on the left-hand side, Edward Hauton found the unfastened door. Entering a narrow passage, with a flight of stairs at the back, he opened a door and found himself in a small, square room.

It had been used as "parlor, chamber and all" by the old gardener, who looked after the place when his master went abroad. One day the old man was found dead in that very room. There was his scanty furniture still, and under the window the old-fashioned "settee" which had served as his bed and bier.

The storm darkened the room. As he stood looking around it, Edward Hauton suddenly remembered a dreadful story about that lonely corpse which had terrified him in his nursery days.

As it came back to him, he heard a distinct, though stealthy, movement on the stairs. He stepped into the hall, and saw a man's face looking down upon him from the upper floor.

"Beg pardon if I startled you, Mr. Edward," said the man, appearing at the head of the stairs.

It was the tramp who had passed by the Clock House that morning.

Edward Hauton, watching him as he descended, felt his heart sink. He knew now why the face had seemed so familiar.

"I see you remember me, sir," said the man, touching an imaginary hat. "Ward, sir, groom to the young ladies at the Clock House four years ago—the very year that you and Mr. Gervase were in the winning boat at the Oxford and Cambridge race, if you remember!"

If he remembered! Before the downcast eyes of Edward Hauton flashed the vision of a trim, pretty, blushing little housemaid, who looked at him adoringly when he met her in the Clock House Park at dusk of that victorious day, and snatched a kiss from her ripe lips, in exchange for the blue ribbon he placed in her hand. Pretty Rose Ward! Did this man—her brother—know the *end* of that story? Did he guess *whose* falsehood sent her, one year later, to hide her sorrow and her shame under the waters of that very river where the college race was rowed?

"I hope you won't tell any one at the Clock House that I have found shelter here, sir," said the ex-groom, leading the way back into the little room where the corpse of the gardener had been found. "I've come to grief, as you can see, sir, and as it was partly through you, I hope you won't be hard on me now."

"Through *me?*"

His guilty start and flush were not lost upon Ward, who eyed him covertly as he brought forward a chair, and busied himself in lighting a fire upon the hearth.

"I don't mean it uncivilly, sir. We were all wild about the race, and bet on you and Mr. Gervase. I won a good bit of money, and, after that, I could not let betting alone. In the end I lost instead of winning. Then something went wrong in the stables. The colonel sent me adrift, and I could get no good place without a character. I sank lower every day. This Winter I was ill, and had to go into the workhouse. It's Heaven's truth, sir! When I came out a friend gave me these clothes and a few shillings. I couldn't afford to pay for a lodging. I knew of this place, and, when I heard the colonel had bought it, I ventured to take shelter here. I don't know how to find work, and, when these few shillings are gone, I suppose I must starve—unless I go to the bad altogether, and take to thieving."

"I'll find you something, Ward," said Edward Hauton, after a pause.

The man's downcast face brightened as he murmured his thanks.

The fire was burning brightly now. Ward closed the inside shutter of the window.

"No one will see the smoke in such a storm, but the light might betray me," he observed. "I think I can make you comfortable, sir, while you stay."

He hung the overcoat up to dry, knelt to remove the wet boots, placed sugar, lemons and a tall, smoke-colored bottle on the table, and hung a kettle over the fire.

Edward Hauton produced his cigar-case, and shared its contents with his companion. Outside, the wind roared among the trees and the rain beat up against the windows as if it never meant to stop.

"Were you here, Ward, when my uncle visited the house last week?" asked Edward Hauton, as he slowly sipped his second glass of grog.

"Yes, sir."

"How did you manage to conceal yourself from him?"

The groom looked at him slyly.

"I may trust you, sir?"

"Of course."

"This was my hiding-place."

Ward opened the door of the cupboard beside the chimney, and pressed his hand firmly against the boarded wall. One board slid behind another with a sharp click. A rush of cold, damp air came from a narrow passage,

"Where does it lead to?" asked Edward Hauton, peering curiously in.

"Straight below, sir; fourteen feet down into a paved cellar."

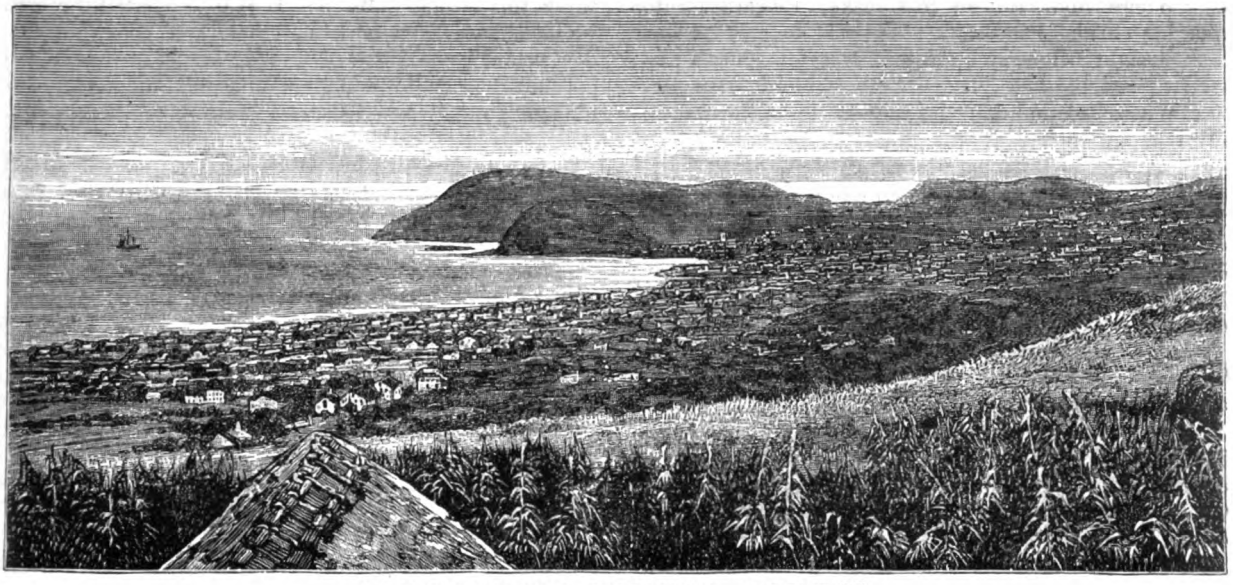
"Where are the stairs leading to this cellar?"

THE MORNING LETTERS.

"There are none, sir. I don't mean that it was made for an actual cellar. This house is very old, and there used to be queer doings along the river-banks many years ago. I've heard that many of the old houses had underground passages, or places of concealment, and I think this is one. My idea is that smugglers or highwaymen once lived here, and that their booty was hidden below."

"But how did you find it out, and how did you get up and down?" asked Edward Hauton, curiously.

"I can go up and down a rope with any sailor, sir, and here is one made fast by this iron ring," said the man, showing a ring let into the wall. "And I'm pretty sure there used to be an outlet through the cellar-wall, but I haven't found it yet. I stumbled upon this quite



A SAIL TO THE AZORES.— HORTA, FAYAL.— SEE PAGE 698.

by chance as I was poking about, thinking of the stories I had heard. The springs were rusted, and I had a rare job to make them work."

"You know more of this place than you seem to, Ward," said Edward Hauton, looking keenly at him. "You may as well tell me all about it."

"There isn't much to tell," said Ward, turning red. "The fact is, when I was groom at the Clock House I fell in with a sailor one night at the public-house, and he began pumping me about this place. He might have been about fifty years old, and he had lived in almost every country on the globe. I fancy he had been a river pirate among other things. And I got an idea from questions he asked that smugglers had used this house once, and there might be some of their treasures buried in that cellar still. So, being hard up, and with nothing to do, I've been trying my luck by digging down there. Now you know all about it, Mr. Edward. I've found nothing so far, though I've made a pretty deep hole, but I may in the end. If I do, I need it much more than the colonel does. Now, don't I, sir?"

"All right, I will not peach. Dig away and be happy," said Edward Hauton.

He seemed to be thinking of something else as he spoke.

His mind, losing its momentary interest in the affairs of the ex-groom had gone back to its one settled grievance, and was brooding over it gloomily. He was, as I have said, a briefless barrister, dependent on the generosity of his Uncle Mark for his modest income of two hundred pounds a year. It was early days with him as yet, and in due time, no doubt, his own steady application and his family influence would place quantities of profitable business in his hands.

But he was eager, ambitious, impatient. He wanted the good things of this life at once, while he had the youth and health and strength to enjoy them. He did not care for "business"; he was not anxious (to tell the truth) to obtain "work" of any kind. He wanted a life of luxury, ease, pleasure for the present; and in the future a stately home, a high and assured position, a prominent place in the council-halls of the nation. Such a life, in a word, as lay stretched out before Gervase, through no merit or talent of his own.

Above all, through all, with all, he wanted Viola! And his cousin stood between him and the envied existence, between him and wealth and power and fame, between him and the bride he surely could have won.

Even Ward started in his chair at the terrible execration that fell, unconsciously, from his lips at the thought.

"Good gracious, Mr. Edward!" he exclaimed. "I thought I was a good hater, but you go quite beyond me, sir."

Edward

WOMEN OF THE AZORES IN OUTDOOR DRESS.

A PEASANT GIRL IN THE AZORES.

Hauton frowned. He did not often betray his secret thoughts so plainly. Least of all, did he care to have them read intelligently by this man.

To change the subject, he began to speak once more of the underground passage and of the treasure that Ward hoped to find there.

It was easy to turn the current of Ward's thoughts in that direction. His eyes sparkled, and his cheeks flushed as he talked.

Outside, the roaring wind and falling rain made a fit accompaniment to his story. It was not yet quite five o'clock, but the storm darkened down over the land and river like deepest night.

"I'm almost sure it was smugglers who lived here, from some things that sailor said," remarked Ward, whose tongue was loosened by the grog. "And there was an entrance to that cellar outside, down below. I shall find it yet. My idea is that they ran cargoes up the river at dead of night and brought them into their storehouse that way. Did you ever notice how the bank is cut away below this room, sir?"

"I? I know nothing about the place. Never was in it before," replied Edward Hauton, indifferently.

Ward took a lantern from the cupboard, lighted it, and tied it to a long rope.

"Then I'll show you something curious, sir. This house is built at the top of a small hill. And behind it —just below this room—the hill is cut away twenty feet or so. There's a causeway of stones below, and my belief is that the outside entrance to the smuggler's hiding-place is in the wall at the end of the causeway, only the moss and ivy have covered the place in all these years. You had better hold by the window-casing, sir, if you are apt to turn giddy. There—isn't it for all the world like a well?"

Ward opened the French window at the back of the room, and swung the lantern out. A wild rush of wind extinguished the candle on the table, and covered Edward Hauton with drops of rain.

As he leaned out, gazing into the deep, narrow black gulf, into which the lantern was lowered, a loud knocking came at the side door—the door which Ward had locked.

"The police!" said Ward, in a low whisper, drawing up the lantern. "Keep them out as long as you can, sir. Don't let them into this room, if you can help it; and, if you can't, don't peach on me."

Quick as thought he rushed across the room, caught the kettle off the hearth, and emptied it on the fire. Taking the lantern in his teeth he went down the rope into his hiding-place with a run, and the door in the wall closed after him.

For a moment Edward Hauton was startled and confused by the suddenness of the proceeding. Then he remembered that his cousin had promised to come there for the key that day.

He felt his way out through the dark passage and unlocked the door.

"Is it you, Gervase?" he asked.

"To be sure it is," replied his cousin, recognizing his voice, although he could scarcely see him. "But how do you happen to be here, Edward?"

"I was caught in the storm and took shelter here, knowing that the house was open. I did not expect you in such weather," replied Edward.

"I *promised* to come."

The tone, the words, recalled the scene of the morning, and stung Edward's jealous nature to frenzy.

"I am glad you kept that promise," he said. "I want to speak to you, Gervase, and this is the best place and the best time I can find."

"I'm ready to listen, Edward—I told you as much this morning—and ready to help you, too."

"I don't want your help, as I told *you* this morning. I only want your promise to keep away from the Clock House in future, and leave my cousin Viola to me. I love her. I am determined to marry her. It will be a bad day, Gervase, for you when you step between me and her."

Gervase was silent a moment.

"Do you hear me?" asked Edward.

"Yes; and I am sorry in this one thing I cannot oblige you. I have loved Viola since we played together as children; I have always thought of her as my future wife, and, since this morning, the whole world could not induce me to give up that hope. Don't let us break our long friendship, my dear cousin."

Edward shook off the hand laid on his shoulder, and turned away with a muttered oath.

"Wait till I close the house, and we will talk this over," said Gervase. "Have you any cigar-lights with you?"

"No."

Gervase entered the little room.

"Have you been smoking, Edward?"

"No."

"Then some one is in the house, and you must help me unearth him. It was careless to leave it unlocked. What a strong smell of whisky and cigars! And here are the wind and rain coming in. Where does this door lead to, Edward?"

Edward did not answer. He leaned against the passage-wall, following his cousin's figure with an eager glance as he moved across the room.

He could see faintly and distinctly, but to Gervase all was darkness and obscurity. And even as he asked the question his groping hand, passing through the open window, met only chilly space.

He started back, but his foot slipped on the wet window-sill, and, with a stifled cry for help, he fell.

A moment passed. It seemed like a year to the watcher in the passage. He was not horrified, grieved, or even repentant. He was only waiting to know.

The spring of the secret cupboard clicked. With a fascinated gaze he saw Ward's pale face ascending, illumined by the lantern's rays.

Without uttering a word to him, Ward cast off the rope, made it fast beneath the French window, and slid swiftly down. He soon came back.

"This is a dreadful thing, Mr. Edward," he said, in a trembling voice. "His head must have struck on the causeway-stones! He is dead, and we may swing for it!"

Ward put the lantern on the table, and fell into a chair, utterly overwhelmed.

But Edward Hauton went up to him with a smile. His black eyes glittered, his dark face was flushed. He walked erect, and held his head high, and struck the frightened servant lightly on the shoulder with a master's hand.

"Don't be a fool!" he said. "The death of Gervase Hauton makes me a rich and happy man! Stand by me, and I'll make you rich and happy, too!"

"But the police, sir?" murmured Ward.

"What can they do or say? Follow my instructions, and before this hour to-morrow you shall be taken into my service for life, with a present of one thousand pounds."

Chapter III.

The storm that broke over London that afternoon detained the party of travelers at the "Clock House."

The sisters, somewhat disappointed, retired very early, that they might be ready to commence their journey by the forenoon train of the following day.

Colonel Hauton, sitting over letters and papers in the library at half-past nine, heard a cautious tread on the gravel walk outside.

The dogs, who roamed the grounds at will by night, gave no notice of intrusion.

He stepped to the window and opened the wooden inside shutter.

The rain had ceased. He dimly distinguished a white figure on the walk, and heard a voice speaking caressingly to the dogs.

"Can Evans be walking in his sleep?" was the first thought of the colonel. He opened the window.

The white figure drew near. The four great dogs were leaping and bounding about it.

"Is that you, Evans?" asked the voice, cautiously.

"No. Who are you?" replied the colonel.

The figure wavered, halted, turned as if to run.

"Who are you?" demanded the colonel, a second time.

Then it advanced again.

"It's me, sir. Ward, whom you dismissed."

"For selling my horses' corn," said the colonel, grimly. "I remember. Any one else would have sent you to prison. Why are you prowling about my grounds at this hour of the night?"

"I thought you had gone abroad, sir."

"And so you came to rob the house in my absence. Is that it?" interrupted the colonel.

"No, sir. I've paid bitterly for dishonesty, and unless I'm driven to it by actual starvation, I'll never steal again. I came to find Evans. Let me come in, colonel. Something has happened that you ought to know."

The man's earnest manner, his excessive agitation, aroued the colonel's curiosity.

He went back into the library, telling him to follow.

"Do you remember Rose, sir?" asked Ward, standing before him, with a very pale face.

"Rose?"

"My sister, sir. The prettiest, sweetest little creature—you can't have forgotten her, sir—she was just like her name. Four years ago she was housemaid here—the day your two nephews rowed in the winning college boat."

"Poor child! Yes, I remember her well," said the colonel, with a sigh.

The sad fate of the little country lass had weighed heavily on his mind at the time, the more because of certain dark suspicions of his own, which he had never breathed to mortal ears.

"I've never forgotten how kind you were to her, sir; how the young ladies cried when she was brought in dead; nor how they put flowers in her coffin, and on her grave," said Ward, with tears in his eyes. "For you, sir, and for them, there's nothing I wouldn't do—nothing! But as for your nephew, Colonel Hauton, I swore to be revenged on him—I swore it over little Rose's drowned corpse."

"Don't say it, Ward, unless you are sure that he is guilty," said the colonel, with a troubled face.

"I am sure, sir. Rose told me. I made her. It was the night before she died. I thought she killed herself in despair for having betrayed him. That made me hate him all the more."

"Not—not Gervase?" said the colonel, almost imploringly.

"No, sir. It was Mr. Edward."

"I was afraid—I was afraid of it," said the colonel. "I saw him with her once in the park. I spoke to him about it. He said it was nothing—a mere accident—and should not occur again."

He looked up kindly at the man, who was still struggling with his emotion.

"Ward—my poor fellow!—I don't know what to say to you! I would ask your forgiveness for my nephew if I could hope that he was sorry himself. But it is a thing almost impossible to forgive. I doubt if I could do it in your place. Sit down, Ward. You look pale and cold and tired. I'm afraid you have seen great hardships. Promise me that you will be an honest man in future, and I'll take you back into my service at once."

"Colonel," began Ward, "colonel, I——"

He could not go on. Weakened by sickness and actual want, broken down by his old master's sympathy and kindness, and by memories of the sorrow of his young mistresses over the dreadful death of the pretty creature whom he, and they, had loved so dearly, the poor fellow dropped into a chair, and cried and sobbed as if his very heart was breaking.

The colonel, for all his severity, could be as tender as a woman on occasion, and he was so now. With his own hands he brought a glass of wine, and made him drink it. Then he visited the larder, and returning, pressed a comfortable meal upon his acceptance.

But for this Ward would not wait.

"No, sir; I'm shocked that you should wait on me like this, only I know how good your heart is," he said, wiping his tears away and standing up. "I didn't mean to give way so, sir, but hard times have taken all my strength away, and I've been entirely upset by what has happened over yonder at the pleasaunce this very night."

"At the pleasaunce!" exclaimed the colonel, in consternation.

It was rather a wild and lawless neighborhood. And he remembered for the first time that day, his own carelessness in regard to the key.

Ward briefly related the occurrences of the afternoon and evening.

"That unhappy boy!" groaned the colonel. "Here is another death upon his conscience! My dear, dear Gervase! He was like my own son; and my daughter—Ward, this will kill her! What am I to do?"

"Mr. Edward told me to report the death at the police-office, sir; to say that I had sought shelter there, at the pleasaunce, from the storm, and that I had inadvertently left the window open when I went to hide on hearing the knocking at the door. I was not to say that he had been there at all, and as soon as possible I was to join him in France and go into his service, with a present of a thousand pounds for keeping silence over the business. He went away, thinking that I agreed to this, and he is off to Paris this very night, by the midnight train. But I meant to give him up at the station, sir, and have him arrested. It was not murder, as he says; but he knew the window was open, sir—one word from him would have stopped Mr. Gervase—he did not speak it, and he meant him to be killed! Any jury would convict him of manslaughter, sir, on my testimony. I should have given it, only for one thing."

The colonel looked at him vacantly. The blow seemed to have stunned him and left him incapable of speech. Ward poured out a glass of wine, and held it to his lips.

A SAIL TO THE AZORES.—THE CALDEIRA, AT FAYAL.

"You must take it, sir. I have more to tell you," he said.

The colonel swallowed the wine. The color came back to his cheeks and the light to his eyes.

"There is something for us both to do to-night," continued Ward, watching him. "I came over to get Evans to help me, thinking you had started for France. After Mr. Edward went away from the pleasaunce I was busy over Mr. Gervase, and I thought—I'm almost sure—that he is living still."

"Then I must go to him at once," said the colonel, starting to his feet.

"Yes," said Ward, seeing that his faculties were on the alert again. "I left him comfortable. He knew me, sir, and knew I was coming here for help. Evans and I can wheel him over in the bath-chair you used to use, sir; and if you will give notice at the police-station, instead of me—and pass it off carelessly, as an accident on a dark night like—why, nothing need be known of it at all only among our three selves. Mr. Gervase will never tell the secret, and I'll engage to keep it, too."

"Ward, you are a good fellow—a thorough good fellow!" said the colonel, warmly. "Shake hands with me. I thank you with all my heart!" Grasping his hand cordially—Ward coloring high at the honor done him the while—the colonel hurried away and awoke Evans, without disturbing the rest of the household.

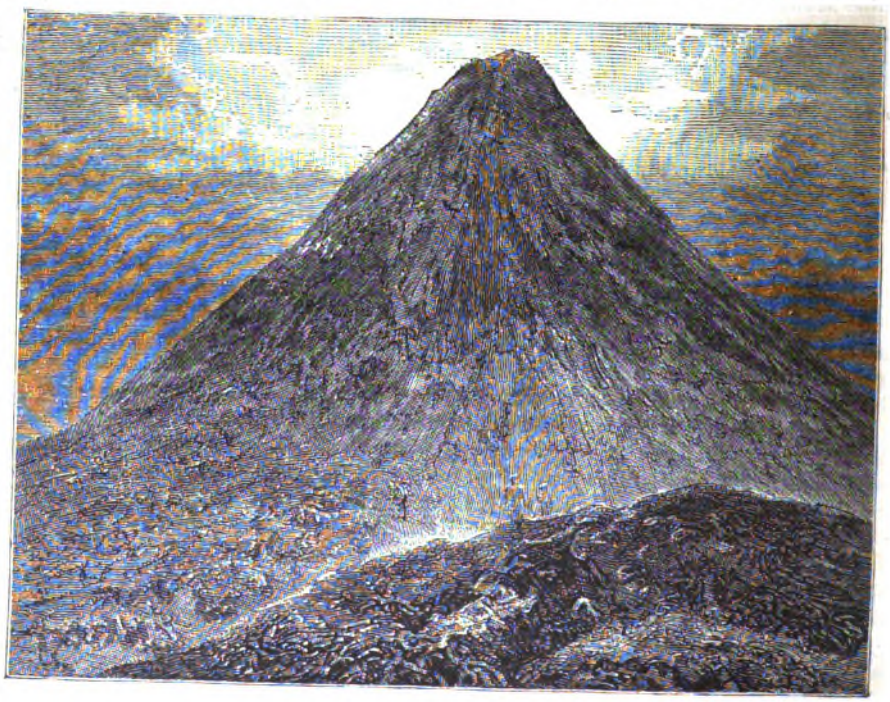
The bath-chair was carried noiselessly out through the library and across the lawn.

Colonel Hauton went in advance, in his warm fur coat, taking the police-station in his way, and casually asking the attendance of two of the men as a matter of form.

Gervase Hauton looked up anxiously from his temporary bed on the old "settee" as the party filed into the room.

Ward had left a bright fire and the lantern to keep him company during his lonely watch; and to Ward's promptness in bringing him out of the storm and darkness, and his persistence in trying the simple restoratives at his command—after Edward Hauton had gone rejoicing on his way—Gervase doubtless owed his return to life.

Had he been left lying on his rocky bed, with the rain and wind beating down on him for hours—as Edward Hauton had certainly supposed he would be—there could have been no question in the future of household



THE SUMMIT OF PICO.

love and peace and happiness for him. His right arm doubled under him as he fell, and his right ankle was badly broken.

A blow upon his head had rendered him insensible for some time, and Edward Hauton, looking down on his pale face by the lantern's light, had secretly rejoiced to see him, as he supposed, dead.

On his recovery, the first thought of Gervase was to shield from discovery the villain who had plotted his destruction, and to guard from such overwhelming disgrace and dishonor the old family name.

In a whisper, the colonel assured him that this was done.

In the dead of night that strange procession bore Gervase from the pleasaunce to the Clock House, unseen by any curious eye.

Viola and Gertrude heard, with much emotion, the account which the colonel gave them of the accident the next day.

Viola was only too glad to defer her journey till Gervase could share it, and cheerfully assumed by his sick bed the duties of a nurse; but Gertrude developed a strange longing for travel and for change, and finally departed on a visit to the cottage of a maiden aunt in Devonshire.

Viola's private wedding, a few months later, was ungraced by her presence; and in the Devonshire cottage she remains by choice to this day, while Viola, her husband and their children, make of the Clock House for the colonel the brightest and happiest of homes.

* * * * * *

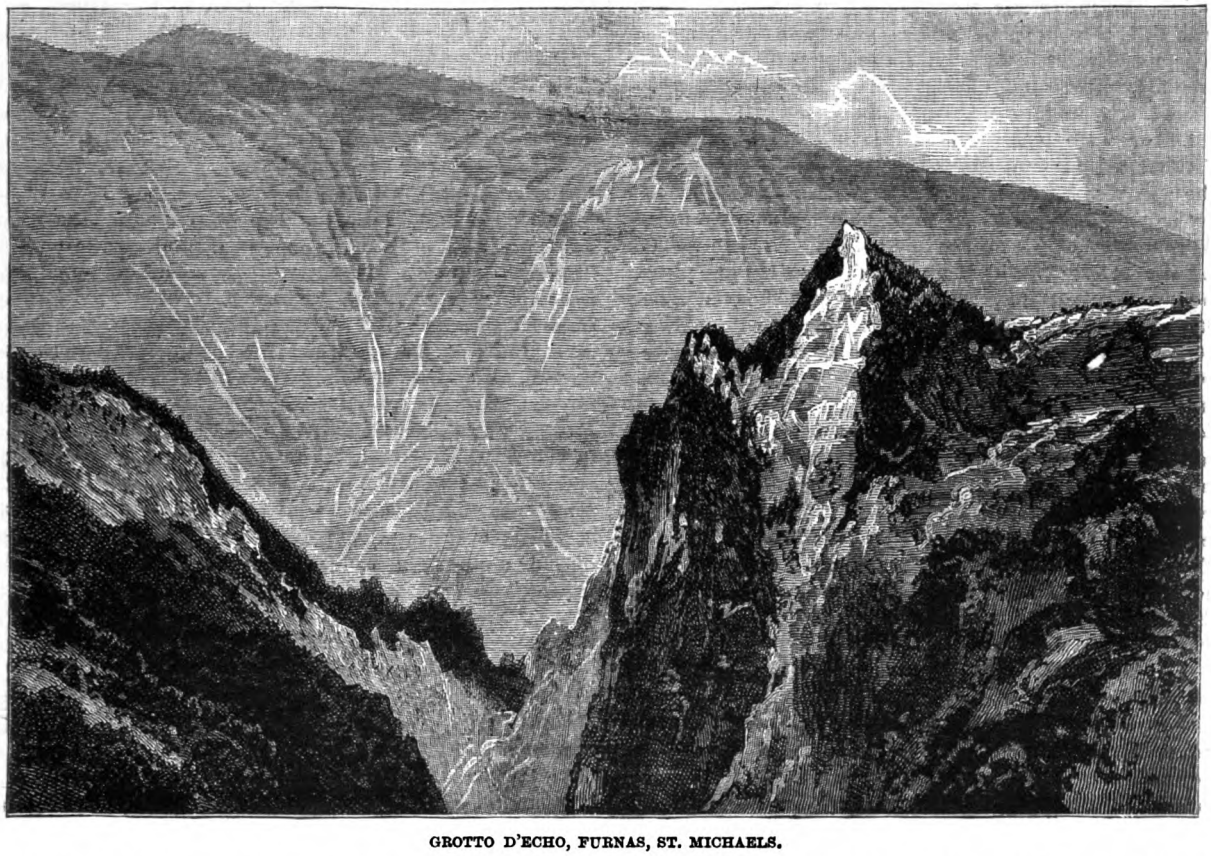
Edward Hauton remains on the Continent, dependent still on his uncle for his pension of two hundred pounds. Beyond its receipt and acknowledgment, no correspondence is maintained between him and his relatives.

Ward is still the colonel's personal servant, and has never seen cause to regret the time when, by his exertions, the life of Gervase and the important "Family Secret" were alike preserved.

A SAIL TO THE AZORES.

Having engaged passage on the bark *V*——, the hour of our departure had arrived, and it was not without a tinge of regret that we bade adieu to the fair friends and familiar faces that had assembled to say farewell, and wish us a pleasant voyage, and amid the cheerful words and good wishes of our friends, we stepped aboard. The tug *F*—— was in readiness to tow us out beyond Cape Cod, and was darting here and there in an impatient manner, as if anxious to have us start. We were soon under way and fast following in her path. Looking back, we saw our native shores were rapidly receding, the group of friends was growing indistinct, and finally even the "Hub of the Universe" had lost its identity in a confusion of buildings; the only recognizable features remaining were the gilded dome of the State House, shining like a great ball of fire in the brilliant sunlight, and the grim, gray obelisk of Bunker Hill Monument, sombre even on the brightest days, but never failing to awake emotion in the heart of the true American. With pride we looked back on the old Massachusetts hills, clad in all the brightness of a delightful May day, and the waves of the Atlantic, dancing and rippling in the sunlight, went sparkling in to meet her shores.

Having thus indulged in our little sentiment and patriotism, we started off in a state of happiness rarely surpassed in this world; even Nature herself seemed to rejoice with us. The brilliant sunlight, the balmy air and



GROTTO D'ECHO, FURNAS, ST. MICHAELS.

the sparkling waters seemed in keeping with our gleeful spirits. When we reached Cape Cod the tug left us, and casting off, we made sail to a light northwest wind, and majestically swept the waters at a rate of three knots an hour. We watched the tug plying about among the fishing schooners until she was lost to sight. We then felt as if the last link connecting us with the shore was gone, and that we were to all intents and purposes at sea.

The happiness of some of us was of short duration, for in a day or so, when the stately *V*—— began to pitch and roll and dash her spray to an annoying height and distance, we missed certain parties who had made themselves entertaining to an almost indispensable degree. We had made up our minds to make the best of the tedium and monotony, and to thoroughly enjoy the pleasures of this sail from Boston to the Azores; but to the inexperienced these other drawbacks, besides the tedium and monotony, were looked upon as unnecessary evils and personal insults heaped upon them, and in their wretchedness courted death as a happy release. How they murmured against the roughness of the Gulf Stream, and how that persistently stubborn old captain defied everything for the sake of the two-knot current of the Gulf Stream. It was very monotonous at times. The sun rose above and sank below a watery horizon day in and day out, and one day we were apparently in the same place we were the day before. As time wore on and the novelty wore off, we found ourselves grasping at any amusement, however light, to introduce a variety into our dull routine of life, as when some one, baiting a hook with salt meat unfortunately caught a stormy petrel, much to the horror of the sailors, who, with dubious shakes of the head and lowering brows, predicted a storm in consequence. We did encounter a storm in the course of a few hours, but some of us were unbelieving enough to think the storm was brewing before the petrel was caught; however, we decided to desist from such pastimes in the future.

What excitement prevailed, and what rushing about there was, one day, as we passed an English gunboat, which hoisted the white ensign of Great Britain, and our captain "unfurled the starry banner to the breeze," and soon after signaled for his latitude and longitude, and was answered by the man-of-war. Then everything fell back into the old routine, and those disposed to crave excitement commenced to murmur to their satisfaction. We soon came in sight of a whaler "trying out" blubber, from which ascended a large column of smoke; but the wind being fair, our captain could not spare time to run near her.

At last we realized that there must be an end to all things, even to a sixteen-day voyage in a sailing-vessel, for finally we were greeted with the cheerful tidings of "land in sight." First with the aid of glasses, and then with the naked eye, the Azores could be plainly seen. What a re-enforcement to our almost exhausted patience! The few remaining hours of our voyage were passed in the keenest enjoyment, quite surpassing that of any other period of our trip. Don't think that we were an unappreciative crew, for, on the contrary, we thoroughly enjoyed the wonders and grandeur of the ocean; but we had strong likings and dislikings. What a refreshing sight greeted our eyes as we gazed on the velvety green peaks, intersected here and there by deep gorges and precipitous ravines, as we sailed into the Bay of Pico, a placid and beautiful sheet of water between the Islands of Fayal and Pico. On the latter island could be seen the Peak of Pico, a great, green mountain rising up out of the sea and reaching to the clouds, its summit being enveloped in a fast-disappearing mist, through which its outlines could be clearly discerned, though it is often completely hidden by the clouds. We had seen several of the islands, and all presented the same physical appearance — rugged peaks, steep cañons and generally mountainous surface, indicative of their volcanic origin.

The Azores consist of nine small islands, and are arranged in three groups. The northern group is Flores and Corvo; the central, Fayal, Pico, St. George, Graciosa and Terceira; and the southern, St. Michaels and Sta. Maria. As to when these islands were first discovered is a question which has never been satisfactorily answered. No mention has been made of them by the ancient Greeks and Romans, but they must have been a rendezvous for Carthaginian mariners, as Carthaginian coins have been found on some of the islands. A geographer of the twelfth century describes a group of islands answering in number and description to the Azores, and locates them north of the Canaries. The first authentic description seems to have been given in 1351, and they have been in possession of the Portuguese since 1449. According to early writers, they were once more prosperous than at present.

The islands have a civil and a military governor, appointed by the Crown; they also send their representatives to the House of Deputies at Lisbon. Angra, in Terceira, has been selected as the capital of the islands owing to the central position of the island on which it is situated. During the disturbances between Dom Miguel and the Chartists, it was here the Chartists established their regency for the young Queen, Dona Maria da Gloria, in 1829, over that of Dom Miguel, and the following year they gained a great victory over the fleet in Praia Bay. After this victory the Chartists took refuge in the Azores. Dom Pedro came from Brazil in 1831, and repaired to the Azores with all the troops he could command, and in a short time proceeded to Portugal, and after a series of struggles with his brother's fleet, gained a decisive victory in 1833. Dona Maria da Gloria then left for Lisbon, and was there proclaimed Queen, with Dom Pedro as regent, the young Queen having spent the years of 1830–1833 in Angra; the Island of Terceira never having acknowledged the rule of Dom Miguel.

Fayal is the most important of the central group. It has an area of about thirty-seven square miles, and a population of 25,000. St. Michaels is the largest of the Azores, and the most populous; but as it is rather out of the usual path of vessels crossing the ocean, it is not more frequently visited than Fayal. The islands are all of volcanic origin, and their surface very hilly. The Peak of Pico is the highest point, and rises to an elevation of 7,613 feet.

A grating noise now attracted our attention, which we soon found to be the running-out of the chain and anchor, and we were anchored a short distance from Horta, a town of about 10,000 inhabitants, the capital and principal town of Fayal. We were soon beset by boatmen, vying with each other as to who should take us ashore. There being little choice, we readily made our selection, and were soon landed on the beach of Horta. We strolled along the beach, occasionally stopping to get a glimpse of Horta, which is as picturesque and attractive a little town as is often seen, situated among the hills, and strongly fortified by the rugged peaks and precipitous ridges jutting upward, which completely surround its land sides, and its beach, washed by the waters of the Bay of Pico, sometimes producing quite a surf.

Horta is on the southeast side of Fayal, on the side nearest the Island of Pico. The Government is constructing a breakwater which, when completed, will render the harbor very fine. Until this is finished all vessels must be loaded and unloaded by lighters. A short railway has been built to carry the stones from the quarry near, while the work of constructing the breakwater is going on.

As we stood viewing the tranquilly beautiful scene before us, on this charming May day, there was very little to suggest to our minds the ruin and desolation that has been wrought upon these islands from time to time by earthquakes and volcanoes that have swallowed and destroyed whole towns and buried their inhabitants, that such disturbances have occurred, or, as late as 1811, as to cause an island to emerge from the deep and as suddenly to disappear.

The beach is covered with a coarse black sand and lava; both are used in paving the streets of Horta and in building walls, which are used everywhere in the place of fences. The streets, though very narrow, and, in some places, very steep, are all well paved, and are kept in faultless condition. Some run parallel to the beach, forming arcs of circles, and others form the radii of the same circles. They generally bear the names of the saints. The stores are all small and of little importance, most of the goods being displayed in the windows. The houses are nearly all whitewashed and have green shutters, but occasionally is seen one of an uncommon appearance, being painted blue, pink or green. The roofs are made of tiles, and the fronts of some of the houses are ornamented with the same material. The houses are generally surrounded by beautifully and artistically planned gardens, in which are raised all flowers common to almost every section of our country. The simple white cottages appear very modest and picturesque, nestling among the high hills, and show forth in humble contrast with the grandeur of the mountainous background.

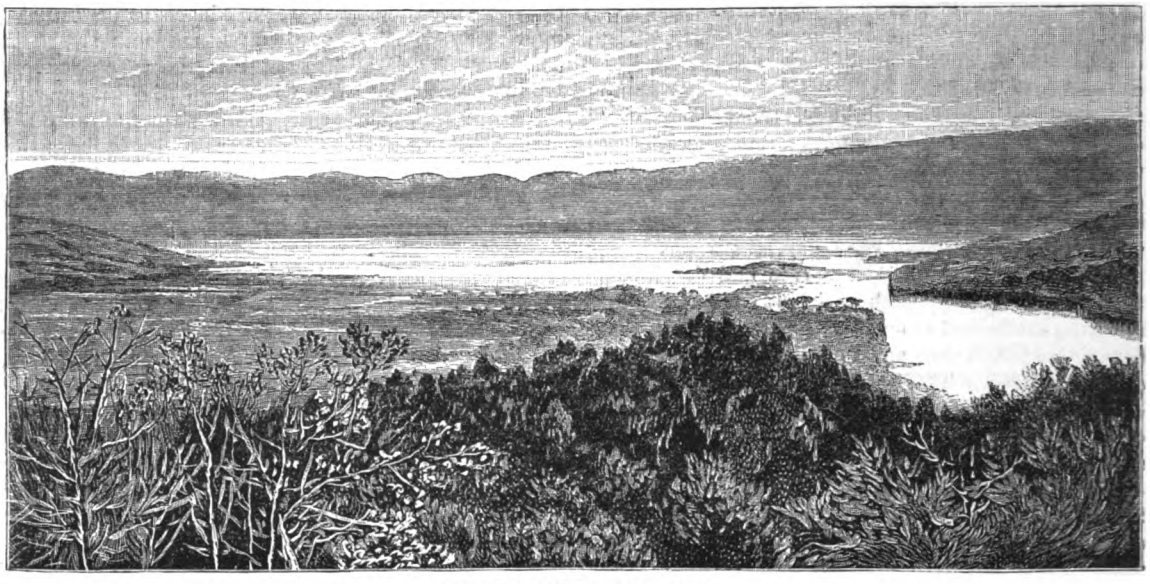
We sauntered along leisurely, enjoying the novelty of stepping once more on *terra firma*, until we reached the public gardens, which are indeed beautiful; full of lovely flowers and delightful walks. Seating ourselves on one of the benches, not far from a band-stand (but there was no band there), we soon found ourselves the centre of attraction. We were beset by little beggars, and some large ones. Being attracted by a little urchin, who seemed unusually bright, we, after great difficulty and many fruitless efforts at conversation, learned that his name was Jesus; this being a very common name among the natives, both as a surname and Christian name. Having bestowed more notice and more money upon these vagrants than they were accustomed to receiving, we found we had established a reputation for charity that would take an independent fortune to sustain; for one set, when *paid off*, would reluctantly move away, only to give place to a new one, until we were forced to resign our comfortable benches and resume our sightseeing. We soon found the handsome residence of the United States Consul, Dabney, with its beautiful gardens abounding in lovely trees and plants from all countries and climates. Americans always receive a cordial welcome by its courteous and hospitable host.

The equable climate and fertile soil produce luxuriant vegetation; vines, similar to the Madeira vine, and a few tropical plants, grow wild, and hedges of geranium growing wild attain a most uncommon height; vines, growing in the crevices of rocks and lava, soften the appearance and lend great beauty to what would otherwise be but barren rock. The fertile soil is all under careful cultivation until you reach an elevation of 1,500 or 2,000 feet; beyond this the vegetation grows less luxuriantly, and the tiller would be but poorly recompensed for the labor expended. The fields are nicely laid out. Some of them are separated by walks made of lava, but more frequently by rows of cane, and they are terraced in many places to prevent the soil from washing away. On the farms are large circular patches, where rain-water is caught, and where the grain is beaten instead of threshed. Agricultural machinery is almost unknown. What few implements they have are of the rudest and most primitive kind. The nineteenth century is certainly not a progressive age in the Azores.

The native vegetation consists of mosses, grass, ferns and shrubs; the Island of Fayal having received its name from an indigenous shrub called Faya. Tall trees are not natives of the islands, but have been introduced from other countries during the past century. Grain and fruits are raised in large quantities and grow abundantly. The fruit of the Azores has become quite noted for its superior quality and flavor, especially the oranges, which are shipped in large numbers. In her more despotic days, Portugal restricted the commerce of these islands, but they now carry on an extensive trade with North and South America, England and most European countries, fruit and wine being the principal exports.

Horta is defended by two old castles and an old wall, but all are in such a state of dilapidation that were the town menaced by an enemy they would afford but little protection. There are two monasteries, and three convents for nuns, and a number of churches; several large buildings which were originally built for convents, are now used as Government offices and hospitals. The old Jesuit Church, built about 200 years ago, will always be an object of interest to the sightseer. It contains all the old relics and religious paraphernalia common to all old cathedrals, with just the requisite amount of dust, and in the proper degree of decay to convince the sight-seer of its antiquity, and to inspire the lowly subject with a vast amount of awe and superstition.

Being in search of amusement, we soon found one of the entertaining features of Horta to be the trip to the Devil's Caldron, or Caldeira Inferno, an extinct crater, the last eruption having taken place in the seventeenth century. The Caldeira is seven or eight miles from Horta by the road, but the distance in a direct line is but about half as great. The road leading to the crater takes you along a high ridge, from which all parts of the Island of Fayal, and also the Islands of Pico and St. George, are visible. The roads along these peaks are too rugged and steep for a vehicle, or even for horses, so most of the travel is made on foot or on donkeys; an animal less sure-footed than a donkey would be apt to make a rapid descent against his will. There are always plenty of donkeys, saddled and ready for use, and guides waiting for a chance to defraud the guileless stranger. We had been warned that they had no conscientious scruples at receiving an additional reis when it is easily gotten. The donkeys are very small and the saddles very large, being great boxes, in which, after riding forward until it has become fatiguing, you can turn and ride either side, or backward, for a rest. After a great deal of conversation, very little of which was understood, we succeeded in engaging our guides and donkeys at what we considered a reasonable price, and started off at a rapid pace for the Caldeira. It takes about three hours to make the ascent. In place the road winds along a divide, with deep precipices on either side, rendering a

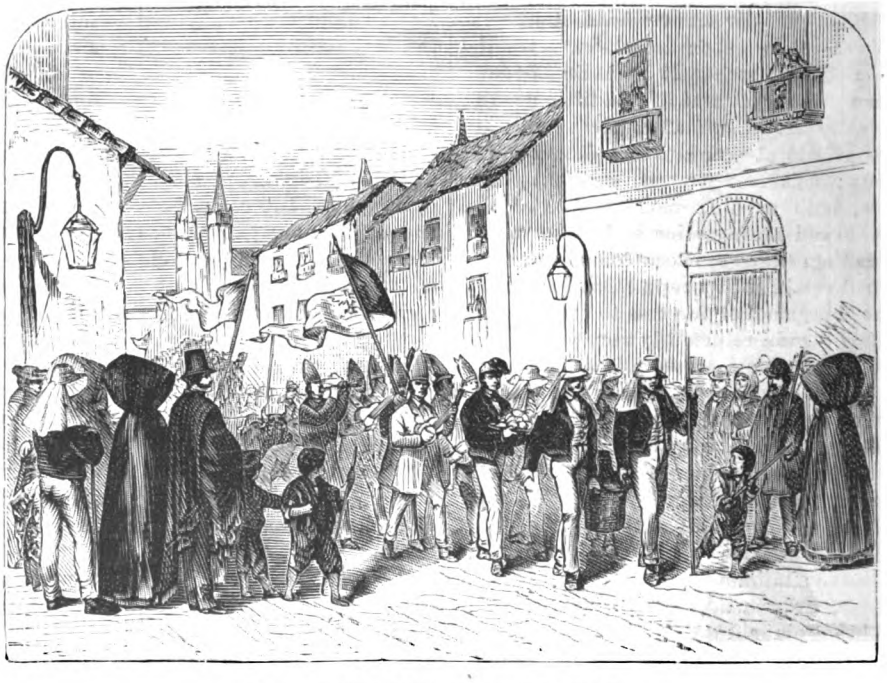


SETE CITADES, ST. MICHAELS.

false step very dangerous. About half way up the mountain, beyond an elevation of 1,500 or 2,000 feet, the vegetation becomes very scant and the lava becomes visible. The three-hours ride up the mountain is rather wearisome, but the guide always has the cheerful information, "*Caldeira mas arriba.*" ("Caldeira higher up"), "*Otra hora*" ("another hour"). That was all that we could understand, and his English was limited to "Smoke," and "Drink vino."

Upon reaching the summit, 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, we were more than repaid for any trifling inconveniences we had experienced during the ascent, for, at this commanding position, we could not but feel a thrill of delight at the grandeur of the scene. The crater is connected with the sea by a narrow passage, and contains from ten to thirty feet of water. From the summit, you look into a fresh-water lake; in the bottom, near the lake, is the cone of the crater, a hill 200 feet in height, covered with a dense growth of small trees and bushes. It is a mile across the crater, and the lake is 1,500 feet below the top of the sides; the sides are very steep, but with care the descent to the lake can be made. The appearance of this crater is very striking, and is said to be unlike that of any other. The picture before us was superb. In the lake is the symmetrical cone of the crater, the reflection of the clouds, the sky and the trees; the clouds are always driven down over the sides and down by the eddies, no matter which way the wind blows. The gulls, soaring and darting hither and thither, and the large numbers of sheep grazing on the mountain-sides give life to the inanimate grandeur. From this high and magnificent pinnacle one cannot be insensible to the sublimity of nature. Looking out over the sea are the shoals, shading off in different shades of green and blue, according to their depth, until their colors blend harmoniously and are lost in the deep blue of the ocean. The vast expanse of ocean is dotted with vessels, from the stateliest ships to to the smallest of sloops, and the neighboring islands, rising from its uniform smoothness, appear but as mole-hills on the wide stretch of waters.

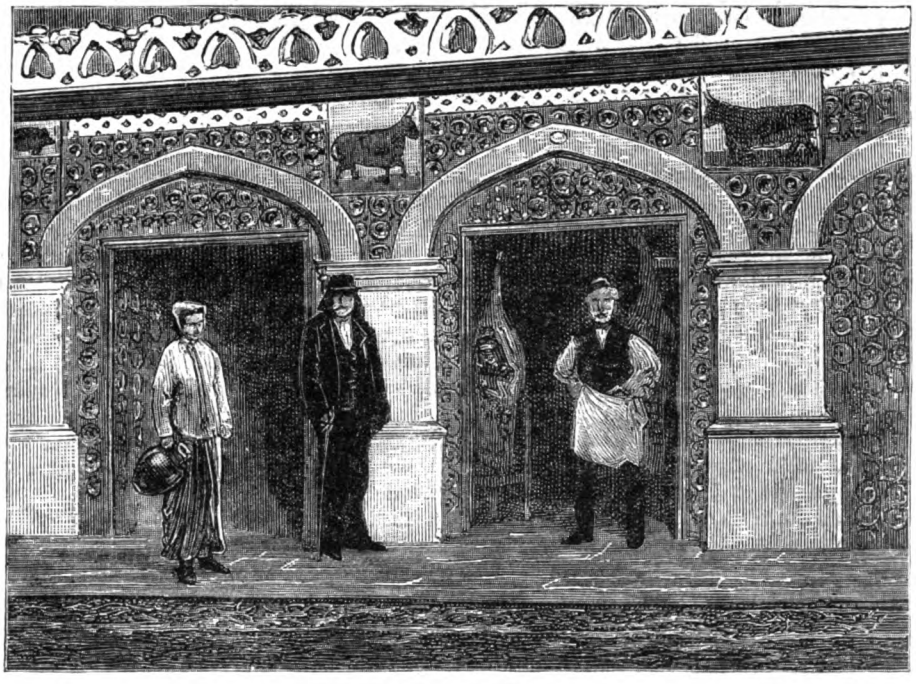
Down in the vale are the carefully cultivated fields, with their different shades of green contrasting strongly with the white houses and quaint, oldfashioned, red-topped windmills, with their canvas sails and huge mill-stones, not one iota in advance of those of the days of Don Quixote. The afternoon sun commenced to lengthen our shadows to such an extent that we decided to retrace our steps to Horta to avoid a twilight ramble on the sum-



A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN THE AZORES.

mit of the Caldeira Inferno, for in the absence of the fair sex we thought it would be devoid of romance. We tried to picture to ourselves this exquisite sight by the light of a full moon, but fear our imaginations could produce nothing to compare with what the real must be.

Upon our return to Horta we directed our steps to the Fayal Hotel, which we found very convenient in all respects, and the charges moderate. Had our bills been presented without our having gained experience by the perplexity which Mark Twain relates of poor Blucher, we likewise would have been annoyed at the apparently exorbitant charges. When you think of 1$000—a milreis or 1,000 reis being equal to but $1.08 in our currency—you can imagine that, by looking at our bills, we felt as if we had been living like princes. The ladies of the house were selling lace, and after pointing out its perfections, which we were unable to appreciate, we were ungallant enough to refuse to purchase. As English is spoken at the hotel, we were not called upon to make a display of our knowledge of foreign tongues.



BUTCHER'S SHOP, ST. MICHAELS.

Every thing about the islands is scrupulously neat and clean, but an air of inactivity and sleepiness pervades the entire community. Along the narrow streets, some of which are completely shaded by the trees and vines, forming a perfect archway by reaching from one side of the street to the other, are seen the natives, walking sluggishly, sometimes with baskets or packages on their heads, or sometimes beside a heavily laden donkey, or with one of their peculiar basket-carts, which consist of a large basket placed on two wheels made of solid wood, and without spokes. These carts are usually drawn by oxen, that plod along as slowly as their master, notwithstanding his frequent and emphatic requests to move faster. I think the oxen, in the course of their experience, have learned that this constant urging is merely habit, and that they are not expected to let it have any effect upon their pace. These three methods comprise the principal means of transporting things. The listlessness and shiftlessness of some of the lower classes is mostly due to their ignorance, as is also their superstition. Many of them are unable to read or write; but the system of education is slowly and steadily advancing. They have lived on in this mundane existence for generations, without aspiring to anything higher, still, at times, a latent energy manifests itself, and may, at some future day, spring up to arouse them from their lethargy, and create in them a desire for a clearer insight into the habits of the outside world. The natives are of Portuguese origin, with a mixture of Flemish

MATRIZ CHURCH, PONTA DELGADA, ST. MICHAELS.

and Moorish blood. The women wear the native costume, which consists of a long, dark cloak. Attached to this is a large bonnet or capote, of an exceedingly awkward design. Many a handsome face, lighted by lustrous dark eyes, is hidden in the depths of these monstrous bonnets, and many a handsome woman made to appear ridiculous in this grotesque costume, in which even a Venus would be bereft of beauty; yet it has found favor for generations, and still continues to find favor in the eyes of these women. The women are very skillful in all kinds of needlework, and make a very pretty lace from the agave thread, and also manufacture a variety of fancy baskets; but the manufacture of the exquisite open-work stockings, for which they were formerly noted, seems to be a lost art. Mattresses are made from the moss and ferns. A certain kind of fern yields a silky substance, from this a superior kind of mattress is made, these being shipped to other countries.

The animals of the islands are all small, such as rabbits, weasels and ferrets. These, with domestic animals, constitute the fauna. Sheep are raised in large numbers.

The islands are a great resort for whalers, being near the part of the Atlantic where they are found, and numbers of their vessels are fitted out here. Steamers run to the Madeira Islands and Lisbon twice a month, and an irregular line of sailing-vessels to the United States.

Again we are about to embark, and to leave behind us this dreamy, backward little world, in which we had passed so many happy hours and seen so much that was of an entirely different nature from anything we had ever seen before. This time there were no friends to see us start, but we were tracked to the shore by a number of dusky little vagabonds, who, with light hearts and eager fingers, accepted as souvenirs a minute fraction of a dollar. As they stood watching us depart we could not decide whether the happiness depicted upon their countenances was owing to our charity or to our early departure.

Thus we left the Azores. Although we had conceived of no new ideas of practical use in the progressive world, we felt that we possessed a broader knowledge of our fellow creatures; that we had seen a life different from our own, and were grateful for the knowledge acquired from this unpretentious, isolated little world in mid-ocean.

THERE are a great many words which have been corrupted by a misapprehension as to the Article. Thus, *auger* is really the old English *nafu-gar*, a tool for boring the *nave* of a wheel. As late as 1572, we find the word "nauger," but soon afterward, "a nauger" was corrupted to "an auger." So "an adder" should be "a nadder," from the old English *nœdre*, a snake. Similarly, "an apron," arose from "a napron," the word being directly from the French *naperon*, and ultimately from the Latin *nappa*, a cloth, or *napkin*. "Azure" is of Arabic origin, and is the same word as *lazuli* in the phrase *lapis lazuli*, the *l* being mistaken for the definite article. On the other hand, "newt" has wrongfully appropriated its initial letter, "a newt" being corrupted from "an ewt," or "eft."

THE Government of India has just done a very kindly and a very odd thing for its Mussulman subjects. The Mussulmans of India proceed in thousands every year to Mecca, where they are greatly liked, being comparatively wealthy, and are most outrageously fleeced. The Government cannot help that, but it can stop the frightful misery endured by the pilgrims in their voyage in rotten Arab dhows across the Arabian Sea, and up the Red Sea to Jeddah. They are often packed like slaves, half fed, and frequently wrecked, and the consequent loss of life is enormous. The Government has accordingly taken control of the pilgrimage, and has contracted with Messrs. Cook & Co., the well-known contractors for tourists, to convey all pilgrims in steamers to Jeddah, feed them properly, and bring them back in safety. It is not stated that Messrs. Cook will convey them to Mecca, and certainly they will not do it personally, for they would be killed; but they can find trusty Mussulman agents, and have means of permanently conciliating the Grand Shereef, who can protect the pilgrims. The arrangement will be welcomed throughout India, where Mussulmans receive too little sympathy from the Government; but it may raise a difficulty about some Hindoo pilgrimages. Are Messrs. Cook to undertake the pilgrimages to Juggernaut, which cost annually thousands of lives?

A DELICATE REPAST.—On June 18, 1800, King George III., accompanied by his family, the Ministers, etc., went to Hatfield, the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury, and there reviewed the Volunteers and Militia, to the number of 1,500, all of whom the Marquis most hospitably dined. Of this dinner I give a contemporary account, as it gives us a good insight into the fare of a public entertainment, especially one given by a nobleman in honor of his sovereign and country: "80 hams, and as many rounds of beef; 100 joints of veal; 100 legs of lamb; 100 tongues; 100 meat pies; 25 rumps of beef roasted; 100 joints of mutton; 25 briskets; 25 edge-bones of beef; 71 dishes of other roast beef; 100 gooseberry pies; besides very sumptuous covers at the tables of the King, the Cabinet Ministers, etc. For the country people, there were killed, at the Salisbury Arms, 3 bullocks, 16 sheep, and 25 lambs. The expense is estimated at £3,000."

VERY young children do not care even for such mild forms of pungency as we get in water-cress, radishes, and penny-royal; they dislike hot things in every form, and refuse them even in minute quantities. But soon imitation begins to act as an acknowledged stimulus; the child wants to take pepper with its soup, horse-radish with its beef, and mustard with its ham, because "papa" and "mamma" do so also. Thus the first step is taken toward the unnatural taste; and the more it is indulged, the more imperative does indulgence become.

NOTHING OF THE KIND.—A celebrated auctioneer, while selling a collection of pictures, having arrived at a *chef-d'œuvre* of Wilson's, was expatiating with his usual eloquence on its merits, quite unaware that Wilson himself had just entered the room. "This, gentlemen, is one of Mr. Wilson's Italian pictures! He cannot paint anything like it now." "That's a lie!" exclaimed the irritated painter, to the auctioneer's no small discomfiture, and to the great amusement of the company, adding, "He can paint infinitely better."

ORIGIN OF CANT.—This word, which is now generally applied to fanaticism and hypocritical conduct, is derived from two Scotch Presbyterian ministers in the reign of Charles II. They were father and son, both named Andrew Cant. After the defeat at Worcester, in 1651, when Lord Argyll had called a parliament, Mr. Andrew Cant said in his pulpit that "God was bound to uphold this parliament; for that all other parliaments were called by man, but this was brought about by His own hand."

ONLY FRIENDS.

By M. P. Gill.

Summer's freshness fell around us,
Nature dreamed its sweetest dream,
Every balmy evening found us
By the meadow or the stream,
With our hearts as free from sadness
As the sunshine Heaven sends;
Youth's bright garden bloomed in gladness,
Where we wandered—only friends.

Not a word of love was spoken,
No hot blushes flushed in red;
Love's first sleep was left unbroken,
Bitter tears were never shed.
We were young and merry-hearted,
Dreaming not of future ends,
And without a sigh we parted;
Fate had made us—only friends.

But a little germ of sorrow
Wakened in my heart's recess,
When I wandered on the morrow
By our haunts of happiness.
And this germ found deeper rooting
As the weary days wore on,
Till I felt a blossom shooting
In love's garden all alone.

No kind fate threw us together,
We had missed the lucky tide;
Golden-gilded Summer weather
Not for ever doth abide.
But for me, though vainly sighing
For a love time never sends,
Still is left this thought undying,
We, alas! were—only friends.

RUNNING THE RED FOX.

By Oscar Doyle.

"Come up and spend a few days with me, and let us hear the dogs talk," was the remark of my old friend B——, whom I met as he boarded an express-train from which I was departing, a few weeks since.

The more I considered it, the more strongly did I feel inclined to accept the invitation; for I had been especially pressed with business during all the Summer and early Fall, and greatly needed a little rest.

During the following week we had some correspondence about the matter, and the result was that I agreed to meet him at his residence on the following Monday night. I reached there at six o'clock, and before half-past seven we were riding at a rapid rate toward V——, a small town some twelve miles distant.

B—— had wisely concluded that this was the best place, since it was probable there were as many foxes there as elsewhere, but chiefly because I had been there with him in former years, and knew the ground.

Of that evening ride it is impossible to speak in terms of too great enthusiasm.

The moon, now nearly full, swayed athwart the sky, unattended by even a single cloud; the air was just crisp enough to make one's blood flow freely; the golden foliage of the forests had a halo of almost unearthly beauty; the dogs, stowed away in the bottom of the carriage, seemed to understand what was in store for them; and my friend B—— a capital story-teller always, filled up the moments with an interesting account of the hunting trips he had taken in the four years which had elapsed since we had gone afield together.

It was one of these rare occasions when all care of business is easily laid aside, and when kind memory only brings before us the most pleasant pictures.

The twelve miles were quite too soon passed over, and almost before we were aware, our driver reined up at the steps of the Pembroke House, where we were to spend the night, and at which point we expected to meet one of B——'s old acquaintances, who was to join us with two well-trained hounds.

At half-past four we took our breakfast; at five o'clock the expected hunter came, and with all possible dispatch we set out for Gunn's Hollow, some four miles away.

This Hollow is a stretch of low land, some half a mile in width, bordered on the north by Dyer's Hill, on the west by a small, muddy pond, and on the south by two considerable eminences, known as the Sugar Loaf and the Chopping Block, from their fancied resemblance to these objects.

The road ran across the Hollow at right angles, on the one side passing between Sugar Loaf and Chopping Block, and on the other winding around close up under the brow of Dyer's Hill.

We left the team at a farmhouse near by, provided ourselves with a light lunch, and started down the Hollow just as the first threads of sunlight were thrown athwart the upper face of Mount Cisco, the highest point in all the region, and distant two or more miles.

We crossed the sluggish stream which winds snake-like through the Hollow, and shortly after unleashed the fine, magnificent brutes which made up our pack.

In a twinkling they were widely scattered, each apparently eager to be the first to strike a trail. Two of the number, Ned and old Joe, sprang into a small patch of swamp at our right, and not far from the road. In less time than it takes to tell it, there was a short, sharp cry from Ned—proof positive that he had not only scented, but seen, game—followed by a tremendous howl from old Joe, who sprang to his work, followed by the bellowing trio who had started out in other directions, but now came scampering in to join in the chase. We caught a glimpse of Reynard as he sprang over a wall at the base of Chopping Block and darted into the brush, and five minutes later we heard the voices of the dogs echoing from far away on the other side of the hill.

We knew the fox would soon return to the point near which he started, as is their almost universal custom in the beginning of the season, and it was our first business to take positions favorable for an early shot.

B—— sprang behind a corner of the wall; J—— started for a clump of bushes at the base of Sugar Loaf, while I ran some fifty yards away, and threw myself behind a huge chestnut stump near the edge of the Hollow.

We could distinctly hear the voices of the dogs as they came nearer and nearer, and knew that the fox must soon break cover near one of us. But what music in the voices of the hounds! Had they been chosen to form a chorus, their voices could not have blended more admirably than they did—shrill tenors and sopranos being matched by contralto and old Joe's tremendous bass.

But the chorus was of short duration, for before my heart had settled back to its normal beat, after the sharp

run I had taken, the fox broke cover immediately in front of me, and not thirty yards distant.

I sprang to my feet, and took good, deliberate aim, for I was sure I had him. He saw his danger, turned sharp to the right, saw B—— in the distance, turned to the left, halted a moment, as if in doubt what to do, and was just starting off like the wind when I fired—and as fine an old dog-fox as I ever saw rolled over and over on the frost-gemmed grass.

It had been quick work, surely, but such is often one's luck in fox-hunting, and perhaps it would be counterbalanced by hours of patient waiting without even a glimpse of further game.

Beckoning to a young man at the farmhouse to come over and get the quarry, we set out again in search of fresh trails. B—— thought it best that we separate, and at his suggestion J—— took position between the two nearest hills, while he went to the further side of the pond, and I climbed half-way up the side of Dyer's Hill, where I could overlook the entire Hollow.

We must have waited at least two hours, and I was growing very impatient, when a prolonged howl from the hound Spragg broke the silence, and we knew he had struck a trail. It was not on my side of the Hollow, and since I was not likely to get a shot, I concluded to see the sport if possible, and so climbed upon an enormous boulder near at hand.

Nearer and nearer came the sounds—three dogs now uniting in the chase—from far away beyond Chopping Block, and it seemed probable that B—— might be favored with a shot.

And so it happened, for after circling and doubling about for full fifteen minutes, Reynard struck off across the hollow by the head of the pond.

With almost breathless interest I saw him near B——'s hiding-place, when he suddenly turned and started down the southern side of the pond. It was easy to see, even at such a distance, that B—— was disappointed, for he sprang from his cover and fired twice at the vanishing streak of color, but with no other effect than to cause it to fly the faster.

Then followed an hour of waiting. We knew perfectly well that five dogs could not drive a fox away from his usual place of resort permanently, and that if this one had now gone five or ten miles away, it was only to deceive the dogs, for he would surely return.

At last we heard the baying of the dogs again, faint and far-distant, but growing more and more distinct with every moment, until once more Sugar Loaf and Chopping Block sent the echoes over to Dyer's Hill, from whose rocky sides they were flung back again to the hollow and the lake.

Standing on my lofty footstool, I distinctly saw the fox and dogs, not now far apart, as they broke cover for a moment on Sugar Loaf, and disappeared again as died a flash of lightning. Round and round the hill they circled until, weary with this, Reynard started down the slope with the intention of crossing the road to Chopping Block. But this was his fatal mistake, for, though he was a long way distant, J——'s gun flashed out, and at the second barrel the bearer of the brush pitched headlong into a hollow from which he rose no more.

RUNNING THE RED FOX.—"BRINGING HIM DOWN."

I sent up a shout of triumph which was answered by B—— from his distant cover in the meadow.

During that afternoon we started a fox which we did not kill, but on the following day, in a different locality, B—— brought down two, and J—— one, while I had several tolerable shots, but missed, probably on account of having been so long out of practice with the gun.

We were in a cheerful mood as we drove back to town with five good skins as the result of two days' hunting, and as I stepped into my office next day, and took up the burdens which had been laid aside for a little, I felt such additional vigor for work that I mentally resolved I would hereafter spend a week every Autumn in breathing the delightful air of the country and in running the Red Fox.

AMID THE LOVELY WATER-LILIES.

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN.

BY

ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—TROUBLE AHEAD.

VICTOR SHIRLAW went to Rookwood next morning for an interview with the cattle-king, and Lispenard bore him company.

They found the two Vyes in Philip's library, the lawyer reading letters, his Western brother striding about the room with a restless, impatient air. Philip Vye seemed to find something auspicious in the sight of the dwarf.

"My dear Lispenard, you always bring good luck to Rookwood," he said, as he presented him to Gilbert.

The cattle-king stared hard at the singular misshapen figure, but gave Lispenard a civil greeting. Then he turned sharply to Shirlaw. There was something about the man by open daylight that made one think of a pent-up volcano.

"You wish to marry my daughter," he said. "Very well, Mignon has been reared in luxury—she is a hot-house flower. Consequently I must know, first of all, something about your resources."

The delusions of the night do not always pass at morning. Shirlaw, beset with the same unpleasant fancies that had assailed him on the previous evening, fell back a step from the tall, bronzed figure; but Lispenard stepped quickly forward. *He* had something to say about his friend's resources, At his request Philip Vye, then and there, drew up certain papers, by which the dwarf conveyed to Shirlaw a sum that made both Vyes open wide their eyes.

"I bestow this trifle upon my kinsman," said Lispenard, calmly, "in view of his marriage with Miss Vye, and as a slight token of the esteem in which I hold him."

"This is generous, Lispenard, remarkably generous," cried Philip Vye, involuntarily.

The cattle-king, with a lofty air, remarked:

"My little Mignon's dowry will be half of her father's entire possessions."

Nobody seemed to notice the vague and unsatisfactory character of this announcement, and shortly after it the two visitors departed.

It was a sombre Autumn day, with a high wind blowing, and a sky overcast with threatening clouds. Dead leaves rustled under the feet of Lispenard and the young officer as they walked silently down the garden of Rookwood to the river bank, where they had left their skiff.

"Well, old fellow, what do you think of the cattle-king?" burst out Shirlaw, at last.

"A very imposing person—he looks his sovereignty," replied Lispenard. "I foresee that the Dale people will make a lion of him. Being one of the ancient Puritan Vyes, he will find himself in great demand here."

"By Jove! I doubt if there is much of the Puritan left in Gilbert Vye!" said Shirlaw, in a queer tone.

Lispenard rustled on through the sere leaves.

"That may be, but he comes of the old Mayflower stock. Very many of us," shrugging his square, Herculean shoulders, "are degenerate sons of worthy sires, you know. Look, Shirlaw! In Heaven's name, what is that?"

They had reached the landing-place. Shirlaw looked and saw a sight which took his breath.

Where the bank fell sharply down to the black current, a woman was standing, like Iphigenia at the sacrifice. She had cast the shawl from her shoulders, and her head was uncovered save for its own braids of raven hair. Tall, white, terrible, with a face like carven stone, and eyes full of desperate, deadly resolve, there she stood, like one taking a farewell look at earthly things. Instantly the truth flashed upon Shirlaw. He made a dash forward.

"Miss Vye!" he cried. "Hold, for God's sake!"

Whether she heard him or not he never knew. She slipped from the bank—a splash—she was in the river, and a water-bird somewhere among the reeds uttered a sudden, frightened cry.

Shirlaw threw off his coat and plunged after her. As she arose to the surface he seized her with a firm hand.

"Let me die—let me die!" she gasped, struggling furiously to escape him.

"You are beside yourself!" cried Shirlaw; "why do you want to die?"

"Oh, I cannot live!" she moaned. "You shall *not* save me!"

"I *will* save you!" he answered, setting his teeth, "or perish in the attempt! If you struggle like this you will drown us both."

She was strong and determined. The current, swollen by recent rains, added to his difficulties. He would not let go his hold of her, and in her efforts to escape both went under. The fate of the pair might have been sealed there and then, had not Abel Lispenard leaped into the skiff and pulled promptly to Shirlaw's help.

Aided by his friend, the brown captain managed to scramble into the boat. By this time Esther was exhausted. She ceased to struggle, and allowed herself to be borne, in a state of collapse, to the bank. Dripping from head to foot, but superb even in a plight that would have made another woman ridiculous, she turned on Shirlaw.

"You have conquered," she stormed; "but I will hate you for it as long as I live."

He looked at her and smiled quietly.

"Do I deserve so bitter a punishment, Miss Vye? You see I am half drowned; but I forgive your ingratitude. To Mr. Lispenard here I owe my victory." Lispenard bowed profoundly to the would-be suicide, as she stood before him in her drenched black gown, her face like marble, her eyes flashing darkly. "But had I failed to conquer you, I should, at least, have shared your fate. Now, shall I go back to Rookwood and give the alarm, or will you promise to abandon all further attempt at self-destruction?"

She was at his mercy. She intentionally gave him a scathing glance, but panted:

"I promise! Tell no one."

And before he could utter another word she had flung her shawl around her, and vanished in the shelter of the garden trees.

"So that is Miss Vye?" said Abel Lispenard, dryly. "I know not which is the more extraordinary, the cattle-king or his elder daughter."

Shirlaw made no answer, but sprang into the boat. The dwarf followed, and the two pulled silently across the river.

The next day Abel Lispenard and the captain went again to Rookwood to dine.

Lovely and sweet as a day-lily, Mignon came to meet her betrothed in the old drawing-room. She was the one calm, unruffled thing at Rookwood.

"I am the happiest creature in the whole world," she said, as she lifted to him her fair, serene face. "I do not think I *could* be happier. To have you, and papa, and a new sister all at the same time, seems quite too much!"

"Happiness is a queer thing," answered Shirlaw, looking quickly around the drawing-room. "No sooner does one begin to exult in it, than it takes to itself wings. I do not see your sister here."

A shadow fell on her flower-like face.

"No, Esther keeps to her own room. I have scarcely seen her since her arrival. She is very shy and reserved—homesick too, and out of spirits. By-and-by I hope to understand her better."

He felt strangely relieved. It was plain that Mignon knew nothing of the attempted suicide.

"My sister is wonderfully handsome, is she not, Victor?" added Mignon, after a pause.

He put on a profoundly indifferent air.

"Handsome? I dare say, if one admires that startling style of beauty. 'An alabaster woman' with 'fixed brows,' one might call her. She does not resemble you in the least, my darling. I should never guess that any tie of blood existed between you."

As the party was about to move out to dinner there was a slight stir at the door, and Esther Vye, dressed in black, and white as stone, glided in. The cattle-king went forward to meet her, and Shirlaw heard her say, as she stared defiantly into his half-threatening eyes:

"You commanded me to come, and I am here."

Like an automaton she took her seat at the table. She looked at no one, spoke to no one. To Shirlaw she seemed a splendid meteor, overshadowed by some mysterious cloud. The dinner passed off agreeably. The cattle-king showed plainly that ranch life had not affected his good manners. He had the *savoir vivre* of his race; he was affable, witty, entertaining. He talked with everybody, he told amusing stories of Western life; in short, he was a perfect success. But as the company rose from the table he suddenly disappeared. Shirlaw, standing a few minutes later at a drawing-room window, saw a horse and rider burst out of Philip Vye's stable, thunder down the drive and vanish through the gate of Rookwood like the wild huntsman himself.

"Ha!" said the voice of Philip Vye, at the brown captain's shoulder; "habit is strong! My brother has evidently had enough of us for one day. He is but a rough frontiersman, so we must excuse his unceremonious desertion."

Gilbert Vye, oppressed, perhaps, by too much civilization, had gone off on a wild gallop all by himself. It was a dark night, with rain falling. After the departure of his guests Philip Vye went down into the walk, and stood there for a long time waiting for his

brother to return. The hour was waxing late when horse and rider appeared, shining with wet, the animal utterly blown, the man sitting in the saddle like a centaur, his eyes gleaming under his slouched, rain-drenched hat.

"Good Heaven, Gilbert," said the master of Rookwood, irritably; "when you go off on another flight like this don't choose the best horse in my stable. Whither have you been? The beast is ready to drop."

Gilbert Vye slipped lightly out of the saddle and flung his bridle to a groom.

"I could not stand your hot-house air any longer," he drawled. "My dear Philip, you must not forget that I have a good deal of the untamed savage in my nature. I was choking for a free breath. Your horse? Pooh! I wouldn't give a dozen Mexican dollars for the brute! Anything that the wind can outstrip is worthless to me, Where have I been? Not more than fifty miles, I assure you, and that's but only a very short spin after the owls begin to hoot."

"Reckless fellow! You ride a great deal, of course."

"I live in the saddle," shortly; "indeed I may say that I know no happiness out of it. Where is Mignon?"

"Gone to bed, and your other daughter--the handsome Medusa—also."

"Deuce take that moping jade! I have half a mind to shoot her!"

With this burst of paternal tenderness, Gilbert Vye shook the raindrops from his slouched hat, and stalked off along the terrace.

Society at the Dale was stirred to its depths by the arrival of the cattle-king. As Lispenard had prognosticated, he straightway became the lion of the hour. Mignon's betrothal also made a ripple of excitement in the exclusive little realm. Everybody said:

"How delightful! Just as it should be. And how like Lispenard to assist at the happiness of the young people!"

Lunches, receptions, grand dinners, and high teas were given in honor of the cattle-king. The cultured Bostonese found him highly interesting. They admired his splendid person—his fine manners, slightly flavored with Western freedom, and his talk of lonely trails and wild ranges and vast herds, for openly and everywhere—yea, in Philip Vye's very ears, this *soi-disant* cattle-king made constant mention of his ranch at Happy Valley and the life he lived there with cowboys and cattle. And Philip Vye always kept a face as expressionless as stone, never betraying by word or sign that he possessed any deeper knowledge of his brother's private affairs than did other listeners.

In Miss Berkely, Gilbert Vye found a most ardent admirer.

"He is unique—he is charming!" said the fair Nina to Lispenard. "Did you, at Mrs. Monde's kettledrum, hear him relate his night-adventures in Musquito Pass? Intensely dramatic, I assure you! As I listen to him I see everything—wild cañon, trachyte peak, wind-swept plateau, black pines against the sky, and all the time, too, I am half afraid of the man. For, as I study him, he seems to be a pent up volcano, sure to break forth, sooner or later, to the destruction of something or somebody."

In the saddle Gilbert Vye was superb. He would mount his brother's best horses, and ride for half the night about the region of the Dale—a weird, fascinating apparition to those who chanced to meet him on the moonlit highways or by the river-side. He rode furiously, tirelessly and destructively—to horse-flesh. Some demon seemed to possess the man at times, and it could only be appeased by these night-flights. Mignon he regarded with the tenderest devotion, but to his elder daughter, solitary, unhappy, pining, like a prisoned hawk in her new abode, he paid not the smallest heed.

And Esther? The Dale people caught but few glimpses of her. She avoided strangers—went nowhere—was rarely seen in the drawing-room of Rookwood—dressed always in deep black, wore always the same frozen, statuesque look. Handsome she certainly was, but utterly unapproachable. Society at the Dale stared, wondered and, finally, shivered. She was tragic, mysterious, but too oppressive—even Mignon found her to be that. She made small progress toward intimacy with this new-found sister. Esther repelled all her gentle advances, quietly, but firmly. At last, Mignon, piqued, wearied, relinquished her efforts, and left the strange dark beauty to herself.

One night, after returning from a luxurious dinner at the Berkely Mansion, Gilbert Vye set forth on one of his late rides, and Mignon with him.

"Let us take a gallop together," he said; "such as we used to have in the old days at the ranch."

She assented, well-pleased. Without a word to any one they set forth.

"I hope I may not drive Philip distracted with my eccentricities," said Gilbert Vye, as the two dashed away from Rookwood. "He is a sly, artful fox. He watches me—I, also, watch him. We never loved each other over much. He declares," with a low, wicked laugh, "that I have already ruined every horse in his stable. Well, let him furnish me with better ones. I left behind me in Pueblo a beast that will go from sunset to sunup and never show a sign of fatigue."

"Oh, papa," said Mignon, lightly, "I hope you are not in the habit of riding from sunset to sunrise—that would be reversing the order of things with a vengeance."

He laughed again.

"Never mind. That was a slip of the tongue, my darling. My head is getting confused, I think, with all the cursed nonsense of this place. I shall not be able to stand it much longer." He threw back his head and drew in long draughts of the cool night-air. "Over there—at that pompous banker's just now—I was strongly tempted to upset their grand dinner-table, and then beat together the silly, empty heads of all the chattering company."

"Papa!" cried Mignon, aghast, "I fear you are not what is called a society man."

"That I am not," he answered, dryly. "Their balls, and high teas and general twaddle may do for a girl like you, or a person of your uncle Philip's type; but I must have a wider range—there is something in Eastern air that does not agree with me, I find."

It was an eerie Autumn night, with ragged clouds blowing across the face of a full moon, and dead leaves whirling in showers from the wayside trees. The river ran dark and silent betwixt its banks. Father and daughter galloped on side by side—the latter as much at home in the saddle—as tireless and as fearless, too, as the former.

With rattling hoofs, they crossed gray bridges; flew, like swallows, along straight white roads, where chance travelers turned to look at them in wonder—down broad avenues, under archways of half-denuded trees, by banks of frost-bitten reeds, through drowsy towns and villages, always with that pallid moon racing at equal pace overhead, and the strong wind in their faces, and the rustling leaves and whirling shadows under their feet.

Mignon turned her beautiful face, at last, to her father

—the wind-blown hair swept around it in a golden drift, the eyes looked misty, the red lips drooped.

"And so," she said, reverting, timidly, to the subject that always seemed nearest her heart, "you will not take me back, dear papa, to my old home?"

"No," he answered; "but when I have made a little more money, pet, I will return East, perhaps, and live my last days with you."

"At least, tell me something about the ranch, papa—you have told me so little thus far, you know. Is anything changed there?"

"No—nothing."

"Often in dreams I see the stars over the crest of the Snowy Range and smell the sage-brush. Tell me, are the ranchmen that I used to know still at Happy Valley, and does old Melita yet rule the kitchen?"

"Yes, yes; but hush, pet! Let us not talk of the ranch to-night. I have a proposal to make to you. Would you be content to leave your lover and our Rookwood kin for a few days, Mignon, and go away with me?"

"Go away, papa—where?"

"Well, let us say to New York. Here, at Rookwood, I do not have you to myself for a moment. I am sadly jealous of that fellow Shirlaw, because he absorbs your entire leisure. Let us run off by ourselves on a little holiday, Mignon—it may be the last we shall ever have together. I will not keep you from Rookwood longer than a fortnight."

She patted Ranchero's black mane, gayly.

"I shall be delighted, papa! Leave Victor—leave Rookwood? Indeed I will! And I have never visited New York, you know. It is just lovely of you to think of it! Of course, you do not care to be dined and petted and lionized by our good Dale people, but you are a Vye, and you will have to submit to it so long as you remain at Rookwood. Dear papa, let us start to-morrow?"

"Very well," he answered; "the sooner we do so the better."

And the next day Gilbert Vye carried off his favorite daughter from Rookwood, on a little pleasure-trip, leaving Victor Shirlaw behind—leaving Esther, the solitary and despairing, behind, and such seeds of mischief as were destined to bring forth a plenteous harvest, even before the twain should return.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FALSE.

After the departure of Mignon and her father, a strange silence settled upon Rookwood.

Visitors dwindled in number; boisterous weather prevailed outside the old house, and a profound quiet brooded within. Philip Vye remained most of the time in town, and Cyril was still numbered with the absent. So Elinor Vye and Esther found that they had the place to themselves.

These two women said little to each other, and yet, for that very reason, perhaps, they seemed to get on remarkably well together. In spite of Mignon's absence, one person still presented himself daily at Rookwood—Captain Shirlaw.

Gay, airy, handsome, his appearance in the drawing-room was always hailed with joy by Elinor Vye. She had a genuine regard for her son's successful rival.

"The Summer dwellers of the Dale are already taking flight," she said to him one day; "we shall soon be alone here."

"I also must begin to think of departure," he answered; "my leave of absence expires very soon. I have had a delightful holiday, but as Tom Moore sings—

> "'All that's bright must fade—
> The brightest still the fleetest;
> All that's sweet was made
> To be lost when sweetest.'"

He seemed to take Mignon's absence very philosophically. To tell the truth, Victor Shirlaw was engrossed with a new subject which he found very absorbing—the girl Esther.

Sometimes he saw her walking listlessly among the dead leaves of the garden, but never now, thank Heaven! by the river-bank. She both repelled and attracted him. An impenetrable coldness and reserve incased, like armor, her pale, splendid beauty. Sometimes her great homesick eyes, following from porch or terrace, the flight of Autumn birds across the river, filled Shirlaw with indescribable tumult. He fancied she looked

> "For the coming which might not be,"

and this suspicion stabbed his heart like a sword.

Daily he met her in the low-ceiled rooms of Rookwood, now unconsciously posing in a window, with the glory of sunset on her pale, turbulent face, then crouching by the happy wood-fire with gaze fixed on its flame, and the red light glancing off her black braids, or shining in the unbroken gloom of her unresponsive eyes. Once he surprised her reading aloud in a clear, rich voice to Elinor Vye; but at his entrance she arose, put down her book and quickly left the drawing-room. To him she never

> "Unbent the grieving beauty of her brows,"

nor deigned more than a silent bow or commonplace greeting. In short, he found her utterly unapproachable. She had declared that she would hate him always, because of the frustrated suicide, and he began to think she meant to keep her word.

"She is a Sphinx-like, unsatisfactory sort of creature," drawled Shirlaw to Elinor Vye. "I would like to see her smile once, like other women."

"Nobody understands Esther," sighed Philip Vye's pale wife. "She is a mystery from the sea. And yet, I find her very gentle and lovable, in spite of her high looks."

He thought himself prudent; he certainly was brave. His new study was as interesting as it was baffling, and he pursued it eagerly.

One morning, as he sat at breakfast with his host at the gray tower, Lispenard said, quietly:

"You go across the river a great deal, Victor."

"Mere force of habit," answered Shirlaw, lightly.

The dark, keen eyes of the dwarf seemed to pierce him through.

"Evidently it is not in your nature to pine for the absent."

Shirlaw laughed.

"Certainly not for my future father-in-law, old chap. To tell the truth, his departure gave me unspeakable relief. I fear I shall never feel quite at ease in the presence of that man, he is too infernally suggestive."

"My dear fellow, you seem to be the only person hereabout who does not admire Gilbert Vye."

"I wish to heaven I had never seen him!" cried Shirlaw; "he puts such hallucinations into my head!"

"And his daughter—the young lady who remains at Rookwood—how does she affect you?" said Lispenard.

Shirlaw traced, with his fork, the pattern on the damask cloth.

WEARY WITH THE LONG DELAY.

"Don't ask me, Lispenard," in a queer, smothered voice.

"Let us hope that she no longer goes about meditating self-destruction. I fancy that young person has a history."

"She is one who will make history for other people!" stammered the captain.

Lispenard arose from his chair, went round the table, and laid his hand gently but firmly on his kinsman's shoulder.

"He who plays with fire must expect to be burned. Take my advice, Victor, and go no more to Rookwood till Mignon returns."

Shirlaw looked straight down into his plate of painted Sèvres, and answered not a word.

After that he went to Rookwood more frequently than ever. No voice could stay him, or warning hold him back. And one fateful night the end came.

He had left Lispenard to his music, and leaping into the skiff at the stone jetty, he crossed the river as usual, to the house on the opposite bank.

The drawing-room was dark. As the servant ushered him in he thought for a moment the place was deserted; but a second glance showed him a figure seated in a low, deep chair on the hearth, with a single gleam of light wavering over it weirdly. He drew a step nearer, and saw it was Esther Vye, weeping silently, noiselessly.

He stood for a space uncertain whether to advance or retreat. He had always known that she was not a happy woman; but this visible sign of grief gave him a curious shock.

"Esther!" he cried out, in a voice that sounded strange to his own ears.

She started to her feet with black lashes wet and shining. She made a fierce effort to regain her composure.

"Aunt Elinor is indisposed; she has gone to her room," she faltered.

"I am glad of that," replied Shirlaw, "for I came here to-night solely to see you." Then, over the gay, brown soldier surged a sudden tempest of passion. "Why do you weep?" he demanded, wildly. "Why are you always sorrowful? Tell me, Esther, for I love you."

She stood as if turning to stone. The rest of the room was in shadow; but that pair, in the one red patch of firelight, faced each other, tragic, almost terrible.

"Did I dream it, Captain Shirlaw," said Esther Vye, in a withering tone, "or are you the betrothed husband of my sister."

His handsome face turned from raging red to deadly white. He made a miserable, beseeching gesture.

"God knows I loved Mignon, or thought I did, before you came! I was happy with her for a few days; but that brief passion seems to have been only a prologue to the grand drama that was to come. I do not know what sorcery you have thrown over me; but the supreme fact remains—I now love *you*, and you alone. I saw you here, a stranger, pining, homesick. First my heart ached for you, then it burned to comfort and console you. You think me fickle, unstable; but now that I no longer love your sister, shall I try to remain loyal to her? Have not men made the same mistakes before to-day, Esther? I swear to you that I never met my fate till I looked into your maddening, heart-breaking eyes. The power that you have established over me will end only with my life!"

Here was the second man who had flung honor and discretion to the winds for the sake of this fair woman. She drew back from him, tall, white, dumbfounded.

"Is there any truth left in the world?" she cried out, bitterly. "Was I born to be the evil genius of others—to sow falsity and trouble wherever I go?" Then her great wet eyes blazed up, furiously. "Every word that you have said is a deadly insult to me!" she stormed. "I abhor you, Captain Shirlaw! I can but hope that Mignon will never, never be your wife. You are not worthy to touch her finger-tips!"

She turned, like an outraged empress, and swept out of the drawing-room, leaving Shirlaw standing in the shadows there, crushed, annihilated and throbbing with such miserable, passionate pain as he had never known before in all his gay, careless life.

That was the last that was seen of Esther at Rookwood. The next morning Elinor Vye waited in vain for her niece to appear at breakfast. Finally, she sent a servant to the girl's room. It was empty and silent. No form had pressed the white bed, and the few belongings possessed by Esther had vanished from the place. On the table lay a letter addressed to Mignon. It was brief and incoherent:

"For your sake I leave Rookwood. Forgive me for the injury I have unwittingly done you! Trust no man, believe no man, love no man! There is neither truth nor constancy in the world. I shall never return to this place, and, because of the trouble I have caused you, I regret that I ever came here. Farewell! Under happier circumstances we might have known each other better, loved each other more. ESTHER."

CHAPTER XXV.

A CRISIS.

"WHAT lovely things we have bought to-day, papa!" said Mignon Vye. "You are, and have always been, the most generous of fathers! Did you particularly notice those Paris dresses that I selected for Esther? I do so long to see her beauty set off by some other color than hopeless, uncompromising black. Do you think she will like my choice?"

"I really cannot tell," answered Gilbert Vye, with a shrug; "it is hard to say what Esther will like."

They were strolling along Broadway together, glancing in at shop-windows, talking as merrily as two children. Many were the eyes that turned to look after the bronzed, imposing man, and the lovely young girl, in her stylish promenade costume, with her golden hair shining in a huge knot under her French hat, and her brown eyes full of happy light. They had been in New York for twelve long, glad days—had attended plays, concerts, operas, visited all places worth visiting, occupied handsome quarters at an aristocratic hotel, shopped to Mignon's content, and already Gilbert Vye began to look bored and *distrait*.

"Have I been generous with you, pet?" he said, after a pause—he never cared to talk much about Esther. "Are you satisfied with your father, Mignon?"

The dirty palm of a street Arab was thrust pleadingly out to the pair at that moment. Gilbert Vye flung a half-dozen silver coins into it, and sauntered carelessly along.

"More—more than satisfied!" answered Mignon, pressing her gloved hands around his arm, in fond approval. "You care for money only to make other people happy with it, dear. I am sure that no girl living has a father like mine!"

"Don't," he muttered, involuntarily, turning from her uplifted, innocent face. "Praise, in some cases, stings deeper than blame. Come, let us go to ride in the park, and then dine at Delmonico's. Will that please you?"

"Yes, indeed!" she answered, lightly; "dear papa, you think only of my pleasure."

They went to ride and to dine as he had suggested. It was at the close of the meal, as Mignon sat sipping a sherbet, that a man approached the table at which father and daughter were seated—passed by, stared—turned back, then advanced vivaciously, with outstretched hand.

"My dear cousin, can it be you?" cried Cyril Vye. "What a happy surprise, and this—yes—this must be my Uncle Gilbert!"

Mignon grew rigid with dismay. To encounter this man on her happy little holiday seemed singularly unfortunate. Gilbert Vye looked sharply at the intruder, but took the extended hand, simply saying:

"Ah, Philip's son!"

"Yes," assented Cyril, airily, taking a seat at the table with the two, and screwing his glass into his eye. "My father apprised me of your arrival in the East. Of course you mean to remain with us permanently? No? Life on the frontier has too many fascinations, eh?" Then, with a wicked smile he turned to Mignon. "How charming you look, *belle cousine!* Positively you grow lovelier every day. Happy Shirlaw! Ah, there was wailing and gnashing of teeth when your engagement was announced. However, I foresaw long ago that young Mars was destined to win the beauty of the Dale."

Mignon looked at him coldly, suspiciously.

"You are as insufferable as ever, Cyril," she answered, with curling lip. "If I had dreamed of meeting you here, I would have begged papa to take me to some other city."

"My dear Mignon, what delightful candor!" said Gilbert Vye, laughing.

Cyril glanced from father to daughter, but remained perfectly calm.

"Yes, Mignon is pitiless," he answered, in a pensive tone; "she never spares me the least. But some day—ha! ha! we will be quits—some day! Now, my dear uncle, what do you think I was about to do, when my father informed me of your unexpected appearance at Rookwood? Start in search of Happy Valley ranch. Yes, 'pon my soul! Had purchased my tickets, you know—was so desirous of seeing you and your Colorado Paradise!"

"And pray, why did you want to see me?" said the cattleman, brusquely.

"Blood is thicker than water, is it not, uncle? I have heard a great deal about Happy Valley—particularly of late—ha! ha! Quite surprising stories, but never mind! Would surely have got at the truth of them, but for your sudden arrival! Queer that we three should meet here to-night! I was just making up my mind to go back to Rookwood and see what turn matters were taking there. I dare say Mignon has told you that I wanted in the worst way to be your son-in-law, but she was cruel, as usual—wouldn't listen to a word—in fact, refused me without mercy."

Gilbert Vye started abruptly up from the table.

"Mignon," he cried, "it's time for us to go!"

"Oh, is it, indeed!" drawled Cyril. "Permit me to bear you company. I cannot endure to lose sight of you so soon, you know!"

"Excuse me, nephew," said Gilbert Vye, sharply, "I am in no mood for company to-night."

"Then I shall take the liberty to call upon you at an early hour to-morrow," smiled Cyril, as he twisted his red mustache. "You cannot shake me off so easily, you see. The name of your hotel, please?"

The cattleman gave it, ungraciously.

"Remember that I am a late riser, nephew," he said, then seized Mignon, and whisked her away.

As they went back to their hotel through the chilly twilight, Mignon, in a troubled tone, said:

"Papa, Cyril Vye is your foe and mine!"

"So I perceive," answered the cattleman, dryly.

"He once told me, papa, that he had power to crush you—to bring you to a frightful death. Of course, I knew how absurd the boast was—knew that he uttered it only to frighten me; but he is quite unprincipled, and he has never forgiven me for rejecting his suit."

As she glanced up at her father she was startled by a sudden gray, strange look upon his face. Could it be *fear?*

"He said *that?*" queried Gilbert Vye, hoarsely. "How—when—under what circumstances?"

She explained, briefly. He drew his breath hard.

"My nephew Cyril is evidently sly," he commented, at last. "If I had him for a few minutes on my Western range, I would teach him something that he cannot find in his law-books! We must return to Rookwood to-morrow. That coyote will spoil all our pleasure here. Moreover, I have kept you long enough from your lover. Are you willing, Mignon, to marry Captain Shirlaw before I go back to the West?"

"Papa!"

"Suppose—only suppose—that something unpleasant should suddenly happen to me? You must be provided for. I have thought it over, and I want to see you safely united to one who has the power to shield and shelter you in any misfortune. No matter if the affair seems hurried—better that than to trust you longer to Philip and his son."

"I will do whatever you wish, papa," said Mignon, in a resigned voice.

"Thank you, pet! I will speak with the young man as soon as we reach Rookwood. I think I can trust you in his hands; and that kinsman of his—Lispenard—well, ugly as his body is, I am convinced that it holds the soul of a gentleman."

They left their hotel next morning, without seeing anything of Cyril Vye, and drove to the Grand Central Depot. Scarcely had they taken seats in a drawing-room car, however, when in walked the lawyer, jaunty, supercilious, curling his red mustache, and glancing around with an inquisitive air.

"Eureka!" he cried, gayly, as he espied the pair. "You are here! How fortunate that I, too, am going back to Rookwood! Neither of us contemplated this sudden move last night, eh? Ha! ha! I like people of quick impulses. You look pale, cousin. I hope you are not ill."

She *was* ill, for a moment, with mingled indignation and alarm. She glanced at her father. There was a sort of smothered fury in his bronzed face, but he kept his temper wonderfully.

"Travel in the East," grinned Cyril, as he settled himself in his luxurious seat, "is so enjoyable, so secure! quite unlike that in the wild West, where the train-robber sometimes interrupts your peace and quiet, eh? Doubtless you have had experiences of that kind, uncle?"

"I do not remember any," replied Gilbert Vye, dryly; "such things belong to sensational fiction." And then he opened his morning papers, and began to read.

It was a most uncomfortable journey. Mignon was silent and scornful through it all—she felt herself to be under the surveillance of a foe. The cattleman ignored his nephew completely. Betwixt the two Cyril found it hard to maintain his cheerfulness. Hour after hour the train rushed on; hour after hour that trio sat together, mute, but all alert. It was a relief when the car rumbled

into Boston. Then came the additional journey to Rookwood. At the latter place, Elinor Vye alone met and welcomed the travelers; her husband had not returned from town. She looked worn and anxious, and the sudden arrival of her son seemed to give her no pleasure.

"What brings you home at this time, Cyril?" she asked.

"A golden opportunity, which I cannot afford to waste, my dear mamma," he answered, with a wicked smile. She turned quickly to Gilbert Vye.

"I was kind to her," she faltered; "I did my best, Gilbert, to make her happy; but Esther has gone; she went away by night, without a word to any one, poor child!"

She gave Esther's letter to Mignon, who read it in a dazed, uncomprehending way. Gilbert Vye's face grew black.

"Confound the jade!" he cried, angrily; "she has fled back to her mother's people! Well, let her go. I shall not pursue her."

"Oh, I am so sorry, papa!" Mignon half sobbed. "I did want to know her better! And think of the lovely dresses I bought in New York; cannot we send them to her?"

"No," he answered, shortly. "Leave her to herself; she is as wild as the gulls of Porgy Island. We have other things of more importance to think about just now. Sister-in-law, it will be well for you to prepare Rookwood for a wedding."

Elinor Vye looked at Mignon, who colored, vividly. Cyril started—a sickly pallor overspread his face.

"What!—so soon?" he cried.

"Yes," replied the cattleman; "if Captain Shirlaw makes no objection, we will settle the matter before I return West."

"He will not object," said Elinor Vye, with a faint smile. "He has been haggard and *distrait* and altogether unlike himself ever since Mignon went away. As soon as I received your telegram, I sent word to the tower that she was expected to-night. Hark! He is coming now!"

A step on the terrace, a shadow across the window. The next moment Victor Shirlaw stood in the door of the drawing-room.

Why did Mignon's heart sink suddenly, as her eyes sought the face of her lover? It was, somehow, a *changed* face. He looked pale, careworn, out of spirits.

"Have you been ill, Victor?" she said, as she laid her lovely hand in his.

"No," he replied, with an embarrassed air; "only lonely and wretched."

"I am sorry," she answered, in a tone that pierced his guilty heart like a knife. "I, too, was lonely, Victor, in spite of the crowds and the strange scenes, and—and—all papa's devotion."

He turned his face from her—he dared not meet her brown eyes. His passion for this high-bred, tenderly nurtured creature, upon whom no rude breath had ever blown, was indeed over—that dark sorceress Esther had killed it beyond revival—but over him swept a poignant remorse, a great wave of pity. Beautiful, ill-starred Mignon, walking unconscious on the brink of an abyss, how was she to bear all that he knew was in store for her, and how was he, Victor Shirlaw, to escape from the web in which he found himself entangled? Light, fickle, unstable this brown soldier surely was, but not wicked.

"It is unfortunate, Cyril," Elinor Vye was saying to her son, "that you did not return in time to meet your cousin Esther."

"My father wrote me something about her," answered Cyril, dryly. "Deucedly handsome, wasn't she? And mysterious also? What sent her off so suddenly? Something unpleasant happened here, eh?"

"Oh, no—nothing!" protested Mrs. Vye, but Shirlaw's face grew fiery red—he, at least, knew the secret of the girl's flight.

Suddenly Cyril Vye seized him by the arm, and drew him into the shadow of a *portière*.

"Look here, Shirlaw," he said; "do you remember a story you once told in this house about an adventure on the Southern Pacific road, where that border ruffian, Black Dave, boarded a train, and attempted to go through the pockets of the passengers?"

Shirlaw, taken by surprise, gave an involuntary start.

"Yes; I remember."

"You observed him closely on that occasion, don't you know?" with demoniac playfulness; "and you swore you would recognize him again under any circumstances?"

"Yes," assented Shirlaw once more.

"Is your memory quite trusty, Captain Shirlaw?—does it ever play you false?"

Shirlaw looked him straight in the eyes.

"Never!"

"And you have encountered nobody from that day to this to remind you of the fellow? Ha! ha!"

He laughed out so boisterously that Gilbert Vye, who chanced to be standing not three feet from the pair, turned and looked at them inquiringly.

"My dear uncle," cried Cyril, gayly, "we are talking of Black Dave, a Western outlaw, who once attempted to rob Captain Shirlaw, your future son-in-law—but failed ignobly—yes, by Jove! he did! Ha! ha! No doubt you have heard of the rascal and his exploits in your frontier travels?"

The cattleman lifted his brows, but with no change of color, no sign of agitation.

"Maybe," he answered, indifferently; "as one hears of scores of such fellows—here to-day, hung to-morrow! He tried to rob Shirlaw?" with a quiet smile. "Well, I am glad he did not succeed! Come outside, captain, and we will talk of something more pleasant."

Mechanically Shirlaw followed him forth upon the starlit terrace. There the cattleman put a hand on his shoulder, and said:

"Are you ready to marry my daughter at any time, Captain Shirlaw?"

Shirlaw stood dumb.

"I find I must return West immediately," Gilbert Vye deigned to explain, "and as Mignon is no longer happy here at Rookwood, it is my desire to see her married to the man she loves before I again leave her."

Still no reply. Shirlaw stared in frightful fascination at the imposing figure of the man. Great Heaven! with what sickening vividness did the memory of that old adventure on the Southern Pacific Road come back to him at that moment!

"Your kinsman Lispenard has provided for your future," said Gilbert Vye, "so I conclude it will make small difference to you how soon the ceremony is performed. Not that I wish to hurry you, but, by Heaven! I must go to-morrow!"

"To-morrow!" stammered Shirlaw, stupidly.

Gilbert Vye waited a little, then his hand slipped from the other's shoulder.

"See here," he cried, sternly, "there is something wrong with you—what may it be? Have you changed your mind? Do you no longer wish to marry Mignon?"

SUMMER. — FROM A PAINTING BY K. BROJE.

His air unconsciously grew threatening.

"Marry?—certainly! Of course!" answered Shirlaw, wildly; "but permit me to make a suggestion. My leave of absence expires in a few days. I shall be obliged to return at once to my command. Take Mignon back to Happy Valley—I will join you there—let the marriage be solemnized at the ranch, the home she loves, not here in the Dale, where neither you nor I can remain but a few hours longer?"

Gilbert Vye drew his breath hard. Luckily his face was in shadow—Shirlaw could not see the rage that darkened it.

"You want to marry Mignon at Happy Valley?" he echoed; "you want to see the ranch before you become the husband of my daughter? Now, Captain Shirlaw, who—what—put that thought into your head?"

Shirlaw was again dumb. The cattle-king spoke in a louder voice.

"Sir, your suggestion is impracticable. You will marry Mignon at the Dale, or not at all!"

"I cannot marry Mignon at the Dale—God knows I cannot!" groaned Shirlaw.

"And why?" cried Gilbert Vye, advancing upon the younger man, as though he would take him by the throat. "I demand your reasons!"

Shirlaw bit his lip and answered nothing.

"*Why?*" thundered the cattleman a second time. "If you *have* an excuse, sir, give it!"

And still Shirlaw could not speak, but while he stood mute, out of the darkness of the terrace broke another voice, startling as a trumpet, mocking, too, and full of wicked meaning.

"*Hands up!*" it said.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT TAMARACK HALL.

A HORSEMAN came riding through the iron gates and up the shadowy driveway of Tamarack Hall. He drew rein at the roomy old porch, where, in a blaze of morning sunshine, Maud Loftus stood, feeding the tame doe with sweetmeats, and absently patting its gentle head.

The girl wore a dejected air, but she looked uncommonly pretty in the half mourning which contrasted admirably with her milky skin and lint locks. To the man on the horse she seemed whiter than any fleece that was ever cut.

"Good-morning, Miss Loftus," he said, with visible confusion.

Maud nodded, "How d'ye do, Mr. Crawford!" carelessly.

"Do you like that thing?" stammered Robert Crawford, the Colorado ranchman, with a gesture toward the pretty dun deer. "By Jove! you ought to see my Atwoods."

Miss Loftus withdrew her fondling hands from the doe, and replied, coldly:

"Sheep? Pray don't talk of those creatures to *me!* But for them, Guy would never have gone West, and there, I am sure, all our misfortunes began."

"I dare say you are right," said Crawford, very gravely, as he swung himself out of the saddle; "there's some strange fatality pursuing Guy. This getting shot here, there and everywhere, seems uncommonly odd, you know. I am here to ask how the poor fellow passed the night?"

"Badly," replied Miss Loftus. "He is just hovering between life and death. The physicians have probed in vain for the bullet. Oh, you have no idea, Mr. Crawford, with a piteous quiver of the lips, "how dreadful the suspense is to me!"

The ranchman looked greatly moved. He had left cabin and corrals and Atwoods for a flying visit to his Canadian birthplace, and the mysterious attempt on the life of his friend just four-and-twenty hours previous to his arrival in town, filled him with wonder and perplexity. To be twice shot within six months, and each time under extraordinary circumstances, is certainly not a common experience.

"I know, of course, that it must be very hard for you," he answered, sympathetically. "Yes, by Jove! it must! Any news yet of the woman?"

"No."

"*Very* queer!" mused Crawford, as he stroked his horse's neck. "Who the deuce could she have been, and what was the motive which inspired such a deed? Have no efforts been made to apprehend her?"

"None," replied Miss Loftus, with an ominous frown. "Guy forbade it. In his first interval of consciousness he commanded all the servants to keep the matter a profound secret. He said that on no condition must it be known beyond the gate of the Hall; said that it was an accident, and that the creature must not be pursued or harmed. And then he went off in the wildest delirium, and called her *Esther*, and declared that he was a coward and traitor, and that she had served him right. Yes, it *is* very queer, Mr. Crawford," the color burning angrily in her blonde cheek, "and mamma and I are simply waiting here at Tamarack Hall for explanations."

Crawford's florid face lengthened.

"By Jove!" he thought, "the whole thing has a bad look for Guy!" But loyalty to his friend compelled him to say, with forced cheerfulness: "I am confident that Fleetwood will explain everything to your satisfaction, Miss Loftus. Surely we can trust him—we who know his truth and honesty so well. He ought to have poor old Hoxie to nurse him now."

She was beating a little tattoo on a pillow of the porch with a sprig of tamarack. Her long lashes made a golden shadow on her cheek. She looked irritated and out of spirits. Indeed, Maud's good-nature had been severely tried in the last few days.

"He has nurses enough," she answered, petulantly; "the servants are all frantic about him, and mamma and the doctor scarcely leave his side. I am sick of Tamarack Hall now. I want to go back to Quebec; but mamma says we must wait a little, and give Guy a chance to — to vindicate himself. As for me," with gloomy bitterness, "I fear I am losing faith in everybody!"

"Don't!" said Crawford; "you distress me abominably, you know!"

She opened wide her blue eyes.

"Distress *you?*" in a mocking tone. "Why, you have no thought for anything but sheep—Guy has often told me that. You are a rabid woman-hater, too. So troubles like mine can only amuse you."

He grew as red as a turkey cock.

"I beg you not to believe that," he stammered. "I have been traduced. I don't hate women—Heaven forbid!—I simply *fear* them."

She laughed, and fastened the sprig of tamarack in his horse's head.

"That is exquisitely foolish," she said, in a lively tone. "Good-by, Mr. Crawford."

"Good-by," he answered, lifting his hat. "I am very anxious about my friend. "I shall come often to inquire for him."

And he rode away down the drive, turning in his saddle once, twice, to look back, before he reached the iron

gate. He did come often, but only to receive, day after day, the same replies to his friendly queries.

In a great square chamber of the Hall, whither he had been carried, bleeding and unconscious, from that fearful meeting with Esther in the library, Guy Fleetwood lay nearer to death's black gate than he had ever been before. Would he live? Not even his physicians could say. The bullet of the daughter, like that of the outlaw father, had missed a vital part. Only in intent was Esther a murderess; but complications threatened. The medical attendant looked grave, and gave evasive answers to all queries concerning his patient.

Mrs. Loftus, a fat, fair matron, wonderfully like her daughter, moved, with an anxious face, in and out of the sick-chamber. Maud by turns moped hopelessly, and flirted vigorously with Crawford, when that sandy-haired ranchman came to Tamarack Hall to ask for news of his friend. The girl was waiting to be convinced either of her lover's truth or falsity, and she found the time heavy on her hands.

But a change came at last. One morning she was walking under the tamaracks with the tame doe, when Mrs. Loftus appeared in the porch, and beckoned her daughter in.

"My dear," she said, "Guy is conscious, and he has asked for you. I think you had better go up."

"Oh, mamma, can I bear to see him?"

"He is greatly changed, but take courage. It is best that he should talk with you, and explain this wretched affair at once."

Reluctantly Maud ascended to her lover's hushed and darkened chamber.

He lay broken, bandaged, helpless—changed, indeed, from the dashing young viking of a few weeks before. His wild, hollow eyes sought the girl's face.

"It was an accident!" he muttered.

"You have said that many times, Guy," answered Maud Loftus, growing cold with sudden foreboding.

He tried to turn on his pillow.

"I deserved to die," he groaned; "but, as you see, I still live. Maud—Maud—my poor cousin, I have been delirious; I have raved, perhaps, of many things."

"Yes," she answered, hysterically; "but mostly of that creature who tried to murder you."

He groaned. Esther's bullet had killed his moral cowardice, at least. Guy Fleetwood was far more of a man, lying there helpless, fainting, almost dying, than he had been in the full glory of his strength.

"Thank God she escaped!" he gasped. "I received only my just punishment. Maud, that girl who sought my life in the room below was my wife."

Maud Loftus stood as if turning to stone.

"I deserted her in a cowardly fashion," he went on, "after a few days of marriage. I loved her, but I deserted her. I cannot say more than this. Forgive me, Maud; my affection for you was that of a brother for a sister—nothing more. You see, I must tell the truth, at last. I was false, weak and wicked. My unspeakable passion for Esther must be my sole excuse."

Maud Loftus tore his betrothal ring from her hand, and flung it angrily upon the floor.

"Oh, Guy," how could you?" she sobbed; "and a creature who goes about to kill you, too! I am sure I shall never recover from this shock! Oh, I see it all now; you married her at that dreadful Maine place—Cinderville."

"Yes," he answered, and swooned helplessly on his pillow. Maud flew to her mother.

"Take me away, mamma," she cried, wildly; "there is no longer a place for us here! Take me back to Quebec, this very hour, or I shall die!"

They left Tamarack Hall before Fleetwood had fairly regained his senses. So, when Robert Crawford rode up to the porch that day, he found the house unusually dark and silent. The tame doe was feeding alone in the garden. No blonde face looked archly up from the shadow of the tamarack boughs, no girl's voice gave him gay greeting. Maud and her mother were no longer there. Only the hired nurse and the old servants remained in attendance on Fleetwood.

For the first time, the ranchman was admitted to the presence of his friend. The two grasped hands in silence; then Crawford stammered awkwardly:

"Eh, old fellow, shot again, and by a woman!"

"If you love me, Crawford, don't speak of it!" implored Fleetwood; "it is a matter that I cannot talk of, even to my best friends."

"All right, I will not. Miss Loftus, it appears, has deserted you?"

"Yes, poor Maud!" groaned Fleetwood; "I hope to Heaven she may marry some better man than I."

Crawford reddened violently.

"What! your engagement is off?"

"Yes."

"As bad as that? Then you couldn't explain the shooting matter to her satisfaction? By Jove! Fleetwood, your lady friend seems to have used you even worse than did Black Dave, for he returned to bind up your wounds, and she did not. Hard lines, old boy, hard lines!"

Fleetwood writhed visibly.

"Crawford, what has become of that brigand?" he asked, in a faint voice.

"Dave? He is resting on his laurels; at least, when I left Colorado he had not been heard from for a remarkable while. The vigilants think he has gone into retirement. However, they are waiting patiently to avenge poor Hoxie's death."

The wounded man shuddered.

"Of course," you remember Hoxie?" pursued Crawford, cheerfully. "He was uncommonly fond of you. I could forgive Dave all his other crimes sooner than the murder of that one man. Well, the subject agitates you, I see, and your physician will not allow that. I've half a mind—carelessly—"to take a little run to Quebec. Maybe I shall see your cousin there."

And then Fleetwood knew that Rob Crawford had begun to think of something besides sheep.

The days that followed the departure of Maud and her mother were dark and lonely enough. As soon as his feeble hand could hold the pen, Fleetwood wrote a letter to Esther at Cinderville, simply asking her to come to him. Then he waited, but Esther came not, neither sent a reply.

He wrote again to the Rev. David Lane, and, in due time, the following answer arrived at Tamarack Hall:

"Joseph Runnell, the lightkeeper at Porgy Rock, was drowned several weeks ago. Shortly after the event, his stepdaughter, Miss Tempest, removed to Cinderville, but remained here only a short time. Her departure was secret and sudden. Whither she went, no one in the town knows. I have made diligent inquiries, but am unable to give you the slightest clew to her present address. Your wife is not in Cinderville, and has been seen here but once for many weeks. She was then riding in the Barton stage with a strange, middle-aged gentleman. I know not where she can be found."

Guy Fleetwood lay in his dull, silent room, and pondered the Rev. David Lane's letter for days and days.

Aunt Deb gone from Cinderville; Esther, the tigress, gone, too, and with a strange gentleman! What could that mean? Thanks to his discreet servants, the shooting affair had been carefully suppressed—the newspapers had never got wind of it. It was plain that Esther had meant to kill him—did she believe that she had succeeded?—did she feel any remorse for the deed? Was she hiding somewhere in fear of punishment? Vain questions. Fleetwood only knew that his bride of a few days, with her passionate heart and her dark, panther-like beauty, had slipped out of his life—he would see her no more.

The Canadian Winter came. Great fires burned in all the rooms of Tamarack Hall. The river, with its swift, unfrozen rapids, sent up little streams of pale mist through the pinkish haze of noontide. The sky looked white and cold in the short twilights. Wide snow-fields and bare, brown branches were the principal features of the landscape. A half-breed Indian, in a fur cap and snow-shoes, brought the mail to the hall.

And in that mail, one day, came tidings of the marriage of Maud Loftus with Robert Crawford. The ranchman had not followed the pretty blonde to Quebec for nothing. In spite of her natural antipathy to sheep, Maud had speedily consoled herself for the loss of her cousin.

"Joy go with them to the cabin, and the corrals, and the herds in the valley!" said Fleetwood. "Prosperity to the Atwoods and the California stock! In due time, I dare say, Maud will make a model wife for a ranchman. Love smooths many rough places, sweetens many bitter cups."

Soon he had other news to hear which was not of so pleasant a nature. One sombre morning, when the snow whirled about the gables of the hall, and the wind roared wildly in the tamaracks, Fleetwood, like a Samson shorn of his strength, was reclining, still utterly helpless, on a sofa before the blazing fire.

"Doctor," he said, to the physician, who was making his daily visit, "tell me the truth about myself—the whole truth. Keep nothing back."

The doctor was struggling into a big fur coat. He turned his face away.

"Better wait till you are stronger, my dear Fleetwood."

"No, I cannot wait," replied Fleetwood, quietly; "I must know my fate at once. These wounds have produced unfortunate consequences, eh?"

"Yes," admitted the doctor.

"There is some affection of the spine, and partial paralysis?"

"Yes."

"Curable or otherwise?"

"Incurable. You will never walk again."

He lay pale, gaunt, silent, looking into the fire. Did his future rise before him there, all changed and ghastly, new of aspect and hideous? Did he see his half-dead body, stretched for weary years on a couch, or wheeled about in a Bath-chair by pitying servants? Did he discern in those falling embers, the grave of strength and hope and happiness? There are things in the world worse than death. Esther had, indeed, meted out to her bridegroom a fearful vengeance!

For a few moments all was still in the chamber, only the fire snapped on the hearth. Then Fleetwood lifted to the physician such a face as only heroes wear—cheerful, unflinching, serene.

"I will try," he said, quietly, "to bear it like a man!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

"UNSTABLE AS WATER."

"HA! ha!" laughed Cyril Vye, as he stepped suddenly into view from behind the shrubbery of the terrace, "I startled you, eh? You thought I was a road-agent? A little joke, my dear Uncle Gilbert, nothing more, I assure you. Why, how very pale you are!—a perfect spectre, in fact!"

Cyril Vye had never been nearer death than he was at that moment. Murder, pure and simple, looked out of the cattleman's eyes, as he turned upon his nephew. He seemed about to leap at his throat; but Shirlaw made an involuntary movement to step between them, and by some supreme effort the elder Vye recovered his composure.

"It is not always safe to startle a man in that way, nephew!" he said, with a ghastly smile. "It would serve you right to give you a wholesome choking for your impertinence. Ah!" mockingly, "here comes the head of our old and honorable house," as the figure of Philip Vye appeared in the walk below. "If you will come down into the garden, Captain Shirlaw, beyond reach of further interruption, we will continue our conversation."

"Not to-night," answered Shirlaw, wildly; "pray excuse me!"

And waiting for nothing more, he sprang down the terrace and rushed off to the river.

He came upon Abel Lispenard in the garden of faded lilies—poor Lilian's garden. The dwarf was pacing back and forth there in the dubious light, his hat pulled over his eyes, his chin upon his breast.

"Stop a minute, Lispenard," cried Shirlaw, breathlessly; "I have something to tell you."

Lispenard paused.

"I cannot lift myself to your height, Victor, so you must bend down to mine," he said.

Shirlaw did so, and was startled by the look on the other's face.

"By Jove! what has gone wrong with *you*, old chap?"

"I have to-night received tidings of that man—my sister's destroyer."

"The deuce!"

"He is—but never mind. Your hand shakes, Victor. You have something to tell me; what is it? Speak out."

And out he did speak—told his story, wildly, hurriedly.

"I saw the resemblance on the very night of his arrival at Rookwood," he groaned. "I tried to fight away the horrible suspicions; I tried to believe that I was laboring under an hallucination, that I had lost my wits—anything, everything, rather than the truth! Now, in God's name, Lispenard, tell me, what am I to do?"

Lispenard stood like a stone. His face had assumed strange, rigid lines.

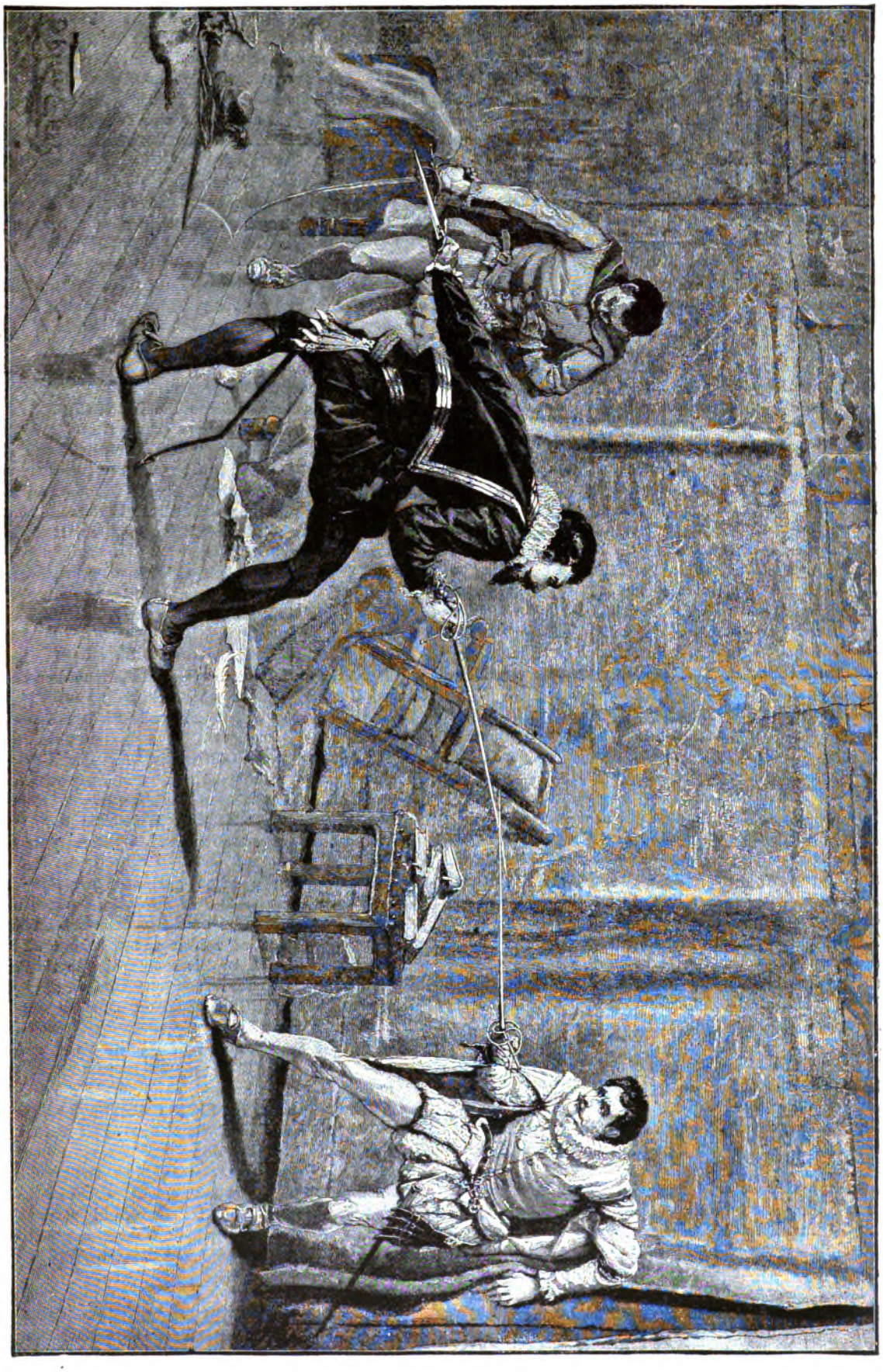
"Will you denounce him?" he answered, harshly.

"No, I shall leave that to his relatives. Cyril Vye knows as well as I do that his uncle, the cattle-king, is no other than Black Dave, the Western outlaw and road-agent! And Cyril means mischief—yes, nothing less than the destruction of the man!"

"But Mignon," cried Lispenard, impatiently; "you do not say anything about Mignon! How does this discovery affect your love for her?"

Shirlaw changed color.

"Heaven above! Lispenard, why ask such a question? Would you have me marry the daughter of a thief and cutthroat? Would *you*, in my place, do it?"



CALLED TO ACCOUNT.—FROM THE PAINTING BY BARÈLE.

"In your place, I would marry Mignon Vye if her father were the prince of the bottomless pit!" panted Lispenard.

"Impossible! I cannot!" said Shirlaw, with a shudder. "My mother, my sisters! shall I show them no consideration? Would you have me bring disgrace and shame upon them? That man urged me to-night to marry Mignon immediately. He knows that exposure is near; he comprehends, I think, something of his own danger. Poor, lovely Mignon! I pity her with all my heart; but you expect too much of me, Lispenard. What! Take, with wide-open eyes, that man for my father-in-law? Faugh! I swear I was scarcely able to contain myself, as I stood with him over at Rookwood just now, and recalled the encounter on the Southern Pacific Road, when I first saw the scoundrel with his gang of desperadoes."

Lispenard's gaze seemed to be turned inward.

"God pity that girl!" he groaned. Her father is her idol. How will she bear this? how *can* she bear it?"

"Don't ask *me*, Lispenard; you will drive me mad!"

"She is all that is desirable in woman. She is as innocent of her father's iniquities as an angel of light; but I see how it is, Victor; your love is not equal to the trial. What do I say, boy? You do not know what love is?"

"Do I not?" said Shirlaw, setting his teeth; "I think I do—to my sorrow!"

Lispenard made a step nearer to his kinsman.

"Ah!" he cried, sternly; "it is that girl Esther!"

Shirlaw winced, as though a hand had touched some unhealed wound, but his lips were dumb.

"I have not been wholly blind in the last few weeks," said Lispenard, "my poor fickle, unstable Victor! But she, too, is the daughter of Gilbert Vye—as near to him as Mignon, and equally shadowed by his guilt."

"She cared nothing for me, Lispenard."

"I rejoice to hear that," drily. "I know not whether to pity or condemn you, Victor. You have, indeed, been most unfortunate in your loves."

With a distracted air, Shirlaw drew out his watch.

"Pity me, old fellow; don't condemn me! Doubtless I suffer as keenly as more worthy men. I must take the next train to town. My presence here will only precipitate matters, since I act upon Cyril Vye like a red rag upon a bull. Moreover, there is a limit to all things, and I can never again practice dissimulation to the extent of treating Gilbert Vye as though he were an honest man. My blood boils when I think of him here, mingling freely with these aristocratic Dale people. So I must go."

"Without explanations of any kind?"

"How dare I—how *can* I make explanations, Lispenard?"

Lispenard stared blankly into the gray night.

"It is a bad business," he muttered; "a most distracting and complicated business!"

"True, and you must help me out of it, old chap."

The dwarf's pale, bitter face flushed painfully.

"I!"

"Somebody, at some future date, will have to tell Mignon. You must be that person. You love me, you know. You will not be too hard upon your unlucky kinsman. If there is a shadow of excuse for me in what I have done, you will give me the full benefit of it."

Lispenard drew his breath sharply.

"Let us go up to the house," he said. "Jarvis has just brought in the evening mail."

They went, in silence. Two letters had arrived for Shirlaw—one from his mother, the other an official document which he tore open and devoured eagerly.

"I am ordered to rejoin my command immediately!" he cried, in a tone of infinite relief. "Was ever anything more fortunate? I have just time to make a flying visit to my mother and sisters, and then, ho! for the frontier again! I hope to Heaven! I shall some day have the pleasure of encountering our *soi-disant* cattle-king *there!*"

"Do not tempt Fate by rash wishes," replied Lispenard, gloomily. "Far better that you should never see him more."

"His chances of returning to his old exploits are small, unless he can manage to propitiate his nephew. By Jove! It is shameful that he *should* return, to resume his nefarious business, is it not?"

Lispenard made no reply. In silence he watched Shirlaw's preparations for hurried departure. Why should he detain him? He no longer loved Mignon. He could neither assist nor comfort her in the approaching crisis. Verily, it was better that he should go.

* * * * * *

Over the river, at Rookwood, Philip Vye and his son were standing alone beside the library fire.

"My dear father," said Cyril, grimly, "long ago, when you told that story about Martin, did you think I had not wit enough to put one and two together, and see through the whole affair? According to tradition, we have had great men in our family. It remained for us to produce a scoundrel, also, whose career, thus far, has been unprecedented."

The thin, gray face of the elder man grew grayer yet.

"In Heaven's name, Cyril, keep your suspicions to yourself! For Mignon's sake, say nothing, even to *me!*"

He laughed, wickedly.

"For Mignon's sake! Oh, but I owe her one, you know! It is really quite too gratifying to think of her in connection with this business! At last I shall have my revenge!"

"He is your uncle and my brother—he is our guest. Whatever we may suspect, we have no positive knowledge of anything wrong. Your revenge? Nonsense! You talk like a stage villain. Well-bred people do not mention such things nowadays. What do you mean to do?"

"Let me ask the same question, my dear father. What do *you* mean to do? Allow Gilbert Vye to return to his old haunts and resume the name of Black Dave, and the occupation of robbing, murdering and train-wrecking? Will you be his accomplice to that extent? Ah, you wince! True, he is your brother; but I hate him none the less for that. Mignon's father will receive no mercy at my hands."

"Cyril, the family honor of all the Vyes, living and dead, is at stake!"

"Family honor be hanged, as it surely must be, some day, in the person of my Uncle Gilbert! I swear to you that no consideration of that sort shall tempt me to spare either him or his daughter."

A faint, sobbing cry startled the two men. Both turned quickly, and saw that the library-door had been noiselessly opened. On its threshold a woman was standing, frozen with horror—a woman whose bloodless face and dilating eyes betrayed that she had overheard all. It was Elinor Vye.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A PAIR OF SPURS.

ABEL LISPENARD went to a window opening on the river, and looked across the gloomy current to the old mansion standing so stately on the opposite bank.

Shirlaw had gone without one parting word to his betrothed—gone never to return. Now, what could he, Abel Lispenard, do to help Mignon—to save her from the vile plots of her cousin, and the tempest that was ready to break over her golden head? He was the soul of integrity and honor. No man could regard crime with greater abhorrence, or visit sterner censure on the criminal and yet, at this moment, Lispenard was not thinking of Gilbert Vye, his two-fold life, and his outrageous deeds perpetrated under other names, but only of Mignon—Mignon, at the mercy of Cyril Vye—Mignon, utterly ignorant of the true character of her father, alone, defenseless, deserted by her lover—how—how could he help Mignon?

He started at last, shook his huge shoulders, hesitated; then went straight to a cabinet of teak wood in a corner, and took out—what? A pair of antique gold spurs. These he sealed in a tiny box; then stepped forward and rang the bell.

A servant answered it.

"Jarvis," said Abel Lispenard, quietly, "can I trust you?"

"I think you can, sir," answered the man.

Lispenard slipped the box into his hand.

"Then go immediately to Rookwood, and give this, privately, to Gilbert Vye—remember, *privately!*"

"Yes, sir."

"And keep your eyes open, in case you see anybody, or anything that seems strange to you over yonder, and report in full to me."

"That I will, sir."

Jarvis departed on his errand. He was gone exactly an hour by the clock. Lispenard paced the room and waited.

By-and-by he heard the man's step outside. Jarvis entered, with an important air.

"I saw him, sir!"

Lispenard motioned for him to close the door.

"Tell me everything!" he commanded.

"Well, sir," said Jarvis, "when I reached Rookwood, Mr. Gilvert Vye was just coming out of the stable—going on one of his long rides. I went up to him and says I:

"'Wait a bit, sir, here's something for you.'

"I gave him the box. He struck a match, tore off the cover and turned pale—pale as a spook—the lucifer was flaring on his face and I could see it plain.

"'Who sent this?' says he.

"'My master, Mr. Lispenard,' says I.

"'Ah!' says he, drawing his breath hard, then he put a hand in his pocket and gave me this, sir."

Jarvis showed a five-dollar banknote. A shudder shook Abel Lispenard's square figure. He pointed straight to the fire burning under the tall mantel.

"Throw it there, Jarvis!"

Jarvis obeyed, meekly. A little spurt of flame and he resumed his narrative.

"He slipped from his saddle, sir. He seemed scared, or bewildered, or something.

"'I'll go up to the house,' I heard him mutter, 'and bid Mignon good-by!'

"Well, he started for the house and I with him, for you told me to look after anything that might be strange at Rookwood. Well, sir, we hadn't gone far, when we both saw some tall, black shapes moving along the terrace—two men, sir, and then a door flew open, letting out a streak of light, and Mr. Cyril Vye ran down the steps to meet the pair.

"'Ha! Here you are, sheriff!' I heard him say, in a guarded voice—Mr. Gilbert and I had stopped short in the shelter of the shrubbery. 'So my telegrams found you?' says he. 'The one I sent from New York this morning was explicit enough, was it not? I should have requested you to meet me in Boston on the arrival of the train, but there was a lady in the way, who might have made an awkward scene."

"'Is he likely to give us the slip?' says the person who had been called sheriff.

"'More than likely,' answered Mr. Cyril, 'if once he suspects mischief. Speed is the one thing necessary in this case. First of all, you had better set a watch at the station.'

"'We have done that already,' says the man.

"Then they seemed to stand and whisper together, after which they went softly into the house. I turned to look for Gilbert Vye, but he had disappeared, sir—I didn't see him again. I went back to the landing-place, but my boat was gone, too, and I had to walk round by the bridge. Yet the skiff is now down at the jetty, moored all right. How it got there I am sure I don't know, sir."

"You may go, Jarvis," said Lispenard, as the servant finished his story.

Jarvis went his way. His master stood pondering the things he had heard.

Officers of the law at Rookwood! A watch already set at the railway station, and perhaps at other avenues of escape, also! Cyril Vye had lost no time. He had determined on the utter destruction of his uncle. Family considerations were of no importance to him now. It was plain that he would stop at nothing. How long would Mignon remain in ignorance of all that was passing about her?

Abel Lispenard could not rest—he could scarcely breathe. The night seemed charged with dynamite. An explosion was close at hand. He wondered what the dwellers of the Dale would say when the real character of the man whom they had *fêted* and admired was made known to them.

At last he seized his hat and went down into his dark, still garden, followed by a long-nosed Livonian hound. The hour was growing late, but there was no rest for Lispenard to-night. He seemed raked up in red-hot coals.

He stood on the stone jetty. Yes, at his feet lay Jarvis's skiff, safely moored. Lispenard knew well enough who had appropriated the craft and left his servant to walk round by the bridge. He looked across the current at Rookwood. All there was silent as death, but once or twice he saw a little point of red light flash out, like a star, in the shrubbery along the river-side, gleam for an instant, and then vanish. Scouts were at work, surely.

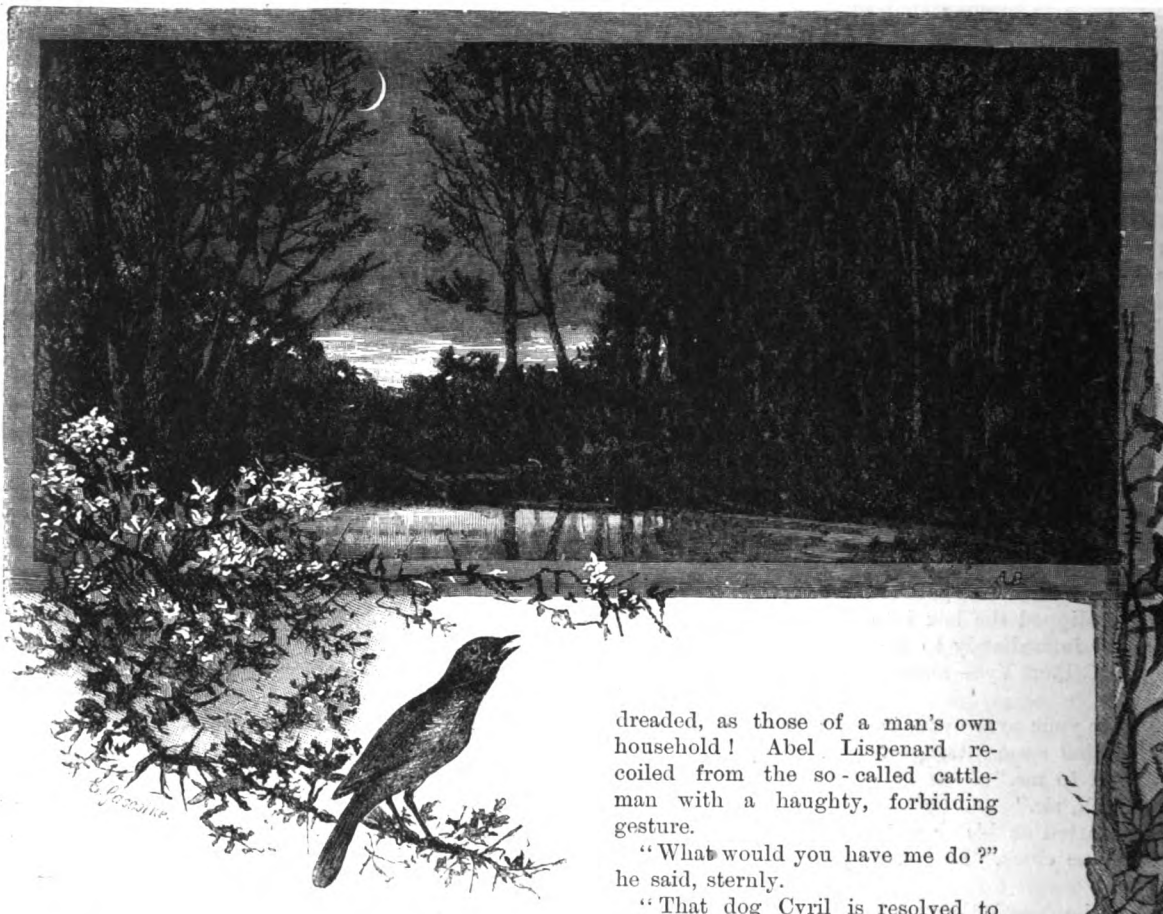
The river made a bend not far from the jetty. As he gazed down stream, Lispenard fancied he could distinguish, in that black watery curve, the outline of a boat lying close in to the sheltering bank.

For a long time he stood waiting for he knew not what. The night was very quiet. Only the wind sighed in the tree-tops over his head. He was just turning to go back to the house when the hound at his side began to bark.

"Be still, Cossack!" commanded Lispenard, grasping the brute by the collar.

At the same moment, out from the nearest clump of trees a figure moved, and stood directly in his way.

"You did not send me the spurs in time, Mr. Lispenard," said Gilbert Vye. "Now help me, or I am lost!"



Had it come to this? Was he, Abel Lispenard, to furnish aid to this man? He looked at him steadily. He was ashen-gray, and quaking like a leaf. He seemed half ashamed of his appearance, for he made haste to say, in a hoarse, broken voice:

"All men have their weak moments. Mine has come at last! I have never been a coward till to-night; but now—now I can feel a tightening here!" grasping his throat convulsively.

It was fear, then, that made him tremble. This bold desperado had turned coward at sight of his kindred arrayed against him. No foes so pitiless, none so much to be dreaded, as those of a man's own household! Abel Lispenard recoiled from the so-called cattleman with a haughty, forbidding gesture.

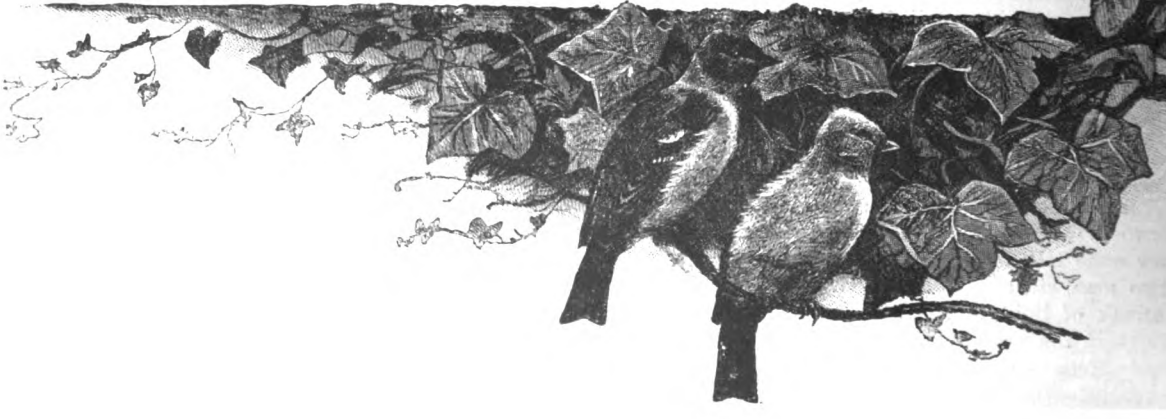
"What would you have me do?" he said, sternly.

"That dog Cyril is resolved to run me down," gasped Gilbert Vye; "he's blocked my way to the station. I started down the river in your servant's boat; but I found another craft watching yonder. They hailed me, and I put back to your landing-place. He's hemmed me in, you see. Hide me, or I must hang."

Heaven knew that he deserved hanging over and over again. With loathing unspeakable, Abel Lispenard surveyed the man; then he turned, and again looked across the river to Rookwood. A tempest of passion shook him like a reed.

"Follow me!" he said, sharply, hurriedly.

(To be continued.)



THE HEROINE OF SANDY HILL CREEK.—"IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HER TO APPROACH TOO CLOSELY TO THE GREAT, FLOATING HULK OF A PIER."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

BONNIE FANNY DEAN.

In rambling thro' this weary warld
I've flowers o' beauty seen;
But nane were half sae fair to me
As bonnie Fanny Dean.

I've never seen sic twa blue een,
Nor sic a sweet wee mou;
And oh! her heart is soft and pure
As drops o' morning dew.

The glossy vine wi' grace may twine
In nature's wilds amang;
More gracefu' still ower Fanny's brow
Her gowden tresses hang.

I've kent her sin' she was a bairn—
A wee bit gentle thing;
But never thocht her budding charms
A spell wad ower me fling.

I'll never break the sacred vyw,
The promise made yestreen;
Come weal or woe, I'll wedded be
To bonnie Fanny Dean.

THE HEROINE OF SANDY HILL CREEK.

By Charles Howard Shinn.

I used to be a lineman for the Western Union, and worked on the frontiers many a year. Adventures and risks were plenty, but the worst time I ever had was in 1881, on an Oregon river; and it was all my own fault, too.

South from Portland to Roseburg the railroad extends, and half-a-dozen telegraph wires accompany it. It had been a fearful Winter, and the small streams were torrents and the rivers like whirlpools.

Three miles south of our camp was a railroad bridge over Sandy Hill Creek. It rested upon great wooden piers sunk deep in the bed, and rising nearly forty feet above the surface.

The arrangement was only temporary; some time, it was thought, substantial iron piers would be substituted.

The bridge was called safe, but I noticed that trains went over it with considerable caution. That February morning we got word from the nearest railroad station that the wires across the bridge were all down and communication stopped. Bill Nason and I started to repair damages.

When we arrived, a glance showed what was the trouble. The wires ran underneath the bridge; but a piece of loose timber, blown from the roofless top of the bridge, had gone endwise through between the ties, struck the wires, and doubled, twisted and broken them at a place directly over the central pier.

"Buckley," says Bill Nason, "that pier will go afore night. Better not climb down on to it."

"Who wants to stay there till night?" I retorted, taking wire and tools, and walking rapidly out to the middle of the rickety old bridge.

It had evidently been decided to be unsafe, for a watchman stood at the end and told us that the next freight-train was to be side-tracked, though he thought the passenger-train might manage to cross.

"I won't have naught to do with it," said Nason, as he felt how the bridge shook under the force of the stream, which every now and then hurled trunks of trees and masses of driftwood against the central pier.

Nason wasn't fit for a lineman, and he didn't stay in the business long.

It was easy to see that the immediate repairing of the lines was necessary, if news of the condition of the bridge was to reach Roseburg.

I stood, as I have said, on the middle of the bridge, a cheap and hastily constructed structure, yet seemingly strong.

I could not believe that the pier was in danger. Even if the pier should go, I did not think the bridge—a Howe Truss—would fall, though it certainly would sag in the centre, and wouldn't carry any weight.

I clambered down the timbers and stood on top of the pier. Well, it was a queer sensation.

The mass of wood was formed of logs in diamond shape, bolted strongly together, with the points of the diamond up and down stream; and wood had been so abundant that the whole affair was made solid.

It was not weighted down with rock inside, as is usually the case in such structures. Great piles of stones had been thrown about its base after it was sunk twenty feet or so in the sand. But what was that when the enormous force of the freshet was devoted to boring a "suckhole" about the pier?

The minute I got myself fairly on the top of the pier I knew what was going on. The current was whirling, and the bed of the stream was being chiseled out fast enough to take one's breath away.

"There's no use fastening these wires on the head of this pier, Nason," I said. "We will get them loose, and I shall sit on this edge of the pier, quite free from the bridge itself, and fasten them to this bit of timber projecting from the main woodwork."

Well, the job took more than an hour before I thought it was finished. There was no other way, unless we had taken up all the wires and relaid them from the shore. The arrangement was only temporary, but safe and good.

And while I sat there on the pier, with my feet dangling, looking down about twelve feet on the wild current flowing away—for I was, fortunately, as it turned out, on the lower side—while I sat there I felt the mass of timber wrenched more and more.

But it didn't frighten me, for I began to think myself a fool to suppose that great pier could be torn out so quick.

Well, after I got all through with my work, I climbed back to the floor of the bridge; and here my story would end if it hadn't been for a piece of carelessness.

I had not not been five minutes on the bridge before we saw a monstrous mass of floating wreck and timber coming down stream. It was, as we found out afterward, the coffer-dam of a miner on the head-waters of the river, and it looked almost as large as another pier. Nason and the watchman stood with me, and we all felt that if it struck the pier, out the concern would go like a straw, and Nason broke on a run for the bank.

Just at this minute I remembered that I had left my old coat wedged in a crevice on the pier-head. It was only a worn garment, but in the pocket were photographs of my old pard—the best man that ever stepped—and of my little sister who died long ago.

Maybe I was a fool to carry them round with me, but those things kinder kept me straight when the fellows asked me to go on a spree; and if the pier went, I was going to have that coat first.

So I jumped down—not less than five feet, if you've seen such bridges—and had just caught up the coat, when the whole pier settled away from the bridge as if

it had suddenly sunk five feet, and the water swirled within six feet of me.

I suppose I might have caught at the bridge by a desperate effort, but I considered the pier quite as safe, and during the half minute that things staid in this situation I was desperately afraid the bridge would settle on top of me. I put on my coat.

Swirl! rush! crash! The great wooden dam, logs of bolted pine, water-soaked and heavy, whirled against the pier and swung it over and out.

It fell lengthwise in the current, and the mass of logs swept past; for it had the full impetus of the river, and moved faster.

As the pier settled down into the water I climbed out like a drowned rat, slowly emerging from the yellow flood, and perched myself on the top again.

The mass of timbers rode high and dry when the flurry of the first great crash was over; but we must have been pretty deep down in the channel at the first, for the watchman said afterward that the water foamed and broke many yards above the great timbers, which sank out of sight a moment like a lump of lead, and then rose gallantly and went down-stream like a race-horse.

My thoughts were all on the channel below. Plenty of trees that might sweep one off, and yet not afford a chance for escape!

Four miles below was an island in the river where some settlers lived, who, as they had boats, might get me off. Then the river widened, was joined by others, and became so great a flood that there was really danger of a long voyage, through dangers infinite, to the Pacific Ocean.

And as for swimming to shore, I was always a poor hand at that; but I don't believe any one would have wished to try it, had they sat where I was and seen the way we passed things on shore.

Once or twice we bumped on the rocks, grounded for a minute, and then swung off; then I tried experiments as to steering the huge craft by moving my weight from one point to another; and it seemed to have some effect, owing to the peculiar diamond shape of the pier.

I was trying to have a little choice as to channels, so as to bang up against the bank, and on the right side for our camp.

Well, I was very comfortable indeed. The warm sun shone, the tossing and yellow river was grand to see, the mountains ran out in long promontories, and my strange craft swept around them in gallant fashion; this adventure was likely, I thought, to end well, and I had little to fear.

Suddenly a new danger revealed itself, a pointed precipice of rock, against which the current ran stormily, and we were hurled violently thither.

I sat in a hollow between two bolted timbers, clasping both, and my arms were benumbed by the tremendous shock, which was so terrible that it tore the long pier in twain, and the pieces whirled apart.

A few more such accidents would reduce my craft to a confused mass of a few broken timbers, a wreck of driftwood.

During this time I had seen no one on the shore, but now we neared the island, and as soon as I saw a house, I shouted at the top of my voice.

The men, as it afterward turned out, were all on mainland, but a tall young woman came to the door, took in the scene at a glance, spoke to her mother within the house, ran to the stable, emerged ten seconds later, mounted bare-back on a horse, and rode off full gallop toward the lower end of the island.

I could see her very well, and could not but admire her health and energy, and was willing to swear she was beautiful besides.

Her horse took the low fences in good style, and she rode as if she was making for a given point. Her hair had been knotted closely, but soon it flew out in a brown mane, that floated behind her as she rode, yet the current ran so fast that she gained but little until she crossed the woodland and struck open fields; then the great dun animal settled down to a superb run. Pretty soon I saw what she was riding for; there was an inlet, and there a skiff lay at moorings.

Up the girl rode, and leaped to the ground. You can imagine how eagerly I watched her, how dangerous an exploit I felt she was going to undertake for the sake of a human creature drifting out to sea, perhaps to death by drowning or starvation.

She turned her horse loose, drew a pair of oars from a place of concealment. She cut the rope of the boat—I saw the knife flash—she was in such haste, that plucky young woman. The next minute she was out of the inlet in the current of the river, rowing diagonally, so as to meet the high-floating fragment of pier on which I clung, and, looking back toward the house, now a mile distant, I saw a woman on the roof, watching us with a spy-glass.

She rowed magnificently, but to me the risk of the whole enterprise seemed enormous. I had no doubt she could reach me; but could we row back, even with the help of the eddy at the foot of the island?

I feared not, and so did she from the way in which she steered to save space. The waves ran high, winds and currents, eddies and cross-eddies, and the struggle taxed her strength and skill.

I wished with all my heart that she were the one to be rescued, I the rescuer; but I felt myself saying that I couldn't have done it so well. As she approached I waved my hat.

I had long before decided that the thing to do was to take a header and swim to meet her skiff, for it was impossible for her to approach too closely to the great floating hulk of a pier, which was liable any moment to roll over and swamp her tiny craft.

It all came out nicely. A leap, a short swim, and I clambered over the stern; but she wouldn't let me take the oars, and really I was that weak that I don't think I was much account for an oarsman.

But I had to help her, for it took us two solid hours to row ashore, and Miss May Nagle's pretty hands were badly blistered.

But at last we landed, went to the farmhouse, and what a welcome we had!

When I told the pleasant, middle-aged lady, Miss May's mother, that her daughter was as great a heroine as Grace Darling, and deserved to have her name and picture in every paper in the country, she smiled and looked pleased enough.

* * * * * *

A month later I spent a week at that fine old farmhouse, and learned to know Miss May pretty well—a bright, earnest, womanly, strong woman—and before long I grew very much interested in her. But then she soon told me, kindly and in the most delicate way, that she would soon be married to a young farmer from Corvallis.

After that I discovered that, after all, Miss Hattie, the next daughter, was the most attractive; and, though I'm only a lineman, I've saved up some money, and some of these days there will be another wedding on that rocky island. Miss May was married last year.

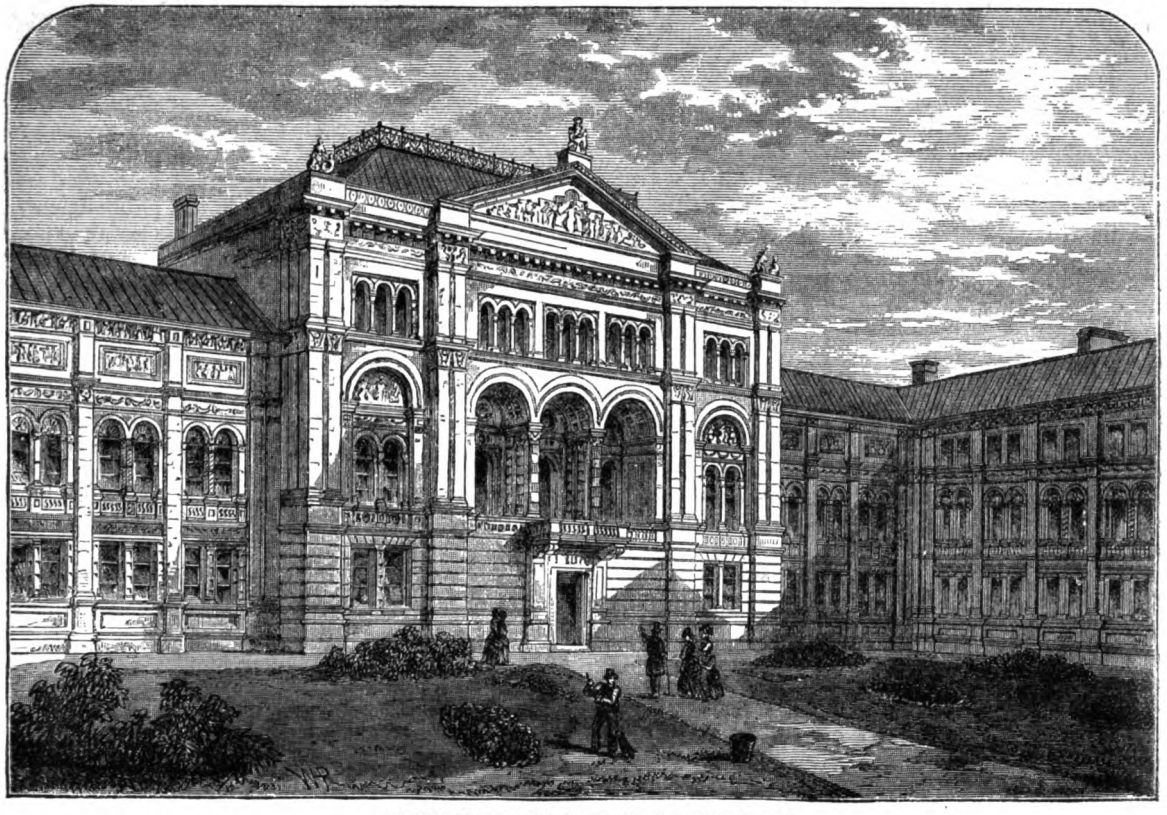
MAHWA FLOWERS, A SUGAR-PRODUCING BLOSSOM.

ATTENTION has been publicly drawn of late to "Mahwa Flowers"—the corollas of *Bassia latifolia*—as a cheap source of cane-sugar. This species of Bassia is a tree attaining to a height of forty to sixty feet, and common in many parts of India, especially in Central Hindoostan. It has oblong leaves of firm texture, five to six inches long; these fall in February, March or April, and are succeeded in March or April by the flowers. These last for two or three weeks, and then begin to fall. The falls take place at night, and continue sometimes for a fortnight. The fruits, which resemble a small apple, ripen in three months; the seeds, one to four in number, yield an edible oil by pressure. It should be added that the trees are self-sown, and that they flourish in very poor and stony soil.

When the Mahwa tree is in bud, the ground beneath it is cleared of weeds, sometimes by burning. A single tree may yield as much as 500 to 700 pounds of flowers; even a ton is asserted to have been collected from one tree. These flowers have a luscious but peculiar taste when fresh; when dry they resemble in flavor inferior figs. They form a very important addition to the food of the poorer classes in those districts where the tree abounds, particularly in the neighborhood of woodlands and jungles. They are especially useful in economizing cereals in seasons of famine and drought. They are sometimes eaten fresh, but more commonly sun-dried, and are usually consumed with rice and the lesser millets, or with seeds of various kinds, and leaves. It is said that a man, his wife and three children may be supported for one month on 160 pounds of Mahwa flowers.

It is not, however, as a direct article of food, nor as a material for the preparation of a rough spirit by fermentation (a very common use of these flowers) that Mahwa blossoms are now recommended. It has been affirmed that they may be employed as an abundant and very cheap source of cane-sugar.

BONNIE FANNIE DEAN.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 722.



COURT OF THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

By Lily Higgin.

It is impossible to speak of the South Kensington Museum, and its rapid growth within the last thirty years, without touching upon the history of the Art Training-schools, or, as they were originally called, "Schools of Design," since it was an outgrowth from them, and arose from the need which was felt amongst those interested in developing the slumbering art-feeling of the nation, to have some permanent storehouse of works of art by which the untraveled and untraveling English might become familiar with what other nations had done in the past, and were doing now, in a direction of which so little was practically known except to the cultivated classes.

The South Kensington Museum differs from the British Museum—first, as being essentially an art exhibition; and second, in its educational nature, as a means of study of the history of industrial art in all its branches and a nucleus of a system of circulation by which the benefits are spread throughout the land.

There have never been wanting those who have declared that we were essentially an inartistic nation; we were naturally devoid of taste, or of what was called a real feeling for art. A Frenchman, or an Italian, was always called in where art work was to be done, because the English workman was, in the nature of things, deficient in even the perception of beauty. It is rather more than one hundred years since the first efforts were made—almost simultaneously in the three divisions of Great Britain—to establish societies devoted to the improvement of manufactures, and from these may be dated the first beginning of a revival of art culture. In order of date they stand thus: 1727, the formation of the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Manufactures in Scotland; next, in Ireland, 1731, "The Dublin Society"; and, last of all, in 1754, twenty-seven years after Scotland had taken the lead, of the "Society of Arts" in England. This last was due to the suggestion of a landscape-painter, named William Shipley, and a School of Design was one of its first provisions. The Drawing Schools of the Dublin Society had, however, been opened previously, in 1741, and received an annual grant of £500 a year from the Irish Parliament. The Drawing Academy of the Scotch Board of Trustees was not established till 1766, but it went ahead very rapidly, under the teaching of a Frenchman named De la Croix, and Sir David Wilkie. Sir William Allan and Sir J. Watson-Gordon were fellow-students there, while it is said that there was

THE BROMPTON BOILERS—ORIGINAL DEPOSITORY OF THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM COLLECTIONS.

scarcely an eminent name in the history of Scottish art that is not connected with this school.

Readers of Sir Joshua Reynolds's life, will call to mind of what comparatively recent date the school of British painters is. The Royal Academy, which owed its origin to the private enterprise of a few artists in 1711, had its first important exhibition in the large room of the Society of Arts in 1760, and it was not till 1765 that a charter was obtained from George III. Before the time of the then living artists there had been no painters of English nationality. It would seem, then, that there had been a deep, slowly growing movement toward the development of a national art, dating from the early portion of the eighteenth century, but it was not until 1835 that any great step was taken in the direction of a serious national art training. In July of that year, on the motion of Mr. William Ewart, M.P. for Liverpool, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed "to inquire into the best means of extending a knowledge of the arts and of the principles of design among the people (especially the manufacturing population) of the country; also, to inquire into the constitution, management and effects of institutions connected with the arts."

The inquiries of the committee embraced three divisions: 1st. The state of art in this country, and in other countries, as manifested in their different manufactures; 2d. The best means of extending among the people, especially the manufacturing classes, a knowledge of, and a taste for, art; 3d. The state of the higher branches of art and the best way of advancing them."

The result of this Parliamentary inquiry showed that there was a most lamentable deficiency of taste or artistic knowledge amongst English artisans and manufacturers, and an absolute dearth of English designers.

The superiority of French art workmanship was clearly shown to be no fancy of a few unpatriotic enthusiasts, but the existence in France, and the absence in England, of a systematic training for designers; and that England was absolutely dependent on foreign countries for all that added beauty to her manufactures or handicrafts.

In France, there were at that time eighty schools of design, under the superintendence and partial support of the Government—in most cases free; and so much were they appreciated by the workmen that it was impossible to provide for all who wished to attend them.

In Bavaria, linear drawing was taught in every village school; there were, besides, thirty-three schools of design, and polytechnic schools for advanced students. In Prussia, Switzerland and other European countries, similar means were taken by Government assistance to train the workmen. England almost alone occupied the unenviable position of ignoring art, and being content to accept it as a luxury, only to be derived from other and more "naturally artistic" peoples. And this at a time when the artisans themselves were alive to the disadvantages under which they suffered and had an earnest desire for artistic information, if not training. London, Birmingham, Worcester, Stafford had made the voices of their workmen heard, and in Coventry they had actually petitioned the House of Commons for a School of Design in connection with the ribbon trade. The manufacturers of that town obtained at that time all their designs from foreign professional designers. In other countries, books on art were published by the Government for the use of the workmen, while in England they had to be content with the *Mechanics' Magazine* and the *Penny Magazine*, set on foot by private enterprise. The "Mechanics' Institutes," which had all sprung up since 1823, had, in some cases, devoted a part of their funds to the formation of evening classes for drawing or modeling, but there was a difficulty in obtaining qualified teachers.

Another disadvantage under which the English workman suffered, was that, unlike his foreign rival, all the national collections of art and, of course, all private ones, were closed to him on the only day of the week on which he could visit them; and it was thought better to encourage his remaining shut up in his unlovely dwelling, or force him to spend his time in the public-house, than to give him an opportunity of raising his taste and learning the enobling lessons which Art has to teach, by visiting museums or galleries on the Sunday. This reproach, alas! still clings to us, though the establishment of the bank holidays and the free opening of museums on all periods of general recess, such as Christmas and Easter, and their remaining open in the evenings, have given our artisan class more opportunities than it formerly possessed of gaining familiarity with works of art. Some private individuals have done their best to remedy the evil—notably the Duke of Westminster—and have thrown open their private collections on Sundays free to all who apply for tickets.

There is always one consolation to the Englishman who is pained to find his country so slow, and often so difficult to rouse. Once stirred up, other nations have but small chance of keeping ahead of us. No one abuses us so much as we abuse ourselves, no one criticises our public mistakes with such bitterness, such utter contempt, as we do. It is the Englishman's privilege to grumble at all things English, and he exercises it to the fullest extent; but he does not grumble for nothing. He gets to work, and by-and-by people wake up to find that "we have changed all that."

In 1836 the Government took up this matter of art training on the recommendation of the Parliamentary Committee, and now, fifty years later, what is the result? We have a system of organized art training which begins in our national schools and reaches through every grade of the community. Instruction both in science and art, as applied to manufactures, is within the reach of, one may truly say, each shoeless beggar-boy in every remote district of the three kingdoms. There has been a complete and really astounding revival of art productions, and at the present time we have foreign nations coming to us for advice and suggestions. Our designers are making fortunes in France; and reliable statistics show that many hundreds of men and women are at this moment engaged in the work of designing in Russia, Spain, America, Australia, New Zealand, India, the Cape of Good Hope and other places, who have been trained in English schools of art. The French designers in England have been everywhere displaced by English, and the French monopoly is at an end, so far as English manufacture is concerned. We have commissioners from foreign schools sent over to study the English system of training. Already in 1868 a French firm purchased designs for silk damasks, cretonnes and paper-hangings from students in the Training-school at South Kensington. New art manufactures have arisen directly from the schools, such as Doulton's world-known pottery, and, later, glass etching and cameo glass cutting, of which Sir Rupert Kente reports: "I can say with confidence that no country has at any time produced such true, brilliant flint glass as the English makers now give to the world. As to design, whether in cut, engraved or molded glass, whether in rock crystal or cameo work, no such art glass was ever before seen as that which is now being produced in 'Stourbridge.' The Venetians come to us for designs for their revived lace manufactures, and

everywhere foreign countries are bracing themselves to fresh energy, fearing to be passed in the race by the once despised English, who were 'naturally deficient' in art perceptions."

Last, but not least, we name the incomparable Collections of the South Kensington Museum, such a storage of art wealth as has never been gathered by any nation in such a short space of time, thirty-four years, in which every phase of ancient and modern art is represented, where our students are trained by familiarity with all that has been produced of beauty in past or present time; and by the organized system of circulation its treasures are kept constantly passing throughout the length and breadth of the land, every local museum or school of art, however obscure or remote, having a right to share in the benefits of this truly national collection.

The Museum itself, as we have said, grew out of the schools of design. A second Parliamentary Committee, in 1849, had under consideration, among other things, a petition from the Society of Arts to permit the use of a public building for the purposes of a National Exhibition of Manufactures, to be held every five years. And as a result of this, in the Spring of 1851, a public exhibition of the works of students in schools of design was held at Marlborough House, which was granted for the occasion by the Government. In the same year the idea which had sprung from the Parliamentary inquiries of the value of general exhibitions had been extended and worked out under the fostering energy of the Prince Consort into the wonderful International Exhibition in Hyde Park, the success of which exceeded the wildest expectations, and which gave an impetus to art all over Europe which was undreamed of.

The system of purchase by the state of examples of art had originated in 1838, and in 1840 £10,000 was voted for this purpose for the benefit of the schools of design. After the great Exhibition of 1851, £5,000 was voted for the purchase of specimens exhibited there, and in 1855 another £20,000. In 1857 the South Kensington Museum was formally inaugurated by the Queen and the Prince Consort, the national acquisitions being then provisionally placed in an iron building erected by the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, out of the surplus left from that undertaking, at a cost of £15,000. In the same year the permanent building was commenced on twelve acres of land purchased by the Government from the commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition for £60,000.

Up to 1879 a sum of £190,000 had been voted by Parliament and expended on the buildings. In the first instance the Government were bound to erect "suitable buildings in the immediate neighborhood of South Kensington" for the reception of Mr. Sheepshanks's bequest of pictures to the nation. At the same time the Vernon and Turner Galleries were temporarily housed there until, the buildings at Burlington House being ready for the use of the Royal Academy, the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square could be opened for their reception.

The Museum of Ornamental Art, which had been established in 1852 at Marlborough House, was at the same time removed to the temporary buildings at South Kensington (1857), and formed the nucleus of that splendid collection, which has since been constantly added to, both by the expenditure of national funds and by the munificent gifts of private individuals.

It is partly due to the unlooked-for growth of the schools of science and art in connection with the Museum, and of the collection itself, so far beyond the possibilities of expectation in 1857, and partly to the way in which we English do everything, that the Museum buildings and their attendant schools form the most extraordinary specimen of gigantic patchwork that it is possible to conceive. One of the very painful results of the much-vaunted government of an enlightened nation on petty principles is, that while we have other nations with not half our wealth voting sums of public money for the building of fit receptacles for their priceless treasures of art, we are dependent on the niggardly doles which from time to time can be wrung from a reluctant Parliament, without jeopardizing the reign of the dominant party, just enough to add a patch here and there, from time to time, to the heterogeneous buildings at South Kensington.

One single bequest by an individual to the national collection, that of the late Mr. Jones, valued by experts at a quarter of a million sterling, has been but slightly exceeded by the expenditure of the nation on the collection since 1852. This is only one of many gifts, beginning with the gallery of pictures left by Mr. Sheepshanks, valued at £90,000; the bequest of the Rev. C. H. Townshend of paintings, gems, cameos, prints, etc., valued at £23,000; that of the Rev. A. Dyce, also of paintings, miniatures, engravings and upward of 13,000 books, valued at £20,000; the library left by Mr. John Forster, and many other smaller but extremely valuable gifts, while foreign nations have generously given us aid. And the Japanese Government made a complete historical collection of pottery and enamel and presented it to the Museum. Yet with this magnificent store in our hands, we have a mass of buildings which would be a disgrace to any fifth-rate power.

In another hundred years it is possible that the last of the tumble-down old rabbit-warrens of the temporary premises may disappear, and something better greet the eye than bare brick walls, alternating with barnlike sheds and unsightly and decaying ruins jostling the one or two portions of the buildings which are in a comparative state of completion.

The result of this haphazard and piecemeal mode of proceeding is that the internal arrangement and decoration of the Museum is as complete a piece of patchwork as the exterior, which is saying a very great deal, as every one who has passed by South Kensington will allow.

Instead of any intelligent scheme of general decoration being elaborated and gradually carried out as the portions of the buildings were completed, successive theorists have had their fling at it. The South Hall, devoted to articles on loan, alone possesses any coherent scheme of decoration. Elsewhere chaos and private fads dispute the rule with whitewashed walls. Poynter experiments on the grill-room, and Morris on the dining-room, while the large central refreshment-room, we are told, was decorated by some of the first students trained in the schools. For the credit of the schools as they exist now, it is desirable that it should be no longer allowed to offend the eye, for a more horrible abomination in decoration, culminating in the painted glass windows, has surely never been set up by any other civilized nation. Patchwork reigns again in the flooring. Beautiful reproductions of Roman mosaic pavements delight one in some departments, and the next moment we come upon a primitive arrangement of red and green tiles, which recalls the suburban villa of the retired bacon merchant. So with the lighting. Windows overshadowed by some later buildings patched on to the original schemes, courts full of treasures which cannot be seen because the necessity of lighting them at all seems to have been forgotten—these are only some of the results of that

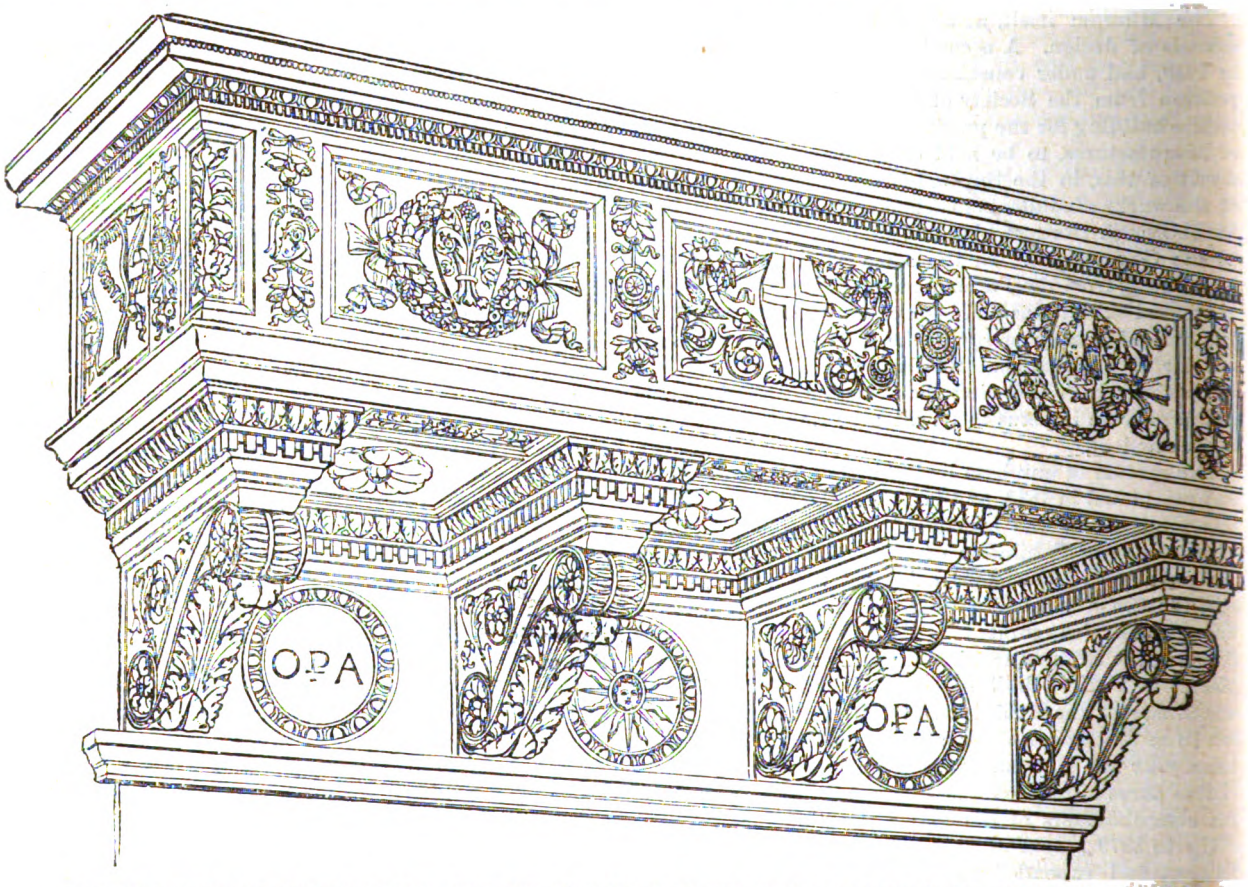
"sparing at the spigot" policy by which some of our successive Governments have distinguished themselves, resulting, as all such short-sighted policy does, in requiring greater outlay in the long run, involved in perpetual tinkering.

The art schools are so inconvenient, and so thoroughly unsuited to their requirements, that to make them perfect would necessitate their being entirely pulled down and rebuilt. Designed by a military engineer knowing nothing of art needs, the studios were lighted in such a manner as to be simply useless to the students. Successive tinkering has, at great subsequent cost, thrown out new windows, which better them a little. A barrack-like arrangement of long passages, with a number of small and inconvenient rooms leading off them; lecture-rooms, which will not hold half the students; long corridors which have to be used as studios, and waste of space in passages which might have been avoided, are among some of the difficulties with which the officials have to deal—troubles which would have been avoided if there had ever been any intelligently completed scheme to work on, and the necessary funds forthcoming to carry it out. Whatever the shortcomings of the building itself may be, however, one quickly loses sight of them when once introduced to the treasures which it contains.

On entering through the doorway, which is a "temporary" one, like much else in the Museum, the visitor is at once introduced into the Architectural Court, with its full-sized reproduction of the Column of Trajan in two parts, forming a conspicuous object in the centre. This large court, which is at the present time in course of rearrangement, contains a most valuable collection of beautiful reproductions of some of the most famous monuments of antiquity, besides many original specimens, which have from time to time been secured for the Museum, notably the rood-loft of alabaster and colored marbles brought from the Cathedral of Bois-le-Duc, and dated 1625, with its fourteen candlesticks of brass. A copy in plaster of one angle of San Juan de los Reyes at Toledo, the Gothic church built by Ferdinand and Isabella; one, of the Tabernacle of Leán in Belgium, by Cornelis de Vriendt; one, of an arch in the well-known Jewish synagogue in Toledo, now Sta. Maria la Blanca; the western portico of the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostella, and examples in plaster reproductions of the Alhambra. Here also is an exact copy of the famous chimney-piece in the Palais de Justice in Bruges.

Across the court stand five fine specimens of wrought iron screens made in 1695, by Huntingdon Shaw, the blacksmith of Nottingham. On the other side of the central passage we find an interesting reproduction of the original pulpit erected in Pisa by Giovanni Pisano, in 1302. Casts of the various portions which, after the fire in 1596, were scattered—only some being used in the pulpit as it now stands—were taken for the South Kensington Museum in 1864, and, as far as possible, arranged as it stood when originally constructed. Here also are reproductions of the bronze doors of the Baptistery of Florence; of Michael Angelo's statues of "Moses" and of "David"; a copy of the bronze doors of Augsburg Cathedral; and, in fact, most of the great monuments of art, which the moneyed travel far to see, may here be studied in their faithful reproduction by the poorest London street boy who has a talent for art.

Out of this court leads the Patent Museum, in which are preserved Richard Arkwright's carding and spinning



MARBLE CANTORIA, OR SINGING GALLERY, BY BACCIO D'AGNOLO, FROM THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLO, FLORENCE.

machines of 1769, a fire engine of 1721, and many other interesting records of advancing civilization.

The South Court, into which the visitor descends by a few steps, and which is generally that in which loan collections are held, is the only portion of the interior of the Museum, which, as we have said, has any coherent scheme of decoration, or is in any true sense complete. The upper portions of the side walls are divided into thirty-six alcoves, eighteen on each side, containing figures and portraits in mosaic of eminent men of all ages connected with art, giving the preference to those who have been distinguished as ornamenters or as workers in metal, marble or pottery of the designs for these figures: "Phidias" and "Apelles" are by E. J.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S BOUDOIR, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

The late Mr. Godfrey Sykes has the credit of this, and his early death in 1866 was a severe loss to the Museum; as the work carried out by his pupils will not bear comparison with that which he himself directed. The whole of the iron columns, ribs and girders are exposed to view, and are very happily treated as surfaces for decoration; even the bolts and rivets forming parts of the ornament. Poynter, R. A.; "Raphael and "M. Angelo," by Godfrey Sykes; "Nicola Pisano" and "Cimabue," by Sir Fred. Leighton, P. R. A.; "Giotto," by J. C. Horsley, R. A.; "Fra Angelico," by C. W. Cope, R. A.; "Donatello," by R. Redgrave, R. A.; while others are by E. Armitage, R A.; F. R. Pickersgill, R. A.; Val Prinsep, A. R.A.; J. Tenneil; W. F. Yeames, R. A.; E. Long, R. A.; G. F.

Watts, R. A., Eyre Crowe, A.R.G. and other artists. The two large lunettes on the upper parts of the wall at the end of the court are by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., of which one only—"The Industrial Arts Applied to War"—is finished, though its companion design, "The Industrial Arts Applied to Peace," is approaching completion. The South Court is chiefly occupied by the splendid Museum Collection of ivory carvings and gold and silver-work—clocks, watches, bronzes, etc.; but these are always more or less changing, as the loan exhibits are always shown in this large court. The North Court, leading from this, is devoted to examples of Italian art workmanship, both original and electrotype reproductions. Over the doorway is placed the beautiful marble Singing Gallery or Cantoria, from the Church of Sta. Maria Novella in Florence, the work of Baccio d'Agnolo, 1500; and in the same court is a cast of another singing gallery, originally in the Duomo at Florence, the work of Luca della Robbia, 1432. Here are also reproductions of some of the principal mosaic decorations in Rome, and copies of the frescoes of the ninth century in the Basilica of San Clemente at Rome. Many original works of Luca della Robbia, some valuable modeled studies in wax of Michael Angelo, and an enormous wealth of Italian art-work of all descriptions. In the arcade on the east side is a portion of the Museum Collection of ancient embroideries and textile fabrics, but the greater portion of it and the whole of the fine collection of lace has been removed to the new long gallery, recently opened, which runs from the end of the South Court to the West Cloisters.

The eastern side of the South Court is devoted to examples of Japanese art, bronzes, enamels, etc., and here is arranged the splendid historical collection of Japanese pottery made for the Museum, and presented to it by the Japanese Government. It includes a jar dated about 640 B.C., a bottle dated 730 A.D., and called "Giyogi," from the name of the person who is said to have introduced the use of the potter's wheel into Japan in the eighth century.

The Arcades, to the east from the Oriental Courts, were decorated by Owen Jones, and contain the Museum Collection of Chinese pottery and porcelain. At the south end is an exhibition of antique glass, Capo de Monte porcelain, and other fine specimens of Dresden, Sèvres and Italian wares.

The gallery up-stairs, above the South Court, bears the name of the Prince Consort's Gallery. From the level, the decorations in mosaic, already mentioned, and Sir Frederick Leighton's lunettes may be best seen. The cases are devoted to examples of ancient enamels, and on the wall to the right is an original fresco-painting of Perugino, the master of Raphael, painted in 1522, and said to be his last work, which has been successfully transferred to canvas.

From this gallery leads that of the Architectural Court, from which an excellent view is obtained of the Trajan Column and of the other larger monuments, and which contains a most beautiful collection of ironwork of all countries, both ancient and modern, valuable above measure to workmen, who are daily learning to appreciate such things. In the up-stair western galleries are also to be found, in five rooms set apart for them, the splendid collections of books, drawings and engravings bequeathed to the Museum by the Rev. A. Dyce and Mr. John Forster. The reading-room for this library is open to the public whenever the Museum is open.

Around the open space above the North Court are the galleries devoted to the National Collection of Water-color Drawings, the Sheepshanks Gallery of Paintings and the Jones Collection, while the gallery at the north end is entirely devoted to the display of Raphael's original cartoons, removed here from Hampton Court; and between the cartoons are copies of arabesque pilasters from the Loggie of Raphael in the Vatican. We have only hastily noted the more important divisions of the Museum, but we must not forget to mention the valuable collection of musical instruments of all times and countries, nor the very important Ceramic Gallery, which is on the upper floor, and which, although already very valuable and complete, is about to be increased by the munificent gift of the collection gathered together during many years by Lady Charlotte Schreiber and her husband, the late Charles Schreiber, Esq. The collection of furniture, ancient and modern, which forms a most complete and valuable study, is arranged along the Northwest and West Cloisters. And the Saracenic and Persian Court is to be found in the North Cloister—the central cases containing the china and pottery, and the walls hung with the Museum Collection of Persian carpets.

The libraries of the Museum are, perhaps, unfortunately divided. The Art Library—containing upward of 60,000 books, all bearing upon art, 17,000 drawings, 45,000 engravings and 52,000 photographs, chiefly illustrative of architecture, ornament, etc, and the Educational Library, whose numbers of volumes already exceed 53,323. Each has its own well-lighted and very comfortable reading-room; and a system of classifying the books under subjects is so admirably carried out that the reader never waits for what he wants in the way that is necessary at the reading-room of the British Museum, the enormous size of which makes it impossible to get anything without long waiting.

We have already referred slightly to the Jones Collection; but it is so important and valuable, not only in its mere money value—which, as we have said, has been estimated at a quarter of a million sterling—but from an educational point of view, that it deserves more extended notice. Of all the gifts that from time to time have enriched the Museum, this is by far the most munificent. And it contains objects which it would have been simply impossible for it to have obtained in any other way. Besides examples of furniture, of enamels and miniatures which are unique, there is one of the most complete and beautiful collections of soft past Sèvres china, which was only made between the years 1700 and 1800, and was then discontinued. It is remarkable for its creamy and pearly softness of color, and is always more beautiful than the hard porcelain which superseded it. The specimens in the Jones Collection range from 1700 to 1790, and except the Wallace Collection of Sèvres, which was lent to the Museum some years ago, perhaps it is the finest known.

Mr. Jones commenced life as a tailor and army clothier in 1825, and retired from business in 1850, after which he devoted himself to the collection of objects of *vertu*, living very quietly and unostentatiously himself, and leaving the whole, at his death, "for the benefit of the nation," to the South Kensington Museum, only stipulating that it should be kept together in the Museum, and not lent for exhibition.

One of the principal means of benefiting the nation at large, and removing the reproach which we too long suffered to attach to us of not being an artistic nation, has been the system, early adopted in the history of the Museum, of circulating its treasures throughout the length and breadth of the land, so that the dwellers in remote districts can gain an idea of some of the treasures

of art, and become fired with a wish for improvement, for, as Emerson says, "we are emulous of all that man can do."

From the first foundation of the Museum Collections, a system of circulation of selected objects for exhibitions in aid of schools of art in the provinces has been in force: These are divided into three classes: 1st. Examples furnished to schools of art and science for stated periods for purposes of study; 2d. Original art objects, paintings, electrotype reproductions, etc., for exhibitions; 3d. Reproductions of various processes on deposit loan to the art schools, to be retained for a period of one or more years, for study.

These loans are made, on application, to all local schools of art or science, and for exhibition for stated periods to all museums and municipal or free libraries, and on special occasions to other responsible bodies.

The Museum, as we have seen, grew out of the desire to provide examples for study and for reference for the students at the art schools, and although it has grown beyond the wildest expectations of its original promoters, it still exists mainly as an outcome of the revival of art-teaching which began to dawn in the first quarter of the present century. The influence which it has had in the higher cultivation of the nation is unbounded, and it is impossible to arrive at any just estimate of it, although every day is showing us that we do not now need to fear the rivalry of any nation in art, and signs are not wanting, as we have shown, of their already coming to us for designs, and to study our system of education; and several museums in connection with art schools have already been started in foreign countries on the lines of the South Kensington scheme.

It has been, from first to last, a popular movement—an answer to a popular need. Parliament has, as we have seen, found an insignificant sum in proportion to that given and bequeathed by private persons. In 1868 Mr. (now Sir Joseph) Whitworth, founded scholarships to the value of £3,000 a year, and there have been numerous bequests and gifts of the like kind. In the last report, for 1884, the number of elementary schools giving instruction in science was 1,463, and of scholars receiving such instruction 78,336, besides 6,090 self-taught students who presented themselves for examination.

In the normal schools of science and royal schools of mines, 213 scholars, of whom 81 were government scholars or exhibitioners, passed with full certificates.

In art the number of scholars in elementary and board schools was 778,830, and the grant on results was £33,129, showing an increase of £4,795 over the previous year.

There were 3,471 teachers and 906 pupil teachers who passed with full certificates, and the number of local schools of art and science in England and Wales was 188, with 14 branch classes. The gross expenditure of the year was £371,611 12s. 10d. from Parliamentary funds.

The history of the schools in connection with the Museum has been one of perpetual experiment and continual change. Mistakes have been made over and over again, frankly acknowledged, and a fresh plan tried. If the result has been slow in getting to anything like perfection, it has at least been sure. Nothing has been left untried, and actual experiment has for the most part shown us the better line on which to work. It would be impossible to go into the details of the working of the scheme; but the local towns must show that they are in earnest in wishing for education by being ready to assist themselves before the Government will come forward. In many towns, schools of art and museum and free library buildings have been given by some munificent benefactor, in many more they are the result of voluntary contributions in connection with local rates. As they are formed they come into working with the Central Museum at South Kensington. A loan exhibition is sent down to start them, generally largely supplemented by private loans from residents possessing objects of art, and the system of circulation keeps them constantly supplied with some of the treasures of ancient and modern art from headquarters.

Owing to the rearrangement of the Museum, consequent on the opening of the new courts and galleries, it is, at the present moment, to a certain extent, in a condition of change, if not exactly of confusion; some of the exhibits, which would be better classed together, being found in different parts of the building.

One of the most valuable of the recent additions to the Museum Collections is the Sculpture Gallery of casts from the antique, which was only opened in August of last year, and which will lead out of the Architectural Court; the door of communication being for the present closed, during rearrangement of the latter.

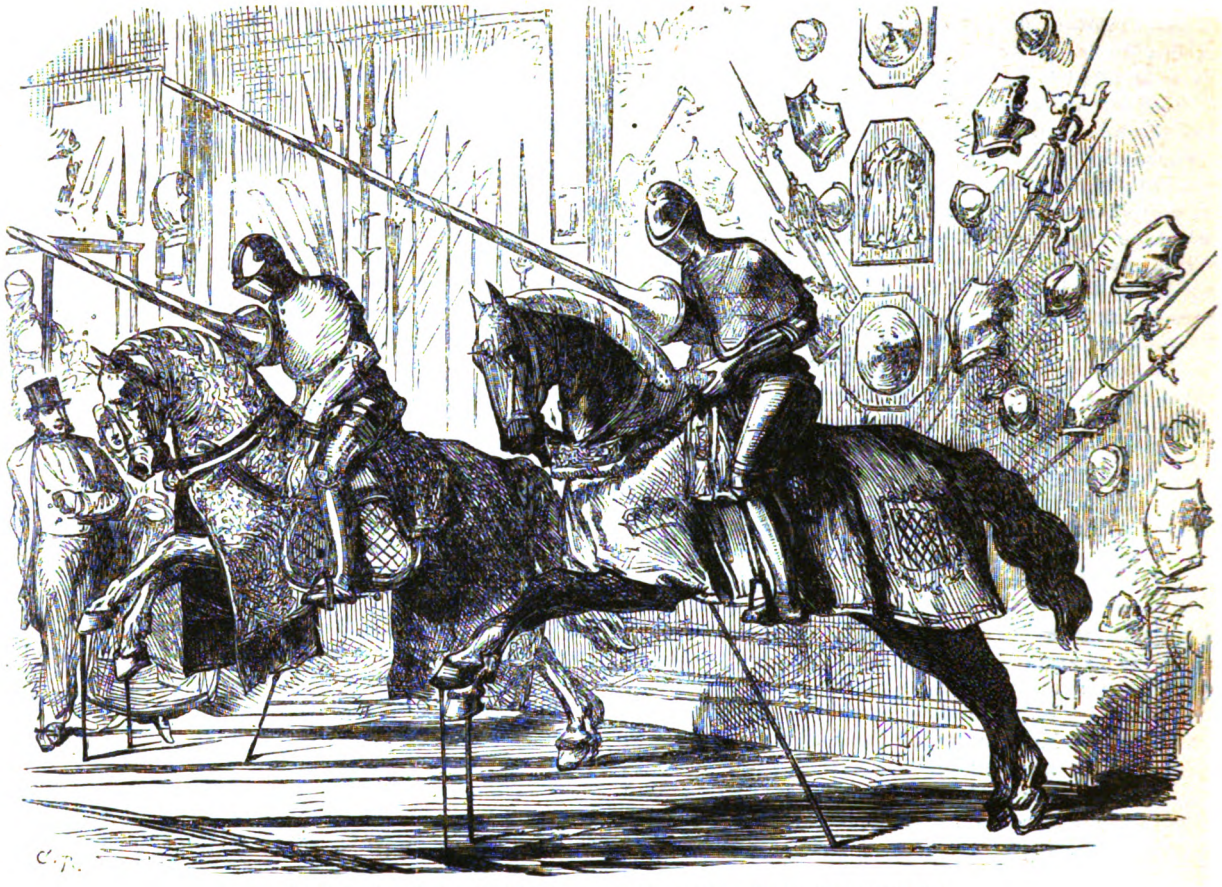
The casts, which are very beautiful reproductions, are arranged in historical order, so that the progress of Greek sculpture from its earliest to its most perfect conditions may be traced. The gallery is spacious and well lighted, and is very suitable for the presentation of the casts in a manner useful to students of the antique.

The influence which the South Kensington Museum has had on the national taste is impossible to estimate. It is so intimately connected with the art training-schools that the permeating cultivation due to them is inseparable from that of the opportunity it affords for the study of art to residents in London, and to visitors who find their way thither as a matter of course. The mere sight-seer, however, gains little from a few hours wearily spent in wandering through the courts; "the eye sees only what it brings the power of seeing," and it is to the student of art, chiefly, that the value of this splendid collection is apparent. The history of all the industrial arts may be studied here, and fresh impetus given to modern workers from the emulation with the masters and craftsmen of other times. For many years the Government grants were most strictly confined to the acquisition only of objects relating to the encouragement of industrial arts and decoration. Even now, it is to the gifts of individuals that we are indebted for the high art collections, and the schools are continually kept to the training of craftsmen and designers, rather than painters.

The national scholarships, of which there are twelve, are designed to enable advanced students, who have shown a marked talent for design, to prosecute their studies in the Training-school and Museum at South Kensington, and students already engaged in designing for, or producing, works of art manufacture, are considered most eligible. They receive free instruction, and allowances for maintenance varying from twenty shillings to forty shillings a week. National scholars and students in training may also, in special cases, receive grants to assist them in visiting foreign schools and galleries.

The lectures of the Royal Academy are open to the students of the training-schools, and our present list of Academicians is largely recruited from the ranks of the pupils of schools of art.

The number of new visitors to the Museum in the course of the year is comparatively very small. The galleries and reading-rooms are chiefly occupied with students, who there pass their hours of relaxation from the schools.



MEYRICK COLLECTION OF ANCIENT ARMOR AT SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

The system of study in the schools is one which makes the Museum a necessary part of it; for instance, one of the most successful modes of instruction in advanced design is for the master to select an example in the Museum of some decorative work and to require the students to reproduce it in forms adapted to other treatment; thus, given the first idea of a design, the pupil must work out one adapted to lace or embroidery, to wrought-iron, cast-iron, wood-carving, *repoussé* metal-work, or engraving, etc.

A large number of students in the schools are amateurs, who go into training without any absolute need of working for their own living, although many of them eventually do so from reverse of fortune, or because they develop talents which naturally bring them to the front in art-work. Thus we have in connection with the Museum, not only an army of trained craftsmen daily becoming more capable of producing good work—and that in all parts of the United Kingdom—but, at the same time, an ever-increasing number of amateurs learning to distinguish what is good in construction, color or design, and carrying into their families that improved taste which is now so evident throughout the length and breadth of the land.

At the time of the Italian Renaissance, the artists who then carried painting forward to the perfection which it reached with Raphael and Michael Angelo were most of them craftsmen to begin with: jewelers or metal-workers, or designers for mosaic inlay or embroidery.

The revival of art in England at one time seemed to have begun at the wrong end, but we are altering all that now; a race of painters is arising who learn to draw, and it is no longer considered that inborn genius may dispense with any part of the drudgery of training. The study of art is complete and uniform; that is, it is systematic, and if the artist at last becomes a painter or a sculptor, it is because he finds the natural expression of his genius in that line; but he has the decorative arts as a groundwork of his education and is a designer before all. Life study is cultivated in the schools because it is recognized as the highest and best form of advanced study.

The consequence of this more perfect training and understanding of the dignity of art is, that we find our best painters now designing furniture and ornament of all kinds—a thing which was unknown a few years ago—or working at modeling and sculpture; and the tendency of the age seems to be to get back to the old traditions, in which the artist is no longer content to be a mere painter of portraits or of sense pictures, but possessing the scientific knowledge of art in all its manifestations and ready to work in any direction for which the need arises, as did the painters of Italy in the days of her Renaissance.

The branch Museum at Bethnal Green opened in June, 1872, by the Prince and Princess of Wales, stands on a plot of ground purchased by contributions of residents in that neighborhood, and was built by Parliamentary grant. It stands in one of the poorest and most remote districts of London; in the heart of the working population. For three years it was filled with the magnificent collection of paintings and other works of art belonging to Sir Richard Wallace, and after that by a splendid Loan Collection, of which the Indian presents of the Prince of Wales formed a large portion. In 1878 a special loan collection of furniture was held there. The collections of the Central Museum, illustrating food,

animal products and economic entomology, have been permanently placed in the branch at Bethnal Green, which is managed in every respect like the parent Museum.

The Indian Museum, now also a branch of that at South Kensington, is situated in the old Exhibition Buildings of 1862, overlooking the Horticultural Gardens, at the opposite side of Exhibition Road. Here also is the Educational Museum, including models of school-buildings and fittings, scientific apparatus, and other appliances for technical education and the "Structure Division," showing examples of naval architecture, and the Palestine Exploration Fund Collection.

All these Museums are open free to the public on Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays, and on the other three days to students free and to the public on payment of sixpence.

WHAT A DOG!

One day, when a Paris tradesman was walking on the Boulevard St. Antoine with a friend, he offered to lay a wager with the latter that if he were to hide a six livre-piece in the dust, his dog would discover it and bring it to him.

The wager was accepted and the coin secreted, after being carefully marked. When the two friends had proceeded some distance from the spot, the tradesman called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek for it. "Caniche" immediately turned back, and his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis.

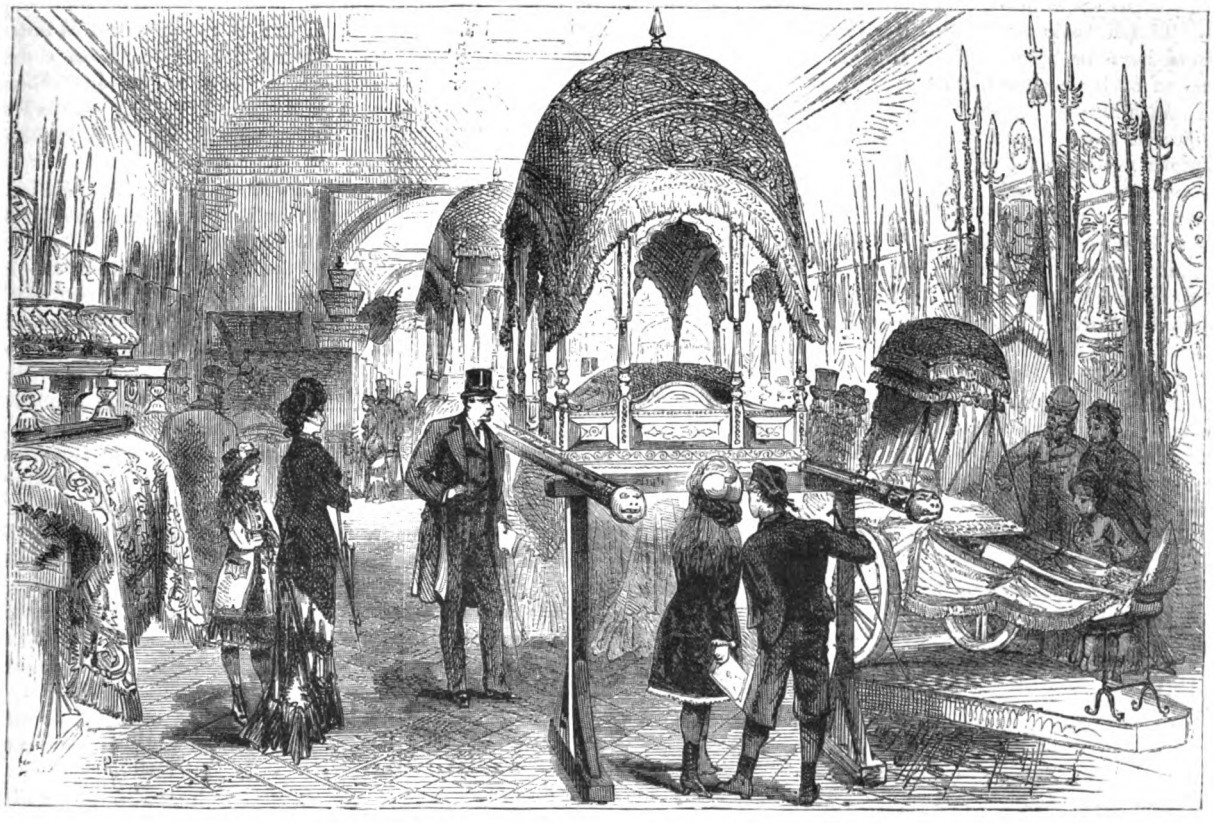
Meanwhile, a traveler, who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money, which his horse had kicked from its hiding-place. He alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn in the Rue Pont-aux-Choux.

Caniche had just reached the spot in quest of the piece when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveler. Having scented out the coin which he had been ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the latter, he leaped up incessantly at and about him. The traveler, supposing him to be some dog that had lost or been left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness; and, as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and, on retiring to bed, took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his trousers than they were seized by the dog. The owner, conceiving that he wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveler opened, under the idea that he wanted to go out. Caniche snatched up the trousers, and off he flew. The traveler posted after him with his nightcap on. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of gold Napoleons of forty francs each, which was in one of his pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran at full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment afterward, breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him.

"Sir," said the master, "my dog is a very faithful creature; and if he has ran away with your trousers, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you!"

The traveler became still more exasperated.

"Compose yourself, sir," rejoined the other, smiling. "Without doubt there is in your purse a six livre-piece, with such and such marks, which you picked up on the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with the firm conviction that the dog would bring it



INDIAN SECTION, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—SEE PAGE 725.

back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you."

The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six livre-piece, which he had deposited in his purse, caressing the dog which had occasioned him so much uneasiness and such an unpleasant chase.

THREE DAYS.

THREE golden days of Summer weather,
Of sunny sea and purple heather—
Freedom for just a little space
To gaze upon each other's face:
Three golden, perfect days.

Refreshment in Life's weary round,
To tread a while enchanted ground;
Together, in the heathery chine,
To lie beneath the odorous pine
Three golden, perfect days.

Together now, and soon to part,
A deathless love in either heart:
What wonder that our lips should meet
In burning kisses, dangerous, sweet,
Those golden, perfect days?

Adieu bright days! adieu, fair shore!
We hear each other's voice no more:
We drag our customary chain,
And ne'er for us shall dawn again
Such golden, perfect days.

A FAIR IMPOSTOR.

BY ANNIE J. DUFFELL.

THOUGH the family of Colonel Trevors, deceased, had lost fortune and lands by the late rebellion, they still had a treasure. It was "Mammy," Mrs. Trevors's old nurse, who disdained the Emancipation Act, and served and piloted their poor little life bark, which otherwise would have been rudderless, with an interest that misfortune or liberty could not abate.

Besides Mammy, Mrs. Trevors and her two daughters possessed the old Mansion House, with its pitiful suggestions of departed glories, and the few acres of land surrounding it, which Mammy tilled with the skill and vigor of a man. To-night, six months after the death of the only son, Rafe Trevors, she stands down by the gate of the neglected, desert-like grounds. At last, down the dusty road she sees a girl approaching. Mammy goes hurriedly toward her. As they meet, something in the shrewd face of the negress drives a sharp catch into her companion's breath.

"I'm afraid there's more trouble," says Mammy, gloomily. "Here's another letter, Miss Camile."

Camile takes the extended envelope a trifle viciously, silently opens it, runs her eyes over the page, then crumples it in her hand.

"Yes," she says, a little recklessly; "it is from that horrid man poor Rafe owed. They are simply betting bills, but he declares if they are not settled in sixty days he will seize the property. He can do it, for only a week before Rafe died mamma was foolish enough to secretly put her name on a note that he had drawn up for this man."

They have gained the gate, and are about to enter the forlorn but spacious grounds when their attention is attracted by a vehicle approaching.

Both pause mechanically, and then become somewhat roused from their gloomy preoccupation by the sight of a dainty lace parasol being shook vigorously through the window at them. In a moment more the equipage draws up before the gate and a young lady springs out.

In height and build she resembles Camile, but there the similarity ends until she speaks; then, no one could fail to notice the striking resemblance in their voices. Shut your eyes, and it would be a matter of some difficulty to determine whether it was Camile or her sister Therese that was speaking.

"Therese!" cries Camile, as that young lady, dressed in dainty robes of the prevailing mode, springs into their midst. "Where have you come from at this hour?"

"From the railroad-station," laughs the newcomer. "Hired a *carriage*, you know"—somewhat derisively indicating the dilapidated fly with a frivolous shake of her marvelous sunshade—"but as I have only half an hour before the arrival of the returning train to Richmond, and it will consume nearly all that time to get back to the station; I won't go in the house now that I see you out here."

"Missus would like to see you, Miss Therese," says Mammy, gravely. "It would do her more good than all the medicine."

"Hold your tongue," says Therese, sharply. Then, turning a half-deprecating, half-defiant face to Camile: "I'm in awful need," she says, with that soft little laugh that is very witching at first, but which one finds oneself growing tired of with familiarity. "*Could* you let me have some money—only twenty-five dollars?"

"Ask for twenty-five thousand, my dear—don't be modest! You would get it quite as soon," says Camile, flippantly, yet a small, hard line has come around her lips.

"But I need it so terribly!" pouts Therese. Mammy stands silent and stern in the dark, her gloomy eyes looking far out toward the horizon. "The Newcombs give a select picnic next week. All the best people will be there. I *must* have a new dress for it. I have twenty-five dollars of my own; if you could give me as much more I could get along very nicely. I only want something cool and simple. Give it to me out of your school salary—you can if you will—and I will try to pay it back. Aunt Marble, no doubt, will give me some money on my birthday."

Without imparting the new trouble, Camile yet, in a few trenchant words, impresses her sister with her utter inability to comply with her request.

This pressing demand of dead Rafe's creditors checks her usual generous indulgence to the younger girl's selfishness, and, singular as it may seem, the disastrous effect of this inability, coupled with Therese's weakness, is yet to be manifest.

The moon has now risen, and by means of its faint reflection Therese descries a man walking backward and forward in the grass-grown avenue leading to the mansion. A little shudder convulses her fairy-like frame, yet that form that holds her eyes fascinated is a goodly thing to look at, being very lithe and handsome, only he walks a little uncertainly, a little hesitatingly, after the manner of all blind people.

At last Therese withdraws her gaze and fixes it upon her sister.

"Does—does he still think it is you who have gone?" she inquires, and her voice grows a trifle lower.

"Yes," says Camile, curtly; "but you have got us into fine trouble. He has given over all idea of going to Richmond; the doctor is to visit him out here."

"Good Heavens!" says Therese, her pink-and-white countenance exhibiting the loveliest consternation. "I—

I thought it such a particularly good idea. However"—brightening—"he need never know. There is no one to tell him, we have no visitors, and the doctor doesn't know one of us from the other. But if he had only gone to the city, as he expected, when I left, it would have been all right."

"I would never have consented to abet such a deception," says Camile, *àpropos* of nothing in particular, "only to save him the pain of knowing of your selfish desertion. Heaven knows in the last six months he has had enough to bear with his blindness without that."

"It is not selfish desertion," replies Therese, with her usual little scowl. "Aunt Marble writes for you to spend the season with her; to arrive by a particular day. You refuse; then why should not I go? Aunt Marble has a medium share of this world's goods, and moves in the *crême de la crême* of society."

"You should not go," says Camile, irritably, "because the man you are engaged to marry begged you to keep out of society until you were his wife."

Therese makes an angry movement with her lace-draped shoulders.

"That's right—lecture," she says, disagreeably. "But please to remember that when I engaged myself to mamma's cousin, Philip Galahad, matters were different. He was not blind. He had an undisputed title to estates worth half a million; now somebody else claims them through a flaw in the deeds; and until the lawsuit is ended, nobody knows whether Philip will be a prince or a pauper."

"And until the matter is determined you intend to keep faith with him?" observes Camile, with her frostiest smile.

"Exactly," replies Therese, nonchalantly. "But the fact of his boarding with us at present, so as to be near the city, made my going a trifle difficult. If I had gone openly to Richmond, he would have quietly informed me I need never come back, so far as his lordship was concerned, and I would have lost the chance of winning half a million. As it is, he thinks that you have gone, and that I remain and take your position as school-teacher, which, fortunately for our plan, is a good excuse for your being very little with him. I shall have returned before his eyes are operated on, and he will be none the wiser for this little deception. Then, if he lose the suit, and consequently me"—looking at her sister with malicious eyes—"you can console him and step into my position. It will be no difficult task"—viciously kicking a pebble with her little French heel—"he always admired you, though, to be sure, I am the prettiest. About this other affair, the time will soon pass. Aunt Marble only asked me for one month in town and two at Newport. Camile, do you think Philip suspects anything?" this latter with an anxiety that belies the recent carelessness of her words.

"I don't think he suspects anything," says Camile, slowly—away back in her eyes there is a strange gleam of pain. "I am but very little with him, as you have surmised, being at school through the day, and evenings I avoid him as much as possible. But the little we are together, he—he—seems to notice a change in my manner. It appears that you—er—were somewhat affectionate."

"I never was particularly ardent," interrupts Therese, with a laugh and a small blush. "Still, at times, I did permit him to hold my hand."

Camile reddens as her sister's sharp, curious glance remorselessly searches her face.

"Therese," she cries, sharply, "give up this freak and come home. You have got me into this predicament, and it is your duty to extricate me. When I consented to take your identity, I thought it would only be for a day or two—that I should only be obliged to bid him good-by when he started for Richmond, and that would be the end of it. But now he is to remain, and—and it is altogether too dreadful, and you must come home, Therese."

A stubborn look comes into Therese's lovely visage. Camile continues, passionately:

"And I would not even then have consented to it, only that I felt so sorry for his blindness and wanted to keep from him the knowledge of your desertion—at least until he had recovered his sight. The doctor comes out from Richmond twice a week, and thinks that in time he can remove the cataract."

"I will not come home," says Therese, at last, viciously, "and I hold you to your promise, Camile"—in her vehement selfishness bending over and seizing her hand. "Swear to me that you will never betray me—that, let come what will, you will never undeceive him as to who went to Aunt Marble's."

Camile hastily repossesses herself of her hands.

"I shall not tell," she replies, seeing that further argument is useless, and in the next moment Therese has kissed her, has sped to the fly, and is driving back to the station. Camile and Mammy walk slowly up the long avenue to the house. Philip has disappeared, and the girl goes straight to her mother's room. That lady, swaddled in flannel, is in an unprecedented state of excitement.

"He has been here, my dear—she is quite altogether different from you; it—it may all be discovered," she exclaims, with her usual happy incoherence.

"You mean Philip fancies he sees a change in Therese?" inquires her daughter, looking as wretched and guilty as any criminal on the verge of detection can well appear.

How she repents herself, in this moment, of having acceded to this mad scheme of Therese's and her mother's.

If Therese—morally ruined by her mother's limitless indulgence—had commanded her to fly to the moon Madame Trevors would have begged her to make the attempt.

But further conversation is prevented by Mammy appearing at this moment with a request from Mr. Galahad to see "Miss Therese."

Philip, tall, straight, elegant, stands moodily by the fireplace. At sound of the step he so well knows, he starts and reaches out his arms.

"Therese!" he cries, as, trembling in her shoes, the fair impostor approaches and takes one of his hands—the other is resting on her shoulder in a gesture of infinite affection. "Why is it that I must send for to see you?—why do you shrink from me?—why do you avoid me? There is something strange in this! Ah, if I could but tear aside this blindness for a moment while I looked into your face—only one glance, and I could read the truth in it!"

Camile grows ashen white; how terribly *àpropos* are the words of this passionate outburst. She shivers and swallows once, twice, as though her throat were parched and dry.

"Shall I read to you, Philip?" she asks.

His face grows composed—even bright..

"Yes, yes," he replies. "We have not finished Macaulay yet. Then he takes her hand and presses it to his lips. "If you have lost in affection you have gained in companionship," he says. "Oh, my darling, never will you know the joy and the solace you have been to me during these past weeks, in the times I could get you

FROM A STRICTLY TRUTHFUL POINT OF VIEW IT IS NOT A LITTLE DIFFICULT TO DENY THAT THE SUDDEN WANT OF DIGNITY WHICH MUST PERFORCE HAVE ATTENDED THE YANKING AFORESAID, MIGHT HAVE BEEN PRODUCTIVE OF MATERIAL FOR MIRTH, YET NONE MORE READILY THAN THE JOKER HIMSELF, WHOSE HEAD WAS PUNCHED IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS, WOULD REGRET THE EMPLOYMENT OF UNNECESSARY VIOLENCE.

with me. I think it was your beauty that won me first; but now, since Camile has gone, and we have been here alone, it is your soul, your mind, that have bound us together as no outward form could. I see in you a woman that I cannot only love and respect—that I can not only make my wife but my companion. And yet, Therese, you are not the same."

A strange look of pain and ecstasy shoots into Camile's countenance. She goes to the table, takes up a book and commences to read.

Until nearly midnight she entertains him thus, when he rouses himself and orders her to bed, remembering her hard day's work on the morrow.

A week passes.

One night, when Camile returns from school, she meets the famous oculist, Philip's lifelong friend, on the steps.

"I did not know you were expected to-day," she observes.

Celebrated Dr. Brandling shows his handsome teeth in a smile.

"I know you did not—it was a secret," he says. "Miss Trevors, this afternoon I operated on Galahad's eyes."

So unexpected is this announcement, Camile reels back against one of the many marble columns of the *façade*, and looks quite faint in the light streaming from the hall.

"He is doing very well," proceeds the doctor, in his blithe tones, politely ignoring Miss Trevor's agitation, "and we have every cause to think the result will be entirely satisfactory. I

A FAIR IMPOSTOR.—"IN THE DIM LIGHT HE DRAWS HER CLOSER TO HIM. 'CAMILE, CAMILE,' HE CRIES, 'I SEE NOW THAT IT IS YOU THAT I HAVE LOVED FROM THE BEGINNING.'"—SEE PAGE 734.

fetched with me a reliable assistant, who will remain as his attendant, and take entire charge of him. I will be out the first thing in the morning."

After the first shock Camile rallies, and that wretched thought of her false identity, that this intelligence for a moment has banished, returns.

Philip must never know the gross deception of which he has been the victim. A panic of guilty fear seizes her —something of it shows in her eyes as she lifts them to the doctor.

"How—how long will it be?" she says, inaudibly.

"Before he can use his sight?" inquires the doctor, kindly. "Well, if matters go smoothly, in about a fortnight I will remove the bandages permanently."

Camile enters the house somewhat relieved; as usual she seeks her mother's room.

Again has a breeze of excitement shaken this poor wreck of womanhood.

"Oh, my dear!" she cries, "have you seen—do you know? He has been here, and has done it, and it is quite beyond a doubt that he will see, and she must be sent for immediately, or what a terrible *dénouement* there will be!"

"There is time enough yet." Camile's voice is less moody than it has been since she took upon herself the identity of her sister; there is a prospect now of her dropping her part and of becoming herself once more. "I will write to Therese to-night. She can remain a week longer anyway. Poor child! splendor and gayety seem necessary to her."

"My beautiful Therese!" sobs madame, withdrawing behind her dainty lace pockethandkerchief. "My darling, this want and poverty and obscurity are so hard for her. It will surely kill her."

Camile's face hardens slightly. She has grown accustomed to her mother's neglect and to her passionate devotion to her sister, yet at times a bitter pang shoots through her soul at some too vivid evidence thereof.

Camile's letter brings a bitterly discontented and repining reply:

"Let me stay until the last moment," Therese concludes. "Telegraph me the day before the bandages are to be removed, and I will come the same evening. I am having such a delightful time. Aunt Marble is kindness itself, and I really think everybody admires me. Claude Hampton has deserted his lady-love for your sister, and Maude Ashhurst has quarreled with her intended on the same account—that handsome, rich Lee Forest—and it is too shameful that I must leave now in the midst of it all. I would not come and would leave him to find out the truth, only that now it appears that matters have changed, and every one thinks he will win it—I mean Philip and the suit, you know. In that case, a bird in the hand would be worth two in the bush.

"N. B.—I got the dress, after all. Such a beauty! Every one said I looked too charming."

Strange to say, this latter clause strikes Camile even more unpleasantly than the other portion of the effusion.

"She got the dress; but *how* did she get the dress?" she repeats again and again to herself.

* * * * * *

Therese is at home. As she is not to see Philip until to-morrow, when the bandages will be removed, she entertains her mother until late in the night with recounting her triumphs and discussing the prevailing opinion that now exists of Galahad's winning the famous and long-standing suit.

Next morning Camile seeks her school as usual. When she returns in the evening she meets Philip and Therese strolling about, after the habit of happy lovers.

How strong and handsome he looks to the young schoolmistress, who has not seen him for a fortnight! One glance at his brilliant eyes shows that the operation was a success. He reaches out his hand and greets her warmly.

"So you tired of city life," he continues, pleasantly, "and have returned to the school. Besides having you with us, I am grateful for the change, as I scarcely saw anything of Therese during your absence. She tells me she was quite reluctant to relinquish her office to you this morning."

"I could scarcely have done it only that—that you were to be among us to-day," murmurs Therese, lifting her soft eyes to his enraptured visage.

Camile, a trifle pale, and with her lips pressed hard together, walks silently by their side.

About the middle of the next day a carriage drives up the avenue and halts before the main entrance. In it sits a resolute, cold-faced woman, richly clad.

From an upper window Therese sees and grows cold, while all the rich coloring fades from her face, which becomes like marble.

Her strength, too, seems to vanish, for she drops down in a heap upon the floor, and, clasping her small hands together, moans again and again:

"She has discovered it! I am lost—I am lost!"

In the meantime Aunt Marble sits erect in the fly in which she has ridden over from the nearest railroad depot, and of the boy Joe, Mammy's assistant, who now makes his appearance, inquires for Philip Galahad.

That young gentleman duly presents himself at the carriage-door.

"No, I will not come in, Philip," haughty Aunt Marble replies to his invitation. "Years ago I vowed never to cross any threshold belonging to my niece, Alice Trevors. A few weeks ago I so far forgot her past disrespect and undutifulness to me as to write for her daughter to come and spend the season with me. I might have known if I nursed an adder in my bosom I would be stung. Philip Galahad, while eating my bread and sharing my roof, that girl robbed me."

"Impossible!" cries Philip, recoiling, while the warm color rises to his face. "There is some mistake——"

"There is *no* mistake!" interrupts Aunt Marble. "I know that, under the circumstances, you must feel doubly interested in her—that, as matters now stand, there will be even a closer bond between you than that of second cousinship."

"I should think so," interrupts the young man, indignantly. When he marries his love will not Camile be his sister? But Aunt Marble, in all honesty, is referring to his betrothed. What a comedy of errors!

"Well, then, perhaps you can induce her to relinquish my property—it is for that reason that I asked for you instead of her. The fact is: You know I am a connoisseur in jewels. A few weeks ago an old friend sent me a rough diamond to get my opinion of it. Besides being an heirloom, it is intrinsically of great value. After sending it to me my friend left the city for a short time. I placed the jewel in my casket. He called for it last evening. I went to get it—lo! it was gone! Do you see my position? The only person who has been at my cabinet besides myself was that girl. About three weeks ago—I remember it well—I sent her to it for a certain necklace which I intended her to wear that evening. I have since been to the casket, but had no occasion to look for the stone until last night, when I found the box empty! Philip, I must get that stone, or pull the heavens about my ears. Why, good Heaven, man, what will my friend think? If it costs me twice its value, I

will recover it. You must have influence with her. Go in and talk to her. The thing shall be dropped, hushed-up—nobody shall ever know but we three, if she will only relinquish it."

"She is not in; however, I will speak to her sister. But there *must* be some mistake. It is altogether too horrible to believe."

Horrified and bewildered, Philip turns and enters the house.

He finds Therese in a darkened room, and in some way makes known the dreadful story.

"It is out of question that Camile *could* have so far forgotten herself," he concludes by exclaiming. "And yet Aunt Marble seems so terribly positive."

At this Therese recovers herself. Like a flash it dawns upon her how this deception concerning the visit to Richmond can be of service to her. By some miraculous chance the truth has still been suppressed. As yet Philip has not been undeceived.

Wildly she casts about her for some plan of perpetuating the delusion and of escaping from her terrible dilemma. Shall she go down to Aunt Marble and deny all knowledge of the affair? No, for that unpleasantly resolute woman would at once institute legal proceedings, and the truth in both instances would be revealed. One thing is certain, Philip must not be allowed to meet her, or it will surely transpire that *she*, and not Camile, is the one accused.

"It must be false," she stammers, huskily. "But I will search Camile's possessions, for mere form, and then go down to the carriage. Do you stay here. Philip, promise me not to leave this room until I join you?"

"Certainly, darling! But compose yourself. My dearest girl, you are absolutely shaking like a leaf. As you say—there *must* be some mistake. Do not take it so hard!"

Five minutes later Aunt Marble rides away, and Therese joins her betrothed.

"How in the world did you pacify her?" he exclaims; then, as he for the first time sees fairly the girl's haggard face, with its guilt and fear that *cannot* be repressed, he mistakes the cause and cries out, sharply, "Good Heaven! you—you have not found the stone?"

To do Therese justice, all the way up from the carriage she has been anticipating this inquiry and striving to find some plan that may shield Camile.

After the first shock of selfish fear subsides a shuddering horror of what she has done seizes her. Turning, she flings up her hands and flees from his presence. No surer mode could she have taken to convince Philip of the elder sister's guilt.

All day she keeps her room, and, limp and white and bathed in tears, there Camile finds her, and in broken sobs and incoherent sentences, she makes known her sin and shame.

At first Camile, strong, proud, upright, shrinks from her in horror and loathing.

"A thief—a thief—one of us!" she keeps saying, like one overcome with blind horror.

Therese's sobs and tears break out afresh, while she throws her hands over her ears.

"I never thought—I never meant it to be real," she moans. "I did not intend to keep it. Oh, for Heaven's sake, believe me, Camile! I did not know it was of much value. I simply took it to pawn, and I intended to redeem it as soon as Aunt Marble gave me the fifty dollars she had promised me; but I had to return before she could give it to me. Only for that, I intended to get the horrid thing and return it to the casket. I never dreamed of keeping it. I supposed it was hers, and that, being unset, she would not miss it. I could not see any particular harm in it. And, oh! Camile, I did so want the dress—I had to have it, and you would not give me the money."

"Did you tell the truth to Aunt Marble?" sternly.

"Yes; and gave her the pawn-ticket, and she promises that nothing more shall be said."

"Oh, Therese," cries the other, in a sudden burst of bitter tears, "I would sooner have torn your heart out than have known you could be so—so weak! What does Philip say?"

Therese crouches closer to the sister who all her life has served and borne and sacrificed for her; she trembles as with the ague.

"He—he—— Don't you know" she whispers, with shaking lips, "it is you who he thinks was at Aunt Marble's?"

For a moment Camile sits as though paralyzed; then she roughly shakes the girl off and, springing to her feet, stands facing her with flashing, horrified eyes.

"Do you mean that you have not yet undeceived him?" she cries, hoarsely. "Have you dared to let Philip Galahad think me a thief? I—I——"

Utterly terrified, Therese crouches upon the floor, staring back at her with large, frightened eyes.

"Do not kill me, Camile," she gasps. "Go to him at once and tell him the truth. I—I should have told him, only I thought it would be easier for you. Tell him everything, Camile, only—only do not look at me like that!"

With a desperate effort Camile turns, and, walking to the window, flings herself down by it, and folding her arms upon the casing, buries her face in them.

What shall she do? At first it seems utterly impossible that she can let this great thing pass—that she can stand branded with shame in the eyes of Philip Galahad. Then, as minutes pass, she asks herself, why not?

She is nothing to him—heart and soul he is Therese's.

The first shock of amazement and repulsion is over—during her absence, while she was all unconscious, he has accepted the evidence against her and pronounced her dishonest. But even now they can scarcely be further asunder than when he believed in her integrity. Moreover, to her it appears a moral impossibility for this farce to continue; sooner or later he *must* discover that it was Therese, and not she, who was at Richmond. Ah, *why* did she ever consent to abet this mad deception? Why had she not thought of this while there was yet time, instead of weakly yielding to Therese's tears and persuasions?

At last she rises and goes over to the shivering girl lying prone upon the floor in her misery. She touches the pretty, slim form with her foot. Therese looks up.

"Your secret is safe with me," she says, wearily. "*I* will not betray you," and goes out before the other can reply.

After that she sees little little of Philip; it is quite evident that he shrinks from her in aversion, strive to hide it as he may. It is also as equally apparent that his restoration to sight has not brought him unalloyed happiness.

At times he is silent, *distrait* and even moody, and it requires all Therese's infantile graces and merry chatter to beguile even a smile from him. He spends most of his time traveling back and forth to the city, where his suit is in progress.

One night, after Mammy had returned from her weekly trip to the neighboring market-town, she seeks him in

his room and hands him an envelope that she has just fetched from the station.

It is a telegram of vital importance, and one that he has been expecting. It is from his lawyers, and contains the result of the suit. With fingers that are not exactly steady he tears it open, runs his eye over the contents, and then a smothered exclamation breaks from him.

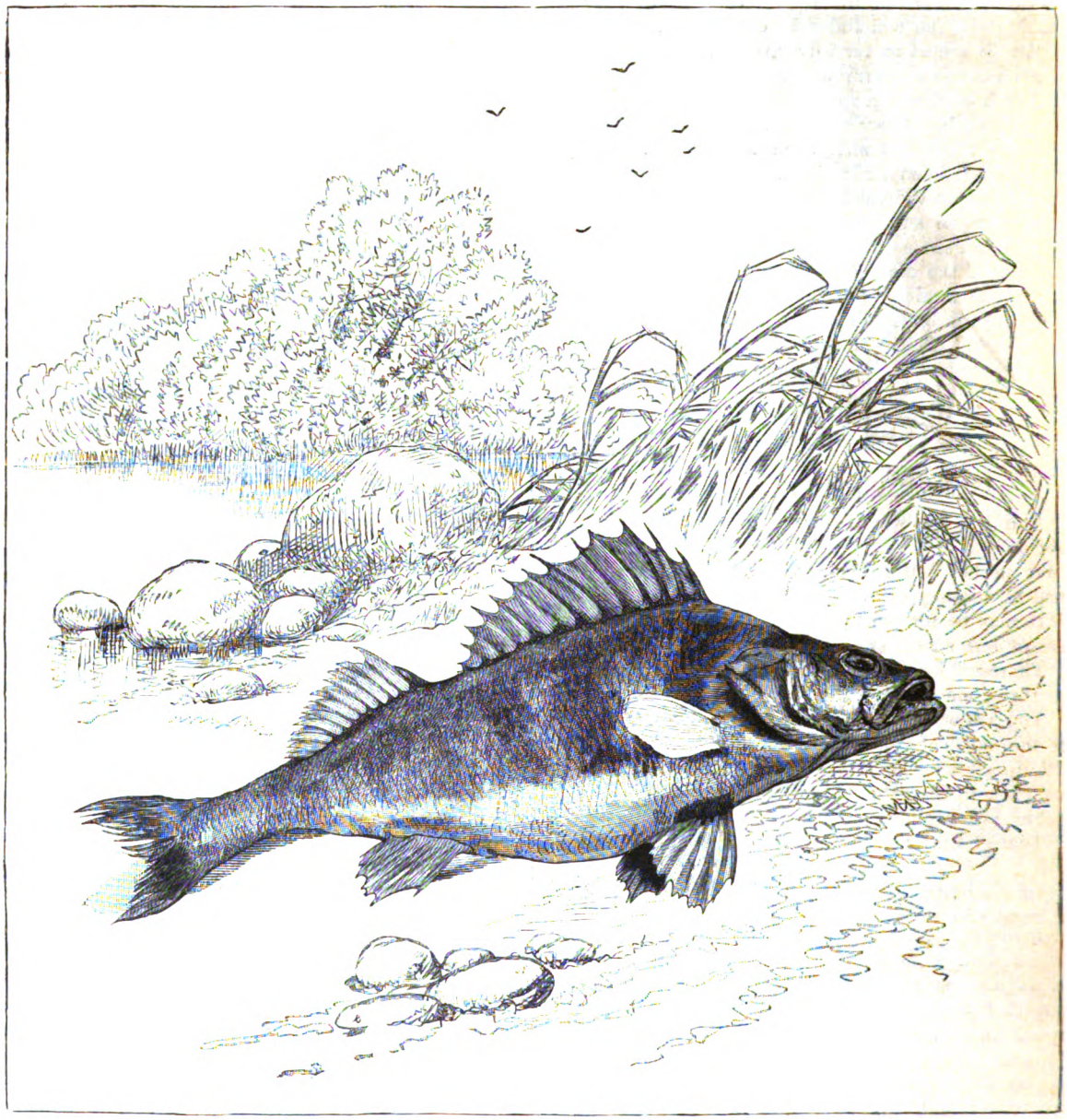
"Mammy!" he cries, in a shaking voice. "I have won—the suit is mine."

"Bless the Lord!" exclaims Mammy, solemnly.

you do as I tell you, you will bless Him all the days of your life. It can do no harm—in five minutes you can correct yourself. Only do as I tell you."

Impressed against his will, Philip goes slowly out of the room and seeks his betrothed. He meets her in the hall. His countenance, still pale from excitement, wears a grave expression aroused by Mammy's words. Thus Therese sees him; she glances once at the telegram, and a chill fear seizes her heart.

"What do they say?" she cries, sharply.



THE YELLOW PERCH.—SEE PAGE 742.

For a moment the two stand there in utter silence; then Philip bounds toward the door.

"Marse Philip! *oh*, Marse Philip!"

He stops at that earnest cry.

"Marse Philip, listen to *me*," continues Mammy, in hurried eagerness. "Tell Miss Therese that the suit is really *lost*."

"*Mammy!*"

"Do—do, Marse Philip! Look here! I know more than I can tell. Before God Almighty, Marse Philip, if

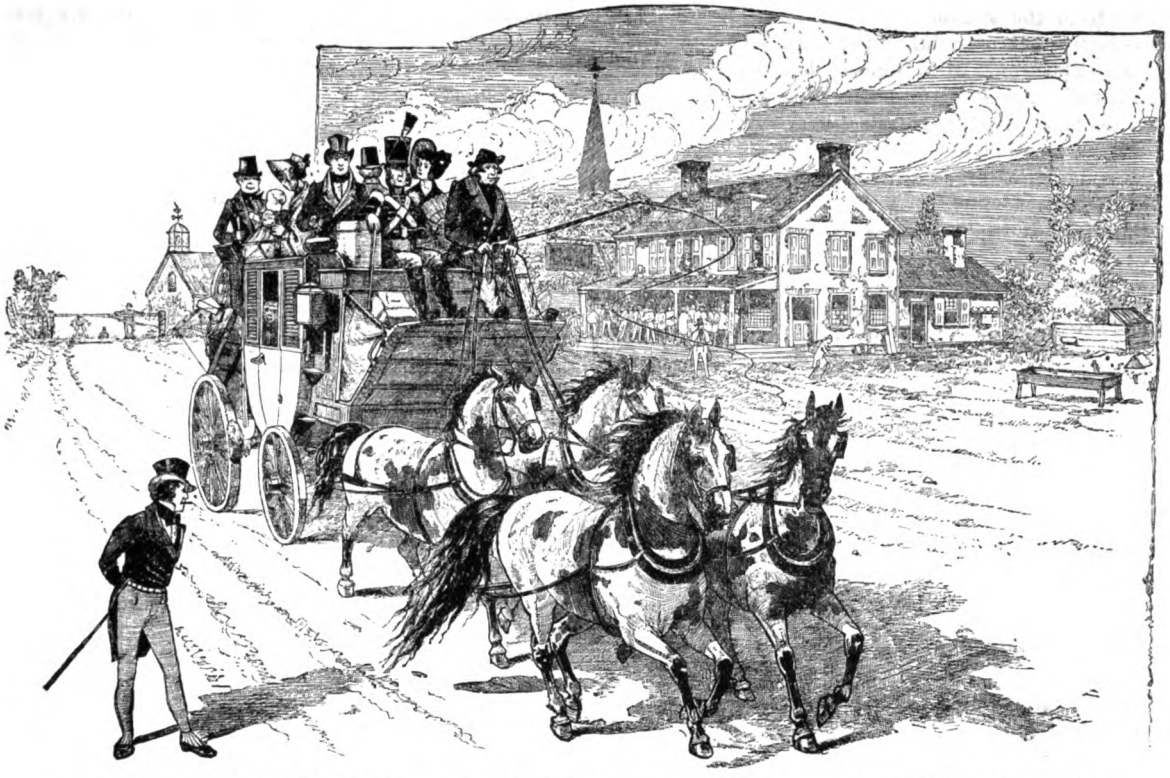
Something in her tone, her look, grates unpleasantly on his senses. He looks at her with strangely speculative eyes.

"Have you lost the suit!" she continues, hastily.

"Suppose I have, Therese," he says, gently. "Would that make any difference in your love for me?"

But she breaks frantically away from the arm that would have encircled her.

"I believe you have lost it!" she cries, vehemently; "that you are penniless!"



OLD STAGECOACH DAYS.—"A CLOUD OF DUST SHUTS OUT THE VIEW FROM THE GAPING CROWD."—SEE PAGE 744.

"And if I am, we still have love. Will not that be sufficient?"

But in her bitter disappointment Therese loses all sense of decency or reason.

"It may be for you, but it is not for me," she cries, tears of bitter pain and disappointment in her eyes.

"Therese," he cries, hurriedly; "do you mean that you throw me over?"

"You know well that I cannot marry you if you have lost the suit," she mutters, sullenly.

Philip gives her one long, strange look, then turns and goes back to his room. In it Mammy still waits. He reaches out his hand to her.

"Thank you," he says, simply; and she guesses the truth.

"One minute, Marse Philip," she says, respectfully. "I hope you do not think I've taken a liberty, Marse Philip. You are all dear to me. I couldn't stand by while you married Miss Therese, and I knowin' her unworthiness. Now that you have *proof* of her selfishness, I will tell you something else."

Then she confides to him the story of the changed identities, after which she vanishes.

At first it seems impossible for Philip to credit it. Then, as he casts his mind back over those two weeks, and recalls the supposed Therese, her strange shrinking from him, but tender care and companionship that made her so dear to him—as he remembers that second alteration that gave Therese back all her kittenish ways and caresses, but which robbed her of that grave gentleness and brilliant intelligence that had so surprised and delighted him for that short time, the truth dawns upon him, and all is now made plain.

Then another thought strikes him: If it was Therese that was at Richmond, then also was it Therese that took the diamond.

"Great Heaven!" he mutters. "How I have been fooled and deceived! I see it all now. But, thank Heaven! I have escaped."

Then, of a sudden, he feels a great yearning to be near Camile. He remembers those hours of companionship that seemed to draw their souls together; he recalls the strange, dull ache and loneliness that have settled upon his spirit in those days succeeding the restoration of his sight as he realized that something was wanting in Therese, that the sweet, brief soul-communion of those other days was to be no more.

"It is Camile that I love," he cries out—"Camile that I want for my wife, though she abetted this deception!"

Leaving the house, he walks hurriedly in the direction of the little schoolhouse where Camile toils. As he sees her coming down the road, a soft light banishes a portion of the sternness his eyes had gathered.

"Thank Heaven it is in my power to stop this drudgery!" he mutters. "Mine is thine. And whether or no she is ever more to me than she now is, half of my fortune belongs to her and hers."

A hot flush rises in the girl's face as he joins her. She has never seen him since that unfortunate affair of the diamond without blushing for the shame that brands her in his sight.

But now, as she looks at him with furtive intentness, she perceives an indefinable change in him. He is grave to sternness; and yet—and yet——

"Camile," he says, lowly, "I know all. It was Therese that went to Richmond, and not you."

Camile—proud, careless, self-reliant Camile—trembles and shrinks back.

"Do you despise me?" she cries. "You *would* not," she continues, "if you knew the suffering the deception caused me, and how sincerely I have repented."

He is looking into her beautiful face so intently that he forgets to answer.

"No wonder I thought you changed during that fortnight!" he exclaims, abruptly, "Do you remember? You would not allow me to even kiss your hand."

All over the girl's face sweeps a scarlet, agonized shame. She throws out one hand as if to stop him, but it does not accomplish its mission.

To the contrary, he seizes it and, with a sudden burst of passion, crushes it in both his own.

"Therese has discovered that I am penniless, and, consequently, has broken faith with me. I do not regret it; to the contrary, I rejoice," he says, hurriedly. "*Since your return from Richmond* I—I have changed in my feelings for her. Camile, you grew too dear to me during her absence for me ever to be content with Therese. You helped them to deceive me; in spite of that, I love you as I never loved your sister, or any other woman; in spite of that, this minute, if a gulf of fire separated us, I would go to you over it, if you bade me come!"

He is bending over her, striving to study her scarlet, downcast face.

Suddenly she lifts it. He has lost wife and fortune. This thought overcomes that sense of guilt and shame that has so long oppressed her.

Something in that upturned visage sends a strange thrill of ecstasy through his soul.

In the dim light he draws her closer to him.

"Camile, Camile," he cries, sharply, "do—do you care for me? Child, do not trifle with me. I see now that it is you I have loved from the beginning."

Though Camile does nothing but burst into tears, the answer must be satisfactory, for five minutes later behold them walking home with faces that are radiant with their utter happiness.

When they gain the house, they see a horse and carriage hitched before the door.

Therese floats out to meet them. She is dressed in some beautiful, cloud-like gown that Camile strongly suspects is *the* gown, and her lovely baby face seems transfigured.

Has she forgotten the affair of the jewel? Does she know that Philip has at last sifted to the truth?

Therese thinks of and knows nothing save the one great fact that she now proceeds to impart to them in her soft voice.

"It is Mr. Felix Fairfax," she murmurs, with a divine blush. "I met him at Aunt Marble's, and have been corresponding with him since. He has come out to ask me to marry him, and he is worth ever so much money, and—and see my ring."

Therese holds up one slim white finger on which glitters a mammoth solitaire, after duly admiring which Camile and Philip go in without giving vent to the thoughts that will surge through each of their brains.

As they pass the open door of the faded drawing-room, both glance curiously in and perceive standing by the window a man whose elaborate assumption of juvenility, both in attire and attitude, will not hide the sure, inexorable traces of his five-and-sixty years.

As they go on their way, Camile slips her hand in Philip's.

"*We* do not mind poverty," she whispers. "We will work for one another, and face the world together."

Into Philip's eyes comes a sudden dimness—in his rapture he had quite forgotten the fable that he has to bless for it. He takes her in his arms and draws her tightly to his bosom.

"Yes, darling," he says, not quite steadily, "for ever together hereafter."

"It is as it ought to be," is all Mammy says when she learns how matters have adjusted themselves; but both Philip and his betrothed suspect it is what she has long been scheming for—dear Mammy!

THE YELLOW PERCH.

If you want to go a-fishing for the purpose of catching "something," here's the very fish for you to look for. A whole school of them may be taken, one after the other, provided you don't hook one and lose it; if so, move to another place, for the perch has a peculiar manner of imparting a disagreeable and mysterious experience to his sisters and cousins and aunts, and making them share his desire to go away somewhere.

The perch (*Perca flavescens*) is a mighty handsome creature, with his black stripes and shining yellow scales and scarlet fins. There is a good deal of the black bass in his make-up; but it is only in the exterior, I am sorry to say. If you want to have real sport with this fish, take a very light rod, like one of those five cent Japanese rods hawked about the streets, a reel containing twenty yards of line and No. 6 (sprout) hook on strong sinew, and come with me to Newport, Vermont, on the shores of Memphremagog Lake. The back bay is simply overrun with these perch, which were imported with the best intentions, like the English sparrow, a few years ago, and are an equal nuisance. Now, anywhere around the shore is a chance for the perch, but we will take a light boat, and may as well have a double-barreled gun for a duck, and I will pull out to a quiet nook, where the Barton River empties in. The fog lies thick at early morning, but here there is no chance for malaria, and out of the fleecy cloud comes the weird, shrill laughter of the loon (*Colymbus glacialis*) and quack of a passing duck. Here we are. Now the water in this channel is about eight feet deep, and a thick bed of weeds lies all about us. Try a worm; already you have one! play him, ah! he is soon tuckered out, isn't he? Remember the first bass you caught? He didn't turn up ten easily. Now you see these wretched things are so bony they are not worth eating, and their immense number makes it difficult for them to grow to any size; but we will move down to the lake and try a "paternoster," and as we go along just drop a troll overboard without any sinker. Sakes alive! a two-pound pickerel! and what a splashing he made at the troll, didn't he!

These pickerel are another nuisance. Indeed, it is now a penal offense to place bull-heads, perch or pickerel in waters where they do not exist. Some miserable wretch placed them in the head-waters of Penobscot and Kennebec, and the trout-fishing there is a thing of the past. The pickerel—you have another, about one-half pound—(*Æsox lucius*), must not be confounded with another variety (*Æsox ferox*) or maskellonge, of Canadian lakes and rivers. The latter are not found in any water south of St. Lawrence River, except in Masawippi Lake, where there are more varieties of fish than in any other lake in the country. The pickerel weighing six to ten pounds was confounded with his more cruel neighbor, who is essentially indigenous to this country. The pickerel was imported into England about the fifteenth century, from Italy.

"Turkeys, carp, hops, pickerel and beer came into England all in one year," says an old distich. The pickerel, when seizing a fish or moving object, turns over on his back like the shark, and takes it crossways, retiring to his "holt" or hiding-place, there to gorge it leisurely.

The favorite way of taking them in England is with a "trolling hook," a double hook with a leaden shank. The dead fish is threaded to this with a needle, the tail tied to prevent splitting, and fins cut off, and this is cast in likely haunts along the streams and mill-ponds, and drawn about. A little jerk shows a bite, and the line is suffered to run out with the fish, and ten minutes given to swallow it.

Fishing thus at Shipton Pond, a deep, still mere, I had a strike under a branching old beech, and after the usual time I struck the fish, but I didn't see it, for, after a resistless pull of ten minutes, he bit the wire-bound silk or gimp. I reported the fact to the keeper, and a few days afterward he asked me to recognize my hook, which I did; and he showed me the head of the fish, which he found dead; it weighed a few ounces over twenty-eight pounds, with teeth like a bulldog. In Lake Thrasymene, in Italy, they grow to fifty or sixty pounds.

I cannot say they are worth much as a table-fish—too bony and too dry. The best way to cook them is to take one weighing from three to six pounds, stuff and bake in a quick oven, and serve with melted butter. As you see, they take a troll greedily, and this dispenses with the trouble of catching bait for them. Now you have a good one, nearly four pounds. You see, there is no game in them. Now look here—here, in his throat, is the tail of a small fish, and yet he strikes voraciously at the "spoon"! That is why they are so dangerous to trout and salmon; they kill for the mere sake of killing.

I was trolling on one side of a stream and my friend on another, and presently I had a run and told him so. In a few moments he had one, and when we struck the fish he remarked his fish was going up stream and so was mine, and we discovered we both had the same fish hooked to our respective lines—a pickerel, about five pounds—and the question arose who was the owner? finally decided in my favor as having got him first. But here, we are approaching the lake, and among these bridge-timbers we will spend an hour or so till breakfast-time. Now a "paternoster" is simply three hooks on one line, hung about a foot above each other, and so placed that the live bait cannot get entangled in the line. This is done by means of a shot, placed at the junction of the line attached to the hook and the main line. The sinker, being conical, will slowly revolve, thus serving to attract the attention of distant fish. Put a worm on the lowest hook and minnows on the two upper ones, and drop over here. That is a bass-bite. Let him have it a moment. Now strike him, and there is a half-pound perch on the worm-hook, and a wretched pickerel, about a pound, is darting at the upper minnow. Here's the net, and now bait up and get the pickerel. He has it! Now, a moment of time, and strike him! Don't *pull* the rod up, but *turn* the wrist and strike the hook through the jaws! Got him? I thought so. And now, again, two perch! Evidently a school of perch is approaching and you may take forty or fifty, but you see they are very small, none over a half-pound.

The largest perch caught in England was taken in Hyde Park, London, and weighed seven pounds, but in the Danube River they run to eight or nine pounds. It has long been a vexed question among ichthyologists or students of fish and their habits, whether the perch did not build a nest like the stickleback in England and "hassa" in British Guiana. I have repeatedly seen the latter both building their nests, and always observed one of them on guard against intruders; against whom he would rush with rigid, bristling spine and drive them off.

I was playing a perch once at a milldam in Somersetshire, and suddenly saw another rush at the line and strike under it, and the sinew came up cut by the spiny dorsal fin. Whether this was intentional or accidental I know not; but now here's fish enough for our two hours' trip; some thirty perch and a dozen pickerel. See how the fog has lifted, only a little gray cap on Owl's Head Mount! That tells of a coming shower. How beautiful the scene is, with the lake banded with colors and gleaming with ripples, and the dense, dark shadows of the overhanging birch and maples reflected in its quiet coves! So now for home.

ROYAL ECCENTRICITY.

Mme. Charlotte Walter, of Vienna, lately played before King Louis of Bavaria, and her experiences are thus reported in a Paris paper: "The King had at first wished to see me in the title part of "Theodora," which he had most splendidly mounted for his sole entertainment, not even permitting that the scenery and dresses should be used in public during the run of the piece now arranged for next Winter. But, as I had not yet studied the part, although engaged to play it in Vienna, I was forced to decline. It was determined that *Mme. de Pompadour*, in Brachvogel's "Narcisse," should be the part in which I should make my appearance before the hermit King.

The performance was to begin at midnight. At half-past eleven the actors were all gathered on the stage, where they awaited in dead silence the royal command to begin. At twelve precisely an electric-bell announced that the King had left the palace and was on his way to the theatre by his private passage. A second signal soon made known that His Majesty was installed in his box, and instantly the curtain rose, as to keep the King waiting a second entails the gravest consequences for the management.

"There were no lights in the house; but the lights from the stage, of course, penetrated it dimly. The single spectator in the royal box was totally invisible, and remained absolutely silent from beginning to end of the performance. When the curtain at last fell, between three and four in the morning, the actors were ordered to remain silent on the stage, lest any noise should disturb the reverie in which it was the King's habit to remain plunged for some time after the performance was over. At last a bell announced that he had taken his departure, and his slaves were released.

"An old chamberlain at once waited upon me in my dressing-room, with an enormous bouquet and a piece of jewelry, presented with the compliments of the King, whose titles he recited scrupulously from beginning to end. I begged the old chamberlain to have the kindness to convey to His Majesty the expression of my gratitude; but he informed me that, according to etiquette, the artist must thank the King in writing. I was dropping with fatigue, and told the functionary that I would have the honor of writing to His Majesty on the following day. The old gentleman replied that the King could not be kept waiting, that he was expecting my answer at that moment, and that he (the chamberlain) would have the honor of then and there dictating it to me in the form imposed by court ceremonial. I had to submit, and it was not until five in the morning that I was free to return home. I did not see the King, either before, during, or after the performance. He had traversed my artistic life an invisible spirit."

OLD STAGECOACH DAYS.—"THE ARRIVAL OF THE COACH WAS THE EVENT OF THE DAY."

OLD STAGECOACH DAYS.

By H. W. DeLong.

A century of assiduous labor was necessary to bring stage-coaching in the United States up to any degree of perfection, while but a quarter of that time was required to destroy the glory of that sort of locomotion for ever.

One need not delve among musty tomes and dusty manuscript for the record of the good old coaching days. Yonder gray bearded gentleman hurrying to catch the special limited express could tell you all about it had he time. His wedding trip was made in a "thorough trace" coach drawn by four stout bays, and I venture to assert that the glamour of that jou ney still lingers about him, and is in no danger of being dissipated by the superior speed, comfort and elegance of the Pullman car in which he is about to enter. Yes, fifty years ago the railroad was an experiment and the stagecoach an established fact; and it is of those good old days I propose to write in the course of this article.

In these days of hurry and bustle, where time is money, and the annihilation of space by sea and land seems to have reached its utmost bounds, when man lives at a rate of speed in keeping with the times, and crowds a whole life into a single year, it is restful and profitable to give to retrospection full sweep, and retrace the years to those times when things moved slower, and man had not become an automaton, borne down the noiseless tide of money getting, but was content to glide easily through life to a good old age, unhampered by the rush and worry of this latter so-called progressive era.

At the opening of the present century, when the populous portion of the union comprised but a comparatively narrow strip of country along the Atlantic seaboard, the necessities of the people demanded and obtained a very good system of stagecoach communication between the cities and towns. Every morning, from the different booking offices and taverns in the larger places, long lines of great, yellow, thorough trace coaches, drawn by splendid horses, would rattle away to the music of key bugles and snapping whips, bound for different points near and far away. The inside and outside seats would be full of passengers, and the spacious leathern boots packed with trunks and boxes. Comfortable vehicles were these old stagecoaches of our fathers, strong and massive, rocking in their great leathern springs as easily, almost, as a palace car, unless the roads were very bad, when the tendency of the passenger's head would be to seek the roof, in spite of convulsive clutchings at the handstraps. The seats were covered with leather, and the inside of the coach was upholstered with the same slippery material as high as one's shoulder. Thirteen people, nine inside and four outside, was a good solid load, although twenty and even twenty-five passengers were often accommodated. There was always room for one more on the old stagecoach.

It was a very pretty sight on a pleasant Autumn morning a half-century ago, to see a coach of some popular line, well loaded with passengers, speeding through the country bound for some distant city, its four powerful horses guided by the subtle hand of an experienced "Jehu," whose lofty seat and exquisite finger on the reins were the admiration and envy of all the hangers-on at the numerous taverns along the route. Ten miles the hour was schedule time on many a line, and to arrive and depart "o. t." was the pride of every driver's heart.

To the little hamlet fortunate enough to be on a stage route, the arrival of the coach was the event of the day. Picture a score of houses scattered irregularly along a grassy street! Two of them, from their wooden awnings

signs, and rows of glass candy-jars in the windows, are seen to be stores, while another, with an array of skeleton-wheels and wagon-tires leaning beside its gaping doors, as well as a sprinkling of old harrows and other agricultural *débris* scattered before it, mark it as the village smithy. A modest church-spire further down the street points quietly heavenward, and the soft grind of an overshot water-wheel, mellowed by distance, comes up from the stream below the road. But the crowning glory of this rural scene is the village tavern, a long, two-story wooden building, with a veranda or stoop extending its whole length, supported by a row of round, wooden pillars. The whole structure is painted white, and the green blinds at the upper windows are in vivid contrast to the prevailing color. A huge swinging sign, suspended from a sort of gibbet, proclaims to the traveling public that this is "The American Hotel," with accommodations for man or beast. A venerable willow-tree shades not only the building, but a large share of the open plot in front, while a capacious watering-trough at its foot, fed from a never-failing penstock, offers refreshment to thirsty beasts and delight to a colony of ducks dabbling and quacking in the copious overflow.

It is high noon of a bright October day. The rays of the sun pour down with almost the brilliancy and fervor of midsummer. A gentle breeze modifies the air and whispers amongst the gorgeous foliage of the trees, rustling the dry blades in the corn-shocks and bearing on its mild breath those subtle Autumn odors, nowhere so sweet as in rural America. All is quiet in the straggling street. The golden rod and daisies dotting the dusty grass side nod to one another, and a patient cow, chewing her cud in the shadow of an overhanging plum-tree, gives an extra touch of still life to the picture. A faint clatter of queen's ware from the kitchen of the inn says plainly that, in spite of a sleeping lounger tilted back in an armchair on the stoop who is the only ocular evidence of humanity in sight, that there is still an element of wakefulness existing in this second "Sleepy Hollow."

Suddenly the mellow note of a horn far up the hill, breaks the peaceful silence. What a sudden transformation! Like the prince's kiss on the lips of the "Sleeping Beauty," that bugle-call has wakened everything into activity. The slumbering lounger springs to his feet and becomes metamorphosed into the active hostler of the inn. A dozen men and boys come stringing out of the stores. Women appear at the doors, and heads in all degrees of frowziness are craned from the open windows. Dogs bark, ducks quack, and the cow in the shade lifts up her voice to the general clamor. Again that mellow note, nearer and clearer, fills the air. The rumble of wheels is heard, and the day coach between Boston and an interior city dashes down the hill, and, describing a critical curve, draws up with many a flourish and rattle of drawbars beside the hotel stoop, missing it by that fraction of an inch so dear to the old-time driver. "Twenty minutes for dinner," shouts that functionary, as he descends from his perch and magnanimously hands over his steaming team to the hostler, and elbows his way through the crowd to the barroom. A thundering gong now announces dinner, and the hungry passengers, after hurried ablutions from a tin hand-basin hanging beside the watering-trough, rush to the dining-room. In the meantime the horses are unhooked, and the fresh

"THERE WAS ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE"

relay brought out and harnessed. Promptly to the minute the driver appears, consults his watch, shouts a peremptory "all aboard" in the direction of the dining-room door, mounts his box and, as the passengers hurriedly take their places, picks up the lines, uncoils his long whip, and with a "Let 'em go!" to the men at the horses' heads, rolls away at a quick trot, and a cloud of dust shuts out the view from the gaping crowd, who immediately disappear from sight and the village settles down to that state of quiet restfulness again that prevailed before that magic bugle-note roused it from its midday slumber.

As the great West began to develop and towns sprung up as if by magic, dotting the boundless prairies that but a short time before were the home of the buffalo and the red man, lines of communication between the East and West became imperative. The settlers were almost wholly composed of Eastern people, whose interests, business and social, were so intimately connected with the Atlantic States that to be cut off from direct contact with the old home was a condition not to be thought of. Men were found equal to the emergency, and a net-work of stage routes soon permeated to the furthest border settlements, and, like the famous devil-fish, a new tentacle was always ready to reach out at a moment's notice and connect some mushroom settlement with the whole system. It was on these primitive lines that the miseries of stagecoaching developed themselves to the last degree of human endurance. There were no roads except the wagon-trails, and, as the bulk of travel was in the Spring, when the prairie was like a huge sponge, the coaches would go crawling along at a snail's pace through mud to the hubs, the horses straining every nerve to drag the heavy vehicle, while the driver, with stinging lash and choice expletives, urged on the jaded beasts to greater efforts. It is difficult to conceive the miseries of the passengers on these pioneer lines; jolted and bounced until every bone in the body ached, forced to alight at times and help pry the wheels from the tenacious mud in which they had become firmly set, eating only at irregular intervals, and then such food as only a cast-iron stomach could digest. I tell you that, fifty years ago, the man who made the stage-trip from the little lake port of Chicago, with its plank pavements laid over a bottomless swamp, to the Mississippi River and arrived at his destination with sound bones and stomach, was to be congratulated.

Fifty years ago the commercial traveler did not play the important part in the business of the country that he does to-day. Now, you find him with his sample case or array of trunks on every passenger-train and in every hotel throughout the length and breadth of the land. The merchant sits in his store or steps over to the sample-room of the hotel, and, while discussing a capadura cigar from the traveling man's case, looks over all the new things in his line and makes his selections as well or even better than he could at headquarters. But in the good old days of which I am writing, this necessary and ubiquitous person was not known. A merchant, to be up to the times, must make a semi-annual, or at least an annual, trip to New York or some of the other great Eastern marts to replenish his stock. To-day, if a merchant in Rochester, New York, for example, wishes to visit the metropolis, he takes a sleeping-car in the evening and has plenty of time next morning for a bath before taking breakfast at his favorite hotel. How differently his father made this pilgrimage, way back in "thirty-five"! The 5 A.M. stage rattled up to his door, and, as the merchant's belongings were stowed away, "Good-byes!" and kisses were as feelingly given by the wife and children as if the contemplated trip were an experiment fraught with many dangers. Five long days and nights of incessant travel by stage and boat were necessary before the spires of "Gotham" would gladden the eyes of the traveler, and the many vicissitudes *en route* were such as to make timid and cautious people hesitate before trusting themselves for long distances in a stagecoach.

But there were many delights about these old stagecoach days that are utterly lost to the traveling public of this rushing age of steam. What could be finer, to the lover of nature, than a deck-seat on a rambling four-in-hand, spinning through some charming section with the whole delightful panorama of hill and dale, tilled fields and bosky woodland, stretching out before him? his gaze taking in the whole picture, even to the horizon frame. No dirty, contracted car-window cutting off here a bit and there a corner of the daintiest vistas. No clouds of pitchy smoke blotting out the whole view at times, but everything open and free, and the speed just right to study all the details of the landscape. And then this sort of traveling seemed to bring its votaries so much nearer to one another than modern railway travel. There seemed to be a bond of sympathy existing between all whom Fortune chanced to huddle together in an old-time stagecoach. The first thing, after getting well started on the road, was to get acquainted all around, and many a friendship, many a courtship, besides other pleasant social combinations, sprang into being on the route. To-day, the millionaire traveler takes his section in the palace car, and, away from the common herd, is as secluded and free from annoyance as though sitting in his own library at home. But he who traveled in the cosmopolitan old stagecoach of a half-century ago could not pick his company; poverty and wealth occupied the same seat. The honorable senator or M.C. bound for legislative halls was unceremoniously sandwiched in between the pauper and the pickpocket, while the clerical dignitary oft-times had for his *vis-à-vis* the horse-jockey or gambler. And history does not say that harm often came to the traveler through the indiscriminate contact with all sorts of people. Our pockets were full as—save from the deft fingers of the cutpurse—as they are to-day on an ordinary railway car, and safer, I will venture to say; for the field of operation being small, robbery without detection was almost impossible. The monte men and sharpers who work our railway trains, accounts of whose exploits in fleecing the unwary are found in nearly every daily paper, were then unknown, and the persistent train-boy, with his indomitable perseverance and unlimited audacity had not yet blossomed into being. To travel, was not looked upon as a luxury—although there were conditions under which coaching was the very *acmé* of delight to the traveler—and people took the stagecoach because there was nothing else to take.

What an opportunity to study human nature those old coaching days offered to the reflective traveler! It took but a few hours for the good or evil in a man to find the surface and crop out, and so it would come to pass that each man would know his neighbor—not superficially, but through and through—long before the journey was over. The fat passenger and the lean passenger, the jolly and the morose, the loquacious and the taciturn, each had a place in every load, and the reigning peculiarities of individuals made themselves felt all through the trip, and to travel all day in an old-time stagecoach was to learn more of men and things than a week's trip could reveal on a modern passenger train.

The driver of the old stagecoach was indeed the autocrat of the road. He held a high position and a high prerogative, and he knew it, and exercised his powers to their full extent. He was engineer, fireman, brakeman and conductor, welded into one symmetrical whole, and happy was the traveler who, through some delicate attention, like the tendering of a well-filled cigar-case or potent flask, secured the goodwill of this mighty factor on the box; while correspondingly miserable was the condition of he who brought upon himself the Jehu's enmity. "Always make friends with the driver," was a saying understood by the traveling public, and the attentions showered upon this functionary at the opening of a trip would have spoiled a less modest man. To secure a seat beside the driver was the pride of young America, and while listening to his conversation be able to look down from his noble elevation on the box to the less favored "insides" below, and return condescendingly the glances of admiration of the boys along the road. The box seat was also very desirable to boys of a larger growth, particularly those to whom the country was new, and who desired to become familiar with the route. The average driver was a perfect cyclopedia of information. Every house and farm and village and church along the line held some incident or story with which he was conversant, and these he would reel off with sundry additions and embellishments, to the delight and amusement of his auditor. More than one story-writer and novelist has found food for fiction, seated beside some old-time driver, listening to and drinking in his wonderful tales. The veneration in which the skillful stage-driver was held by the hangers-on at the wayside inns was something wonderful to behold. Every trip was a sort of ovation, in a mild way, and at these stableyard receptions the knight of the currycomb or broom who was favored with a nod or grunt of recognition was happy, while he who could press the hand that held the reins so skillfully had food for comforting reflection all day. The boys in the little schoolhouses along the route each had their favorite driver, and if by chance he should accost some admirer as he swept by in a cloud of dust with a "Mornin' Billee," or "Hullo Dan," the said Billy or Dan would be the hero of the hour.

In these days of competition, when parallel railway lines have reduced the cost of traveling to a minimum, it scarcely seems possible that a half-century ago there would have been any strife for traffic; but there was, and an examination of old newspaper files contemporaneous with coaching reveals the fact that a fierce rivalry existed between different stage lines. Great inducements were offered in the way of "quick time," "easy coaches," "skilled drivers" and "low fares," to secure traffic. Even the religious sentiments of the public were appealed to, and the "Pioneer" line of coaches, started in the thirties, when the Sabbath agitation was at its height, was brought out in defense of the Christian element, and made a great point of carrying neither Sunday passengers nor mails. This great moral line was advertised from the pulpits, and a certain Monroe County, N. Y. divine was credited with saying: "The Pioneer line of stages must, shall and will succeed. I will sacrifice every cent of my property to support it. If necessary, I will take the bread from my children's mouths for its support. It is on God's side, and must prosper. Rather than see this pious undertaking crushed, rather than see the hopes of God's people cloven down, I will write *reverend* on the front of my hat, mount the Pioneer stage box, take the reins and drive the coach myself."

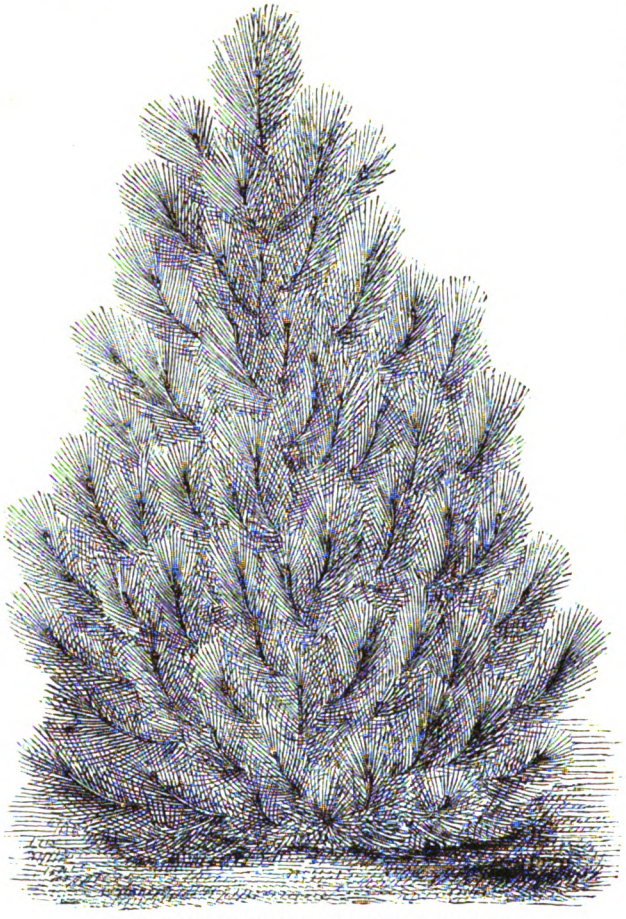
When the railway came, and a practical test convinced capitalists of its utility, then began the decadence of the old stagecoach. It did not die out at once; but as the great railway systems began to ramify and reach out to the larger cities, taking in all the important towns *en route*, the first blow was struck at the old, time-honored stagecoach. It lost prestige at once; from being the chain itself it dropped back to the position of a weak and hesitating link, and had to be content to act as a simple feeder for its swifter and more popular supplanter. The once unapproachable driver became simply a driver, and nothing more. From the giddy elevation of a through line box, he was forced to descend to the level of the man who steered the fish-wagon or drove the hotel 'bus. In time the corporate towns east of the Mississippi without railway facilities were very few indeed, and the sphere of the stagecoach became very contracted. A few two-horse vehicles, by courtesy stages, might still have been seen plodding out of the cities and larger towns, bound for such outlying hamlets as the railway had skipped; but scarcely a decade after the completion of the first trunk line, the stagecoach became practically a thing of the past. Coaching west of the Mississippi River, however, furnished the only means of public conveyance for many years after it had become entirely extinct in the East, and the completion of the Pacific Railway gave it a new impulse, opening up numerous lines, connecting the mountain towns with that great transcontinental highway.

Stagecoaching can still be seen to perfection in the far West; but even there the inexorable iron horse is crowding it out. No engineering problems are too abstruse for the modern railway-builder, and soon Hank Monk and others of his like will find their occupation gone, and the road-agent will look in vain from his cover in the chaparral for the Concord coach with its load of bullion.

In the East, coaching is now indulged in as a luxury, to a limited degree. For a consideration one can take a deck seat on a real old-time coach, in several of our large cities, and spin out a half-score of miles or so, get a good dinner, and back again, getting a very good idea of what coaching was a half-century ago. Wealthy gentlemen have formed clubs, and it is a very pretty sight to see one of these organizations start out of a pleasant morning, with horns tooting and bits jingling; the bright vermillion and orange of the coaches, enhanced by the delicate costumes of the fair ones, sparkling out amidst the more sober garbs of the gentlemen. Yes, coaching is having quite a revival among those who can afford it, and to-day he who would aspire to own a first class array of turnouts must be sure to have a big yellow "Concord" amongst the lot.

But the old coaching days have gone, never to be revived. The inexorable finger of progress has crowded them out, and to-day only the pleasant memories remain. The discomforts, the breakdowns, the long, tedious trips, the thundering down the narrow causeways with locked wheels, when the variation of an ell meant certain destruction, all these are forgotten and hidden underneath that kindly cloud which time so mercifully diffuses over the past, blotting out the evil, revealing only the good. And to those who lived in the years long gone by, and have been spared to mark the wonderful progress of this progressive age, I venture to assert, no sweeter memory comes, as they review the past, than the thoughts of the good "old stagecoach days."

CONSCIENCE is the rewarder of virtue and the avenger of crime.



HEAVYWOOD PINE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS (PINUS PONDEROSA).

FORESTS AND FORESTRY.

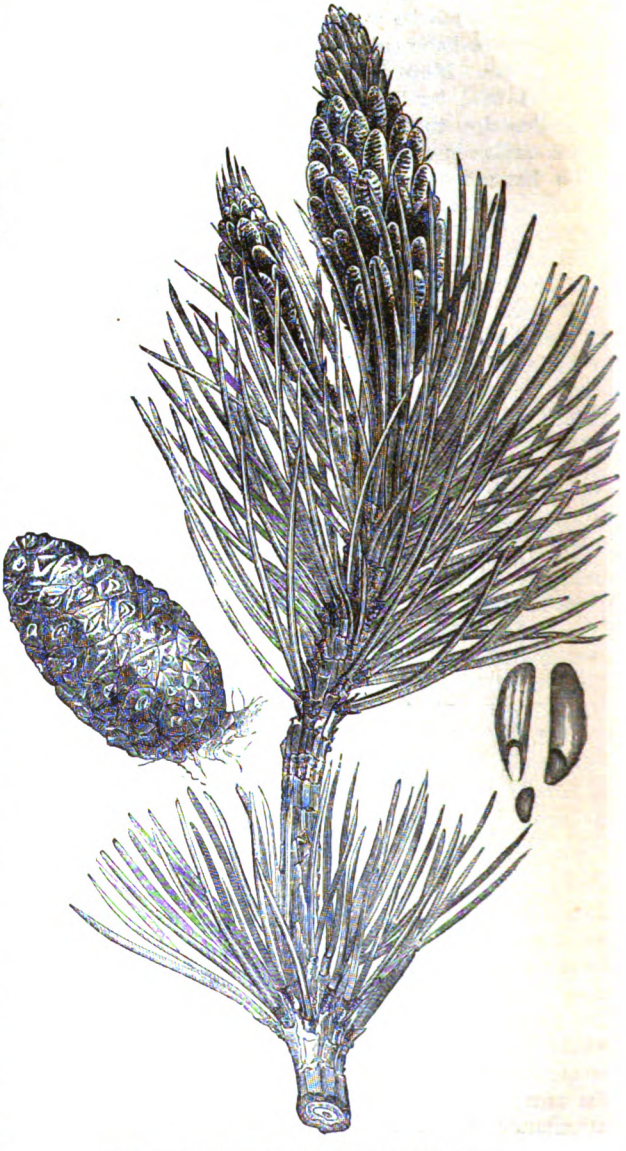
By A. S. Fuller.

That man is slow to recognize his own follies is seldom questioned, and in no one act of his is it more painfully apparent than in the almost constant and relentless destruction of forests. There are at this day very extensive regions of country in Southern Europe which once sustained many millions of people, with their herds and flocks, waving fields of grain, productive orchards, rich meadows, and pastures; but now these once fertile lands are a barren waste, yielding little beyond a few relics of ruined homes, which are dug from time to time from the drifting sands. It is true that wars and their frequent repetition destroyed many of the inhabitants, but it was the vandalism of contending armies that swept away the forests which were the natural barriers that protected the fields against the advance of scorching winds and desolating droughts. It would, no doubt, be a vast undertaking to restore the forests in these now desolate regions, but it is no doubt possible, and even probable, that the plains of Nineveh and Babylonia will again yield fruits and grain as they did in the days of Semiramis and Sardanapalus, thousands of years ago. Layard and other travelers, who have spent some years in these countries, assure us that rains fall at certain seasons in sufficient amount to start grass, grain and other herbage into growth, and in many places the plains become covered with scanty herbage for a time; but the strong winds which come with the Summer heat soon dissipate the moisture, and every green thing perishes, unless protected by some hill, rock or old ruin. In every sheltered nook and valley not swept by the scorching winds the grass, shrubs, and even some trees, survive, and such spots are usually occupied by some native, who can say, with Virgil, "We dwell in shady groves." But travelers generally must go a long distance, as did Eneas of old, before they can say in truth that

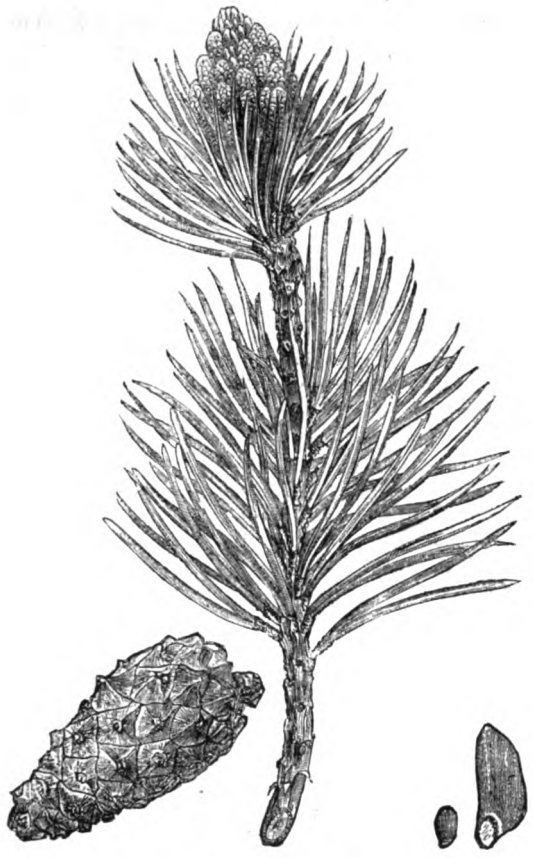
> "They came to groves, of happy souls the rest,
> To evergreens, the dwellings of the blest."

It is not so much the lack of rain that has made these regions barren and almost uninhabitable, as the need of some great conservative agency like that of extensive forests, which would not only take up and hold in reserve the moisture falling during the rainy season, but also prevent the rapid descent into the earth, as well as dispersion from the unprotected soil by hot and drying winds.

A forest, with its accompanying vegetable deposits, is like an immense sponge covering the earth's surface, absorbing and retaining for a time an immense amount of water which has been precipitated upon it, then slowly parting with it as required to equalize the humidity of



BLACK AUSTRIAN PINE, WITH CONE AND SEED.



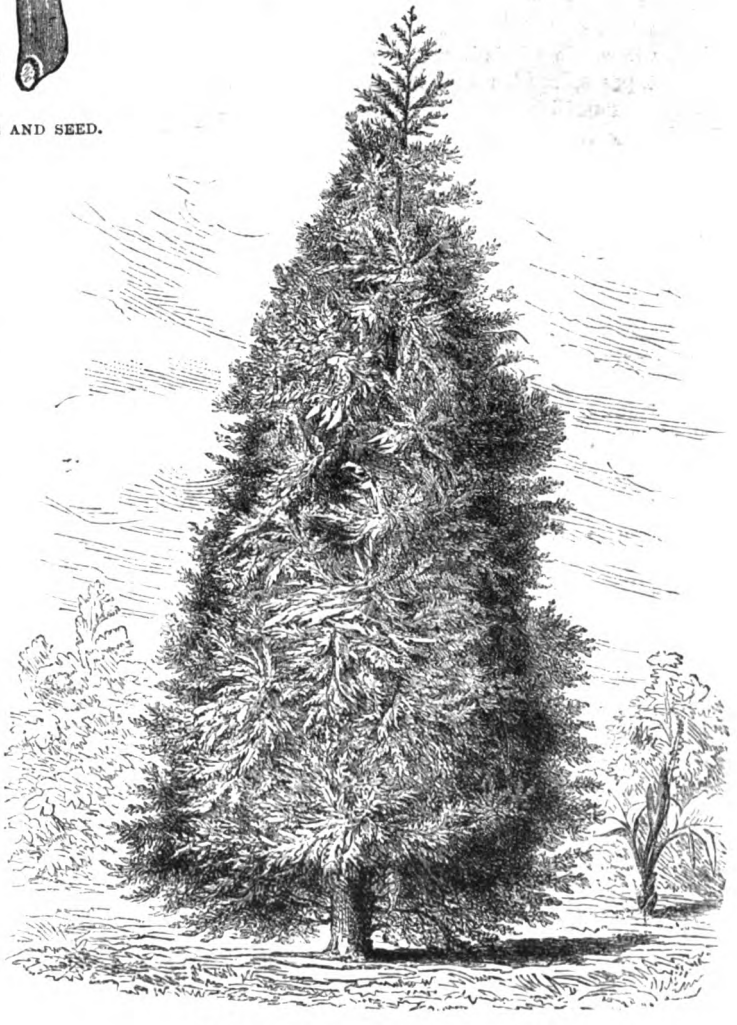
SCOTCH FIR OR PINE (PINUS SYLVESTRIS), WITH CONE AND SEED.

the surrounding atmosphere. A part of the moisture thus accumulated may sink into the soil and there be imbibed by the roots of trees and other plants, thence carried up and given off by the leaves, thereby increasing the humidity of the surrounding atmosphere, while another part passes downward beyond the roots into subterranean channels, and through which it may again come to the surface in springs at lower levels. That the vast deposits of vegetable matter spread over the surface of the earth in all forests conserve moisture which, in part at least, supplies innumerable springs, is unquestionable, for the latter soon go dry when the forests disappear. With the drying up of the springs and small rivulets, the ponds also disappear, or remain only long enough to breed malarial germs, which float away with the first breeze of Summer.

From all the information that we can obtain from the history of the warmer countries of Europe and adjacent regions, we must conclude that the forests were formerly not only the great reservoirs of moisture, but that they also, in a measure, prevented its too rapid dispersion by winds from the cultivated fields. To increase humidity we have only to increase the area of forest, and to dispel a superabundance we have only to allow or secure a free circulation of the air.

The climate of Southern Europe has, no doubt, always been a much less humid one than that of the northern parts, but that its aridity has been greatly intensified by the destruction of the forests can scarcely be doubted.

The change in climate, as a result of the destruction of the forests in the Old World, should be a warning to the people of the New, for the same natural laws controlling the conserving and distribution of moisture are alike operative in both ; and a few months' residence on the elevated plains of our Western States will be sufficient to convince any intelligent person that sheltering forests would be a priceless addition to these almost constantly wind-swept regions. It may be somewhat strange that in this age there should be men who even assume to be teachers, and hold honorable positions as such, who deny that forests have any influence whatever on climate, or even in the distribution of moisture ; but it is a fact, and they are always ready to oppose any plan or proposition looking toward the extension of forests, with the expectation that they will have a beneficial influence upon climate. But if forests have no influence in the hot and dry regions of Southern Europe, or on the natural dry climate of the United States, we certainly could not expect that forests would be needed in any part of Great Britain as a protection or the preservation of moisture. Still, in a recent revised edition of a great work on forestry, by James Brown, LL.D., he says : "We would ask this plain question : What is the natural cause of so



GIANT ARBOR-VITÆ (THUJA GIGANTEA).

much waste land being found in the north of Scotland and in many parts of England? Can it be denied that it is the want of trees to give shelter? Why is it that proprietors of land in these parts complain so much of great tracts of it being worthless, growing nothing but the inferior grasses, mosses, rushes and heaths, which even one sheep cannot find food upon two acres? Is it not for the want of plantations to give shelter? Now that agriculture is improving rapidly everywhere, forests and extensive plantations ought to go on in the same degree —not keeping behind, but rather in advance; for what profit will be derived from a superior system of cultivation in the land, if the fields we cultivate be not sheltered from the evil effects of uncongenial climate by healthy and judiciously laid-out plantations."

If forests are necessary, or even beneficial, to the husbandman in Great Britain as a protection to his crops, they certainly cannot be any less valuable to those of the United States, where winds blow with greater force and droughts are more frequent than in any country of Northern Europe.

But whatever results that have followed the destruction of the forests in the old world, they interest us mainly as a warning, showing what may happen in this, if we continue as we have done during the past century in stripping the land of forest. It is now a well-known fact that the yield of Winter wheat has gradually diminished in our Eastern States, as the forests are cleared, and in many localities the cultivation of certain kinds of fruits has been nearly or quite abandoned, owing to the want of the protection that the forests once afforded the orchards. In fact, where the winds have full sway we are never certain that pears, apples and similar fruits will remain on the trees until mature.

In all our Northern States, orchards, gardens, dwellings and the entire farm should be protected by forests or groves from the prevailing winds, which are mainly from the west and northwest.

In the level or rolling prairie regions in the West, forests for protection are of greater importance than in the Atlantic States, but even in the latter the wholesale destruction of the original forests has seriously interfered or entirely crushed out many a local and important industry.

For the welfare of the entire country we need a general system of forestry, for, when such matters are left to the discretion of local authorities, one State may undo all that an adjoining one has been able to accomplish in the preservation of the old, or the rearing of new, forests. The sources of all our larger rivers are, as a rule, to be found in a number of States along their entire length, each small or larger feeder starting or having its rise in some forest-clad hill or mountain, but all contributing to the general supply.

The inhabitants of one State may not only fully appreciate the value of their forests as reservoirs from which the springs and small brooks are supplied, and they may also know the necessity of preserving them as barriers against the rapid descent of water falling in heavy rains upon the higher land; while the people of an adjoining State may entirely ignore these safeguards and allow them to be swept away without the least regard to the injury likely to be sustained by others in consequence of their indifference and neglect. We have a most excellent illustration of working at cross purposes in what is called the "Timber-culture Act," approved by Congress, March 3d, 1873, and amended March 13th, 1874, and again, June 14th, 1878. By this Act, any person who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of twenty-one and is a citizen of the United States, or who has filed his declaration to become such, may apply at the office of the Register of a Land District for the entry of any vacant land in such district as a timber claim, upon the following conditions: "The amount may not be more than a quarter section to one person, nor more than this amount can be taken up by any person in one section. The applicant must make oath that the land is composed wholly of prairie lands or other lands devoid of timber; that the entry is made for the cultivation of timber," etc. The fee to be paid is ten dollars, and the further sum of four dollars for commissions; if for more than eighty acres, five dollars; and four dollars if eighty or less than eighty acres. Upon entering upon the land the occupant must plow five acres the first year and plant it the second, and then plow another five and plant it with trees the third year, provided he has taken 160 acres, and a less number will suffice for eighty or forty acres; and at the end of eight years the person who has made such an entry and complied with the conditions of the Act, is entitled to a patent from the Government.

While there can be no question in regard to the beneficial results which must follow the extensive planting of forests on the Western plains and prairies, or that the "Timber-culture Acts" were needed to stimulate forestry in the West, still it seems almost absurd to pay men to plant trees on the dry, bleak and treeless prairies and plains while ten times as many men are engaged in cutting down the original forests only a few miles distant, and for which the Government does not receive a cent. The forests in the mountains and foothills of the Rocky Mountain regions, and where the many streams so extensively utilized for irrigating purposes have their source, have been ruthlessly destroyed, and the work still goes on with scarcely an effort being made by our Government to stay the hand of the destroyer. More millions of acres in these regions have been already stripped of their forest for private gain than there ever will be planted on the plains, and yet our Government is said to be expending large sums annually in aid of a general system of forestry in the West. The Government owns 85,000,000 acres of timber in the Rocky Mountains, which is free to be plundered under some pretext or other, but there is no law looking toward the restoration of these forests when once destroyed.

That the people of the Western States know the value of trees, not only for protection and use as fuel and other purposes, is shown in the zeal manifested of late years in planting forests, groves and shade-trees about their dwellings. In Kansas, recent statistics, given in the report of the Secretary of the State Board, showed that 119,682 acres had been planted to forest-trees at the close of 1884. The number of trees planted is estimated at about 70,000,000. The people of Nebraska claim to have planted 53,000,000 trees on about 78,000 acres. Kansas also has, in addition to her forest-trees, over 20,000,000 fruit-trees, and, taking both kinds together, they must have considerable influence on climate, besides vastly increasing the wealth of the State.

F. P. Baker, Special Agent of the United States Department of Agriculture, in referring to the subject, says: "That the sentiment in regard to the value of trees prevails in all the prairie States, and is especially strong in the States west of the Mississippi and the Missouri. Minnesota has a State Forestry Association, Colorado has recently formed one, while Nebraska invented and proudly maintains Arbor Day." He also adds: "We, in the West, can say to the Eastern slashers, 'Go ahead and chop down your forests, dry up your streams, and

convert your hillsides into gullies, but the wise men of the West will make trees grow where you say it is still a desert; we will bring depth and a constant flow to our streams; we will change the sky itself and make it rain where it did not before; and, if that fails, we will dig irrigating ditches hundreds of miles long, and plant trees the whole length of the Arkansaw River.'"

When men possess such sentiments as are expressed in the above, no ordinary obstacle is likely to seriously check their progress.

Considering the brief period since the people of the Western States have taken an interest in forestry, they have certainly made great progress and fully demonstrated the possibility of what must, sooner or later, become a great national industry, for we can scarcely do without timber, even if we have no love for trees and wholly ignore their influence upon climate.

Owing to the inexperience of those who are usually most interested in the planting of forest trees, mistakes are frequently made in the selection of species best adapted to different soils and exposures. This has been one of the difficulties which the tree-planter has had to contend with in all parts of the country, and in seeking information on this subject, the novice is always in danger of meeting some nurseryman or dealer who is more interested in disposing of his stock of plants than in their final destination or success, and, as a natural result, millions of trees have been sold that were utterly worthless for the position in which they were planted. Among the first things to be taken into consideration in making a selection of kinds of trees, either for ornament or forest planting, is their adaptation to the special soil and climate of the region in which they are to be grown.

The Government, in making up a list of kinds that are regarded as timber trees, for planting on land entered under the "Timber-culture Act," names the following: Ash, alder, beech, birch, black walnut, basswood, locust, cedar, chestnut, cottonwood, elm, fir, including spruce, hickory, honey-locust, larch, maple, oak, pine, button-wood or sycamore, mountain-ash, butternut, white-willow and whitewood.

This list, however, was only intended as a general guide, and not to be construed as being the only kinds to be admitted; but merely as a list of species which are valuable for fuel, domestic and commercial purposes. The greatest objection to this list is that it is too general in its character, and the planter must seek specific information in regard to the value and adaptation of the different species to localities and soils. The list mentions the "oak," but we have some forty distinct indigenous species of the tree; some are mere shrubs, only growing five or six feet high, while others attain a height of a hundred feet, with stems three to four feet in diameter. The same is true of the pines, spruces, alders, ash and maples. With such an extensive list to select from, as might have been expected, the cheapest and most easily procured kinds would be the most extensively planted on the timber claims and elsewhere, without regard to present or future value, and this has been the result; for the soft woods, like the willows and cottonwoods, have taken precedence of the more sturdy growing and valuable oaks, hickories and maples.

The cheap and rapid-growing kinds have no doubt served a good purpose in showing that trees for protection, fuel and other domestic purposes can be raised on the bleak prairies and plains of our Western States. But now that experience has proved this much, it is time that the more valuable kinds should be taken in hand, even if they do not grow quite as rapidly as the more common and cheap.

For shelter-belts on the prairies, evergreens are the most valuable, but have been but sparingly planted, owing, no doubt, to the difficulty of making them live when exposed to drying winds. Perhaps it would be well to first plant a belt of some deciduous tree, like the white oaks, which retain their dry leaves nearly or quite through the Winter, thereby forming almost as good a protection as evergreens. It is also known that their roots penetrate even a dry, hard soil to a great depth, and are but slightly affected by ordinary droughts. Behind the protecting oaks, small evergreens, of species well-known to resist strong winds, might be planted. I do not know of any better tree for such positions than the heavywood pine (*Pinus ponderosa*) of Colorado, and other parts of the Rocky Mountains. It grows wild in very exposed situations, and is very hardy. The black or Austrian pine is another of the coarse-leaved species which is not only hardy, but resists strong winds admirably. The Scotch pine is also a well-known tree, adapted to bleak and exposed situations. Our native pines of the Northern States should also be tried, planting only small and well-rooted seedlings of not more than four or five years' growth. The Eastern arbor-vitæ is a very hardy, small evergreen tree, extensively planted for hedges and wind-breaks, on both dry and wet soils, as it appears to accommodate itself to varying conditions better than almost any other of our indigenous evergreen trees. A closely allied species from the northwest coast, known as the giant arbor-vitæ (*Thuja gigantea*), grows to a height of 150 feet, with a regularly tapering stem. The wood is fine-grained, very durable and valuable. This Western species of the arbor-vitæ succeeds best in a moist soil and climate, and does not appear to be quite as hardy as our common Eastern species; but it is a noble tree, and well worth planting wherever it will thrive.

There are a large number of different species of evergreens, indigenous to the Rocky Mountain regions, that would probably succeed better in exposed situations on the prairies than those from the Eastern States or Europe; but, unfortunately, they have been far more difficult to procure in nurseries, for the tree trade, as with other industries, has moved from the East westward, taking with it whatever kinds have been gathered together in its progress.

There will, however, soon be a change, and whatever there is good or valuable in the forests of the mountains west of the plains must ere long be known, and a stock of plants be ready for distribution.

While the evergreens, and especially some of the pines and spruces, furnish an immense amount of lumber for building, also boxes and similar wares, it is among the deciduous trees that we look for the strongest, toughest and most valuable timber for various commercial and domestic purposes. They supply us the best wood for fuel, and the greater part of the railroad ties are made of the timber of deciduous trees; and with our present extended system of railroads no less than 300,000,000 of ties are needed every ten years, as the life of a railroad tie is said to vary from seven to fifteen years. The same kinds of trees also supply the timber and lumber for constructing the cars, also for the frames of buildings of various kinds, agricultural implements, wagons, carriages, barrels, hoops and staves, charcoal and other purposes far too numerous to mention here. With a constantly decreasing supply and a steadily increasing demand, there would seem to be no good reason for doubting that we need some change in the present wasteful system that is

rapidly denuding the country of its original forests. At least one-fifth of the entire area of the country should be kept constantly covered with trees, and these should be so distributed that they will add to the beauty, healthfulness, convenience for the timber they yield, protection against prevailing winds, a covert and breeding-place for insect-eating birds, in fact, be preserved or reared where they will do the most good. Over the greater part of the United States such an area of forests could be easily maintained without encroaching but little, if at all, upon the arable land required for cultivation. Fortunately, among the indigenous trees of the United States we have species that are especially fitted by nature to occupy every variety of soil and climate, from the low swamps of the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida, and thence westward and upward, to elevations of from 10,000 to 12,000 feet above sea level, where the silver spruce thrives, challenging the world to produce an evergreen of equal beauty.

To show what a variety of soils may be utilized for forest trees, I will name a few species, with the soils and situation in which they are found growing naturally, as this is a very fair guide for selecting soils in which to plant them.

Ash (White) grows in a great variety of soils, but succeeds best in a rich, moist soil.

Ash (Black) grows in swamps, where the roots are submerged and often several feet under water during the Winter months.

Alder, nearly all the species, in swamps or along the banks of streams, but some will thrive in quite high and dry soils.

Beech thrives in rich, stony land, is very hardy, and the branches and leaves are so tough and strong that they withstand strong winds in exposed situation.

Birch thrives best in moist or wet soils and cold climates.

Black Walnut thrives best in very deep, rich soils, bottom lands or rich prairies.

Butter-nut thrives poorly in light soils, except near streams or low, rich bottom lands or swamps.

Chestnut is always found in light soils, and succeeds best in sandy or red sandstone regions.

Cherry (Black) succeeds not only over a wide range of territory, or from Hudson's Bay in the north to Florida in the south, but in all kinds of soils, except those that are low and swampy. A very tall tree in the forests, but

WILD BLACK CHERRY GROWN SINGLY.

forms a beautiful, round-headed, graceful tree when planted out singly, as shown in the illustration.

Hickories: The Shell-bark Hickory thrives best in rich clay soils, but will grow in rather light, moist bottom lands. The White-heart Hickory is found most abundant on high ridges and sandy soils, also along with Chestnut on the old sandstone formations, while the Bitter-nut Hickory is most common in low, moist land.

Liquidambar is a noble tree, with handsome, star-shaped leaves. Timber not very valuable, but the tree is worth growing for its beauty. It thrives in a great variety of soil, from cold sandy bogs to the lightest and dryest of Jersey sand-hills.

Maples: The Sugar or Hard Maple succeeds best in a rich, rather firm loam, or limestone soil, while the Red Maple is nearly always found in swamps, where it grows to an immense size.

White Pine and Red Cedars will thrive in a soil of such a light, sandy nature that even the wild-grasses and reeds avoid it.

This list might be extended almost indefinitely, but from the few specimens named it may be inferred that there are no soils or locations in which some kind of valuable tree will not grow and thrive.

LEAVES AND BLOSSOM OF THE LIQUIDAMBAR STYRACIFLUA.

A Sioux Custom.—Among the Sioux Indians, when one family borrows a kettle from another, it is expected that, when the kettle is returned, a small portion of the food that has been cooked in it will be left in the bottom. Should this custom be disregarded by any one, that person would never be able to borrow again, as the owner must always know what was cooked in her kettle. A white woman on one occasion returned a scoured kettle, intending to teach a lesson in cleanliness; but her act became the talk of the camp as a fresh example of the meanness of the whites.

The late Mr. Thoms would never lend odd volumes of anything; when a friend borrowed a book, he had to take the whole set. "I remember," writes a correspondent, "once wishing to borrow a couple of volumes of Nichols's 'Literary Anecdotes,' but Thoms would not hear of it. 'No, my dear fellow,' he said, 'you must take them all; then, when you return them, I shall have the work complete; and'—smiling good-naturedly—'if you forget to return them, you will have a complete set.'"

A SPRAY OF GOLDEN-ROD.

WHO that has seen the Avenue at Newport can forget it?—its luxurious shade, its unexpected turns with their hints of the not far-distant sea, the smooth, green lawns which lie on either side, broken by brilliant flower-beds, and the consummate human flowers which bloom in the brief Summer? Where may one find the match for this unique product of the century?

It had been an unusually busy day, even for Newport. The Casino grounds were filled in the morning to watch the game between the lawn-tennis champions of the State and Canada; the yacht-race in the afternoon was scarcely over before the returning coaches crowded the Avenue with their brilliant throng. But at six o'clock in the evening one might have looked in vain for a trace of it all.

A woman on horseback, with her groom following at a distance, were the only figures in sight. She came slowly under the bending branches of the maples, swaying with the motion of her horse, not so much from languor as from listlessness.

Something deeper than the sunset glow flushed the healthy pallor of her face, and the shadows which lay along the firm, white road could not account for the misty darkness of her eyes.

She was thinking of the time when she rode down the meadow lane in the shadow of the New Hampshire hills, and of one who walked beside her, holding her bridle-rein. Jack—dear, faithful Jack!—her youthful knight, with his blue eyes and shock of thick, brown hair; who had known no will but hers; whose face she could transform by a soft word or a smile!

Was it fifteen years ago that she had said good-by to him at the farm-gate? Fifteen years! She mused with bowed head, one white hand caressing the shining neck of her mare.

He was twenty, then, and she barely seventeen—a wayward child, with a foreshadowing of her wonderful beauty in the warm red lips and rich skin, the dark-brown eyes and low forehead, shaded with its masses of dusky hair.

A child, and yet it was more than a child's delight and anticipation that she carried with her into the great world. She was ambitious, imperious, willful, and she laughed lightly at Jack's words of love—words which burned with the hope and ardor of his first passion.

"I shall not marry for years and years," she told him the night before they parted. "You foolish Jack!—to think I would ever make a farmer's wife!"

A SPRAY OF GOLDEN-ROD.—"'IT WAS A LIE—A WICKED LIE!' SHE CRIED, SPRINGING UP."

How well she remembered the proud lift of his head and the sudden light in his blue eyes, as he drew himself up to his full height of six feet in the moonlight!

"If you were a child I could forgive you that!" cried he. "A month ago you said you would marry me when you grew up, for you loved me—loved me! I shall not forget it, nor will you!"

He was right. She had not forgotten. Five years at a foreign school, three in the gay French capital, seven more on the Continent—in Russia, Germany, England—meeting everywhere the most brilliant courtiers and diplomats, and yet—she sighed.

Women's hearts are very strange things. Hers held only the memory of a pair of blue eyes, a boyish face, with the rough, brown hair pushed back from a clear, broad forehead, a voice which trembled in its effort to be firm as it said, "I shall not forget, nor will you." She had but just returned to America after her fifteen years' absence.

There had been no time to go to the old farm in the New Hampshire hills; besides, it was her father's wish

that she should be in Newport to attend the ball with him; for he would have her meet the President—his old friend—the ruler of fifty millions of people.

She would have preferred the cool quiet of the cliff walk that night to the brilliant, crowded ball-room; but she would not cross his wishes.

A belated coach passed her, the women's soft laughter and the shrill notes of the postilion's horn waking their echoes in the twilight.

Some of the gentlemen looked curiously from their high seats upon the lonely figure in the sweeping gray habit and nodding plumes, which half-concealed the averted face. One of them started as he saw the bunch of golden-rod hanging from the pommel of her saddle.

"It is the President's party, ma'am," said the groom, galloping up to his mistress's side and touching his hat. "And, excuse me, ma'am, but it's past seven, and the master said to be home by half-past six."

With a sigh, Miss Everingham recalled her wandering thoughts and touched her horse's flank with her whip, not drawing rein until she reached her house.

Her father was awaiting her on the vine-covered porch.

"I fear you have not much of a toilet to make, dear," he said, as she dismounted. "You know I am anxious for you to appear well."

She took his arm fondly as they went into dinner together, and bantered him a little on his vanity.

"It is my first chance to show you to my American friends," he said, patting the white, ringed hand which lay near him, after the servants had set on the coffee and fruit and left the room. "Your first ball in America, Florence!"

"There have been so many everywhere else, darling," she replied, and he fancied that her tone was sad. "I get tired sometimes, but not to-night," seeing his anxious look. "It is your ball to-night. I hope I shall do you credit."

A few hours later she stood before her father in the drawing-room.

They made a striking picture under the mellow light of the wax-candles which burned in sconces upon the walls.

Mr. Everingham had inherited his splendid frame and vigorous constitution from his English ancestors.

His daughter had been called by her many European admirers, "La Reine Americaine."

She was queenly to-night in her sweeping robes of black lace, which defined the curves of her figure and lay along the floor—a priceless heap of soft shadows with the gleam of satin beneath. Her rounded arms were bare to the shoulders, their dazzling whiteness thrown into stronger relief by the filmy black lace. Diamonds glittered upon them, and around her slender throat. Her rich brown hair, gathered up from the nape of her white neck, was fastened in a coil on her head by a spray of golden-rod, imitated so cunningly in precious yellow metals, that, but for the diamond dew which glittered on it, it might have easily been mistaken for the "field sunlight," as one has called the wild flower.

Another spray lay in the meshes of the lace upon her bosom.

"That's a pretty idea! What put it into your head?" asked her father.

"I had it made in Rome. It is a souvenir," she replied, evasively, as she threw her white cloak around her, but she did not add that she wore it in memory of the golden-rod the blue-eyed boy had given her years ago—at the farm-gate.

It had been her favorite flower ever since, and to-night, her first night in America, she would wear the *fac-simile* of it as a talisman.

Mrs. Hunt's ball was known to be the crowning event of the Newport season.

Her house, a dream of beauty realized as it is possible for few dreams to be, was set in the centre of a velvet lawn, which sloped away to the sea. Upon the grounds twinkled countless colored lanterns; in a distant wing of the house, among ferns and palms, the musicians played to the accompaniment of softly dripping perfumed fountains and the rhythmic fall of dancing feet.

An ice-grotto, illumined with flashing rainbow lights, gleamed at the end of a cool vista, over-arched with magnolias and blossoming rose-trees.

There was stir and music everywhere when Mr. Everingham and his daughter entered the ballroom and made their way to where the hostess stood with the President and his suite.

Miss Everingham acknowledged her father's introduction and the President's genial response with her own inimitable grace.

"This is her first taste of Republican hospitalities," said Mr. Everingham.

"I have returned at a fitting time to add my congratulations to the many your Excellency has already received," she replied, smiling, and bending her dark head beneath the President's admiring eyes.

"Do you not miss the crown and ermine robe?" he queried.

"There is no crown like the goodwill of the people who have chosen you," she said, "and no robes grand enough for a citizen of America!"

"You and my friend will sympathize," he answered, smiling at her earnestness, yet well pleased with the peaceful words to which the grace of the speaker added a potent charm.

"He is spoken of for the vacant place in the Cabinet," said Mrs. Hunt, *sotto voce*. A very wonderful man — for his age."

Miss Everingham turned at a sign from the President to meet a pair of blue eyes which were bent upon her in eager scrutiny. She saw a man of about thirty-five, tall, broad-shouldered, with an air of command which suited his soldierly figure. The square, brown beard and close-cut mustache emphasized rather than concealed the firm lips and chin. Yet there was something singularly winning in the smile with which he greeted her, and the frank pleasure of his eyes, which lost for a moment their almost stern gravity.

Why was it that just then she should see again the long meadow lane, starred with white asters and golden-rod, and hear the sharp, clear tinkle of the cow-bells, and the soft tread of the cattle upon the grass?

She stood quite pale, with her eyes shining, seeing, hearing nothing that went on about her until she was roused by the President's voice:

"Miss Everingham would like to see the ice-grotto, I dare say, Holmes. Do not keep her out too long discussing the perfection of American institutions. The air is damp."

Like one in a dream, she took her companion's arm and went with him through the crowded room to the veranda, and out upon the lawn, where the music scarcely stirred the air. There was enchantment in the faint breeze which crept up from the sea and swayed the colored lanterns hanging from the trees.

"Come to the cliff," Mr. Holmes said, abruptly, looking down upon her. "I can tell my story there."

He did not speak again until they were seated on the star-lighted cliff, with the sea lapping musically against the rocks at their feet.

"Years ago I knew some one of your name," he began, throwing a pebble into the water. "I was a simple farm lad then, and she—she seemed the fairest and the sweetest thing in all the world. But she went away with her father, and she told me she was glad to go, that my love had been all a mistake.

"She would not marry for years and years, and she would never marry—a farmer. You will smile when I tell you that I treasured her few words of love—for she had once said she loved me—through all the lonely time upon the farm. They were my hope when I worked beneath the burning sun by day, and at night, when I lay down under the stars, I said, 'She loved me—she loved me!'" Miss Everingham moved slightly.

"Yes, it was foolish," he said, musingly. "You may laugh if you like. Those days are gone, but they were madly happy while they lasted. I left the farm, studied and went abroad."

He paused a moment, then continued:

"Seven years ago I saw my love for the first time since we had parted. It was in Moscow, at a ball in the palace. She was all in white. There were pearls and diamonds glittering, flawless, on her breast and in her hair. The Count Erloff was her shadow. She danced with him, they drank champagne together, and she kissed the rim of the glass, and gave it to him with the smile I had come thousands of miles to see."

Miss Everingham dropped her white cloak from her shoulders, and leaned forward with shaking lips.

"You—you were there?" she said, in a whisper.

"That night they told me he was her accepted lover."

"It was a lie—a wicked lie!" she cried, springing up. With head erect, the moonlight gleaming whitely upon her soft black gown, and reflecting in a thousand swift rays from the diamonds about her throat and the spray of golden-rod on her breast, she stood before him.

"See! There is the proof. Would I have worn this so many years?"—holding the glittering thing toward him. "I could not keep the one you gave me, but I have this in memory of it. Ah, if I had only known you were there!"

She turned from him to hide the crimson color which rushed to her face; but his arms were around her in an instant, and his lips were upon her burning cheek.

"Florence, my darling!" he whispered—his firm voice thrilled with the new joy which almost overcame him, after long years of hope deferred and final despair—"was I wrong? Can it be that you cared for me all the time? It was you, then, whom I saw to-day with the flowers swinging at your saddle? The sight gave me a throb of pain, for I had not forgotten how I had filled the little hands I loved so dearly with them—the hands I thought given to another."

"They are yours," she said, rising and holding them out to him in proud humility, the swift color coming and going in her face, "if you care to claim them. I did not love Count Erloff. I never loved anybody but you."

"But tell me, sweetheart," he said, later, pushing the hair back from her forehead, and looking down into her eyes, "was I wrong about the kiss, too? There is a twinge of jealousy still as I recall that night in the palace."

"Poor Erloff!" she said, softly, a perfect smile curving her red lips. "I only touched my lips to his glass because he said the wine was not sweet."

"You shall give the kiss to me, then," he whispered, lifting her face to his in the moonlight. "See, the golden-rod blossoms at our feet. Pick some for me. A good knight should wear his lady's colors. Happy flower!" he added, kissing the hands which trembled a little as they fastened the spray in his coat, "she stoops to gather you."

THE MIGRATION OF MAMMALS AND FISHES.

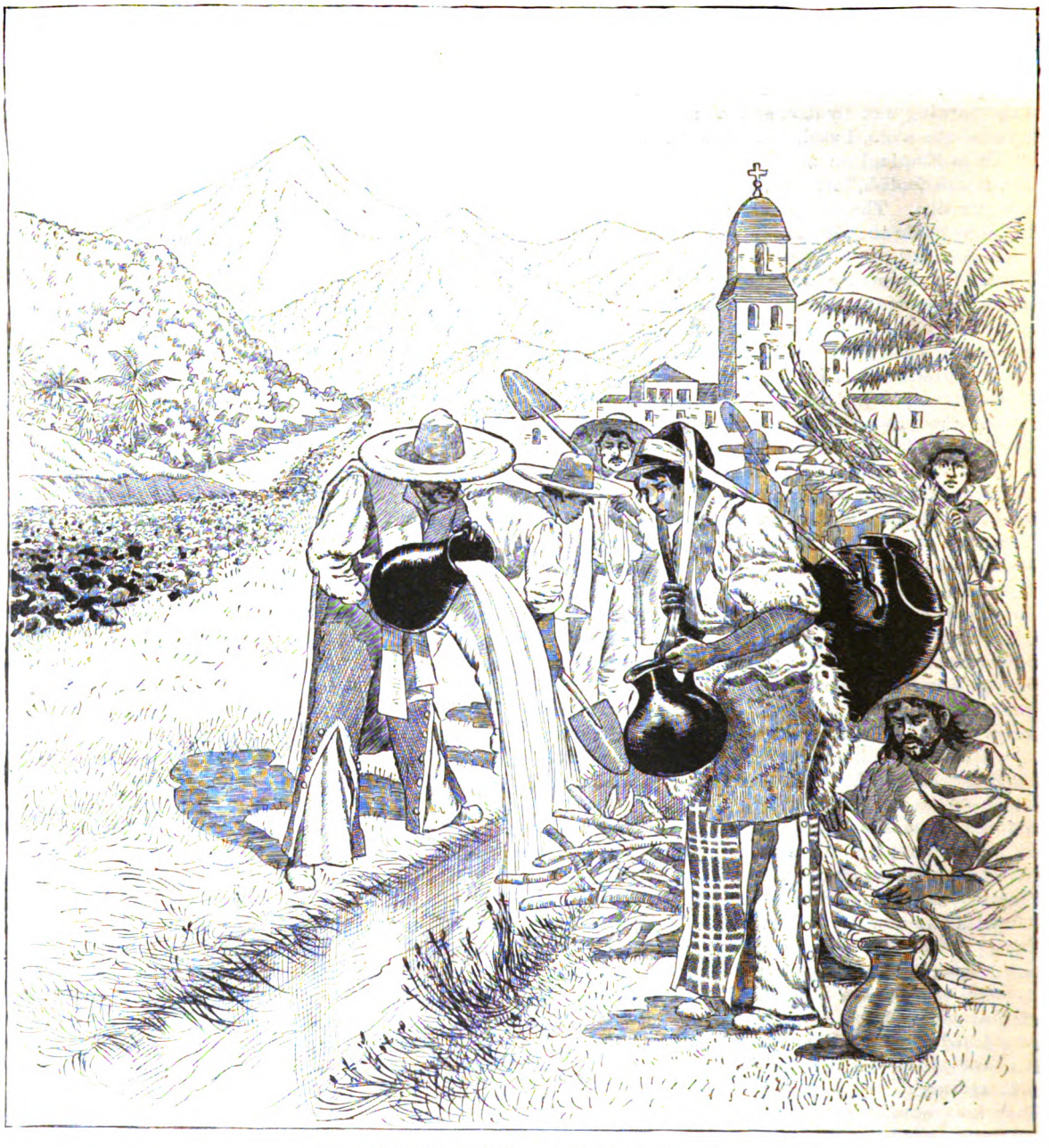
By J. Duns.

The title of this article is familiar almost to commonplace. But the facts which it covers suggest some of the most difficult questions in natural history. In introducing my subject I fall back on the old Socratic method of questioning: What is migration, and what are the causes which regulate it? Are the climatal conditions of the localities which, for the time, animals leave, unfavorable to the health of the migrating species? and, if so, can we co-ordinate the unfavorable seasonal conditions in the one area with favorable seasonal conditions in the area they visit? Is the migratory habit the expression of instinct, innate and irresistible, or is it the result of slow secular growth within the lines of heredity? Is there a sense in which all animals may be said to migrate? If, as is granted, the range of certain genera was far wider in very early historic, or in pre-historic time, than that of their modern representatives, is there anything in the facts of their present geographical distribution fitted to explain this? Admitting man as a factor in determining the range of certain species at present, have we materials to gauge the influence of society in, say, prehistoric time on forms now extinct in areas where they once abounded? In putting the questions I have purposely avoided logical sequence. They are simply intended to suggest the chief aspects of a great subject, which may be conveniently illustrated under the heads periodic, seasonal and partial, migrations.

First, then, there are periodic migrations. The wandering referred to under this section has not been definitely timed. There are cases on record which show that six, eleven, thirteen, or eighteen years may elapse between one migration and another. I take the northern gray squirrel (*Sciurus migratorius*) as an illustrative instance of periodic migration. Met with as far north as Hudson's Bay, it occurs also in the New England States, in the State of New York, and in the mountains of Pennsylvania. Audubon and Bachman tell us that "The farmers in the Western wilds regard them with sensations which may be compared to the anxious apprehensions of the Eastern natives at the flight of the devouring locust." These observers twice met them on the march—in 1808 and in 1819. They congregate in different parts of the wide northwest, and set out in irregular troops, always in an easterly direction. Neither mountain, lake, nor broad, rapid river turns them from their course. Waving woods, rich cornfields, and carefully tended gardens are laid waste, where these intervene between them and the eastern forests. They thoroughly realize Joel's graphic description of another migratory form—"they march every one in his own ways, and they break not their ranks. The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness."

The Lemming (*Myodes lemmus*) is the form most commonly referred to as an instance of periodic migration. Olaus Wormius, Pontoppidan, Linnæus, Cuvier and others, early directed attention to the peculiar migratory habit of this animal. Wormius says the plague

occurs once or twice in the course of twenty years. The account given by Linnæus is well known. He describes their headlong rush, the rectilinear parallel furrows made by them in the way, the havoc produced in vegetation, the rocks they climb, the lakes and rivers they swim, and their persistence in the same undeviating path. Later witnesses corroborate these statements, testifying to the prodigious numbers which take part in these migrations, though there is no proof that all do. While, then, bearing in mind that inferences carry with them the weight of the facts by which they are warranted, we may ask: To what are we to trace these periodic movements? Does food, or temperature, or breeding instinct determine the migration? Any value there is in the food theory lies in the ascription of a quality to these animals akin to forethought. A season of scarcity is seen to be on its way, and to avoid it the animals migrate. But this is seeking an explanation in a region outside of science. Van der Hoeven and others lay stress on temperature. But, as the lemming leaves its usual habitat before the cold weather sets in, and especially as in the years they do not migrate they live through very severe Winters, little weight can be given to this. Thus Sir George Nares's men met with lemmings in latitude 83° N., and Sir John Ross saw them at 81° 45′ N., sixty miles from Spitzbergen. Captain Feilden does not think they hibernate, but live on saxifrages and other plants under the snow. Indeed, we cannot conceive it possible that a hibernating animal could, in countless numbers, in this fashion cast itself free, at irregular intervals, from the laws which regulate hibernation. The breeding theory is as little satisfactory. Were there anything in this, the migration would be seasonally regular and not irregularly periodic. It is doubtful if



MIGRATING RATS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

MIGRATION OF RATS IN SIAM.

the facts entitle us to formulate a definite opinion, and we may again only indicate the direction to which conviction tends by putting it in the form of questions. Is this periodic migration a natural provision for maintaining the balance of living forms? Does their rapid, prolific increase demand a check, and is this provided by these migrations; it being well known that few return to their usual habitats? Have we not analogous recent instances in the sudden appearance in France, England and Scotland, of myriads of related forms (*Arvicola agrestis*)?

Next, there are seasonal migrations. Out of the numerous instances recorded, I take the reindeer (*Cervus tarandus*), because it is best known, and suggests more points of interest than any other form. Its present geographical range is comparatively limited, but there is abundant proof that it was not so in very early times.

THE STORK.

Its migrations are two—one in May, toward the remote elevated northern plains, the other, or return journey, in September, to the forest regions. The chief authorities regarding the migratory habits of this magnificent eder are Von Wrangel, Richardson and Nordenskjöld. At the migratory season they congregate in thousands, and, separating into herds of two or three hundred, move forward in a mass sometimes from thirty to sixty miles broad. In Siberia they follow the route year by year, refusing to be turned aside by dangers and obstacles of any sort. That they go north to avoid the heat with its accompanying insect plagues, and return to the forests in search of herbage, there can be no doubt. But this sheds no light on their former wide geographical range — traces of them having been found in England, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium and the south of France. The explanation

of their present restricted range is most likely to be traced to the growth of population. But some curious facts on this point deserve notice. Not unseldom individuals are found much further south than the general body. Assuming that the Caribou is only a variety of the European species, we have proof that the American reindeer wanders far beyond the limits of its old world representative; it even extends as far south as Maine.

Lastly, there are partial migrations, periodic and seasonal. In this case the movement is neither general nor wide. Individuals, and not great companies, take part in it; and its range is within a comparatively limited area. Indeed, migration, in the sense in which the term is applied, say to birds, cannot be said to take place. Yet the changes referred to shed light on the causes of the larger movement. For example, the geographical range of the varying hare (*Lepus variabilis*) as a species is very wide, but that of the individual is extremely narrow. The species is found among the mountains of the north of Scotland. It has been met with in Cumberland. Sibbald notes it as an Orcadian form in his day. It occurs in the Swiss Alps, in Sweden, Norway, Lapland, Kamschatka and about Hudson's Bay. Yet the individual never wanders more than a few miles from its breeding-place, and its change of habitat is regular. On the approach of Winter it quits its Summer residence on the mountain summits, and takes up a milder position, very often only further down the same mountain-side. The chief advantage of this partial migration seems to be a readier supply of food, in a temperature sufficiently cold to provoke the fur to become white. With the return of Summer it again betakes itself to the heights, urged thereto, no doubt, by breeding instincts, and the desire to escape the irritating accompaniments of the increase of insect life, in the less exposed parts of the hills. Thus one kind of partial migration; but there are others which cannot be thus explained—others in which neither breeding instincts nor food can have a place. For several seasons a little company of roe-deer (*Cervus capreolus*), varying from three to five, made their appearance, in August or September, in a protected plantation bordering on the banks of the Avon, Linlithgowshire. Cautious, wary, timid, they skulked about for two or three weeks, few persons in the district being aware of their presence. The visit was not a random one. It was for a good many years seasonally regulated, and may still continue.

As one object in view throughout this article is to suggest to thoughtful readers how many points, even in commonest phenomena, wait for satisfactory explanation, I indicate again my own leanings in the following queries: Was the presence of the roe in a district surrounded by a teeming population, and remote from its present breeding-ground, to be traced to the working of an instinctive drawing toward localities once noted for the numbers of these forms? Had the direction of home been wrought hereditarily into its psychical nature, and were these visits the proof? How otherwise, for example, could the young cuckoo, which so often lingers a month or six weeks behind the parent birds, join them in a far-off land? I attach much weight to *long-continued* climatal conditions, and even to periodic changes of temperature, in questions of this sort; but neither of these goes to the root of the matter. The explanation is more likely to be found in the facts of transmitted memory, a somewhat metaphysical phrase, but, nevertheless, one which is almost within reach of verification. No doubt, most mammals had once a far wider range than now—a fact which has most important bearings on migrations, and also on the relations of the great extinct animals of Quaternary time to our present fauna. Why should it be deemed so strange to find the remains of animals, held to be widely separated both as to the marks of species and geographical range, lying together in the same cave earth or the same gravel heap? The roe-deer is abundant in most countries of the Old World; but how different its associates, say, in Amoorland, where Dr. Von Schrenck found it, and in Scotland! So with birds. The stork may leave its bones where black and white cattle feed in Dutch meadows, or by river-banks in Central Africa haunted by antelopes and lions. Brehm found it in the Soudan—in September—still making for the south. Cuvier describes the tiger (*Felis tigris*) as confined to the warmest parts of Asia. But Von Schrenck records it as an ordinary resident in Amoorland. He has shown that it has crossed the ice in latitude 50° N., and penetrated into the Island of Saghalin.

With such facts before us as those stated above, it is scarcely possible to resist the inference, that the migration of mammals is, in great part, to be accounted for by the impulse of an inherited desire toward the areas of their original natural distribution. If the reindeer and the lemming push their way from the north, the northern gray squirrel to the east, and the American bison, as if possessed by a wandering fury, occasionally force its way past towns, and villages, and farm steadings, to localities far from their present homes; no explanation answers all the cases so well as the theory of an inherited drawing to places which were the natural habitats of their ancestors. The presence of the tiger in latitude 50° N., and also at the tropics, is not to be traced to what we might call abnormal "push" on the part of some tigers, or to the noble beast's bare love of adventure, but simply to the fact that these parts were included in its original natural range. An instance from among birds will best illustrate this. Suppose all the information a British naturalist had of the eider duck (*Somateria mollissima*) was confined to those that visit the Isle of May, in the Firth of Forth, and the Flannen Isles, the most remote of the outer Hebrides, with the exception of St. Kilda; he would most likely be content to say: "This bird visits us yearly from the far north for the purpose of breeding." But we know that their favorite nesting ground is in the far north itself. Yet, year by year, a few pairs visit these islands, thus nesting on our coasts. Now, while positive knowledge is impossible here, is there any explanation more in the line of the facts, than the theory that the birds which visit us are the descendants of those which originally had their centre of distribution thus far south? And so as to mammals. It is most likely that the territorial limits of their present migrations were originally held throughout the year by the ancestors of the present migrating species.

Birds have once and again been referred to above, but no allusion has been made to the migration of fishes. Pennant's vivid description of the herring (*Clupea harengus*) early attracted the attention of naturalists to its changes of locality. It reads like a tale, charming, but not true. The distribution of the species is very wide, but there is no proof that the individual wanders far from the place of its birth. What used to be regarded as migration on the part of this fish, is now known to be no more than a change from deep water to the neighboring shores. But the herring of the American coast is identical with our own—a fact which tells against the temperature theory. Temperature may be a fact in determining migration, but it is not a leading one. In some

cases, even, it can have no weight. For example, the fish fauna of the Mediterranean is, in very many instances, identical with that of Britain; and Mediterranean forms are met with in considerable numbers on the coast of Japan, and in the West Indies. Again, both American and South African species sometimes find their way to our shores. Fine specimens of the United States sturgeon (*Acipenser maculosus*) have been taken in the Firth of Tay. Two specimens of the spinous shark (*Echinorhynchus spinosus*) were some time since sent to him from the Firth of Forth, several years intervening between them.

The seasonal migrations of marine species are to be traced to conditions of food and breeding, and these furnish the best illustrations of migratory habits. Such changes, however, are to be distinguished from those sporadic movements under which forms, rightly accounted marine, are known to venture into fresh water and ascend river-courses for hundreds of miles. Instances might be named among the families of salmon, sturgeons, herrings and lampreys. These again are matched by fresh-water species, as the sticklebacks (*Gasterosteidæ*) and our common river-trouts, which are known to make excursions into the sea. But passing away from these, the common salmon may be taken as a good illustrative example of fish migration. Its habits in this respect are so well known, that we may dismiss them with this reference. The only point I wish to notice is the influence of man in restricting the limits of migration—a most important factor in the case of mammals, though not discussed above. It has been shown that, in some Scottish countries, salmon have forsaken rivers which formerly they frequented. The pollution of the water by coal and iron pits, chemical works, etc., has rendered such rivers no longer safe for these fish, and their presence in some of the streams would be regarded with wonder by the people. Yet they occasionally brave all dangers, and push their way back to ancestral breeding-places. The habit of the roe-deer has been referred to as an illustration of this among mammals, and it is interesting to meet with the same among fishes. Many examples might be given. Some years ago several salmon were found dead or dying in a ditch in East Lothian, into which the drainage of fields, enriched by artificial manure, was poured. This ditch had originally been a feeder of a small stream which found its way to the Firth of Forth, some miles distant. But the "oldest inhabitant" had never seen salmon in the place before. In Linlithgowshire some appeared in a streamlet which, after uniting with others, as a good-sized "burn" joins the Avon, a tributary of the Forth. For fifteen or sixteen years this streamlet was too foul for even minnows to live in.

I state these facts with a view of calling attention again to the influence of inherited love for, and drawing toward, ancestral localities. This, indeed, is the main inference insisted on in this article. It points to a force which explains much in the migration of mammals otherwise most obscure; a force, moreover, which is equally powerful in the lowest class of vertebrates and in the highest.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

LAPLACE showed long ago that the stability of the rings of Saturn depends on the condition that it should be divided into a number of concentric rings with different velocities of rotation, as the theory of gravitation would require. More recently Tisserand has confirmed this view, and shows that a single ring could exist only if the density of the ring were greater than that of the planet; and he has calculated the maximum breadth of each elementary ring in respect to its density and mean radius. Starting from the proposition that each elementary ring must be smaller as its density is less, M. Poincaré, in a late number of the *Bulletin Astronomique*, proceeds to show that if the density falls below a certain limit, any fluid ring is unstable whatever its size may be. Under the influence of the least perturbation, the ring is not only subdivided into several concentric rings, but breaks up into a number of small satellites. The numerical result at which M. Poincaré arrives, is, that if the rings were fluid and moved as a whole, the density of the interior ring should be at least one-fifth, and that of the exterior ring at least one-sixteenth, that of the planet. The volume of the rings being only about one-three hundredth of that of the planet, the mass, calculated on this estimate, would not exceed one-ninety thousandth that of the planet. Attempts at calculating the mass of the rings from observation have heretofore been contradictory.

"THE MEASURES OF THE MOUND-BUILDERS" was the title of a paper read at a recent meeting of the Cincinnati Society of Natural History, by J. Ralston Skinner. He referred to the ancient use of the inch measure, and said that the accuracy with which the British inch and foot fitted into the dimensions of the Great Pyramid of Egypt left little doubt that the builders of that work had a full knowledge of these measures. Turning to the Mound-builders of the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys, he described the dimensions of the Gest tablet and the Gridley "measuring stone," both of which had been taken from the elliptical mound formerly standing on what is now the corner of Sixth and Mound Streets, in Cincinnati. He regarded the latter, a semi-elliptical stone, exactly nine inches long on the straight edge, and exactly twelve inches on the curve, as a measuring-stone of the ancient inhabitants of the Ohio Valley. He referred to the detailed measurements of mounds made by Squier and Davis (whose opinion it was that their builders had a standard of measure), and showed how these works would be divided into three groups, in which the circle, 1,050 feet in diameter, and a square 1,080 feet to the side, were connected in a peculiar manner.

THE English occupation of Burmah has called attention to the extent to which the palm enters into the economy of life there. Several of the species of this tree yield from their pith a farinaceous food resembling sago. The cocoa-nut, or *ong* (*Cocos nucifera*) is cultivated in all parts of the seaboard. The leaves of the talipat-palm are used as fans and for writing on; in the latter case being pegged or sewn together, gilded sometimes in patterns on a vermilion ground, and rubbed with petroleum to keep away insects and dampness. The leaves of the *minho* afford fibre, and from the stem of the *mudaing* exudes a resin used on sores. The juice of the *htan* affords toddy, and, therefore, by boiling down, sugar; while the trunk is applied to many uses. The leaves of the *toungong* yield fibre, the hollowed stem serves for pipes, and the juice drawn at flowering time gives toddy and sugar, which last are also derived from the juice of the *thenboung* (*Phœnix paludosa*). The *dani*, or water-palm (*Nipa fruitcano*) fulfills many duties; its roots bind the soil of the river-banks; the leaf is universally used in thatching; the juice is converted into toddy, sugar and vinegar; the fruit is eaten when ripe; the flowers are made into a preserve, and the branches utilized as fuel. The prevalent habit of betel-chewing renders the areca-nut palm one of the most important, commercially, of this very useful family. ("Journ. Soc. Arts," xxxiv., 391.)

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

YOU may speak as you will of pedigree generally, but in a sleeping-car it is a man's berth which raises him above his fellows.

BEING rebuked for wearing out his stockings at the toes, a little urchin replied that it couldn't be helped—"toes wriggled and heels didn't."

A SHREWD confectioner has taught his parrot to say "Pretty creature!" to every lady who enters the shop. His business is rapidly increasing.

A WIT describing a lean opponent, says, "I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic; add him up and there's nothing to carry."

A LITERARY man, who was asked to furnish a Shakespearean motto, to be framed and hung up over a public-house bar, suggested the words, "As you like it."

"YOU have owed me that bill for board for six months. You ought to pay as you go." "Precisely; I intend to stay with you a year longer, and I will settle as I go."

"DO YOU think Johnny is contracting bad habits at school?" asked Mrs. Caution of her husband. "No, dear, I don't; I think he is expanding them," was the reply.

SAID Juliana to Augustus, "Do you really think that a miss is as good as a mile?" "Yes, Miss Juliana, and a great deal better, for one can kiss a Miss, but who ever heard of any one kissing a mile?"

"I DECLARE, Charley," exclaimed Clara, "you take the words right out of my mouth!" "Oh, mamma," piped in the little pitcher, "now I know what Clara and Charley were doing out in the hall when she let him in."

ONE of the cruelest remarks made by a musical auditor is reported from California. A vocalist was warbling, to her own great satisfaction, "Oh, would I were a bird!" when a rough miner shouted out, "Oh, would I were a gun!"

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS.

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